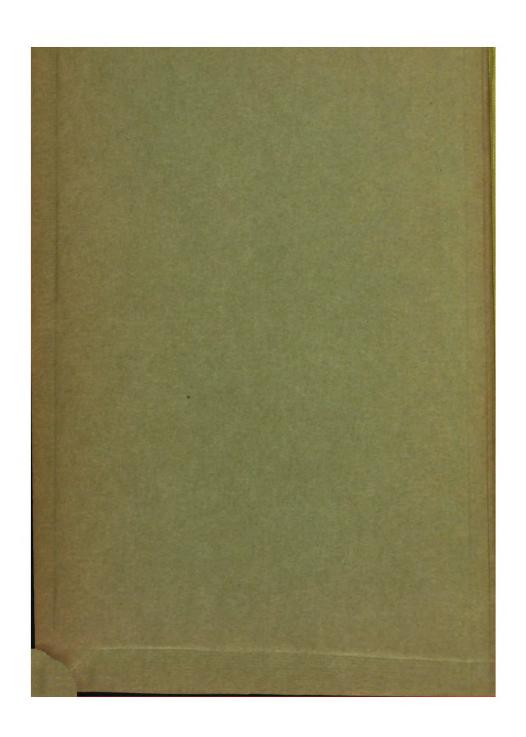
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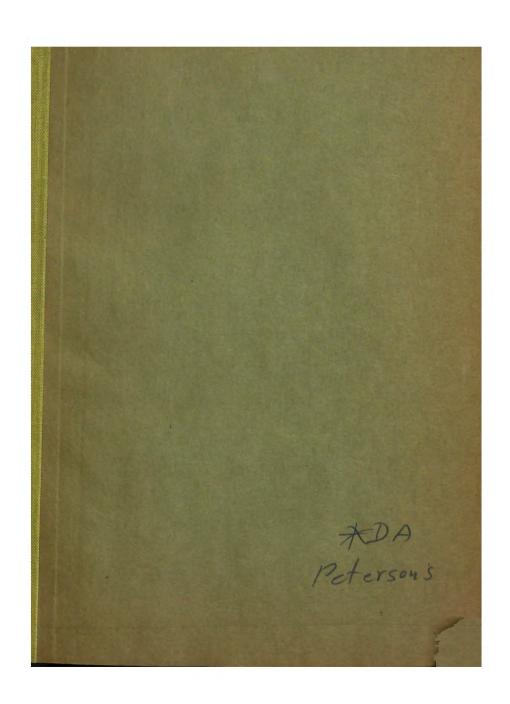


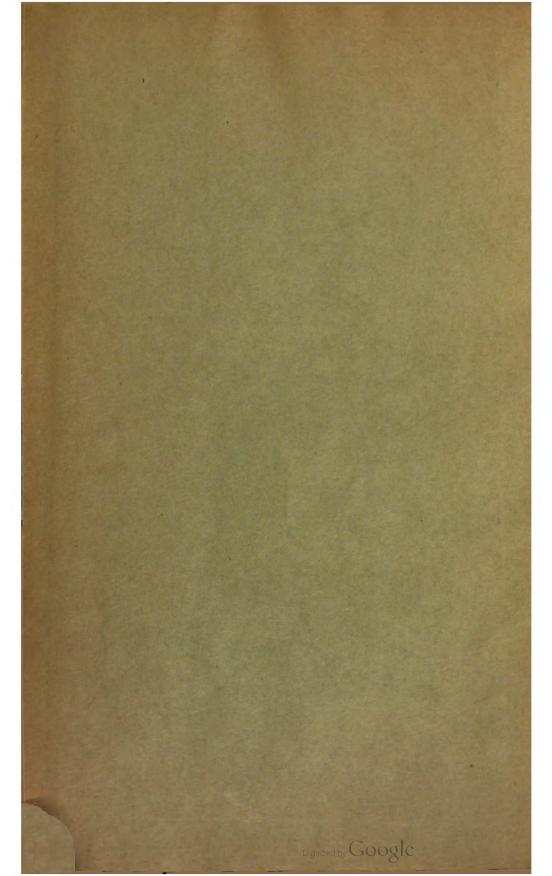
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PITERSON



MAGAZINE. 1874

Bellevel by N. Barris Condens B.A.

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SIXTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

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- "The Lovers Passed Down the Slope Together."

 The Portrait.

Weaving the Daisy-Chain.

Among the Water-Lilies.

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February number, Forty-five Engravings.
March number, Forty-four Engravings.
April number, Forty-three Engravings.
May number, Forty-six Engravings.
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Only Friends, and Nothing Mere.
L'Etoile Schottish.
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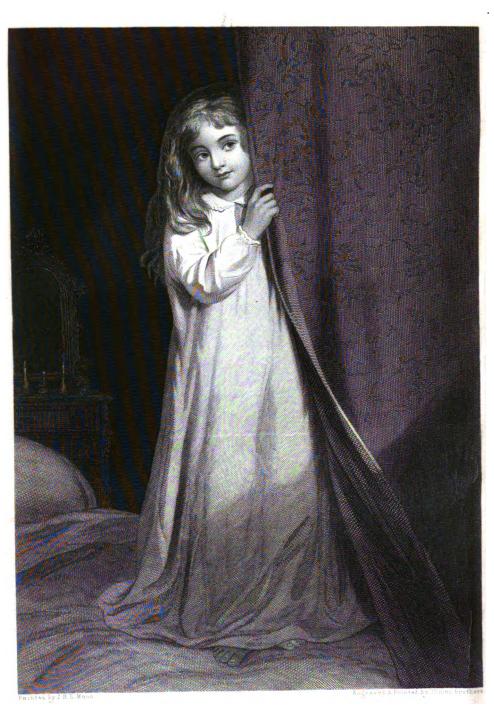
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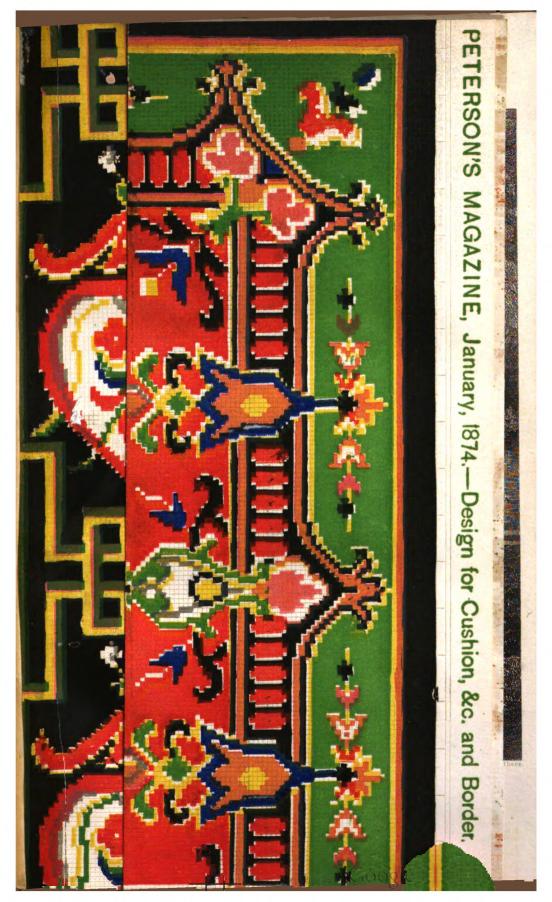




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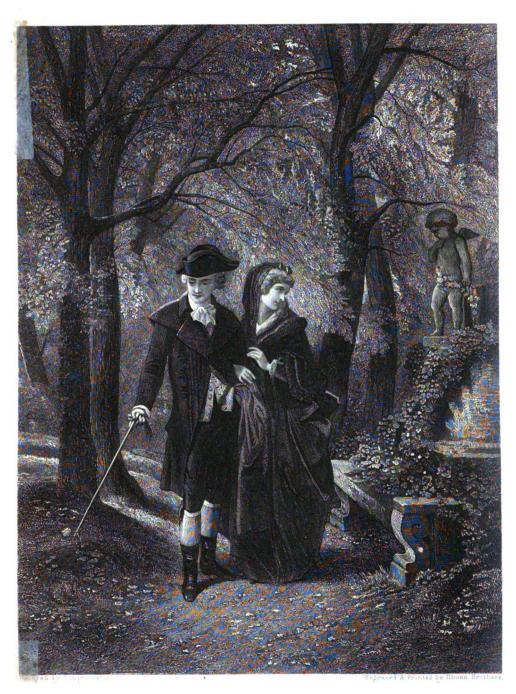
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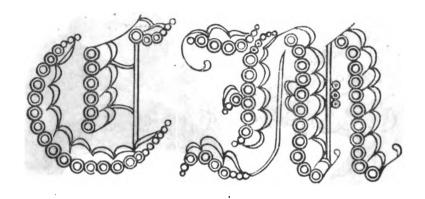


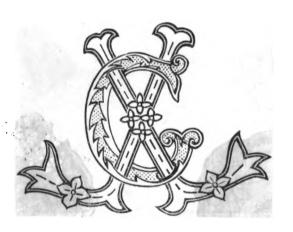


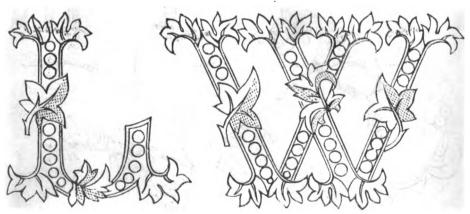
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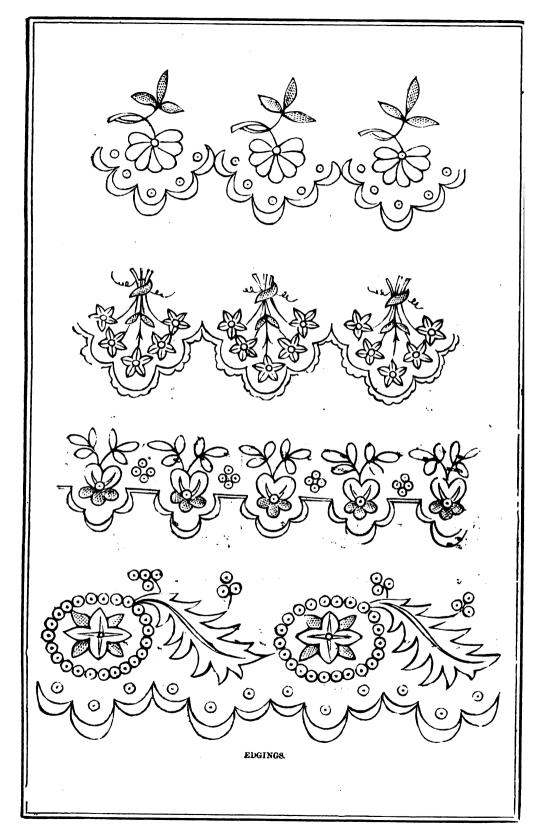
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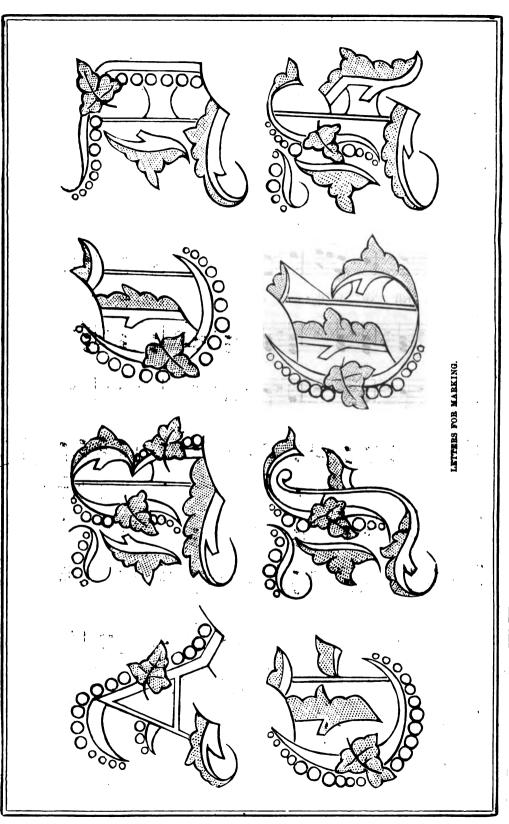


NEVER A CARE I KNOW.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)







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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXV. PHILADELPHI.

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A LOST LOVE.

BY EMMA F. M. WHITC

ATTON, LENOX AND
TRUDEN FOUNDATIONS.

LATE in the afternoon of one of the mild October days, when autumn pauses to let the summer have her own sweet will again, and one finds tardy little dandelions lifting surprised faces to a sky as bright and blue as that of June, Miss Carey came slowly up the walk to her own door, holding an open letter in her hand.

The breeze, which had given a becoming flush to her cheeks, now pulled at her demure little hat, and out fell a regular curl.

"How perfectly absurd," said Miss Carey, "for hair thirty years old to curl! I'm ashamed of you," she added; but she did not put it away, as she stood thoughtfully gazing with her mental eyes at the picture which this half-read letter held before her.

When, at length, the click of the gate-latch recalled her, I think she could not have told at once which was the real, the actual scene around her, or that within her brain. How far she had traveled in this brief space of time! Back to her early childhood; and the soft curl blowing against her cheek, helped the illusion.

But directly Miss Carey came back, with a smile, to the present, and tucked the little curl out of sight, and looked again at her letter.

"We do realize our dreams," it began. "You surely have not forgotten, you who never forgot enything in the old geometry or Latin days, our promise, Harry's and mine, when you gave us, on our wedding-day, that exquisite little painting of 'Echo Lake.' I said, you will remember, when we are rich enough, Harry and I, we three, will go to the White Mountains to see it. Now we claim the fulfillment of the promise.

"I want you, too, to see how well I look at thirty; and Harry, he is just as handsome and lover-like as when he came to the old school, to call, and Miss Park sat in the corner, with her knitting-work, for propriety. I declare I can hear the clicks of those needles at this moment."

Miss Carey folded the letter, and went into \(^1\)
Vol. LXV.—2

her bird's-nest of a nouse, where she for ten years alone. Few women could have been so much alone, and still preserve the sweetness and freshness of her heart and mind. Like most true women, she had lived a romance in her youth. It lay in her memory like a withered rose-leaf, a little of its old-time fragrance clinging to it, enough, indeed, to have sweetened her life during all the long years. How vividly it all came back to her, as she read this letter from a schoolmate, who had been like a dear sister to her, and in whose friendship there had been something enduring. "Yes, I will go," she said to herself that evening, and sitting down, she wrote to her friend, accepting the invitation; and a few days later found her at the house of Mrs. Blake, where she was to stay for awhile before starting for New Hampshire.

One morning, her hostess took her into the library, for the purpose of looking over old "keepsakes," which Mrs. Blake had kept in a box by themselves, and which she had never opened since she packed them away, and shut down the lid, the week after her school-life closed. They both laughed, with shining eyes, as she opened it; there were flowers from the bouquets she had received; the programmes of entertainments they had given for "benevolent purposes." At the very bottom lay her graduating essay, with a little blot on it still, where a tear had fallen. As she took it up, something fluttered out of it, and dropped into Miss Carey's lap.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Blake.

Her friend held up a tiny envelope, the seals of which was unbroken, and the one word, "Julie," was written upon it.

Miss Carey's face was white, and her hand trembled as she opened it.

"How in the world came that note here!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake.

Julia handed it to her without a word.

Mrs. Blake glanced at it, and cried, "Oh!

Julia! Julia! It was all my fault! You can never, never forgive me!" The impulsive woman threw her arms around Julia's neck, and burst into tears.

"It was no one's fault," said Miss Carey, gently, as she lifted her face, which was "like the face of an angel."

I think, in the heavenly life, it is perfect love which will give to earthly faces the perfect beauty of the divine.

"I remember it all now," said Mrs. Blake.

"As he went off the stage, he handed me the note to you; I slipped it between the leaves of my essay, and folded it up, and have never thought of it since. Oh, Julia! Julia!" and the tears came again.

The story was just this. The young Professor, whom Julia had learned to love in those delightful days, so long ago, had loved her in return, and on the last afternoon of school had written the note, telling her he had a few last words to say to her, if she cared to hear them; and had asked her to be in the library at seven, and go to the parlor with him.

They had parted then without a word, he believing she had taken that way to tell him that she could not listen to the story of his love for her—the story each act of his, for months, had told to her. She had gone home, wondering that there could be so little gladness in it, and had felt the sorrowful wonder that everything should go on, day after day, month after month, when there was no soul in it all.

"Oh, Louise!" she said, when she could speak, "how distinctly I remember everything about that night. I dressed early and came down into the hall; I didn't know why I came, but an irresistible influence seemed to draw me there. think now that perhaps I expected to see him, but I didn't say to myself then that it was possible. I thought I would go into the library for one little minute, and take a good-by look at things-I had been so happy there. I even took the door-knob in my hand, but it did not turn easily, and some one called me, and I stood on the stairs when he came out of the library. I have never forgotten the look he gave me; it was at once a look of love and surprise and hopelessness. Don't you remember how you wondered he did not come to say good-by to us, and scolded me because I didn't seem to care at leaving school?"

"To think," said Mrs. Blake, "that it should have been my fault; that I should be the cause of your separation!"

"Dear Louise," said Julia, "we cannot believe that God's plans fail. He could not have meant us for each other."

With these words she went to her room, taking the note with her.

Who shall say what pictures rose before her of all that her life might have held, as she knelt by the window-sill, looking out into the sunlit afternoon. The leaves came slowly fluttering down, like yellow snow-flakes; so slowly, so gently they fell, she couldn't help thinking for a moment that death was easier than life; anything was easier than to live on and be a woman. A sentence in one of George Eliot's books came back to her, "God was cruel when he made women." She believed it for a moment, then, making an altar of that broad window-sill, she bowed her head upon it, and sought, and found comfort, where alone it is freely given.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Miss Carey, started on their trip, and all through it her companions noticed a new beauty in Julia's always sweet and expressive face. On her part, Miss Carey saw, or thought she saw, that her presence excited and distressed her friend, and she began to wish, on that account, that the journey, delightful as it was in other respects, was at an end. She did not know that it was not regret alone that agitated Mrs. Blake, and caused that nervous little woman to lose her appetite, and to spend the nights in wakeful worry. Mrs. Blake had read, only the week before, of the return of Professor Farnton, from Germany, where he had gone immediately upon their leaving the school; and the very night after the discovery of his note to Julia, she had written to him, not, indeed, mentioning her, but telling him that his old friends had not forgotten him, and ending by saying that they were now on a visit to the White Mountains, but that they hoped, on their return, he would find time to visit them. The letter had scarcely started on its journey before she began to fear that she had been very presumptuous. The years might not have left him unchanged in mind and heart, as it had her. He, now a great and well-known philosopher-a savant, for aught that she knew-might have brought a German wife home with him; and she was tormented with the fear lest he would come, and bring her with him.

Meantime, the three travelers had been visiting all the points of interest in the White Mountains, and having gone in at Gorham, had finally reached the Profile House, where, after spending a couple of days, they now proposed to start for home. At that late season, there were but few travelers, so that they escaped the crowds that, in summer, sometimes make a visit to this beautiful locality anything but pleasant. Availing herself of the seclusion of the season and hour, Miss Carey, the

evening before they were to leave, strolled down alone to Echo Lake. She was standing, with her hands full of autumn-leaves, and wonderfully bright they were; her beautiful face flushed with emotion as she gazed at the hills around, and so abstracted that she did not see some one who was approaching from the direction of the hotel. She did not even hear a footstep, and she gave a surprised cry, as a voice she never thought to hear again, spoke close to her ear the one word, "Julia."

Well, I think, after they had looked into each other's eyes, and questioned each other's hearts,

evening before they were to leave, strolled down they found that over love, the immortal, years alone to Echo Lake. She was standing, with her have no power.

"I have been chasing you all through the White Mountains," said the long-lost lover. "When I landed, I heard—some day I will tell you how—that you and Mrs. Blake were traveling here; and I came off, at once, to see if my old friends had forgotten me. I have just arrived at the hotel. Mrs. Blake told me I would find you here."

And so the "tender grace" of days they had believed dead, came back to them, and bloomed again in their lives.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY ALEXANDER CLARKSON.

When hands are clasped in the long, clinging pressure Friends use when years of absence lie before; When tears fall fast at thought of bygone pleasure, What are the words then uttered o'er and o'er? "Forget me not!"

When the death-angel lays his icy fingers
On hearts which only that dread touch can chill,
While still on lips beloved the life-breath lingers,
Do they not whisper oft, with aching thrill,
"Forget me not?"

The lonely exile in a land of strangers,
Oft musing sadly on his distant home,
Striving with daily cares, distresses, dangers,
Breathes the fond wish, "While thus afar I roam,
Forget me not!"

The soldier, in the battle prompt and fearless;
The sailor, tossing on the restless main;
The brave explorer, amid deserts cheerless—
All crave remembrance for their toil and pain:
"Forget me not!"

"Tis the strong utterance of passionate feeling, The prayer of those by need or suffering bowed; The voice of Nature, whose intense appealing Springs from each heart, however cold or proud: "Forget me not!"

Did we but think how oft our deeds outlive us, And bring forth fruit when we are laid in dust, Surely such earnestness the thought would give us, Our lives should say for us in hopeful trust, "Forget me not!"

But, ah, we trifle away time! unthinking
Of much that we might do to serve and cheer
Souls overtasked, feet gone astray or sinking,
Faint, lonely hearts that cry in pain and fear,
"Forget me not!"

Oh, for more love, more sympathy for others!

Not our home-darlings only, but for all;

However frail or lost, all men are brothers,

They fail in love who slight the feeblest call—

"Forget me not!"

THE BORGHESE GARDENS AT ROME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Pan is not dead! These are the very places, Where once his pipe was heard.

Here dwelt his fauns; you look yet for their faces, When bush or brake is stirred.

These are the sylvan glades, where dryads sported, In Earth's first, happy morn.

The bowery nooks, where young Loves hid and courted, Ere Rome itself was born.

The groves of ilex, from whose dim recesses, Fresher than dews at dawn

Tripped Dian with her nymphs, their virgin dresses White fluttering o'er the lawn.

The cool, green alley, arched with trees o'erhanging, Down which Apollo stood,

Triumphant, bow in hand, its silver twanging Still ringing through the wood.

Here rode the panther god, with bacchants dancing, His pathway flower-strewn,

The cymbals clashing, and the sunlight glancing On loosened hair and zone.

The band is on the Pincio. Rising, falling, Its music floods the air:

Or echoes round the glades, till fauns seem calling And answering everywhere.

Then comes a hush. But o'er the silence, trilling, A bird pipes sweet and clear.

Yet no, for hark! through brake and thicket thrilling, 'Tis Pan himself I hear.

The fountains play: the balmy air is blowing; Birds burst in rapturous strain—

Oh! Golden Age, this is your sunshine glowing: Great Pan has come again.



THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY FRANK LEB BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

It was Arthur Wentworth's birth-day, and as gorgeous a first of May as ever inspired a poet. The old house had put on gala attire, but it was too lovely to stay in-doors; even the most staid and rheumatic elders admitted that; so people walked about the gardens, where the flowers were already in blossom, as if they believed that June had come.

There were stately gallants, with knee-breeches, and powdered hair, and marvelous cocked-hats; and women putting the early flowers out of countenance by the brightness of their attire; for we have to go back through the dust and ashes of nearly a century to reach that day.

A refreshment-tent had been spread on the lawn. The idea to do this had seized Arthur at the last moment, greatly to the indignation of his imperious housekeeper, who considered it a slight to the grand, gloomy old dining-room, in which she had made such a display of silver plate, as was to fill with envy the hearts of the Rhinelanders, and Van Kortlands, and Delaneys, and all the troop of Bocks and Vans who held sway from New York to Albany in those old aristocratic days.

There is no trace left of the Wentworth mansion now. Long ago, the brick and mortar of one of the numerous pushing, ambitious villages, which Gotham swallows in turn into her capacious maw, crowded out this last relic of freshness, and beauty. Ten to one, at present, a corner grocery stands just on the spot where rose · what was called the Arbutus Knoll, the prettiest nook in all the grounds, a lonely, secluded corner, where the stretch of gardens and shrubberies ended, and a great archway of elms gave admittance to the wood which sloped down from thence to the river's edge. When romancers afford us accounts of our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, we usually shudder to think what stiff, impossible creatures they must have been; but even the latter half of our undignified nineteenth century could hardly surpass the mirth and enjoyment of that fete at Wentworth Manor, on the first of May, now more than eighty years ago.

They were crowning Clare de Launay queen of May. It was an impromptu ceremonial; for, although such customs might linger still with village swains and maidens, they had fallen into neglect among such grand folk as had come to do honor to Arthur Wentworth's birth-day.

It was just a fancy of that romantic Arthur himself. One fine dandy, with a preposterous queue, whispered to his neighbor that the fellow was more fitted to be a paltry rhymster than the heir of a position such as blind destiny had placed him in. But then the dandy was not to have the crowning of beautiful Clare de Launay. Had the case been different, he might have felt equal to poetry himself.

A tall, slender girl, with marvelous dark eyes and golden hair, a face at once proud and gentle, she stood there blushing to find so many eyes upon her, yet looking right regal too, perhaps a little playfully disdainful of such childish folly; but then it would have been positively cruel to refuse the eager pleading in Arthur's eyes. The choice had fallen upon her fairly. It was useless to add to the childishness of the thing by demur or hesitation.

But as he placed on her forehead the wreath of arbutus blossoms, which some girl's skillful fingers had woven (perhaps with a little pang at her heart that she was not to be crowned by handsome Arthur,) some one called out that the ceremonial was not complete. There must be a king, and who could be offered that high dignity save Arthur himself.

He saw the color deepen slightly in Clare's face, and an expression, which he almost feared was annoyance, cloud her eyes, so he hastened to say.

"No, no, our queen is to hold an absolute sovereignty; besides, please to remember that Wentworth proved, a good while since, it could not tolerate a king."

That was a jest people could appreciate in 1797, and if Arthur had been a vainer man, he might have supposed himself the wittiest one alive, so enthusiastically was his playful speech received.

But at that instant there was a sudden excitement in the gardens, and people were greeting a new comer with as many expressions of surprise as pleasure. Arthur turned, and saw his cousin, Hugh Gordon, coming up the slope, and hurried toward him with extended hands, and words of eager welcome, for Hugh had just returned from Europe, and a safe arrival from such a voyage was a matter of congratulation at that epoch.

"Hugh, of all days in the year, that you should have got here on this. How glad I am—welcome back!"

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And Arthur held his cousin's hands fast in his own, and Hugh smiled in return, and answered,

"I was thinking of it as we came into the harbor; the wind did me a good service; I was sure I should find you holding court this bright day."

"Come and pay your respects to the day's rightful sovereign," Arthur cried, gayly, and hurried him forward to the spot where Clare de Launay stood. "I bring your Majesty a new subject," he continued. "I beg you will give a right royal welcome to so faithful a knight."

"I should think I ought to receive it on my knees," said Hugh, laughing too, and he playfully bent on one knee before the beautiful girl.

Clare de Launay extended her hand. A sudden glory of sunlight struck her face; it was its brightness, perhaps, that made her look pale; their eyes met. Hugh was bowing his head over the dainty fingers entrusted to his clasp, and Clare speaking fitting words of welcome. But some sudden motion of her head disarranged the arbutus wreath; it fell, and fluttered slowly toward the ground. Hugh was rising, and apparently did not notice the garland. At the same instant Arthur started forward to recover it, exclaiming,

"Take care, Hugh-the wreath!"

But it was too late. Hugh's foot had crushed the holiday crown.

He was full of contrition for his awkwardness. One of the girls took the broken circlet from his hand, as he stood holding it out to Clare.

"I can arrange it in a second," she said; "gather me a little more arbutus, some one,"

The injury was very quickly remedied; everybody was talking and laughing; even Arthur did not notice how Clare de Launay's glance wandered from his face to Hugh's—came back and settled on his features, while the glow of sunlight still made her face look pale.

Did Hugh see it? A sudden smile crossed his lips; but the young lady who had been repairing the wreath called his name, and he turned toward her.

"See, Mr. Gordon, it is prettier than ever. Put it on again, Clare."

"May I replace it?" Hugh asked, and his lips were smiling still, though Clare de Launay saw what no other perceived, the strange look of menace in his eyes.

She recovered herself quickly, and pushed the wreath playfully away.

"I have lost it," she said. "It is not the same crown, so it is not mine."

In the midst of the laughter and jests, Hugh hung the crown on a statuette of a Cupid nigh.

"It still remains yours," he said, "since what is Cupid's is yours by right."

And with that smile still on his lips, and the same look of menace in his eyes, he turned away to receive fresh greetings, and to answer the innumerable questions which were naturally poured out upon the adventurous wanderer.

CHAPTER II.

To the elders of the party it seemed almost strange to see the two young men on friendly terms-it was so unlike the cousins, they remembered, the fathers of Arthur and Hugh. Feuds and contentions had been so long a part of the inheritance of the Wentworth family, that it appeared scarcely natural for Arthur and Hugh to have changed the aspect of affairs in this gene-Their fathers had been deadly enemies, and fate itself had conspired to embitter the minds of both. Old Martin Wentworth (I must give you a little of the family genealogy, but I will do it briefly.) had a son and a daughter, and the girl ran away with Gerald Gordon. From that day old Martin never saw her again, never would hear her name mentioned, though she had been his favorite, indeed almost the only creature the iron-hearted man ever loved. Mrs. Gerald Gordon had one son, the father of Hugh. Martin's son married, and left one child also, the father of Arthur Wentworth. Old Martin survived both his children, living till his grandsons were grown to manhood. He gave the estate to Arthur's father-a yearly sum, but a small one, to be paid to John Gordon. At the end of his life, perhaps, he regretted the hardness he had shown during these long years, for the bequest to John Gordon was added in a codicil made just before his death, and included a proviso by which, if Wentworth died without an heir, the property was to go to John Gordon and his heirs.

The two cousins had grown up detesting each other, and the ill-feelings culminated in a fierce hatred when the great heiress, Alice Jay, jilted Wentworth, and married his almost penniless relative, John Gordon. It was believed by many that Gordon separated the pair by falsehood and trickery. One thing at least was certain, the two men were on the eve of fighting a duel, and it had always been said that the beautiful Alice went on her knees to the man she had forsaken, and so at least prevented bloodshed.

It took John Gordon—he was a bad enough fellow—only a few years to spend his wife's fortune and break her heart. Wentworth's health was poor; he did not marry, and when Hugh Gordon was seven years old, people began to say

that, after all, he was likely to inherit the Went-} worth property, and his father boasted that such would be the case.

Then the last Wentworth swore a big oath that this should never be, came out of the retirement in which he had lived since Alice ruined his faith in human kind, and married too. But his wife proved a sickly creature like himself, and no children were born to the pair; and John Gordon exhibited his healthy boy, and exulted with an honesty that was more natural than decent.

Wentworth and his wife went to France, and when the boy Hugh was ten years old, they came back; but John Gordon's days for exultation were over; they brought with them a baby heir-the Arthur who is my hero.

Then came the Revolution. Arthur's father died just before it broke out; and John Gordon fell in battle before the war was two years old, fighting on the side of the Colonists.

Mrs. Wentworth, in spite of feeble health, and no great share of good looks-to judge from her portrait, which has come down to our time-must have been not only a woman of a singularly shrewd intellect, but a very fascinating one. She lived at Wentworth Manor, and managed to keep terms with Royalists and Republicans, and saved her dwelling over her head, and was popular with both sides.

She received her nephew, Hugh Gordon, into the house when he lost his father, and took the best care that was possible of such little as had been saved from the wreck of his dead mother's The last year of the war, Hugh, then a fortune. boy of seventeen, joined the Colonists; but Mrs. Wentworth managed to make the Tories believe he had done it against her wish, and at the same time secured among the Colonists the glorious reputation of having reared her nephew faithful to the great cause.

Not long after the war ended, she went back to Europe to attend to the claims of some property, which had been left her in Holland by a relative. She never returned, although she lived a number of years. She established herself in Italy, and the lands and fortune in America were managed by one of the Livingstons, who was her boy's guardian. She was forbidden by her physicians to undertake a sea voyage. She was always just on the point of dying of heart disease, and the wind itself must take care not to blow too loudly near her dwelling, for fear it should puff out her feeble breath of life. But she lived, and lived, as your dying people usually do, and Arthur Wentworth never came back to } his home and his duties, till a year before the his nearest friends, his former guardian, and time of which I write. In the meanwhile, Hugh \ Hugh among the number.

had been to Europe to visit his aunt. been intrusted by her with such care of the property as it was in her power to give, and she showed, in every way, a determination to make up to him, so far as she could, any injustice which his grandfather's will and Arthur's birth might be considered to have done him.

When Hugh was quite young, people had shaken their heads, and said he was following in his father's footsteps; but within the last few years he had appeared determined to show them they were mistaken, had stopped short in his wild, if not vicious career, devoted himself to his profession, that of a lawyer, and succeeded in winning golden opinions.

This last trip across the great waters, undertaken only a short time after Arthur's arrival at Wentworth Manor, had surprised all the young man's friends, even to his cousin.

Hugh vouchsafed little explanation, though Arthur got the idea that it was business in regard to some estate, information, or documents to be collected or recovered; but Hugh said he was not at liberty to speak.

So to-day the elders whispered among themselves the old tales in regard to the Wentworths. and were glad to see the young men setting at naught the traditions of the race, and showing themselves friends. Hugh was such a thorough Wentworth, he ought to have had the namejust old Martin over again in height, face, and voice! And Arthur. Well, Arthur must take after his mother's family, and nobody knew about them. He was a handsome young fellow, certainly; but, in the whole collection of family portraits, there was not a former Wentworth that Arthur could be said to resemble.

CHAPTER III.

Many old English fashions were still in vogue among these early Republicans, stoutly as they would have reprobated the idea of clinging to a single tradition of the land which had given so many of them birth. So to-day all the tenants on the broad Wentworth acres feasted in honor of the young heir's birth-day. Before giving the summons for the refreshment-tent to be opened, Arthur went round to the side lawn where the tables were spread for his tenantry, to hear them drink his health, and give in return the little speech that was expected. He had no mind to disappoint them; but he hated being stared at, and making a show of himself; so he left his guests dancing, and took with him only a few of "I can't make speeches before all these fine folk," he said, laughing, when Mr. Livingston expostulated against this innovation of good old customs. "If it was Hugh now, it is just the sort of thing he can do admirably."

"You're a simpleton!" interrupted Hugh, passing his arm through his cousin's. "Then come and get it over before the people suspect and follow in a body."

They came face to face with Clare de Launay just leaving the house. She had managed to escape soon after the crowning, and Arthur had been searching for her in vain.

"At least Miss de Launay must come and hear Arthur break down in his speech as he threatens," Hugh said, laughing. "She is queen to-day, so this becomes a solemn duty."

There was more jesting and laughter. Then Clare took old Mr. Livingston's arm, and the little party moved on.

Near the tables stood an elderly man whom Arthur did not recognize; but before he could wonder at the stranger's presence, Hugh said,

- "I forgot my old Scotchman; he looks very hungry and unhappy! Arthur, ask him to take a seat among your people. I took the liberty of bringing him."
- "Don't talk about liberties," returned Wentworth, impatiently. "I am glad he came. What is his name?"
- "Oh, M'Kenzie, of course!" laughed Hugh. "He's a nice old fellow. Has come over in search of some relation—some daughter's child. I promised to help him in every way I could. I brought him to-day when I heard what was going on here, because I thought it would seem like a peep at his own country customs again."

Arthur went up to the venerable, white-haired man, and if he could not make speeches, proved, at least, that he could do a courteous act in a charming way. He kept his hand on the strangers arm, found him a seat at one of the tables, then gave a rueful, laughing glance toward Miss de Launay and Hugh, as the people began to thump their glasses on the board, and call his name.

But the speech was not half so bad, after all.

"Upon my word," said Hugh, as he came back to them, a little flushed and nervous, but looking wonderfully handsome, "I think nature made a mistake. She must have meant you for the orator instead of me. Don't go claiming all the gifts, my boy."

Everybody laughed. Only Miss de Launay jurned her head away, and seemed busy arranging her scarf. She had once more caught Hugh fordon's eye as he spoke. But Arthur could stay no longer. He could not even have the pleasure of leading Clare to the tent. He must go in search of ancient Madam Courtenay, and play the host in a proper, orthodox manner, else the stately dignitaries who had honored them with their company would look to see the sky fall, or some other horrible convulsion of nature tumble the world into general ruin, at such gross dereliction of etiquette on the part of a youth who possessed a great stake in the country, and was expected to become a stately dignitary in his turn.

- "It is getting late, Arthur," old Mr. Livingston said, warningly, warned by his stomach to speak.
- "Yes, I am going," Arthur replied; "but you must come and help me. I shall be sure to do something outrageous if you are not close at hand! And oh! do occupy Mrs. Phillip's attention—that's a blessed guardian! I shall never be able to stand the fire of her eyes. Keep her by you at the other end of the table."
- "This is a ridiculous young man!" pronounced Mr. Livingston, but all the same he looked at him with pride and affection beaming in every line of his proud face, which softened till Clare de Launay wondered how any creature could ever call it hard or stern.
- "I know I am," Arthur acknowledged; "but you must let me be so to-day."
- "Oh, yes! he must do what he likes to-day," repeated Hugh, laughing; but he looked full at Clare as he spoke, and her ear caught the slight emphasis put upon the closing words.
 - "Now, Arthur!" said Mr. Livingston.
- "Yes, yes, I am going," Arthur answered. "Hugh, take care of Miss de Launay—you will try to get somewhere near my end of the table if you are at all good-natured."

Then he was gone, and the little knot of his friends followed—only Clare de Launay paused, and Hugh Gordon stood waiting beside her.

"The house would be much cooler and pleasanter than that tent full of hungry savages," he said, in his soft, musical voice. "Will you take my arm?"

She hesitated for an instant, then accepted it, and allowed him to lead her away. She had grown very pale, but there was no other show of emotion in her beautiful face.

Instead of taking the path which led to the front entrance, Hugh turned back toward the side of the lawn where the tables for the tenants were spread. They walked on in silence. As they neared the tables, Hugh Gordon saw the old Scotchman just rising from his seat. He made the man a sign; the stranger followed them slowly.

Hugh conducted his companion into the house, led her on till they reached the library, a lofty, grand old room, whose stillness and gloom had something solemn in it after the brightness and pleasant excitement they had laft outside in the gardens. Still the Scotchman followed, and still no one broke the silence.

Away out in the refreshment-tent sat Arthur Wentworth, talking, laughing, fulfilling his duties with heroic composure; but the time seemed drearily to drag. He could not perceive Miss de Launay or his cousin anywhere.

Sunset came at last. Steady people recollected that it was a long drive back into town. There began a bustle of departure. Still occupied, Arthur could only look restlessly about, and wonder what had become of Clare.

In the meanwhile, a couple of young girls, flitting up the stair-case in search of wraps, which had been deposited in an upper chamber, came suddenly upon something white lying on the floor of the great corridor.

It was Clare de Launay, lying still and cold, in an insensibility so like death that at first the frightened creatures thought it was that, and shrieked aloud.

There were very few persons in the rooms below; they came running up, Hugh Gordon foremost among them. He was a man who always had his wits about him; no emergency ever found him unprepared. He prevented any excitement which would have roused the other guests, reminding those about him that it would only be useless making a sad breaking up to the pleasant day. He lifted the prostrate girl, and, carrying her into the nearest room, laid her on the bed. He summoned the housekeeper; had a physician, who was among the company, sent for; and arranged the whole matter so quietly that not a dozen persons knew what had happened.

At last Arthur Wentworth was able to escape from the farewells of his visitors. Clare must be somewhere in the house—he wanted to find her; she must not go home until he had seen her. As he ran up the steps, Hugh came out upon the portico.

"My dear boy," said he, "you will have an unexpected addition to the people who are to stay all night. With my usual impertinance, I have been arranging matters. Miss de Launay fainted away. The doctor says she must be kept quiet, so she and her aunt will sleep here."

"Fainted away?" cried Arthur, turning as white as if he were going to follow her example.

"There's nothing serious the matter," returned Hugh. "Don't look so frightened. Over fatigue, Dr. Osborne said; she will be quite well in the

morning. I have sent to Northcots for her maid to come, and bring such things as the ladies may need."

"Such a thoughtful Hugh! You are sure there is nothing serious?" Arthur broke in. "I must go and inquire."

"Yes, yes! go by all means," replied Hugh.

Arthur flew past into the hall, and up the stairs.

Hugh stood still, looking after him, and a smile that was half compassion, half contempt, flitted slowly across the firmness of his mouth.

CHAPTER IV.

So, after all, Arthur Wentworth's birthday fete went out in clouds and gloom, pleasant as were the recollections his guests took with them.

Hugh remained at Arthur's urgent request. Mr. Livingston was staying at the house on a visit. There were a few other guests also who did not leave, for they had come so great a distance that there could be no talk of their going until the next day.

It was a dull evening. Everybody was tired Arthur was too anxious and miserable to make any pretence at composure. But by the time supper was ready, old Miss de Launay, Clare's aunt, a little mouse of a woman, came down stairs with news that the young lady was quite herself, had taken some tea, and was going to sleep, and nobody was to think any more about her absurd behavior.

"It was the heat," Dr. Osborne said. Of course, Arthur had kept him toe. "It is a most unusual season; we shall have a terribly unhealthy summer."

Then they all talked about the weather, and Arthur found an opportunity to whisper a little with the spinster aunt, and finding that Clare was really better, rushed into great spirits again, and could feel a warm glow at his heart, as he thought that at least this untoward accident was the means of honoring his old house by Clare's presence.

So late into the night Arthur Wentworth sat in his room, and wove golden dreams of the future, and wondered now and then what common lives could be like, and remembered, young as he was, to be thankful "that the lines had fallen to him in such pleasant places."

He had looked forward for weeks to opening his heart to Clare on that fete-day; but now that it was gone, and the morrow so near, he felt almost glad he had found no opportunity to speak—it was a bliss still in store. For she did care for him. Oh, he was sure of that—she cared!

Northcots was about ten miles distant. Clare

de Launay had been also a ward of Mr. Livingston, and naturally the two young people had been thrown much together since Arthur's return to his home. Arthur had loved her from the first moment they met, and he was thinking, to-night, just how and where that was. He had reached America sometime before the ship had been expected to arrive, and learned in New York that he would find Mr. Livingston up at Wentworth Manor. So Arthur hurried to his home. When the carriage reached an entrance to the road which he remembered, he got out to walk through the groves, where he used to play during such years of his childhood as had been spent in the old house.

He came out upon the summit of the hill, down through the archivay of elms toward the Arbutus Knoll. A girl was standing there. She turned at the sound of his step, hesitated for an instant, then moved forward, saying, with a smile which fairly dizzied Arthur's brain,

"I am happy to be the first to welcome you home, Mr. Wentworth.'

This was Clare. She had ridden over that morning to see Mr. Livingston, and the old gentleman had kept her all day to consult with her if everything was in proper order for the return of the heir.

That was a year ago, and for a whole year Arthur had kept his secret, at least so far as open words were concerned. He had promised Mr. Livingston that he would. The kind old man had early read what was in his breast-a dismal experience which had shadowed his whole life made him doubtful always where youthful fancies were concerned, and he had asked this promise of Arthur. It might be hard; but the least the young man could do to prove his sense of all that he owed to his guardian's judicious care for his interests during the past years, was to gratify him in this respect.

And now the season of probation had come to an end, and he was free to speak. He took out of its hiding place that night a costly gift which had been ordered by him in France. It was a bracelet of marvelous workmanship; leaves which seemingly imitated the arbutus, with diamonds glittering on them for dew-drops, and a knot of pink blossoms in enamel for the clasp. It was Clare herself who had painted the flowers which gave the pattern to the workman, though she had not known why he asked her to do it.

And to-morrow the waiting was to end-tomorrow!"

People were late down to breakfast the next morning, naturally enough. Clare did not appear. There was nothing the matter, Miss de Launay \{ fering still. He took her hand, and placed it on

said, and the doctor repeated the assertion; she was only a little languid still, and he had ordered her to keep quiet. The day was very oppressive; there would be a shower before noon; that would cool the air, then she could drive home.

Hospitable as he was, Arthur felt a sensation of relief in seeing his guests depart. Even Hugh he could not regret; and Hugh and his old Scotchman departed-he had begged a night's shelter for the stranger.

"Having taken him in hand, I don't like to send him off to shift for himself," he said; and Arthur wondered that he had never fully appreciated how thoughtful and considerate Hugh could be.

The shower appeared, to establish the dector's reputation as a prophet, passed, and left the day more beautiful than ever. Arthur had to go out with Mr. Livingston. There was some matter in regard to improvements asked for by a tenant which must be attended to. But Miss de Launav had promised him that she and Clare would not go until after his return, so he went about his business with an exemplary patience which Mr. Livingston appreciated, and for which the young gentleman received due praise.

But he was free at last-his guardian gone. Arthur flow along the avenue to the house, and nearly upset his old-maid guest in the hall.

"Clare has gone out," she said, in one of her little nervous fevers. "I am sure it is very imprudent; but she said she wanted the air, and the carriage will be round in a few minutes, and we ought to get home before dusk."

Arthur established the fidgety soul in the drawing-room, and hurried out through the gardens. Something told him where he should find her! It had always been a settled thing in his mind that fate would arrange that in the spot where he first saw her, he should tell Clare de Launay the story of his love.

And it was all to happen as he had known it would-he saw her as he neared the Arbutus Knoll. She was seated on the stone bench close to the pedestal which supported the Cupid. She looked up as he approached-rose. If it had not been a mad folly, he would have thought she was subduing some impulse to flee.

"Your aunt has sent me to look for you," he called, then was close enough to see how pale she looked, and cried out in alarm, "You are ill yet -you ought not to have come out."

"Oh, no! the air has done me good," she answered. "I ought not to have kept my aunt waiting though. I will go back."

Her voice struck him oddly-she must be suf-

his arm. fingers tremble.

"Just one moment," he said, "then we will

She did not answer; she had turned away her head, and was looking at the statue of the Cupida melancholy little Cupid, who rested his chin upon his dimpled hand, and looked down in sorrowful fashion. The great arch of the elms rose above the spot where the pair stood. In front, the ground was one glowing mat of pink blossoms and emerald leaves, and the fragrant odor of the flowers came up with increased sweetness after the rain. A bird was perched on the drooping boughs of an elm, and sang softly; the sunlight lay about golden and warm. Only just over the young pair, and the statue of the Cupid, the trees cast heavy shadows that looked gray and cold.

"Just one moment," Arthur had said, then stood silent, absently lifting the long trails of the arbutus with the end of his cane. His heart was so full that the words he had been eager to speak did not come easily-a certain solemn awe crept over his soul! Somehow, the moment seemed so beautiful and sacred that he could not find hardihood to break the silence.

He glanced toward her, caught the strange, weary, worn expression which lay like a cloud on her beauty; and a warning of coming evil smote at his heart. What he had meant to say was forgotten; what he did he hardly knew; but through the icy chill which locked her senses, through the dizzy pain which blinded her eyes, Clare de Launay saw him kneeling at her feet among the arbutus blossoms, and heard his voice crying.

"I love you, Clare-I love you!"

Did she stand there seconds, hours, ages, while these passionate tones rang in her ear, and the wild words told the beautiful story of his love?

Then she drew her hand from his clasp, and amid the darkness which seemed to envelop her, and to shut out all sights but his pleading face,

She did not resist, though he felt the , she heard her own voice; or was it hers, for it sounded as strange in her own ears, as it did in his?

> The blow had fallen—the worst was over! She could not tell what she had said; it did not matter-it had done its work! He was on his feet-he was staring dumbly in her face. Let her get away, only let her get away! She turned to go; she had taken a few blind, uncertain steps: then he was beside her again.

> "I have been very mad," she heard him say. "I must have been mad. I pray you to forgive me. I thought you knew the time would come when I should speak these words! But I must have been mad; you could not have known, for then-" He stopped, struggled to find voice again, and added, "It is all my fault; you could not consciously have helped me to deceive myself."

> She shrunk, as if trying to escape his eyes, and then he heard her beg him to go, to forget her, to think ill; yes, the worst-only to go.

> He staggered, as if some unseen hand had dealt him a mortal blow. As he recovered himself. there fell from his breast a little packet. She saw a ghost of a smile cross his pallid lips.

> "It was for you," he said. "I am not mad now; but I ask you to accept this as a sign that you forgive me—as a sign that if so poor a wretch as I could ever be of service in your life, I am

> He placed the box in her hands, and hurried away. The fall had loosened the cover, the glittering bracelet dropped out, and lay at her feet among the trailing arbutus.

> Up through the wood came another figure, and Hugh Gordon's voice said.

"Is it over?"

She turned and looked full in his face. She neither trembled nor shrank now.

"Yes," she answered. "It is over. It was not so hard, after all, because it saves the man I love!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEAD YEAR. тнк

BY MARIE L. LADD.

To Time's measure moving slow, Let the pageant, passing, go; Let there follow in its train, Festive pleasure, hooded pain; All the past months' joy and woe, Let the dreary pageant go!

Fill its grave, and heap it high; With it, let its mem'ry die. In its grave, if hopes lie sealed,

Their fulfillment unrevealed. Tenderly the coming year With fresh flowers may strew the bier.

With the peen for all the earth. Then proclaim the New Year's birth; Last year's pangs, a motly host, Just expired, then lay their ghost. For the Old Year toll the bell Hope is ushered by its knell.

MAMMA'S OLD BEAU.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

want you to behave your very prettiest, Rose-I am going to introduce you to an old beau of your mother's, Mr. Chancellor. He admired her once to distraction; but I believe he never told his love, and the bolder suitor carried her off. know the whole story, though he doesn't know that I do, and neither does she. He's immensely rich, my dear-a splendid pair of horses at the hotel where he is staying for a few weeks-and not, as you can see, by any means a bad-looking man. I intend him to fall in tove with you, as I am almost sure he will, and make you the princess that you look."

"Princess Rose" was my pet name, and I liked it.

From the ambush of my wide-spreading fanit was a rural affair, for we were at a village matinee, a sort of civilized picnic-I lazily regarded Mr. Chancellor, and concluded that, on the whole, I liked him. He was a distinguished-looking man, without being really handsome, and had achieved some wonderful things in the way of science. Rather grave and reserved, with a sort of unsatisfied look in those fine eyes of his, I marked him as my lawful prey, and had quite decided on my line of action, when Mrs. Jordan made a formal presentation of him to "Miss Dillaye."

"Would I take a turn with him through the grounds?" he asked, bowing.

Of course I would; and I hung upon his arm in a sort of mischievous rapture at the prospect of a foe worthy of my steel. What did I care for Alfred Hawthorne's gaze, or Sam Martin's grim despair?

I tripped along through the grass-bordered paths of the grove, flushing brightly under my rose-crowned hat, as I felt rather than saw my companion's eyes resting on me with a strange expression of interest. He was so much taller than I that he had to stoop whenever I said anything, or rather, he did stoop, as though unwil ling to lose one of the pearls and diamonds that were supposed to be dropping from my lips.

When he talked himself, what he said was well worth hearing; and, altogether, I found him very courtly and delightful. There was a sort of me, that was pleasant from its very novelty, for, Greek; and whether Wadsworth was a Lake

"Now," said Mrs. Jordan, impressively, "I | hitherto, my admirers had not been in the least fatherly.

> "I heard Mrs. Jordan call you 'Princess Rose," said he, with a genial smile. "There is something quaint about the conceit that I like, for it suits you admirably. In the days of that handsome reprobate, Edward the Fourth, you would not have been on the winning side, though,"

No, for the red rose of Lancaster bloomed in my cheeks, twined round my hat, lent its color to my muslin dress, and even formed the rosette on my slipper, and ran riot over my fan. I was rather daft on the subject of pink, generally, and had a weakness for roses particularly.

I was so glad that this nice little day-time party of Mrs. Jordan's, which she said was to be "only a girl and boy affair," and therefore did not invite mamma-though I could not see that Mr. Chancellor came lawfully under either of these headings-afforded such a fine scope for indulging in all sorts of vagaries of costume. Mamma had wondered a little if I were not "fantastical-looking;" but more enthusiastic critics declared that I looked "just like a picture;" and although I have seen pictures that I would be very sorry to look like, the comparison was accepted as complimentary, and my attire regarded in the light of a success.

"'Queen Rose of the rose-bud garden of girls." continued Mr. Chancellor. "That line must have been written for you, I think."

"I am afraid" said I, demurely, "that Mr. Tennyson did not think of me at all when he put those words on paper; it is my belief that he was just thinking of himself, and how people would admire his poetry."

My companion laughed.

"Poets are a conceited race," he replied. "Imagine Wordsworth gravely reading whole pages of his 'Mary-had-a-little-lamb,' like verses to an unfortunate who had innocently queted a line from one of his poems."

I sincerely hoped that Mr. Chancellor would presently steer his boat out of such deep waters, as I was in imminent danger of getting beyond my depth. I was not at all literary, and could lawfully claim the one point of resemblance to the immortal Shakspeare urged by so many ignofurtherly air, too, in his way of taking care of ramuses—that of knowing little Latin, and less

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would have puzzled me as hopelessly as a conundrum.

"Isn't May just the loveliest month of the whole year?" I began, enthusiastically, to ward off any more talk about books. "Everything looks so bright, and fresh, and young."

"Just about nineteen, does it not?" asked my companion, kindly.

"How did you know that I am mineteen?" I asked, in surprise.

"I did not know-I only surmised it; and I am not sure now but that I have overrated your age."

"No; I shall really be nineteen next month. I am getting dreadfully old-before I know it, I shall be twenty."

"How if you were forty?" said Mr. Chancellor, looking very much amused. "So then, your birthday comes in June? You are a Rose, it seems, in every respect."

"Not forgetting the thorns," I added. "Mamma says I am dreadfully sharp and disagreeable, at times."

"I dare say you are," was the answer I did not expect. "Your nose shows spirit," (now my nose had a slightly celestial tendency, and was a somewhat sore subject with me,) "and being among mortals, you probably do not lack provocation. But the thorns seem to be all sheathed now, and only the Rose is visible. May! 'the month of May' is not my favorite season; it suggests, as some one has very truthfully said, so much impossible happiness.'

"But people are often very happy," I said. somewhat defiantly. "I don't see why any happiness should be impossible?"

My companion looked at me, for a moment, gravely and kindly, and then replied, with a sigh, "Wait until you are forty instead of nineteen,

and you will understand it better."

"What will she understand better?" asked the voice of Mrs. Jordan, who had come in quest of "I should like you both to understand, at present, that I am having almost as much trouble as 'Little Bo-Peep;' for my flock of youngsters have scattered in such a reckless way, that I have been afraid I should have to dispose of the collation to myself. Come, Rose! Your princess-ship, I know, is not superior to the charms of jelly and macaroons."

"I am a very able-bodied damsel, indeed, for any such service as that," I replied; and following my elders to the supper-room, I encountered the savage glare of two or three pairs of eyes. whose owners attacked me so ferociously with

poet, or an inspired hermit, or a crazy rhymster, | much as though they had entered into a conspiracy against my worthless life.

> Now I felt at peace with all the world. Things had gone just as I wanted them to; and it seemed to me very sweet and pleasant to be living, and to be just nineteen years old. I smiled at one, and shook my head at another, and finally reduced the idiots to some kind of order. I think I regarded them very much as though I were keeping a dame's school; and Mr. Chancellor, who had a way of hovering about in the distance, appeared to watch my movements with considerable amusement. I was a little piqued that he did not keep beside me; but there was such an elbowing among my subjects, that I could scarcely expect him to risk his coat and composure for the chance of such a slight reward.

He made his way to me as I was leaving.

"Miss Dillaye," he said, "you remind me wonderfully of some one whom I have seen before. I-I had a friend once who married a gentleman of your name. May I ask if your mother's maiden name was Homer?"

"Yes," I replied, "Edith Homer. Did you really know her when she was a girl?"

I do not think he made me any reply; he seized my hand quite unexpectedly, raised it to his lips, and disappeared in the dusk.

"Come along, child," said Kitty, grimly, as she towed me successfully through the shoals and quicksands of would-be escorts, who always banded together to harass the faithful spinster in the discharge of her duty.

For this was one of mamma's rules, and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that from all the dissipations in which I was allowed to participate, Kitty, our faithful housekeeper and factotum, a grenadier-like damsel of fifty, should be my only escort. Whether she had seen Mr. Chancellor's leave-taking I could not tell, for she stalked on as rigidly as usual, while I fell into a reverie over my adventure.

It was comical enough that I should encounter one of mamma's old beaux; but it seemed to me that the fossil remains were lying around loose in almost every part of the country to which I directed my steps. I did not wonder that she had been so much admired, the dear, pretty mamma, still retaining a soft, matron bloom; and when one of these blighted beings, who crossed my path on a rail-road journey, assured me that she was "a regular stunner." I was quite disposed to believe it.

Not in any but a very gentle sense, though, I thought, and especially on this evening, when, sicly-generous rations, that it looked very { after I had betaken myself, somewhat tired, to

my little white bed, mamma came and sat down { beside me in the moonlight. Her room opened into mine, and we dearly enjoyed these quiet chats at bed-time.

My hair was tumbling over my pillow, and my checks still burned with excitement, as mamma said, with a kiss,

"Rose, you are a very pretty child."

"Am I?" I replied. "But you are more than that, mamma, for you are a beautiful woman. Now don't blush, dear, for you know you've heard it before; and I met one of your old admirers this very afternoon-a Mr. Chancellor, whom Mrs. Jordan told me about. I shall never forgive you, mamma, that he is not my father. We might have been riding in our own carriage today, instead of trudging on foot. It is really too bad!"

A faint flush colored my mother's fair face with a delicate pink tinge, but beyond this, she seemed composed, even cold, as she answered,

"Stop, Rose! I cannot let you run en so. Both you and Mrs. Jordan are under a great mistake. Mr. Chancellor is no discarded suitor of mine, for the simple reason that he never offered himself to me."

"But only because you would not let him," I interposed, regretfully. "Oh, mamma! you never were the least bit of a flirt."

Mamma smiled, as she replied, "My naughty little daughter seems quite disposed to make up for all my deficiencies in this line. No, Rose, I was not a flirt, and my heart had been disposed of before I suspected that Mr. Chancellor regarded me as anything beyond an ordinary acquaintance."

"'Refused the gold," I muttered, "'and did accept the dross;" ' for every one knew that poor papa had not amounted to much, though mamma was too loyal and self-respecting ever to admit this; and when he died, ten years ago, instead of making any provision for his wife and child, everything was found to have been swallowed up in the general ruin. An unexpected legacy from a distant relative came just in time to save the desolate widow from almost menial employment to obtain the necessaries of life for herself and her little one; and although the bequest was far removed from wealth, it enabled us to live with great comfort in the place where we had now spent many happy years.

I loved my pretty cottage-home, but I felt that my mother would grace a palace; and although we were visited by all the best people, yet, at times, I almost hated their carriages and conservatories, and resented the slightest approach to anything like patronage. I do not believe that mamma dreamed of the plan that entered my lessly. "I suppose he will just spend his life

eighteen-year-old head, although she often laughed at me, and declared that I lived in a sort of cloudland, as though I were a reduced princess.

"It is you who are the reduced princess," I would reply: "for you have been accustomed to all sorts of fine things, but I have not. Do you know, mamma, what I would do if I were rich?"

"Well, what?" asked mamma, patiently, for about the hundreth time.

"Why, I would dress you in black velvet, with point lace; your hair should be braided around your head like a crown; and such high shoes!your heels should be a quarter of a yard, at the very least."

"But you would make me dreadfully uncomfortable," remonstrated mamma, with an anticipatory shrug.

"Never mind," I replied, recklessly, "you would be so much more imposing. I want you to look tall and queenly."

"Why, you little reprobate, I am a full inch taller than you."

"Yes, darling, I know; but when a lady gets to be, not passed exactly, but out of her teens and twenties-

"And almost out of her thirties," interpolates mamma.

"Don't say anything so horrid, please! I mean when she gets to be not so young as she was once, and has a giantees of a daughter besides, it is so nice for her to be tall and dignifiedlooking."

"What a child you are, Rose!" says mamma, laughing. "You 'giantess' of five feet one! Will you ever be anything but a child, I wonder?"

"Well, now, mamma," said I, on the evening in question, with all the assurance of nineteen, "I am going to tell you that I have quite fallen in love with this Mr. Chancellor-he is so nice-looking and pleasant; and, vanity aside, I think he rather admires me. He said ever so many nice things to me; and when he bade me good-by, he kissed my hand."

"Rose! Rose!" exclaimed my mother, much shocked, "Why did you allow this?"

"I did not allow it, mamma. I had no idea of his intention. But, really, I did not mind it much-he is so venerable, you know; he told me that he was forty. He has been living in South America for ever so many years; that is where he made his fortune-and perhaps it is the custom there."

"And what about Alfred Hawthorne?" asked mamma. "I have heard nothing of him in all this chatter."

"Oh, Alfred is a poor man," I replied, care-

over those musty law books. And I want a carriage, and lots of things. Do you know that my pet slippers are actually beginning to 'go,' and all my things, generally, are giving out? I decidedly incline to the opinion that Mr. Chancellor is my fate."

And in ten minutes I was asleep.

Now mamma always had a lingering weakness for Alfred; and no wonder, for his courtesy to her was that of a knight-errant; and she did not take at all kindly to the idea of his being thrown over. Not that there was really anything between us; but this was not Alfred's fault.

Poor fellow! As I passed a certain lawyer's office the next morning, a wistful face, and a pair of hungry eyes greeted me through the open window; but I walked on through the shaded street, beneath the drooping horse-chestnuts, now laden with their wealth of bloom; and the blue May sky overhead, and the delicious balmy breeze of May, the sunshine and the flowers, lent an elasticity to my step, and filled me with a wild, restless longing, that suggested Mr. Chancellor's words of the day before. "Impossible happiness!" We should see.

I did my errand at "the store," the clerk who waited upon me, capering around behind his counter, and "Miss Dillaye"-ing me until I became perfectly sick of the sound of my name. Leaving him gazing down the street after my retreating back, I rushed home in a great hurry—of which there was no sort of need—found a hand-some carriage before the door, and came suddenly upon mamma and Mr. Chancellor in the parlor.

Truly, I thought, he has lost no time; and my pulses throbbed quickly with a vague expectation of I scarcely knew what. Mamma and he were talking very composedly when I entered, and there had apparently been no excitement in the meeting. But why should there be?

"This is my damask Rose, Mr. Chancellor," said mamma, with a look of pride, as she kissed my flushed cheek.

"'Princess Rose,'" said the visitor, smiling, as he took my hand, "but 'Miss Dillaye' to me, I suppose. How do you feel, Miss Rose, after our quiet little dissipation of yesterday?"

"I feel decidedly unsettled," I replied, recklessly, "and like 'doing things'—I don't care what. This weather is too lovely to be wasted on ordinary life."

"That is just what I think," said Mr. Chanoellor, with alacrity, "and I have brought my carriage in the hope of inducing both of you ladies to use it for a long drive. If you will kindly allow me to be of the party, I shall feel still more grateful."

"Oh, mamma!" I exclaimed, seeing that she looked undecided, "Do let us loaf around the country this morning—it will be perfectly delightful!"

"Shall you wear a sun-bonnet, Rose, and a ragged frock?" asked mamma. "I think that would be quite in character with 'loafing around the country."

"Stand not on the order of your coming, but come at once," said Mr. Chancellor, who was evidently exhilarated at the prospect of getting us on any terms. "I am sure you cannot resist that pleading face, Mrs. Dillaye; and I feel very much obliged to Miss Rose for her enthusiasm."

Mamma bowed assent, and we went up stairs to get ready; but I did not escape a gentle lecture on my precipitancy. I was obliged to attire myself properly, to the last button of my gloves; there was to be no "loafing" in this respect; but I kept stealing furtive glances at mamma, who was absolutely radiant. Her delicately-tinted lilac bonnet, with its soft fall of lace, made just the right framing for her high-bred face; while her dress of gray silk, and the light shawl thrown gracefully over her shoulders, were perfect in their way. I felt quite like a hoyden beside her, and could scarcely realize that she belonged to me—that we were actually bud and blossom.

I thought that Mr. Chancellor looked very much delighted with us both; probably, as he was a stranger in the place, he was glad to get two undeniable ladies to occupy his carriage. Mamma's style of entering it was a study, although done in the most unstudied way; and I resolved that even if Mr. Chancellor were an ogre, which he certainly was not, I should do my best to captivate him, just that mamma might have a carriage to ride in always.

We rattled through the street, and passed the office where Alfred still sat at his reading; and I saw that he recognized us. Possibly a pang crossed his heart. A queer feeling, certainly, came over me, as I wondered why the right people were always poor, and the wrong ones rich.

I glanced at Mr. Chancellor, to find his eyes fixed upon me, with a sort of laughing inquiry. Involuntarily, I put my hands to my cheeks. If I could only keep down that horrid color! The least thing would bring it surging over my face.

"Don't hide the roses," said Mr. Chancellor; "they are the only ones you wear to-day."

Mamma glanced at me rather gravely.

"I do not think you can be very well, Rose," said she, "you have seemed so restless since yesterday. But we will try to think only of these sweet country sights and sounds. What a

perfect day for driving! No dust, and this delicious flower-scented air. I smell apple-blossoms, I am sure. If it were not too early, I should say that new-mown hay was afloat on the breeze. You have a fine pair of horses, Mr. Chancellor; their pace is so spirited, and yet regular and even."

What man is not pleased to hear his horses praised? Mr. Chancellor looked perfectly radiant when mamma addressed him, and, probably, out of pity for my confusion, he did not notice me again for some time.

I was glad to be left to myself, for I felt very strangely, and not at all happy. Now that the prize I had wanted seemed to be fast approaching my grasp, it was losing its glamour, and I was not sure that I would put forth my hand for it, after all. I might ride in my carriage, and yet feed on husks; and I felt an unwonted tenderness for Alfred, over whose faithful heart I had probably driven that very morning. I almost wished that I had never seen Mr. Chancellor. It seemed scarcely fair that mamma's old admirers should start up so unexpectedly for the torment of her daughter. This man might better have stayed in South America, and left me in peace to Alfred.

In short, I was a spoiled, unreasonable child, and deserved to be sent supperless to bed.

I found myself listening to the conversation between mamma and Mr. Chancellor; and as mamma's sweet, cultivated tones floated toward me, and her remarks, so bright and intellectual, and yet perfectly free from pedantry, lingered in my cars, I felt painfully the vast difference between a half-fledged, uncultivated girl, and a mature, highly-cultivated woman.

I was piqued, too, to see what a different Mr. Chancellor this was from the man who had paid me empty compliments the day before. I felt really provoked now to think he had kissed my hand—even Alfred had never ventured to do that. His whole face looked illuminated from contact with a mind that could appreciate his scientific yearnings; and I wondered if it would not be a rather stupid thing to be Mrs. Chancellor, and sit in a corner like that all my life, while my husband carried on a sensible conversation with my mother.

"Is your head better, Rose?" asked mamma, senderly.

I started a little, for it seemed to me that my present trouble was more with my heart than my head.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Chancellor. "She looked so full of life when we started; I wish we could do something to make her more comfortable."

I roused myself with an effort.

"I do not believe there is anything the matter with me. I was busy listening to you and Mr. Chancellor, mamma—trying to improve myself."

Mamma flushed, and smiled; and Mr. Chancellor said, laughingly,

"If you had stopped at the 'you,' in your sentence, Miss Rose, it would have been perfectly unobjectionable. But I am glad to see you look brighter, and more like the princess of yesterday."

That was it; I was evidently nothing, if not gay; so I vigorously resolved to be gay forthwith. I prattled away on nearly every subject in the universe, eliciting an occasional laugh from Mr. Chancellor, and an occasional warning look from mamma; and it was a relief, to at least two of us, when the drive came to an end, and we were deposited again at our own door.

"Why, Rose, what is the matter with you? I never knew you to behave in this way before; and I shall have to treat you like a child, if you act so much like one," said mamma.

Of course, I expected this, and for reply, I burst into tears.

"I really do not feel well, mamma; and I got along a great deal better with Mr. Chancellor, yesterday, when I had him to myself. I didn't like him a bit to-day."

My mother looked at me for a moment, and then kissed me gravely, and ordered me to bed.

"Lie down," said she, "until dinner-time, and I think you will feel better."

I did as I was bid, and soon forgot my troubles in the deep sleep of girlhood.

We saw a great deal of Mr. Chancellor from that time. "He and Mrs. Dillaye," he said, "were old friends;" and although Mrs. Jordan looked very knowing at this, she honorably kept the secret from spreading abroad, contenting herself with saying occasionally to me,

"So, you are really going to be a princess, it seems, Rose; don't forget, my dear, that I set the ball going. I shall expect some very pleasant drives in that fine carriage.'

I experienced the pleasures of patronage in anticipation, and answered these remarks with the most benevolent promises.

Sometimes, I took drives with Mr. Chancellor alone, and sometimes mamma was with us; but I always found him nicer when I had him alone. He enjoyed talking with mamma, and they had endless confabs on the piazza, in the long summer evenings; but, meantime, I was getting really tired of expecting something that never happened.

Alfred Hawthorne had quite given me up; he scarcely ever came to the house; he passed me

with a bow on the street. Society generally bestowed me upon Mr. Chancellor; but a kind friend, one day, brought me the report that "that little flirt, Rose Dillaye, didn't knew her own mind, and had kept Mr. Chancellor hanging off and on for the last three months: perhaps he would get tired, though, and leave her in the lurch yet."

I went to mamma in tears, and begged her to tell that horrid man not to come to the house any more. Mamma turned pale, and said that she would speak to Mr. Chancellor, that very evening.

I was pacing the gravel-walk, beneath the sidewindow, when I heard Mr. Chancellor say, distinctly,

"Poor child! You really must let me take her under my protection at once."

I waited for nothing more, but made a wild rush up stairs to my room, and threw myself on the bed. His voice sounded so confident; he seemed very sure of me, and it must be that mamma had encouraged him. I would have to decide now at once-and what could I do! I neither wanted to take, nor to refuse him; and they were probably talking the whole matter over even now. A cold chill erept over me at the bare idea of marrying Mr. Chancellor; but the chill of poverty stood between me and Alfred, even if he had continued to care for me.

Mamma was an everlasting time in getting up that night. I wanted, and yet dreaded to see her.

I had fallen asleep, while waiting and listening for her step, and woke to find her bending over me in the moonlight. She pressed a kiss on my brow, as I opened my eyes; and I held her dear hand, as I said, tremblingly,

"Well, mamma?"

"Rose," said she, and her voice sounded a little husky and strange, "I want you to answer me a question, with perfect truthfulness. Do you care at all for Mr. Chancellor? I mean, as a woman should care for the man she marries?"

I shook all over. He had asked me of her, then, and this had kept her so long. The truth came out suddenly; it seemed to make a rush for my lips before I could stop it.

"I don't care for him, mamma-not the least bit in the world; but, perhaps, I have encouraged him, and Don't you really think I ought to marry him? I suppose he has offered himself?"

"Yes," was the reply, "he has offered himself."

"Then what do you think, mamma?"

happiest woman living, and you are my own dear child!"

Light began to dawn upon me; but the surprise fairly took away the power of speech.

"Oh, mamma!" I finally gasped, and began

Mamma took me in her arms, and rocked me, just as she used to de when I was a little child.

"I am so glad!" I said, at last. "But what a blind beetle I have been! I might have seen it all from the beginning, instead of fancying that a man like Mr. Chancellor could want a silly child like me. And you will have the carriage all the same, mamma; but I shall not have to marry Mr. Chancellor. I am so happy to be rid of him!"

"But you will have to take him for a father, Rose-are you ready to do this?"

"Yes, indeed!" I exclaimed, with fervor. "He will be perfectly delightful as a father! How I wish I had known this sooner."

"You would scarcely have known it now," was the reply, "had it not been for your distress this morning. I could not bring myself even to tell it to you; but when I consulted with Mr. Chancellor, as to what was best to be done. he declared that he would wait no longer, and insisted on giving you the protection of a father at once."

"That is what I heard," said I, with an intense desire to hide my diminished head; "and as I thought it meant something clse, I felt like flying to the ends of the earth."

"While I feared," said the dear mamma, "that possibly you might have a lingering regard for Mr. Chancellor, and hence my question before I ventured on any confession. But my little Rose, it seems, was only dazsled by a carriage; and we shall all be very happy, I trust, when we have smoothed out Alfred's ruffled plumage."

"If Alfred chooses to go away," said I, vindictively, "Alfred may stay away."

"Hush, hush!" whispered mamma. "You owe him something, Rose, for considerable haughtiness on your part. He loves you dearly, and I cannot be cheated out of my son."

We talked long into the night; and mamma looked so young and pretty, her eyes luminous with a soft light, and a warm glow on her cheek, that I did not wender at Mr. Chancellors's faithfulness.

When he folded me in his arms, the next morning, and kissed my cheek, he said warmly,

"Rose, my dear little daughter, I have yearn-"I think," whispered my mother, as she ed over you from the first moment that I saw buried her face in the pillow, "that I am the you. You know now why I kissed your hand,

you? I kissed you, child, for your mother."

I did not resent it in the least, but noiselessly left them together-these mature lovers, who seemed to have renewed their spring-time—and { Chancellor declares that we shall not leave "the went away to laugh a little over my vanity.

I do not know how my mamma managed it, but she brought Alfred back to his allegiance; } be so hard, after all.

fearing, at the time, that I had almost offended, and in spite of my grand ideas, and my rôle of Princess, I am, at this present speaking, engaged to marry a poor young lawyer.

> But as mamma rides in her carriage, and papa homestead"-said homestead being a grand stone mansion of his own building-this fate may not

BABYS' CHARMS.

BY MRS. GEORGE R. LEE.

I CHOSE a violet, large and fair, Observed its hue, and then the sky's, Admiring each, as matchless quite, Till azure, in a lovelier guise, 'Neath baby's brow, attracted me, And paled their blueness speedily. No flower on earth, no blue of skies, Can match the beauty of her eyes: For in their wells of liquid blue, Love's own sweet soul seems shining through.

Upon a peak of shimmering sand I chanced to cast my eyes one day; Ha, Ha! we'er coining countless gold, The roguish sunbeams seemed to say. The glit'ring grains did golden seem, So brightly burnished by each gleam. Shine on, quoth I, for pleasure shine, Your gold is bright-but not like mine: For your forced gold will ne'er compare With my wee girlie's golden hair.

A rose-bush also challenged me, Or seemed to, in a cunning way, To scan her choice array of buds, And find aught sweetly red as they. I viewed them with a loving eye,

But felt constrained to make reply: None, budded east, west, north, or south, Charm me like baby's rose-bud mouth: Your buds are fragrant, that is true, But her pure breath is fragrant too.

I've watched, well pleased, the dimples lance In waves that laugh at staid old earth; But far more pleasing 'tis to see My baby's dimples dance with mirth. Prithee, what princess could bequeath Pearls fairer than her pearly teeth? Learning to nibble cunningly, And blte my lip so daintily, That oft I kiss her in my bliss, And ask, what charmer rivals this?

Tis needless on this theme to dwell: All Nature's beauty cheers and charms A heart like mine; but still I think I've richer beauty in my arms. "Tis true, the casket is but small, But outward beauty is not all, For, to complete the perfect whole, My pet is dowered with a soul: A soul whose deathless bloom may be Perfect through all eternity.

IN THE PINE WOODS.

BY W. G. WATKINS.

PAIRT me childhood's simple joys, Memory I how we strolled, blithe boys, Through these pine woods, black and red, O'er their needles, thickly spread; Treasured cones, in wonder scanned Pillared stems, and awful band; Dreaming oft with fancies fond Of scenes unknown that rose beyond.

Eager youth! Life's richest glow Shone where these vast pine woods grow; Nests we robbed here, squirrels sought, With fresh beauties fed young thought; Rhymed beneath the fragrant shade, Forays into Elf-land made; As, all-grace, one by us moved, Trembling, told her here—we loved!

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Manhood, 'midst life's work, life's snares, Struggling through a world of cares, With soul-problems face to face, Muses, here withdrawn, brief space; Through the stems, when slanting stray Sunbeams, views fate's chequered play: Or, more hopeful, learns to find, E'en in death, love deeply shrined.

Toil-bowed, here shall be my home. Where grave thoughts may fitly come; Birds I'll watch the green roof through Flitting earth with cone-chips strew; Note afar eve's supphire skies From the hills in glory rise, Types of whither age should wend If at length with heaven 'twould blend.

BY FANNIE E. HODGSON.

URSULA unclosed the door, and looked in, and having so looked in, entered the room and made her way to the fire.

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No one was there but Felicia, and on a footstool upon the hearth Felicia sat, moveless and
silent, one elbow resting on her knee, her open
hand pressed against her cheek. She was not
dreaming in an idle, enjoyable fashion, as any
other girl would have been doing. She rarely
dreamed, so Ursula knew, and, apart from this,
her first glance told her that the girl was in one
of the worst of her moods. The tense stillness of
her slight figure expressed it; that wretched
covering of her cheek with the fierce, thin, young
hand expressed it; and when she reached the
other side of the fire-place, and sat down, Ursula
saw that her face expressed it fearfully.

She did not speak at first, and Ursula knowing every change of shadow—there were so few bright-enings—that crossed and roused the tempestuous nature, recognized this one, and was silent also. The flame of self-torment would leap out before long, despite the barrier of pride.

And so it was. For a few moments the girl actually turned upon her all at once with an angry gesture.

- "Why are you looking at me?" she said. "What are you thinking of?"
 - "Of you, Felicia," Ursula answered, simply.
- "Of me?" she said, with a depth of self-scorn fearful to behold. "Of me?"
- "I am wondering," said Ursula, "what has hurt you to-night."
- "Hurt me?" was her echo. "What should hurt me? You always think that I have been hurt if I am silent. Yes, you know so well that..."

"Hush!" said Ursula, in her strong, even tone. The raised, harsh voice dropped at once, almost as if silenced by a spell. But the storm was not stilled. It was working in the girl's whole frame so strongly, that she was fairly trembling in her struggle against it, and, in the end, notwithstanding her efforts, it conquered her. Suddenly, the hand fell from her cheek, showing the broad, unsightly scar, throbbing with fiery red.

"Ursula!" she cried out the next moment, and, with one swift movement, she slipped down upon the hearth, and hung upon the woman's knee, sobbing in a hushed, wild way, almost terrible.

"Don't speak to me," she said. "Don't touch me! I cannot bear it! Let me alone until this is over."

Ursula did not try to control her—did not even caress her at the first outburst. She knew what was coming, almost without hearing a word of explanation.

But when at last the desperate, impassioned creature raised her head, she laid a gentle hand upon her arm, and the simple gesture seemed to have a sort of softening influence, for the next words were uttered in a manner strangely humble for Felicia Unsworth.

"Have you seen her?" she said.

A sudden rush of sympathy thrilled Ursula like magnetism from her heart's core to the tips of the firm, cool fingers, that moved in a subtly expressed caress upon the slender arm.

"Yes, I have seen her."

Felicia bent her face until her cheek, the scarred cheek, rested upon the kindly hand.

- "She is very pretty, Ursula?"
- "Yes," Ursula answered.
- "The style of woman Martin likes—low-voiced, and peaceful, and sweet; altogether unlike me. The style of woman Martin cares for."

Ursula's hand moved a little again; but she said nothing, even though she half-imagined she could feel the hot blood beating in the disfiguring scar resting upon her wrist.

It was a hard task she had taken upon herself, when, of her own free-will, she had resolved to help Felicia Unsworth to bear the burden of her life. Few women would have made such a resolution, and fewer would have held to it, if they had possessed courage, and earnest, womanly sympathy enough to make it. She was not young? she had lived through sorrow of her own. was no particular need that she should come to an out-of-the-way country-house to care for an unhappy girl, whose nature had been warped, whose life had been embittered, and who had no claim upon her save that of their common suffering, and the shadow of a relationship. And yet she had come, and had never faltered in her resolve, even when Felicia was at her worst, which was a worst bad enough, Heaven knows. Ursula's day was past, so long past that she looked back at her girlhood with a thrill of hushed, tender pain,

such as she felt in these later years, when God's world was at its sweetest, on some still, golden autumn day, or when she looked up at some great, calm, white star, hung in the solemn blue at midnight, when such experiences came to her; in fact, as were stirrings of a soul only held to earth by the simple weight of mortality.

Until she came, Felicia had almost lived alone. The old country-house, which had belonged to her father, had been her home all her life, and in these days she certainly did not care to leave it, though it cannot be said that she had any girlish enthusiasm, or love for its quaint beauty. The one misery of her life had overpowered all else. She was not like Ursula: no experience could ever make her like Ursula-nature had cast her in a different mould. Three years ago she had been a strong, healthful young creature, fiery and happy, and with a face whose beauty won admiration on every side, though she cared little for it.. She had a betrothed lover, whose affection for her made her whole future fair with promise. was fortunate, if imperfect—and she laid no claim to perfection.

This was how the world stood with her three years ago, when the whole earth changed its face to her in one short hour.

It was a sad thing, people said; a terrible thing the accident. She was alone in her room, standing before a mirror, putting the last touch to her light evening toilet. Her lover awaited her below; guests were arriving at the house. One might have thought the cup of her girlish happiness was filled to the brim. It was only a slight movement which was the cause of all that followed, or, perhaps, a breath of air coming through the halfclosed door, which wafted her thin sleeve too near the light. In a second the flames were soaring above her head, and in less than twenty minutes she was carried to her bed, unconscious even of her fiery torture, There was no rejoicing that night; the guests went home, the lights in the reception-rooms were put out, and, simultaneously, the lights in the almost dying girl's life were extinguished for ever; the flowers of her youth and beauty faded into a shriveled mockery of their natural bloom.

She came out of her chamber three months later, worn, maimed, and disfigured, a fearful scar upon one cheek, a fearful scar upon her life. Her nature had never been a particularly soft and tender one; but now it seemed warped and embittered forever. When Ursula came she found her repressed, silent, and moody. In her fierce resentment against fate, there was no hope for any softening of her misery, no effort to find any. She was bitter almost to vindictiveness. She even

met with hardness and indifference, this woman who had resolved to be her friend.

"If you have anything to say to me about resignation, and 'Heaven's will,' and 'crosses,'" she said, abruptly, the first time they were alone together, "you may as well say it now. I am used to hearing such things, and am learning to listen to them with a reasonable degree of indifference."

"I have nothing of the kind to say," was Ursula's unmoved reply.

That night, when Martin Oswald came, she understood all. She had the power to read others clearly, yet with a grave tenderness which was still just in its measuring; and she had held the girl in the hollow of her hand in an hour. But five minutes after the lover's first appearance, the hand in which she held her, the delicately perceptive hand, began to tremble.

"He is my lover," said Felicia, half-defiantly, afterward. "I suppose you understand that I should have been his wife now if—if I had dared. I have put him off from time to time because I did not dare. Do you understand that?"

If she had not understood it before, she would have done so then; as it was, a shock of hard pain struck her. The girl's eyes sought hers as it were, and she saw that a dull yearning lay behind the fire in their dark depths. She was trying this man day by day, playing a long, drawn-out game of self-torture, with what might have been a lifehappiness. In his decisive, rather cold face, Ursula had read a great deal. For stern honor's sake, he would render up his life with immovable strength of will; he would never falter in any set purpose through the yearnings other men might feel; no dream of tender bliss would ever move If he had not cared for Felicia, he would have held true to her, not from fear of condemnation, not from any shrinking from giving her pain by his falsehood, simply because it would be impossible for him to swerve from the path of right. But, undemonstrative as he was, it seemed that he was true in heart yet; he bore with the girl's fierce, unstable words with some degree of tenderness. Something of the warmth of love and pity helped him in his forbearance; and though he had much to bear, he bore it unfalteringly.

"I am not of your world," Felicia said to Ursula, at the close of one of her most unreasonable days. "I rage against fate the more that I know it is all in vain. Your nature is different; but it is not yourself you may thank for it. Thank the God who gave you your calm, white soul. There is no gall in your blood as there is in minc." And then, almost the next-moment, she broke out again. "Oh, how mad I am. Why cannot I take

what I can get. See, Ursula, he did love me once----

" He loves you now," said Ursula.

She began to walk up and down the room, as she had a frantic way of doing when she was excited.

"No," she said. "Yes, perhaps he does. Love does not die an easy death with such a man as he is. But he cannot love me as he did when I could make him happy, because I was happy myself. No need to accuse him them—no need to torture myself. I had as much to give as he had; now I have nothing, and he has all. And yet while I know I am wearing out his very soul, I must go on—I must, Ursula. I see his face settling into its hard, cruel lines, and though I know so well what it means, I say to myself, 'One word more—one trial more!' and some day I shall go so far that I shall lose all."

Thus it had been for nearly two years, and, during this time, Ursula's burden had been the constant failing of her steadfast effort to smooth felicia's way. The plans concerning the marriage were indefinite in the extreme. It hung on from month to month, now near, now, as it would seem, half-forgotten; and Ursula began to see that Oswald had lost some shade of warmth, though he was more strictly faithful and assiduous than ever. He had loved Felicia in those happier days, and certainly no misfortune would have changed him. It was not the misfortune; it was its terrible result which was wearing him.

Then came the visitor. A distant relative had died, leaving a daughter, and this daughter had written to Felicia to ask for the protection of her home until she could find her place in the world.

It might have been that a fresh, miserable spirit of restlessness took possession of the girl after this. She was fitful and uncertain beyond measure—silent, impassioned, remorseful, and defiant; everything by turn, nothing long.

"I am going to give you a beauty to look at," she said to Martin Oswald. "How will you like that?"

And full of hardened folly as the words were, Ursula saw the worn hand resting on the mantel, cling to the marble almost convulsively, and the inmer shadow of wild, desperate yearning fill the dark, disfigured face. But regarding her from his own stand-point of weight and measure, Oswald did not see this, or, if he did, scarcely comprehended it. She had been seeking to try his patience all the evening, so he looked at her coldly.

"You are not in a fair mood, Felicia," he said. She could not conquer the yearning in a moment. It lingered, and caused her to falter inwardly, even while her evil spirit prompted her to retort.

- "Am I ever in a fair mood?" she said.
- "Not often of late, Felicia," he answered, still more coldly.

She echoed the words mockingly.

"Not often of late, Felicia; not often, ever, I. think, Felicia. It was a wonderfully apt idea to call me Felicia, was it not? I wonder who we are to thank for it? Felicia!" in a very depth of passionate scorn.

And yet in passing the room-door later in the evening, Ursula caught a glimpse of her clinging to his breast in a tempest of remorse, which shook her from head to foot.

"I am turning your heart to stone," she was crying out. "The time will come when you cannot forgive me, when no sacrifice of mine can bring back to me what I have thrust out of my life—when you cannot give me what you would. Oh, God! how helpless I am against myself. Why should I deserve such a nature? Could a God have given it to me!"

From the first, Ursula had been somewhat anxious concerning the advent of this guest; but when she saw the girl fairly, her fears were relieved upon one point at least. It would be through no fault of hers if her presence added one iota to Felicia's morbid pain.

She came down into the dimly fire-lit room, as they sat together; a woman fair and young, with a fine, pure face, and beautiful, easily-read eyes; and when she entered, Felicia, who was sitting upon the hearth-rug, and resting upon her friend's knee, turned upon her arm to measure her as it were with a glance.

Ursula rose and kissed her, just as she had kissed her by way of greeting an hour before. Felicia stood up and gave her a hand, still regarding her with the smouldering eagerness in her eyes. It was characteristic of her peculiar temperament that even the sweet, sensitive face should not move her to any ephemeral girlish enthusiasm of pitying welcome. She had never in her life been susceptible to temporary outward influence. After being thus received, Olive Gowan moved toward a shadowed corner, and slipped into a seat, and from that moment she slipped into her position in the household in a like quiet and unobtrusive manner.

The lights had not been brought in when Martin Oswald made his appearance, and it was not until Felicia spoke that he was aware of the new comer's presence.

"There is some one here," she said. "Mr. Oswald, Olive."

And Oswald, turning with his usual grave ease of manner toward the shadowed corner, saw a tall, youthful figure rise out of it, and stand

before him, with a fair-featured face, and soft, large eyes upraised to his, and, for some inexplicable reason or other, he started a little, struck with an absurd fancy of finding himself confronted by a vision.

It was a sweet vision enough, too, the most prejudiced could not have failed to admit. Olive Gowan was a new element introduced into the old stormy life. She was what Ursula might have been in extreme youth-Ursula without sorrow, and without worldly experience. She was gentle, fearless, and guileless; she bore with Felicia as only Ursula did; she was tender without weakness, pure of soul, and sweet in womanly ways. Ursula had a fancy of her own about her. It seemed to her that if she had lived in certain dark ages, Olive Gowan would have been one of the maiden martyrs.

Olive had been in the house a little over a month, when, entering the sitting-room one day, Ursula found herself confronting a scene whose strangeness made her courage fail her suddenly. Olive had been out for some hours, and having returned, tired out with walking, had lain down upon a sofa near the fire, and, perhaps, overpowered by the warmth of the fire, had fallen asleep just as she had come in.

And so she lay when Ursula entered. But this was not all. At the other end of the room, far away from her, stood Martin Oswald, utterly silent, utterly motionless, his head bared, his cold face set and pale, his eyes resting on the girl's reposeful figure. Ursula remembered that she had heard some one enter some minutes before; but as Felicia had not been summoned, she had imagined it to be a servant. She turned away without a word, and went up to her room, and when she reached it, she heard the hall-door close as Oswald left the house. He had not seen Felicia at all.

There might have been a fate in Felicia's mood that night, it was so fierce a one. Ursula found herself almost shrinking from her more than once; but Olive's fair, fine face, whitening a little through very sensitive pity, wore a shining, tender look from beginning to end. There was always this soft; pure pity for Felicia in her face at such times; but on this occasion, something of its shadow seemed to fall upon Oswald also. She was moved to sorrow for her sake, too, Ursula thought; and surely it was so; for when Felicia had left them, and they three were alone together, the impulse broke its bounds.

There was a single moment of silence, in which Martin Oswald stood near the mantel, resting his brow upon his hand, his stern eyes fixed upon the hearth-stone; and then Ursula was conscious of a a nearly two hours. How quiet your face was when

soft stirring at her side, and with one swift movement, Olive had reached him, and touched his arm with her light hand.

"Oh, bear with her!" she said. She loves you."

He looked up, roused in a moment. She might have been a spirit, with her white, transfigured face, and fair, appealing eyes. Something long slumbering started to life in him in a breath's space. Ursula, watching, saw it with a tremor of recognition-it was so strong for a moment, so fearful in its strength; it was so near conquering him. The white figure, the white, shining face, the star-like shining eyes, might have been the embodiment of the angel of his lost happiness. This was the single thought his gaze expressed, with an intensity scarcely to be overcome.

Ursula held her breath, she so feared for him. But though there was need for fear, he did not fail. He broke the silence at last in a voice calmer than she had hoped to hear.

"I have borne with her," he said. "I do pity I will remember that she loves me."

This was all.

Only a few minutes later Ursula stood at the door of Felicia's chamber, almost fancying that the beatings of her heart echoed through the corridor. She had an uncontrollable longing to rouse her to a sense of her danger. It seemed to her strained imagining that her summons upon the chamber door was a summons to call her back from the brink of the grave of her love. The love was dead and buried, and but a few steps more would carry her to the sepulchre, whose existence she was ever fearing, and yet had never fully awakened to. It was a feverish fancy; but from this hour Ursula was ruled by it.

"Felicia," she said, half-breathlessly, when she had entered. "Felicia, go down stairs."

Felicia rose from her seat, and looked at her blindly. She had been weeping in a wild, remorseful way, and her eyes were heavy and clouded with tears.

"Why?" she asked. "Why do you say this?"

"Because I love you," said Ursula; "because it is right that you should try to undo the wreng you have done to-night. Yes, you must go."

And, strangely enough, the girl turned toward the door, and went out slowly without another

Far in the night, beyond midnight it seemed, Ursula awakened to find her standing by her bed-

"Don't get up," she said, in a strange, resolute voice. "There is no need. I only came to look at you. I have been sitting in the room for 1

you slept. I wonder if mine ever looks so. am going to be married, Ursula."

"You promised him this to-night?" Ursula said.

And then, as if she wanted to end here, she bent and kissed her friend's forehead. "Good-night," she said.

"Good-night," Ursula answered. " And God bless you."

Felicia had left the bedside, but hearing this, she turned half round again, holding her light above her head, so that it fell upon her scarred cheek.

"Why do you say that?" she said, unsteadily. "Has He ever blessed me, and is it likely He will begin now." And then turned away again, as suddenly as she had stopped, and left Ursula in the darkness to her pain.

But her moods were less fitful and hard to bear with after this. Not that she softened exactly; it was scarcely that so much as that she seemed to hold herself under control with a new resolution. Bitter speeches were less frequent, and though slie was more silent than usual, she was less sullen.

There were to be few preparations for the marriage; she was fixed in her resolve on this point.

"Why should I have such thinge?" she said, to Ursula. "Olive shall have them when her turn comes, and there will be no mockery in it."

She was not as hard in her manner toward Olive as Ursula had feared she would be. She had spared her much, strange to say, and, somehow or other it came about that Olive took into her own hands the task of making the wedding-dress, and would let no one share it with her. It was a gentle fancy of hers to make the pretty work a labor of love.

The winter had warmed into spring, and the spring roses were beginning to bloom, when she took the work in hand; and, as the days grew brighter and more summer-like, they fell into the habit of sitting together at the open window, Felicia looking on in silence while the other two were at work.

They had been sitting thus during the whole of one long morning, and Felicia's silence communicating itself to them, a sort of stillness had fallen upon them. This silence was suddenly broken by Felicia's rising, all at once, and flashing past them out of the room, without a word-without a sound even, other than the one Ursula, and Ursula alone, had heard-a sound like a swiftly indrawn breath.

The two looked up simultaneously.

At the door stood Martin Oswald. What did it mean? But they were neither of them to learn at that time. He came forward to them, pale mystery was made clear.

still, but apparently as gravely at ease as ever he had been in his life.

"Ought I to have come in?" he said. "If not, I can only plead ignorance of the state of affairs." And he glanced downward, as if in grave admiration of the heavy billows of white satin falling from Olive's lap, and draping themselves about her feet.

But this was the beginning of the end.

When Felicia came into the room to meet her lover, the two women, who loved and pitied her. almost started. The fire and color had died out of her face, leaving it hard and cold, and her mouth was drawn a little out of its natural curve as if by pain. She entered the room steadily, yet as with a strange footstep, and when she spoke te Martin, it seemed that she found it hard to con. front him, and so her eyes sought Ursula's.

"I am not well," shé said. "You must excuse me. I scarcely think I am well enough to entertain you. I don't know what it is-But before she had finished, she staggered so that Martin held out his arms, and would have caught her, but that his touch seemed to give her a novel strength which helped her to steady herself.

"No," she said, putting his hand aside. "I am not going to faint. It is not so bad as that."

No one of them had ever seen her in such a mood, or heard her speak in such a tone before. To Ursula the very quietness of her manner was actually a shock; but it was evident that Martin did not understand, and that Olive was only anxious.

After she went to her room they did not see her again that day, and the next morning she was herself again. Indeed, all traces of the alteration wrought in the past few weeks had been so far swept away that she seemed to have gone back to the time when she had been at her worst. An evil spirit seemed to possess her, she was so uncontrolled in her moods.

It was a heavy burden that Martin Oswald bore during the few weeks that intervened between this time and the wedding-day-the wedding-day that never came. Only the sternest sense of honor could have held him true to himself; only the sternest honor did hold him true. Even Olive, whose gentle pity had often made her blind heretofore, saddened in her sorrow for both. Ursula, finding that her power was gone, stood aloof, and looked on with an aching heart. had understood the girl before; but in these days it seemed impossible to understand her, she seemed so utterly lost.

But the time came when to Ursula, at least, the

its close she was standing with Ursula before the open window at which they had sat the morning Olive was making the wedding-dress. The wedding-dress was finished now, and laid away in a closed room up-stairs.

"How well I shall look in it." Felicia had said. "How well this will set it off." And she had laughed defiantly, pointing to the scar in which the red blood pulsed fearfully. "Well, put it away," she ended. "Let it lie there until it is worn."

Within the room, before the open window, the two women stood, Ursula with her arm wound about Felicia's waist; outside, upon the graveled walk directly beneath, Martin Oswald was standing talking to Olive-Olive, draped in long, straight folds of black, but with a single white lily in her hair, a lily whose white beauty was set at naught by the fair face uplifted in the soft, dusky twilight.

"And you know I shall not be here when you return," she was saying. "Felicia has been very kind, but I should not feel it right-

"Olive!" said Ursula's voice from above. "Olive!"

She could see them so plainly, and knew that Felicia could too-would have known it even if she had not felt the convulsive start that shook the girl's whole frame, the moment Martin Oswald's miscrable, stern eyes upraised themselves, revealing all his great pain, in despite of his strong will.

"Olive!" she cried. "Olive!"

And Olive, looking upward, smiled an answer, and turned to come.

The white lily in her hair loosened from its fastening, and dropped upon the earth at Martin Oswald's feet.

Felicia took one steady step, which brought her nearer to the window.

The man's whole face was white and working. He looked down at the flower, and by the motion that passed over his set figure, both knew that he was laboring for breath. But he did not bend to take it, or even to touch it, ever so lightly, in mute farewell. A moment more, and he took a step forward also-one step, and set his heavy foot upon the spotless blossom, and crushed it out of sight.

Then the panting form on Ursula's arm broke loose from her clasp.

"Let me go!" the girl cried out-cried out, yet under her breath. "Let me go. I am going to do no wrong. I am going to save him, to save myself-to save my soul, I think. Let me go!"

Years had gone before Ursula learned exactly {

It had been one of Felicia's dark days, and at { what passed between the two, in the hour they spent together after Felicia went into the garden. and led her lover away into the dusk; but when, in the silence of her own chamber, she heard the gate click, and the sound of retreating footsteps. she knew, as by instinct, that all was over-knew well that all was over before the door opened, and Felicia herself came in.

> When the door did so open, each woman looked at the other in silence for a little space. Felicia came forward slowly.

> "Do you know what I have been doing?" she said, every word dropping from her lips with a strange distinctness.

"Yes," answered Ursula.

"Is it best?" she said next.

The eyes of the woman whose sad life lay behind her in the softened shadow of the past, met those of the woman whose sad life was yet to come, and be borne and struggled with. It might have been a cruel thing to speak the truth, but Ursula had not learned to be false.

"Yes, it is best," she answered.

There was the strength of misery in the girl. She did not break down, or even falter. She simply came close to the window, and stood there in the faint light.

"Then you will believe me?" she said. "You will believe me when I tell you what I am going to tell you; or, perhaps-" And she turned round to look down at her. "Perhaps you can understand something of it without being told. Think of the past few weeks-think of them, Ursula, and try to-

"Felicia!" the sorrowing woman cried out, and her voice was so wild and suddenly impassioned, that it startled an echo in the silent room. "Not that-not that!"

That instant, almost before her second cry, the girl was on her knees before her, clinging to her in her old, wretched, tempestuous way.

"Hush!" she wailed. "Hush! Yes, that is what I have done-that is what I have been trying to do. He would not have let me go otherwise. He would have sacrificed himself a thousand times rather. And I loved him, Ursula-I loved him, and he would have conquered my weak soul so shamefully. I could not have withstood him; but now, now he can only see that I am to blame-that I would not listen-that I scemed worse than mad. He will never suspect that I knew the truth—that I read it in his eyes the day he stood in the door-way, and forgot all else but that the woman he loved was making the bridal dress of the woman he was bound to. But he is free now, and in the end he will teach her to care for him as-as I have done; and they will

be happy. I want to redeem the past. I must—I will, Ursula! Ursula! for God's sake, fold your arms close about me, and help me! Help me! Help me—for God's sake."

And, having made this sacrifice, so strange, so wild, so unexpected, it might have been that the evil spirit which had heretofore ruled her, was, to some extent, appeased. Of her after life it is useless to speak; suffice it to say that the two women, bound heart to heart by the strong tie of suffering, lived out their lives together, each helping the other to bear the weight of her burden. As was quite natural, the time came, though it was long afterward, when Martin Oswald forgot his past, and won Olive to his will. Felicia did not meet him face to face again, though on one occasion, years after his marriage, chance threw them near enough together to cause Ursula at least a pang of fear.

One summer day, as the two were sauntering through a picture gallery, in one of the larger cities, a pretty child, whose father was intent upon a painting at some distance from them, stopped near them, probably attracted by some tritle in Felicia's dress, which aroused his boyish curiosity. Seeing this, Felicia bent down to speak

to him, and, as she did so, Ursula saw that she started faintly, and then recovered herself.

"What is your name?" she asked, the next moment.

The child looked up at her fearlessly, with a pair of brave, brown eyes.

"Martin," he answered. "Martin Oswald."
Felicia stood upright, and met his annocent, curious gaze, with a blanched face, for an instant. Then she bent down again, and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"Will—will you kiss me?" she said, in a strange, suddenly sweet voice, which thrilled Ursula's every pulse.

"Yes," said the child, softly, and lifted his bright face.

Ursula turned away.

When she looked round again, the boy was returning to his father, and Felicia was drawing down her veil with a tremulous hand.

"Let us go, Ursula," she said.

They went out of the room without speaking; but before the veil had dropped, Ursula had seen that there were tears in her eyes, great, warm tears, that welled over, and slipped softly dowher pale, tender, yet half-awed face.

A TABLEAU.

BY A. KATE LAURENCE.

The sun beamed in at the open door, And broidered with gold the cottage floor, And glinting o'er table, stool, and chair, Fell full on a form, with silver hair, An age-bowed form, with a face so fuir, That the sunbeams stopped and rested there.

On her knee there lay a brown, old book, With dingy leaves, and a worn, soiled look, While the soft-blue eyes, grown blind with tears, And filled with yearning, as through the years Her thought went back, sought, with far-off gaze, The blue hills draped with the Summer's haze. Beside her stood, in her winsome grace, A slight, fair child with a sunny face; With large, glad eyes, and a brow of truth, A picture of health, and joy, and youth, Who thought of the wondrous things it took To fill the leaves of that dun, old book.

With white arms clasped in a close embrace,
The round cheek crushed 'gainst the pale, sweet face
The soft curis draping the silver head,
The sunbeams crept in with silent tread,
And lay like a glowing, burnished crown,
On the age-frosted head and the golden brown.

LOVE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY M. B. SMEDLEY.

Nor only for yourselves, but for the years
Which you, not knowing, bring to me anew,
Are you so dear that I consider you
With this persistency of quiet tears;
For many silent tones are in your speech,
And dead hopes rise and tremble when you smile,
Making me fancy for a little while

That hands I cannot clasp are in my reach;
And my soul cries, "What can I do or bear."
(I that have lost so much and wept so long.)
"How make myself your servant, to remove
The sting and weight of that remembered love
Which was my joy, but may have had some wrong
From slights unknown, ere Time had taught me care!"



KATE'S WEDDING-GIFT.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

KATE WILLIS sat on the low, brown door-step of the old farm-house. She had evidently been out in the orchard, for her straw-hat lay by her side, and her lap was full of apple-blossoms. She had picked, too, some shining grass-blades, and some clusters of emerald-green rose-leaves from the bush beside her, and was weaving them with her rosy apple-blossoms into two pretty bouquets. She was not looking very intently at her work, however. Her beautiful brown eyes were bent away over the long meadow, and beyond the stream, with its willow-fringed border, to the white walls of a perfect gem of a cottage. It was nearly half a mile away, but she could see plainly its bay-windows, vine-garlanded, its pretty latticed porticees and balconies. She was too far distant to see the glowing flower-beds, and the marble vases filled with vines, and ferns, and blossoms; but she could see the clump of rare shrubbery that rose from the velvet green of the large lawn that extended down to the highway, and on the south side down to the banks of the stream. On the north side of it, but belonging to the grounds, was a thick grove of oaks and maples. And back of the house, and separated com it by a vegetable-garden and fruit-trees, she ould see the gothic roof of the carriage-house. and other out-houses. It was a beautiful place, showing evidences of refinement and good taste; and I don't blame Katy for letting her eyes rest upon it so admiringly. As she looked, she seemed to be dreaming a dream, not unpleasant, if one were to judge from the expression of the sweet face.

But her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of good aunt Jane into the sitting-room, in the outside door of which Kate was sitting, under the woodbine that had been trained over the rustic porch. Aunt Jane had a long-seamed stocking in her hand nearly completed, and having settled herself comfortably in her favorite rocking-chair, she commenced knitting diligently, and talking to her niece.

- "Nathan Farmer was here, just now, Catherine, while you were down in the orchard."
 - "Yes, I met him when I was coming back."
- "You are going with him to the picnic, next Friday, haint you?"
 - "I don't know-I don't really think I shall."
 - "Didn't Nathan ask you to go?"
 - " Yes."

"Well, I knew by his looks he came on that errent. Why, under the sun, don't you go? You don't want to, hey? Now that haint no good reason, Catherine. You act dretful odd, lately; seems as if you don't want to stir a step with Nathan, and there he has been payin' attention to you for goin' on six years. Seems to me you have got dretful high notions into your head. I thought it was your goin' off to Boston to school that gin 'em to you, I should be sorry enough to think I let you go. It makes me feel bad, Catherine, to see you standin' so in your own light. I promised my poor sister on her death-bed, and then I promised your dyin' father, that I would do by you just as I would by my own child, and I want to. And you know the old sayin' just as well as I do, you ought to make hay while the sun shines."

Kate pulled some tall feathery grasses that grew by the door-step, and wove them with deft fingers into her bouquets, but made no reply. Aunt Jane looked up a minute over her spectacles at her pretty niece, but was obliged to look back again at her work immediately, for her seamed knitting-work called for all her eye-sight. It did not fetter her tongue, however.

"You are too purtickular, Catherine. You are most twenty years old, and I want to see you a lookin' out for a home of your own. You know as well as I do, that I haint got nothin' but a life lease of this property. If it was mine, so I could leave it to you, I shouldn't feel so about you; but if I should die to-morrow, I couldn't leave you nothin', only the housen stuff, and what little money I have laid up in the bank; and if I should enjoy poor health any length of time, I should have to use that all up, every cent of it. A poor girl, even if she is middlin' good-looking, hadn't ought to be over and above purtickuler; it stands her in hand to be up and a doin'."

- "Do you want me to go out and ask somebody to marry me?"
- "Now, Catherine, turn it off into a joke, just as you always do, when folkes are a talkin for your good."
 - "Well, what shall I do, aunție?"
- "You know, Catherine, just as well as I do, that Nathan Farmer stands ready; all he wants is a little encouragement—all he needs is a little leadin' on."

- "I hate men that need a little leading on."
- "Now, Catherine, I call that wicked in you, to say that you hate Nathan, such a likely young man as he is—stiddy, equinomical, good-principled, and well off. He is a young man that will get a good livin'; he will make one of the best of perviders, and he would fairly worship you."
- "I don't want to be worshiped; it would be wicked."
- "You know what I mean, Catherine. You needn't take me up so; anybody that is talkin' for your good. I know by what Mrs. Farmer told me, yesterday, that Nathan is a gettin' discouraged."
- "Before I would send my mother round to complain-"
- "Now you know, Catherine, that Mrs. Farmer didn't come a purpose for that; she has been a owin' me a visit quite a spell. The only wonder to me is, that Nathan haint got discouraged before now, a tryin' to keep company with you. There, you will go off up stairs, and leave him alone with me for hours, and the last time you actually went to bed, and there he sot here a lookin' as if he would sink."
- "I wish he had," said willful Kate, but under her breath, for she dearly loved the good aunt who was lecturing her so.
- "There he sot here till most ten o'clock, expectin' of you back every minute, I not wantin' to leave him alone, his face a growin' as red as blood, and I feelin' like a fool, and settin' up alone with a young feller, Sunday night."

Here Katy broke out into a ringing peal of laughter, so sweet, that the robin, sitting on the brown caves of the farm-house, broke out into a perfect flood of song, as if in answer to a mate. But, seeing her aunt's serious face, Kate dropped her flowers, and running up behind her, she put her arms round her neck and kissed her; then she smoothed back the still dark locks under her dress cap, and said,

"He couldn't get a better-looking girl to sit up with."

But her aunt still looked sober, and with another kiss, Kate said, penitently,

- "I will never do it again, auntie, never."
- "Wall, see that you don't. I wouldn't go through it again for a dollar bill."

Here aunt Jane looked up at the clock, and then adown the road leading to "the Corners."

"I don't believe that Hannah is going to get back time enough to get supper. She is gettin' awful shiftless lately; she's had time to make a dozen spools of thread, while she has been going after one. I don't know, Catherine, but you had better hang on the tea-kettle; it is most six o'clock, and I am afraid that Mr. Heine will be

here before we can get supper ready, do the best we can."

Kate picked up her scattered flowers, and put her bouquets in the tall glass vases on the mantel. Then she hung on the tea-kettle, and went to setting the table. Aunt Jane moved her chair toward the open door of the dining-room, and as Kate came back from the summer-kitchen, she was ready with another flow of language.

"I know, from what Mr. Heine told me last night, that he thinks it would be a splendid match for you."

Kate stood with her back to her aunt, smoothing the snowy, linen cloth upon the table; and her aunt couldn't see the sudden rush of crimson in the sweet face, at the mention of that name.

"A middle-aged, stiddy man as he is, that has seen so much of the world, can't help knowin' a good chance when he sees it."

Kate was placing the clear, old-fashioned china upon the table, with, it seemed, more than her usual dainty precision, and did not reply.

- "He is a smart, likely, forchanded man. And such men look out for the main chance. They can tell when a girl gets a good chance, as well as anybody; and he is one that would wish you well, too. He said so. He said that he should always be glad to hear that you was happy, or something to that effect."
- "He needn't take the trouble to wish anything concerning me," Kate broke out, impetuously.
- "Now, I should be ashamed of that speech, Catherine. I don't see what has got into you, lately, flyin' out at your best friends so. If you have got a well-wisher on earth, it is Mr. Heine. Haint he always acted just like a father to you, ever since he came here a boardin', a goin' on two years now? Looked out for you, and been as good to you, as if you was his own child."
- "Yes, yes," said Kate, for impulsive and warmhearted, she could do no one an injustice long. But what was it? Was it gratitude for that fatherly kindness, that brought the tears into those great, brown eyes, and made the sweet, sensitive mouth so tremulous, as she added? "No one else was ever so good to me—no one."
- "That is just as true as you live and breathe. I knew you felt just so. I told Mr. Heine, last night, that you felt toward him, just as you would toward a father. And well you may, for he is a smart, likely man, and for all he is so rich, and knows so much, he haint stuck up a mite—a Christian gentleman. That is what the minister called him, last week; and when he and his wife settles down here, he will be a help to the place."
 - "Is he going to be married?" faltered Kate.
 - "Why, that was what Nathan's mother was a

tellin' me yesterday; that they said up to the { Corners that Mr. Heine had got a woman picked out up there where he came from; a rich widow, I believe they said she was. I have mistrusted it all along, as I told her. What else, under the sun, did he buy that house for, and fix it up so. thought, after your father died, and Judge Bacon bought it, that he fixed it up as nice as it could be; but they say it wasn't nothin' to what it is now-lace curtains, and velvet carpets, and real satin sofas and chairs. Nothin' like it in these parts. And the big, south-chamber, they mistrust, is to be his wife's room. They are fixin' it all off with blue chairs, and sofa, and window-curtains. And such sights of pictures all over the house, and the library chuck full of books. They have got it 'most done, so Mr. Heine told me, last night." Aunt Jane glanced out of the window, as she spoke, at the beautiful cottage that Kate had looked upon with such interest that after-"Your father set out lots of them trees; he was a tasty man-ministers generally be. I was a telling Mr. Heine, before he bought the place, how much you thought of it, because your father had lived there once---"

Here aunt Jane became aware that she was alone; and, although it was a trial to her to do so, she wisely stopped talking, contenting herself with wondering anew "why Hannah didn't come," and preparing in her mind a course of mild, but lengthy lectures for the free benefit of that delinguent damsel when she did arrive.

Yes, Kate had gone up to her own room. therly kindness! So, that was the meaning of all his interest in her, his goodness, his tender thoughtfulness toward her. Why had she never realized it so before? He thought of her only as a child, and she had been living in a fool's paradise all these long, bright, happy months.

Walter Heine was the chief engineer of the new rail-road that passed through Wayland. He had come there, the summer before; but, half a mile from there, there was rather a difficult place in the road; and what with that, and trouble with contractors, he had not found it easy to push his work very rapidly. The delay had not seemed In fact, his friends said to make him unhappy. they had never seen Heines so cheerful as he had been for this past year. Now they were working five miles away, but still he boarded at aunt Jane's farm-house, riding out in the morning, on his black horse Selim, and back again at night. He said the road was so nearly completed, that it would not pay to obtain another boarding place. And then he wanted to be near, to superintend always greeted her had vanished. Again, the the fitting up of the cottage. He had been heard \(\) hot blood burned Kate's fair cheeks; he had disto say that he was tired of beating round the covered her foolishness, and was teaching her a

world, and wanted a home of his own. land was delighted at the idea of his settling among them, for no one who knew him could fail to recognize him for what he truly was, "a Christian gentleman."

And Katy! To Katy he had brought a new world-a magic, beautiful world of beauty and culture. And he had been so good to her, so kind, so thoughtful. She looked around her little room; everywhere could she see evidences of his kindness. There, in its little Parian vasc, was the bouquet of ferns and wild-flowers, so exquisitely arranged, that he had brought her yesterday from the survey. There was the shelf of books, daintily bound, every one of which he had given her. And there, on the table before her. lay his last gift, the exquisite prose poems of Jean Paul, in German. They had been reading it together, only last week, he helping to correct her rather imperfect pronounciation. She was an ardent little student; her pretty head had other treasures beside its wealth of nut-brown curls; and surely he was the most patient of teachers. There, on the wall, was a sketch, in firm, bold lines, of a particularly favorite view of hers. Yes, she felt in her heart, that no father could be kinder to a beloved child than he had been to her; but what was there in that thought so bittersweet, so sad? Faster and faster fell her tears. She had never thought of it. Their tastes were so alike; they had seemed so near to each other, that she never thought of his being older than herself. Yes, her aunt was right; she had of late refused to go to the rustic neighborhood gatherings, and in her heart she knew it was because Mr. Heine never cared to go. Had he divined her foolishness, her presumption? Her cheeks burned hotly at the thought. She would be on her guard in the future.

She was bathing her eyes, her flushed cheeks, when she heard the tread of Selim coming down the road. She looked out of the window, instinctively, following the habit of months, for it had been her delight to see him, like Sir Lancelot, came riding by, in the "blue, unclouded weather." He usually sat his horse like a king, as he really was, of nature's own crowning. But, to night, he seemed weary, listless, and so intent in thought, that black Selim stopped at the gate, before his master seemed to be aware where he Following blind habit also, Mr. really was. Heine's first glance was up to the window of Kate's room. He saw her, and lifted his hat with a grave bow, but the smile with which he had lesson. But he need not be afraid. Cold and distant was Kate to him at supper. Coolly, studiously polite, was Mr. Heine to her. Aunt Jane was neither sensitive nor impressible; but as a good-natured blossoming peach-tree, in the spring of the year, without being able to philosophize upon it, may haply feel the breezes that blow from snow-drifts in mountain hollows, so aunt Jane was blindly conscious of a change in the atmosphere.

After supper, Mr. Heine went out, and sat on the southern porch, in the lovely sunset light that rippled down through the clusters of woodbine leaves. This had been his favorite time for reading with Kate, or to her, talking with her, hearing her play and sing. But Kate, just within the open door, with her sewing, did not seem inclined for reading, conversation, or music. Mr. Heine did not call her to his side, as he had been wont to do, with, "Here, Kate, come and see this; isn't this beautiful?" holding the open book so she could look over it with him, or, "Come, Katy, and sing Annie Laurie for me." He had taken a newspaper from the little stand as he passed it, but it lay unopened upon his knee, and there was a very grave, preoccupied look in his face.

He was a very handsome man, although there were a few silver threads visible in the thick brown hair that was thrown carelessly back from his broad, white forehead, and in the sweeping beard and mustache of the same color. It was a strong, earnest face, the face of one who had lived much in his thirty-eight years, thought much, perhaps suffered much; for there was a strength and a patience in his face, that is never learned, save in that divine school of suffering, where God is the teacher.

Sitting there, in the twilight shadows, Mr. Heine saw Nathan Farmer coming up the gardenpath. He greeted the good-looking, but bashful youth, with his usual kindly courtesy; but he did not seem inclined to make any conversation with him, But as Nathan passed into the sitting-room, Kate fully made up for Mr. Heine's silence; she had never been so cordial to him, and poor overjoyed, surprised Nathan, was in the seventh heaven.

His being there again that night was a triumph of his mother's diplomacy over his bashful reluctance; for that good woman could not lightly lose the hope of calling sweet Kate Willis her daughter. She had, as she had often remarked to her bosom friends, "picked her out for her Nathan." And as she was rather a strong-minded woman, who usually accomplished any plans she undertook, she was not inclined to relinquish this. } Jane that "he was to leave Wayland the next day."

Nathan had always admired Kate excessively, and had he not, he was of that mild and amiable nature, that he would have wedded any respectable young lady, that his mother saw fit to select for him. But Kate had wearied the good youth. She had seemed like a rare, beautiful bird, flying so far above his head, that he was often in despair. Cordial and kind was Kate to him, for they had been the brother and sister in their childhood, and she did full justice to Nathan's solid goodness of heart; she really liked him very much, as long as he walked undeviatingly the straight and narrow path of friendship. But, whenever bewitched by her beauty and sisterly friendliness, he ventured to meander one bashful step into love's pathway, she was snow, ice. goaded on by his mother, and attracted, and repelled, and tormented by Kate, this excellent youth often thought that his hair must turn prematurely white as wool. It was but very little removed from that color now; grief and anxiety would have had but little change to effect. But it is only justice to Nathan to say that he was to be pitied.

He had gone home that afternoon much depressed, and, in answer to her mother's anxious inquiries, he said "That Kate hadn't said right out that she wouldn't go, but she had acted dreadful offish. He was a good mind to ask Matilda White for her company; he had as good a mind to as he had to eat." But his mother assured him that Kate only needed urging; all girls acted She energetically recited to him that couplet so inspiring to the manly mind, "Faint heart never won fair lady." She brightened up the armor of his courage anew. She finally equipped him with an errand to aunt Jane-she wanted to borrow her swifts.

Aunt Jane bustled out to get them, willing to give her favorite ample opportunity. Mr. Heine heard Nathan ask Kate "if she hadn't better make up her mind to go to the picnic," heard her ready assent, and then he took his hat, and walked down to "the Corners," to the post-office. On his return he met Nathen walking homeward in the bright moonlight, happy-faced, stepping lightly, bearing aunt Jane's swifts like a palm of victory.

Kate went to the picnic, and the next Sunday night she did not leave aunt Jane to entertain Nathan. Poor Katy, she was doing what many a woman has done, and will do again; she was on the eve of doing herself an irremediable injury, to falsely convince one man of her indifference.

Four weeks passed away. One afternoon, Mr. Heine had been to the village all day, and, as they arose from the tea-table, he announced to aunt mouthed astonishment.

"Yes, the road was completed now, and he had had a very advantageous offer from Germany, to take charge of a new line of railroad there. Τf he accepted it, as he thought he should, he must start for New York to-morrow, to catch the next steamer; they wanted him to come at once. all events, he should leave Wayland in the morning."

"What are you going to do with your new house?" cried aunt Jane.

"I have disposed of it to a friend."

Kate, standing in the open hall-door, heard every word, and now she slipped up stairs to her own room, and threw herself face downward upon the bed. Not weeping. No; but lying there, silent, motionless, as if she were dead. An hour passed, and still she lay there, in the same position.

"Catherine!" aunt Jane was calling, from the foot of the stair-case. "Catherine, Mr. Heine is going to walk over to his house, and wants you to go with him.

"I can't go."

She heard aunt Jane's step coming up the stairs, and she rose and sat down by the table, with her back to the door. The door opened, and aunt Jane put her head in.

"For the land's sake, Catherine, do you go. You might take as much pains as that for him, seein' it is the last job we shall have to do for him. He has got his trunk all packed, and is goin' to start the first thing in the morning. know your mind is all took up another way; but you ought to use a man well, a man that has been just like a father to you. He will think dretful strange if you don't go."

"I'll go, aunt Jane, desperately."

"Wall, so do, and you'd better hurry up, for he has got his hat all on, a standin' out by the gate, a waitin' for you."

In a few minutes a little, white-robed figure, with her straw-hat tied down over her face, with its blue ribbons, stood by Mr. Heine's side, and she said to him, without looking up,

"I am ready, Mr. Heine."

In almost perfect silence, they walked down the pleasant country road. The last time! the last time! I think these words were sounding all the time in Katy's heart. There is something inexpressibly sad in doing anything for the last time, if it be but to pluck the last autumn flower. And Kate knew that this was her last hour with Walter Heine. And when he went, he would take her heart with him wherever he went, over whatever broad ocean \ you, as a wedding-giff, from your old friend? he might sail. Poor Katy! she thought, too, in I am rich, and it is but a trifle to me. And it

"Leave Wayland?" asked aunt Jane, in open- } the rash sorrow of her undisciplined heart, that he would take her life-her life too.

> Mr. Heine opened the pretty, little iron gate, and they passed on through the large, beautiful lawn, up the portico, into the dwelling. It was fully completed now, and poor little Katy could not repress an exclamation of delight and wonder at the exquisite beauty of the rooms, where ample wealth and an artist taste had made them simply perfect. They went through them all, Mr. Heine trying to make some commonplace remarks concerning them, with a very grave face, however. As they passed out again on the front portico, Mr. Heine laid his hand upon Kate's arm, detaining her, as she was about to descend the steps.

"Sit down a moment, please; there is something I wish to say to you."

Kate sat down, rather wonderingly, upon one of the little carved benches, and Mr. Heine sat down by her side.

"I want to tell you something-something of my past life."

Kate sat silently waiting, and he went on, in a low, quiet voice.

"Katy, long ago, a beautiful, false woman, gave me a great sorrow, and for years I renounced and shunned the society of all the sex for her sake. Afterward, after I thought I had outgrown all capability of loving, chance threw me into the society of one so good and sweet, that before I was aware she had become dearer to me-tenfold dearer than any other woman had ever been. I loved her better than my own life, and I dreamed a foolish dream. I thought I might win her in time to care for me. I might have known that her young heart would turn to another young How could I hope that one so young and so beautiful could love me, save with a child's affection? And so, one day, the waking came, and I saw how vain my dream had been.'

He paused a moment, perhaps to steady his voice, for it had grown tremulous. Kate sat silently, with her face averted from him, and a bird out in the grove filled the interval with its low, plaintive evening song.

"It was when I was dreaming my foolish dream, Katy, that I bought this place. I bought it, and fitted it up for the woman I loved; I saw the sweet face in every room-

Again he paused; then went on speaking rapidly, resolutely turning to the little, still, girlish figure.

"I want you to have it, Katy; the papers are made out giving it to you. You will take it, won't will make me happier, away off there in Germany, in my dull business life, to know that you are making sweet, household pictures in every room, though a happier man than I will be here to see them.

"What, Katy! Tears? Hush, darling, I don't blame you; did you think I did? I never thought of blaming you. Don't cry so. What have I said to hurt your little, tender heart so?"

He smoothed back the clustering, falling curls from the bent forehead, the only caress he had ever ventured on giving her, trying to feel as he did so, as a father might, who was parting from a belovel and only child. But I don't think he succeeded; I am afraid the deep, passionate, despairing love was stronger than any that ever filled a father's heart upon earth.

"What is it, my child, my darling?"

He bent his tall head down to the drooping, little figure; and even then I hardly think he fully heard the whispered words, so very low and faint they were. But love's ears are the keenest upon earth, and there is a mystic language that speaks from soul to soul, too fine and sucred to be translated into any earthly language. I think, by the sudden light that lit up his sad, blue eyes, that he understood it. But I think he did not fully realize his happiness until he took the hands from the blushing face, and gave one look

into the tell-tale eyes, and then—then he hid their sweet light on his bosom.

Mr. Heine did not go to Germany, and Katy lived in that beautiful home, and made "sweet household pictures" for her husband's constant admiration in every room. A dainty little mistress, sitting demurely behind the silver-service in the great dining-room, admired by all her husband's grand friends; a most appreciative, largeeyed listener, sitting on a low stool by her husband's side, in the cozy library, as he read to her, in the long, winter evenings; standing in her snowy muslins and fluttering blue ribbons at sunset, out by the carved pillars of the portico, amidst the clustering roses, waiting for the quick, firm step that returns so lightly to wife and home; and, on the second year of their marriage, making the sweetest picture of all, he thought, sitting by the open window of their room, in the twilight shadows, singing low songs, with a baby's head on her bosom.

Nathan is still contemplating matrimony. His eyes are rather directed toward Matilda White, but his mother, not fully approving of her, is said to be reconnoitering in another direction. and he is patiently waiting. What the result will be, of course, I cannot say; but Nathan has our best wishes that her quest will terminate successfully and happily for him.

UNDER THE ROSES.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

Under the roses Mary lies, Roses, and lilies, and pansies blue; Under the roses Mary lies, Under the roses my heart lies, too.

I mind me well when my darling died,
Twas many and many a year ago;
I clung to her side in wild despair,
As if I could never let her go.

"Oh, raise me up in your arms," she said,
"And let me gaze on the beautiful sky,
The sweet, green fields and blooming flowers,
Once more, my darling, before I die!"

Up in my arms I raised my love-

Lower and lower drooped her head;

A kiss, and a whispered fond good-by,

And the sweetest love of my heart was dead!

A DESOLATE SPOT.

BY JAMES DAWSON.

A hollow in a down, scooped like a cup,
And guarded by a solitary tree
That, in the crooning sea-winds wandering up
From the far shore o' nights, sighs mournfully.
And in the hollow, looking all forlorn,
Its shutters bolted, and its tenant gone,
A homestead stands, with weedy thatch and worn,

And broken sheds about it many a one.

And round for miles, o'er all the wide, dull down
Zoning the cup-like hollow, nought is seen
Of house or tree beside. Bare, bare and brown
Is all the circling landscape; and between
Sunrise and sunset, never sound is heard,
Save wall of wind and cry of wandering bird,

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

Ir is only in old England that the scene I wish to describe could be found. A small rustic cottage of stone, old, moss-grown, and picturesque, wherever its hoary walls could be seen, through masses of honeysuckle and climbing roses, or its one oriel window, discovered through the white jasmine that clustered around it, and the verbenas, heleotrope, and scarlet geraniums that crept up to it from the ground.

The vast park, in whose deepest and coolest verdure this little dwelling stood, was cleft in twain by a broad avenue of chestnuts, and through the noble old trees a stately mansion-house could be seen in glimpses from the more humble dwelling. This stood on the edge of a ravine, left in all its ferney wildness, through which a stream of crystal water leaped and sparkled, and sent back soft liquid murmurs, as it flowed down in shadows, or leaped in bright cascades to a lake that lay in the wildest and lowest depths of the park.

It was the first week in June, and that end of the lake which could be seen from the oriel window, caught a rosy glow here and there, as if roseleaves were drifting over the calm sky above it.

Humble as this little dwelling was, there hovered about it a spirit of beauty which would have made an uncouth object doubly offensive to an imaginative person. The very wild things about the park seemed to understand this; for the sweetest-toned birds haunted its eaves, and the most timid hares would creep through the tangled flowerbeds, and commit petty depredations in the little vegetable-garden with a sense of perfect security.

As the dawn brightened into sunrise, a slight noise was heard in the house. The door opened, and a man of middle age, stout, fair-faced, and genial, came through, carrying a carpet-bag in his hand. Directly behind him, framed in the jasmine porch like a picture, stood a young girl, who seemed to shrink and tremble when her father turned back, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her twice upon the forehead with great tenderness.

"Take good care of thyself, child," he said, bright gipsy-like richness of beauty, s with a look of kindly admonition, "and do not variance with her father's form or fee go too freely into the park, for a raft of young she was not altogether unlike him.

gentlemen have come in from the races, and some of them may stroll this way."

The girl blushed crimson, and attempted to cover her confusion by throwing both arms about her father's neck, and kissing him almost with a passion of tenderness.

"There, there!" said the man, patting her head, and drawing his hand down the shining braids of her hair, with a farewell caress. "I will be home again before bed-time; or, if not, leave a lamp burning, and a bit of bread-and-cheese on the table, with a sup of ale; for I shall be sore and hungry! One does not eat London fare with a home relish."

"But you will surely come?" said the girl, with strange anxiety.

"Surely, child. I never sleep well under any roof but this."

"But, perhaps—— It—it may be that you will come in an earlier train."

"No, no! There will be none coming this way. So do not expect me before ten of the night."

A strange, half-frightened light came into the girl's eyes, and she stood upon the porch watching the traveler's receding figure as long as she could see him through her blinding tears. Then she went into the house, cast herself on a chair, and, throwing both arms across a table, burst into a wild passion of distress.

After a time she started up, and flung back the heavy masses of hair that had fallen over her arms.

"I cannot—I dare not!" she said, flinging her hands apart, with desperate action. "He will never, never forgive me!"

For a time she sat drearily in her chair, with tears still on her cheek, and hanging heavily on the curling blackness of her eye-lashes. Very sad and almost penitent she looked as she sat thus, with her eyes bent on the floor, and her hands loosely clasped. The rustic dress, in which a deep red color predominated, had all the picturesque effect of an antique painting; but the face was young, fresh, and deeply tinted with a bright gipsy-like richness of beauty, altogether at variance with her father's form or features. Still she was not altogether unlike him. The voice

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had the same sweet, mellow tones, and her smile was even more softly winning.

But she was not smiling now; far from it! A quiver of absolute distress stirred her red lips, and the shadow of many a painful thought swept her face as she sat there battling with her own heart.

All at once the old brass clock struck with the clanger of a bell. This aroused the girl; she started up, in seeming panic, and began to clear the table from which her father had eaten his early breakfast in quick haste. One by one, she put away the pieces of old, blue china into an oaken cupboard, and set the humbler furniture in order about the room, trembling all the time, and pausing now and then to listen, as if she expected to be disturbed.

When all was in order, and the little room swept clean, the girl looked around in breathless bewilderment. She searched the face of the clock, yet never gathered from it how the minutes passed. She saw the sunshine coming into the window, bathing the white jasmine-bells with a golden light, and shrunk from it like a guilty thing.

"I-I have time yet. He must not come here. I dare not wait."

The girl snatched up a little straw-hat, garlanded with searlet popies, and hastily tied it on her head. In the midst of her distress she cast a look into the small mirror which hung upon the wall, and dashed one hand across her eyes, angry with the tears that flushed there.

"If he sees that I can weep, he will understand how weak I am, and all will go for nothing," she said. "Oh, God help me, here he is!"

Sure enough, through the overhanging trees Ruth saw the figure of a man walking swiftly along a path which ran along the high banks of the lake. He saw the gleam of her garments through the green of the leaves, and came toward her with both hands extended.

"Ready so soon, my darling?" he exclaimed, with animation. "I saw your father safe on the highway, and came at once; but—but what is this? Surely, Ruth, you cannot go in that dress?"

"No, I cannot. Oh, Mr. Walton, I dare not so disobey my father! He would never, never forgive me!"

The young man drew back, and a flash of angry surprise darkened his face.

- "Is it for you to draw back, Ruth? Have I deserved this?"
 - "No, no; but he trusts me!"
 - "Have I not trusted you?"
 - "But my father-my father?"
- "Is your father to be considered, while the anger of mine is braved?"

- "I am all that he has in the world!" cried the girl, in a passion of distress.
- "Have I not considered this? Do I ask you to leave him at once. One would think that I intended some great wrong; that, instead of taking——"
- "Hush, hush, Mr. Walton! Do not remind me how far I am beneath you. This is the great barrier which I tremble to pass. My father never will forgive me if I dare to——"
- "Become the wife of an honorable man, who loves you well enough to brave his father's displeasure; nay, disinheritance itself, while you hesitate with cold-blooded calculation."
- "Oh, no! no! It is because you are so generous, so ready to stake everything for me that I hesitate."
- "No, it is because you fear the displeasure of an old man, who has almost separated us in his stubborn pride:"
 - "Pride, Walton ?"
- "Yes, for he is proud enough to break up my life and yours if you had the heart to feel."
 - "Oh, Walton, this is cruel!"
- "Cruel! Can you say this, Ruth? You who trifle with me so recklessly?"
- "I do not trifle; but I dare not—I dare not—"
 The young man turned aside with a frown upon
 his face, darker and sterner than the girl had
 ever seen there before.
- "You certainly never will trifle with me again," he said, in a deep, stern voice, which made the heart sink in the poor girl's bosom.
- "Oh, do not leave me in anger," she pleaded. He walked on, taking stern, angry strides along the path. She saw that his face was stormy, his gestures determined, and sprang forward, panting for breath.
 - "Oh, Walton, Walton, forgive me!"

He looked down into her wild, eager face, gloomily.

"Ruth, you have never loved me?"

She reached up her arms, and flung herself over his bosom.

- "Oh, Walton, I do-I do!"
- "Then be ready, as you promised. I have but a moment to spare."
 - "But my father!"
- "Is it easier to abandon the man who loves you, or to offend him?"
- "Oh, Walton, I will go; but alone—I tremble to think of it."
- "It is only for a few miles. In less than half an hour I will join you. Be careful to dress very quietly, and seem unconscious when we meet."
- "I will—I will! Only do not frown so darkly on me again."

The young man turned his fine blue eyes full a upon that eager face.

"Did my black looks terrify you, darling?" he said, with a smile that warmed her heart like a burst of sunshine. "But you deserved it. Remember that."

Ruth looked in the handsome face of her lover with wistful yearning. While alone, with her father's kind farewell appealing to her conscience, she had felt capable of a great sacrifice; but with those eyes meeting hers, with that voice pleading with her heart, she forgot everything but the promise she had made, and the overwhelming love that prompted it.

The young man read all this in those eloquent features, and would gladly have kissed the lips that still trembled between smiles and fears; but even in that solitude he was cautious.

"Now, farewell for an hour or two, and then----"

Ruth caught her breath with a quick gasp, and the color flashed back to her face, vivid as flame.

A noise among the trees startled them both. Young Hurst turned swiftly, and walked away, saying, as he went,

"Be punctual, for Heaven only knows when another opportunity will offer."

Ruth hurried into the house, ran breathlessly to her chamber in the loft, and changed the coquettish dress, which gave such picturesque brightness to her beauty, for one of mingled gray and black. Not a tinge of warm color was there to betray her identity. Her small bonnet was covered by a veil so thick that no one could clearly distinguish the features underneath. In truth, her very air seemed changed, for the graceful ease of her movements had given place to a timid, hesitating movement, that was entirely at variance with her character.

She came down stairs, hurriedly, and rushed through the little parlor, as if afraid that the very walls might cry out against the act she meditated.

Ruth avoided the great avenues and the ledgegate, but hurried by the most remote paths, through the deepest shades of the park, until one brought her to a side-gate in the wall, which she opened with a key, and let herself out into the highway. There she stood, trembling for some minutes, with her hand on the latch, hesitating, in this supreme moment of her life, as if she stood upon a precipice, and, looking down in its depths, recoiled from it with shuddering.

It is possible that the girl might have gone back in a strange place. This was a way-side station, even then, for a shiver of dread had seized upon her; but, while she stood hesitating, a noise in left the train at this particular point. Still they the highway made her leap back from the gate parted like chance passengers, and there was a

with a force that closed it, and a cry broke from her lips.

Coming down the highway, in a thin cloud of dust, she saw a dog-cart, in which was Walton Hurst and a groom, driving rapidly, as if in haste to meet some train. The young man gave her one encouraging glance as he swept by; the next moment he had turned a curve of the road, and was out of sight. Ruth felt now that her last chance of retreat was cut off. With a feeling of something like desperation she left the gate, and walked swiftly up the road. There was no sense of fatigue in this young girl in her wild excitement. She could have walked miles on miles without being conscious of the distance. She did. in fact, walk on and on, keeping well out of sight, till she came to a little depôt, some six miles from Norston's Rest. There she diverged from her path, and, entering the building, sat down in a remote corner, and waited, with a feeling of nervous dread that made her start and quiver as each person entered the room.

At last the train came up, creating some bustle and confusion, though only a few passengers were in waiting. Under cover of this excitement, Ruth took her seat in a carriage, and was shut in with a crash which struck upon the poor girl's heart, as if it were the last seal of her destiny.

The train rushed on again with a swiftness and force that almost took away the girl's breath. It seemed to her as if she had been caught up and hurled forward to her destiny with a force no human will could resist. Then she grew desperate. The rush of the engine seemed too slow for the wild desire that succeeded to her irresolution. Yet it was not twenty minutes before the train stopped again, and, looking through the window, Ruth saw her lover leap from the platform, and enter the next carriage to her own.

Had he seen her? Did the lightning glance cast that way give him a glimpse of her face, looking so eagerly through the glass? At any rate, he was in the same train with her, and once more they were hurled forward at lightning speed, until sixty miles lay between them and the mansion they had left.

Once more the train stopped. This time a hand whiter than that of the guard was reached through the door, and a face that made her heart leap with a panic of joy and fear, looked into hers. She scarcely touched this proffered hand, but flitted out to the platform, like a bird let loose in a strange place. This was a way-side station, and it chanced that no persons except these two left the train at this particular point. Still they parted like chance passengers, and there were a

ene to observe the few rapid words that passed (loosely in her hand, the bridegroom looking happy between them in the small reception-room.

When the train was out of sight, and all the bustle attendant on its arrival had sunk into silence, these two young persons entered a carriage that stood waiting, and drove swiftly toward a small town, clouded with the smoke of factories, that lay in the distance. Through the streets of this town, and into another, still more remote, they drove, and at last drew up in a small village, to which the spire of a single low church gave something of picturesque dignity.

To the door of this church the carriage went, after avoiding the inhabitable portion of the village by taking a cross-road, which led to a neighboring moor. Into the low-browed entrance, Walton Hurst led the young girl, whose love for him had been kept secret as it was intense. The church was dim, and so damp that it struck a chill through the young creature as she approached the altar, where a man, in sacred vestments, stood with an open book in his hand, as if prepared for a solemn ceremony.

Two or three persons sauntered up to the church-door, attracted by the unusual presence of a carriage in that remote place, and some, more curious than the rest, came inside, and drew, open-mouthed, toward the altar, while the marriage ceremony was being performed.

When the bride turned from the altar, shivering and pale with intense excitement, two or three of these persons secured a full view of her face, and never forgot it afterward; for anything more darkly, richly beautiful than her features had never met their eyes.

Strangely lovely was Ruth at that supreme moment of her life. The palor of concentrated emotion gave depth and almost startling brilliancy to those great eyes, bright as stars, and soft as velvet, which were for one moment turned upon them. All else might have been forgotten in after years; but that one glance was burnt like enamel on more than one memory that day.

The vestry was dark and damp when they entered it, followed by a grim old clerk, and at a more respectful distance, by three or four of the villagers, who only saw the shadowy picture of a man and woman bending over a huge book-the one writing his name with a bold dash of the hand, the other trembling so violently, that for a moment she was compelled to lay the pen down, while she looked up into her husband's face with a pathetic plea for sympathy in her weakness.

But the names were written at last, and the young couple left the church in haste, as they had entered it—the bride with a bit of paper held and devoured her lips with kisses.

and elated, as if he had conquered some enemy.

As they drove away, two or three of the villagers, who had been drawn into the church, turned back from the porch, and stole into the vestry where the clerk stood by his open register, examining a piece of gold that had been thrust into his hand, with a look of greedy unbelief.

The clerk was saying,

"See, neighbor Knox, it is gold-pure gold. Did any one ever see the like? There is the face of her majesty, plain as the sun in yon sky. Oh. if a few more such rare windfalls would but come this way, my place would be worth having."

The sight of this gold only whetted the villagers' curiosity to fresh vigor. They became eager to know what great man it was who had come among them, with such shadow-like stillness, leaving only golden traces of his presence in the church; for the clerk hinted, with glee, that the pastor had been rewarded fourfold for his share in the ceremony. Then one after another of these persons looked at the register. It chanced that the record was made on the top of a blank page; thus the two names were rendered more than usually conspicuous.

WALTON HURST-RUTH JESSUP.

"My darling-my wife! Look up and tell me that your joy is equal to mine! No! no! that is impossible; but say that you are happy, my Ruth!" whispered the man, as they drove off.

"Happy!" said the girl, and a rich glow of color swept her face. "Oh, Walton, it is cruel that I can be so; but I am-I am!"

The young man took her hands in his, and kissed them with passionate warmth.

"You will never doubt me again, Ruth."

Those great, earnest eyes fell, and were shaded at once by lashes black as themselves. A look of tender contrition changed the whole aspect of her face.

"Ah!" she said, "I was so far beneath you: and she, with all her rare beauty, her pride of How could I help it? How could I help it?"

He replied impetuously.

"But now, Ruth, now, my own sweet wife, you will never doubt me again!"

"Doubt you! Doubt my own husband?"

The word seemed to fill her heart with a gush of sunshine, of which she was the next minute ashamed. So her face, all hot with blushes, was hidden upon his bosom, and in gratitude for that first, sweetly-uttered word, he held her close, each other."

"All! All!" she murmured, with a quick sob; for that instant she thought of her father.

"Knowing this, with sweet trust in each other, we need be in no haste to let any one share our secret," said Hurst, with a vague thrill of anxiety in his voice.

"Do not fear, Walton, that I shall be in haste to let the world know. Before that, I must be more worthy to mate with you," she answered, with a sweet humility that charmed him, while he chided it.

"More worthy! Ah, Ruth, it is because you are so far above all other women, that I have dared to defy my father, and risk everything,"

She murmured in answer, her face still hidden on his shoulder.

"And I have aided you in it, knowing that the work of this day threatens ruin to both; for my father is as proud, in his own fashion, as yours."

His reply was another kiss, as he said,

"I know, I know! but we must guard our secret so well that no one shall guess it."

Ruth was smiling. She could not think it difficult to keep a secret that seemed to her far too sweet and precious for the coarser sympathy of the world. The sacredness of her marriage was rendered more profound by the silence that sanctified it to her mind.

But now the carriage stopped, and the driver was heard getting down from the box. looked out.

They were in a village through which the railroad passed-not the one they had stopped at. They had been taken above that, by a short route from the church, which the driver had chosen without consultation.

"So soon! Surely we are in the wrong place," said Hurst, impatient that his happiness should · be broken in upon.

"You seemed particular about meeting the down train, sir, and I came the nearest way. It is due in five minutes," answered the man, touching his hat.

There was no time for expostulation or regret. In fact, the man had acted wisely, if Norston's Rest was to be reached in time to save suspicion. So the newly-married pair separated with a hurried hand-clasp, each took a separate carriage, and glided safely into dream-land, as the train flew across the country at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The old mansion-house of Norston's Rest, one

"Now, my beloved, we are all the world to was lighted brilliantly when its heir drove up in his dog-cart that night, and leaping out, threw his reins to the groom, with some careless directions about to-morrow. It was near the dinnerhour, and many of the fair guests were lingering on the broad, stone terrace, or shaded by the silken and lace curtains of the drawing-room, watching for his return with that air of graceful indifference with which habits of society veil the deepest feeling.

> One lady, a fair creature, just beyond the first bloom of girlhood, had retreated from the terrace, with a handful of flowers which she had gathered hastily from a stone vase, and carried away when the first sound of wheels reached her; but she lingered in a little room that opened from the great hall, and seemed to be arranging her flowers, in a vase that stood on a small malachite table, with great diligence, when young Hurst came in.

> Unconsciously, and against her own proud will, she lifted her face from the flowers, and cast an enger glance into the hall, wondering in her heart if he would care to seek her for a moment before he went up to dress.

> The young man saw her standing there quite alone, sweet and bright as the flowers she was arranging, and paused a moment, after drawing off his gloves; but he turned away with a smile on his lips, and went up the broad, oaken staircase, with the thoughts of another face, dark, piquant, and more wildly beautiful, all bathed in blushes, too vividly in his mind for any other thought to drive it out.

> The lady dropped a branch of heliotrope and a moss-rosebud, which had for one instant trembled in her hand, as Hurst passed the door, and trod upon them with a sharp feeling of disappointment.

> "He saw me! He knew that I was alone!" she muttered, "and passed on without a word. He saw the flowers that he loves best in my hand, but would not claim them."

> Tears, hot, passionate tears, stood in the lady's eves, and her white teeth met sharply, for a moment, as if grinding some bitter thing between them; but when Hurst came down stairs. fully dressed, he found her in the drawing-room. with a richer bloom than usual on her cheeks, and the frost-like lace, which fell in a little cloud over the soft blue of her dress, just quivering with the agitation she had made so brave an effort to suppress.

As young Hurst came into the drawing-room, an old gentleman, who had been talking to the lady we have described, came forward in the of the most stately private residences in England, { calm, indolent way habitual to his class, and addressed his son with something very like to a reproof.

"We have almost waited," he said, glancing at the young lady as the person most agrieved. "In fact the dinner has been put back."

The old man's voice was gentle and his manners suave; but there was a gleam in his eyes, and a metallic undertone in his speech that warned the young heir of a deeper meaning than either was intended to suggest.

Hurst only bowed for answer.

"Now that he has come," the elder man added, smiling graciously on the young lady, but turning away from his son, "perhaps we shall not be entirely unforgiving."

Walton Hurst made no apology, however, but offered his arm to the young lady, and followed his father's lead into the dining-room.

It was a spacious apartment, brilliantly illuminated with gas and wax lights, which found a rich reflection from buffets loaded with plate, and a table on which gold, silver, and rare old glass gleamed and flashed through masses of hothouse flowers. A slow rustle of silken trains sweeping the floor, a slight confusion, and the party was seated.

During the first course, Lady Rose was restless and piqued. She found the person at her side so thoughtful, that a feeling of mortified vanity seized upon her, and gave to her manner an air of graceful defiance, that at last drew his attention.

So Hurst, at last, broke from the dreaminess of his love reverie, and plunged recklessly into the gay conversation about him. Spite of himself, the triumphant gladness of his heart burst forth, and in the glow of his own joy, he met the halfshy, half-playful attentions of the high-bred creature by his side with a degree of brilliant animation which brought new bloom to her cheeks, and a smile of contentment to the lips of the troud old man at the head of the table. This smile deepened into a glow of entire satisfaction when the gentlemen were left to their wine; for then young Hurst made an excuse to his father, and, as the latter thought, followed the ladies into the drawing-room. Deep drinking at dinner-parties is no longer a practice in England, as it may have been years ago. Thus it was not many minutes before the old gentleman and his guests came up stairs to find the ladies gathered in knots about the room, and one, at least, sitting in dissatisfied solitude near a table filled with books of engravings, which she did not care to open; for all her sullen discontent had come back when she thought herself less attractive than the wines of some old vintage, stored before she was born.

"But where is Walton?" questioned the old gentleman, approaching the girl, with a faint show of resentment. "Surely, Lady Rose, I expected to find him at your feet."

"It is a place he seldom seeks," answered the lady, opening one of the books with assumed carelessness. "If he has left the table, I fancy it must have been him I saw crossing the terrace ten minutes ago."

Her host replied incredulously.

"Seen him crossing the terrace? Surely, your ladyship must have been mistaken. 1 am sure he spoke of going to the drawing-room."

She hesitated.

"He changed his mind, I suppose," she said at last, with a slight but haughty wave of her hand toward a great bay-window that looked out on the park. "I saw his face as he crossed that block of moonlight on the terrace. I am quite sure. Perhaps—"

"Perhaps what, Lady Rose?"

"He has some business at the gardener's cottage. It will not be the first time he has been there to day," answered the lady, with a light laugh, in which the old man discovered the bitterness of latent jealousy.

A hot, angry flush suffused the old man's face; but this was the only sign of anger that he gave. The next instant he was composed as ever, and answered her amiling sneer, with seeming indifference.

"Oh, yes, I remember; I had some orders for Jessup, which he was thoughtful enough to take."

The lady smiled again, now with a curve of distrustful scorn on her red lips.

"Perhaps he failed in giving your message, and in his desire to please you, has forsaken us," she said.

"Perhaps," was the indifferent reply. Then the old man moved quietly away, and speaking a gracious word here and there, glided out of the room.

A few minutes after this Lady Rose had left her book of engravings, and stood shrouded in the sweeping draperies of the great bay-window, looking out upon the park. Directly she saw the figure of her host gliding across the terrace, which, in that place, seemed flagged with silver, the moonlight lay so full upon it. The next moment ha was lost in the blackest shadows of the park.

"He has gone to seek him! Now I shall know the worst," she thought, while quick thrills of hope and dread shot, like lances, through her frame. "I could not stoop to any upon him, but a father is different; and that father, once on the alert, will be implacable."

While these selfish thoughts were in her mind, the girl gave a sudden start, and grasped at the silken curtains, while a faint shivering came over her, that seemed like coming death.

For deep in the woods of the park, where the gardener's cottage stood, she heard, at that instant, the sharp report of a gun.

"Great Heaven! What can it mean?" she cried, clasping her hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMEBODY MOURNS TO-NIGHT.

BY MES. HELEN A. MARVILLE.

ALL day my songs have been as glad As any bird's in June; All day my heart to notes of joy Has been in perfect tune. But with the song still on my lip, I pause in sudden fright, And for the one repreachful thought—Somebody mourse to-night.

Somebody mourns—it matters not If on the land or sea; It is enough for me to know, Somebody sorrowing be. Somebody sits in darkness now,
Their face with anguish widle;
Aye, tears come to mine eyes to know,
Somebody mourns to-night,
Beside their silent, shrouded dead,
Somebody sits, I trow;
Somebody clasps the stiffening hand

Of one beloved now.
Oh, let me hide mine eyes away
From all this gurish light;
I am so saddened with the thought—
Somebody momma to-night!

SORROW AND SIGHING.

BY HENRY J. COURTENAY.

The morn was breaking, the day was fair, And heavy with fragrance the dewy air, Yet on many a brow were the lines of care. But what do the voices of nature say? "At length shall dawn a more radiant day, And 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'"

Tis winter, and over the hardened snow Coldly the bitter north winds blow; Each streamlet and river has ceased to flow: Yet a rolin is perched on the evergreen spray, Singing clearly all through the dreary day, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Now tempest the morning unhereth in, And clouds fly o'er us on threatening wing, Oh, are there no voices still left to sing? Look at that rent, where a single ray Through the storm-cloud piorces in lovely way, Saying, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away,"

In every clime is the hopeful strain,
Forever repeated again and again;
And we can but listen, it sounds so plain;
We'll join the chorus, as well we may;
With singing we'll welcome the glorious day,
When "sorrow and sighing shall fice away."

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY C. E. B. PALMER.

BEAUTIFUL things lie hidden
Under the saow;
Tulips and daffodlis sleeping,
Myrtles with broad leaves are creeping,
And blue-eyed forget-me-nots peeping,
Under the snow.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow;
The crocus and dear little daisies,
And arbutus, twining in mazes,
Its sweet-scented flow rets upraises
Under the snow.

Our dear little Alice lies hidden
Under the snow;
The angels their kind watch are keeping
O'er our beautiful tressure, safe sleeping;
No pain and no sorrow or weeping
Under the snow.

Yes, beautiful Alice lies aleeping
Under the snow;
But she will awake in the morning,
At the bright resurrection-day dawning,
No more to lie down midst our mourning,
Under the snow.



A ROUGH REMEDY.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

JACK MEREDITH threw another hickory log on the fire, and re-filled his pipe, before he drew up his chair, and prepared to be thoroughly comfortable. The night was frosty and cold outside, and a blazing fire, a pipe of good old Virginia tobacco, and a sensible old-fashioned arm-chair, which, if it had not come over in the May-flower, had supported the aristocratic backs of many generations of Merediths, were no mean things, let me tell you, to assist in making a man comfortable, especially if that man was a bachelor.

Yes, it was only bachelor comfort, after all, and that rather of the plainest. No fancy Turkish dressing-gown and tasseled-cap were there; no dazzling slippers, worked with those eccentric patterns, in which the feminine fancy delights to revel; lively little black devils capering over a scarlet ground, for instance; or ferocious long knives, and rifles, and pistols, tenderly intertwined with azure true-lovers' knots. No, none of these sweet womanly devices diffused the "odor of femininity" throughout the sitting-room of Mr. Jack Meredith. There were books in abundance, and there were rifles, and shot-guns, and a sabre or two, but they were ranged on the walls, and crossed over the mantel-piece, in true masculine style, certainly not tied with azure ribbons; and if little devils called, once in awhile, they filed in decorously, and their uniform was blue.

Alas! alas! even the five-pound tobacco canister bore, in capital letters, his title "Lone Jack!" The wind, too, without had a lonelier sound than ever, this November night, as it moaned through the great pine trees in front of of the house.

This unfortunate man was not, perhaps, unconscious of his forlorn condition, for he smoked his pipe with an air of deep thought. Several resounding thumps, and a whine outside the door, failed to attract his attention. Not till they were repeated more emphatically, was he roused from his abstraction. Then he opened the door, saying,

"Ah, Sholto, my friend, walk in. Pardon me for your momentary, but inexcusable detention at the door, caused by the liberty I took of falling into a brown-study. Ah, your cold nose, rubbed into my hand, acknowledges the apology most handsomely."

Sholto stretched his huge limbs before the fire, settled his head on his fore-paws, and, with a

deep sigh of content, went off immediately into

His master resumed his chair and pipe, and, for awhile, all was silent, except an occasional snore from Sholto.

Suddenly, Mr. Meredith started up, and, leaning upon the mantel-piece, gazed earnestly at a photograph which hung over it.

"It won't do," he said, aloud. "No, Sholto, old fellow, it won't do," he repeated, catching Sholto by the ear as he turned, and saw the dog's awakened stare of amazement and inquiry. "We can't do without her, can we, Sholto? Come here, put your faithful, shaggy head on my knees, and look right into my face. So. Now we will talk it all over. I must talk of her to-night, Sholto, and who but you would listen with a face of such unquestioning approbation!

"Just two months since she was here," he went on. "Instead of cold, and dreariness, and dullness, were sunshine, and rambles with Edith through the woods. Edith, little angel, who was in one continued state of enchantment about the red leaves, and the ferns, and the tall tulip-trees. and wanting to pull all sorts of poisonous trash, with her sweet hands; adoring marshy meadows. but terribly afraid of the cows, never suspecting that I hunted every cow, far and near, for the pleasure of having her shrink behind me, and make timid clutches at my coat-sleeves. How she loved walking. You remember, Sholto, when the evening grew cool, how she would wrap herself in that blue-and-green plaid concern, with one end pulled over her head in some indescribable fashion, and set off for a 'run,' as she called it. I fancy I can see her now, as many a time, when I came from the fields, along the path by the pines, I have seen her; the evergreens, dusky against the evening sky, and her figure clearly outlined on the sunset.

"You remember all that, you great lumbering marplot? You ought to, for, before I could ever steal up to catch the tender, far-away look on her face, that I knew was there, you would rush past me, like a whirlwind, and reach her side with one bound, and then I got a bright rosy smile; but you, an arm thrown around your neck, a cheek pressed on your head, and delicious, tender non-sense talked in your foolish ears.

"What had you done, to deserve all that?

Tell me! Speak! Answer, you undeserving, rugged old heathen!"

Sholto looked very humble and undecided at this sudden, violent appeal; but seeing that something was expected of him, gave several thumps of his tail on the floor.

His master rose, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, strode up and down the room.

Who, to hear this revelation of Mr. Meredith's inmost thoughts, imparted in sacred confidence to this dog, would credit with what mingled indignation and dismay he had received his mother's announcement, that when she came up to his farm, for the autumn months, she would not come alone, but bring with her her friend, Mrs. Winthrop and her daughter, Edith, who, after a summer'at a gay watering-place, needed just such a quiet spot for her continued benefit.

How Mr. Jack frowned as he read and re-read the offending paragraphs, with interpolations of his own. "Edith is a charming girl," wrote his mother, "and has been quite the belle here this summer!" ("Belle! Fudge! we don't want any belles here!") "She is quite anxious to see you. I am sure you will like her. She is very fond of riding; you will take pleasure in lending her your splendid Geraint!" ("Geraint! Not I! She rides at full gallop; all women do. I'll not have my horse raced from morning till night.")

With such questionable welcome in his heart, Mr. Meredith did not, however, fail to make what seemed, in his eyes, fit preparation for his guests.

The dreaded Edith proved to be excessively pretty, and seemed quite pleased with the place. She sat under the trees in the yard with her worsted work, or a book, for her amusement, and, once or twice, followed Mrs. Meredith down to the dairy.

Jack watched her suspiciously and surreptitiously for several days, trying hard to discover, under the most innocent exterior, traces of contempt for the country and country things, and pinings for dances and gayeties; but microscopic investigation failing to bring these sins to light, he concluded that she was "trying to do the romantic."

Days passed; Jack relaxed his severe caution, and finding her one afternoon looking wistfully over a certain gate-boundary she was forbidden to pass alone, had pity, and took her for a walk. That was the last of holding off. Edith wandered about near the house no more, like a restless colt in a paddock; but was off here, there, and everywhere, that her eager spirit willed, with Jack and Sholto for willing companions.

"Such a sensible girl," argued Jack, to him- She did not coself, whenever a former misgiving crossed his party-going.

mind. "Not at all the sort of girl I thought her. So genuinely fond of country life." Ah, poor Jack! Miss Edith galloped Geraint to her heart's content. Mrs. Winthrop was rather astonished at her daughter's untiring energy, and her wonderment reached its climax one afternoon, when she looked out of the window, and saw Edith in a gown that might have been stolen from a Dreden china shepherdess, tripping off with Jack, carrying a bucket of salt, to salt the sheep.

But woodland walks, and woodland rides, and sheep-salting, had their end all too soon. Mrs. Meredith went southward, the Winthrops home to New York, and Jack was left once more in solitary possession of his castle; left to survey, with what philosophy he could muster, his silent sitting-room, stripped of work-baskets, a gay shawl or two, Edith's worsted-work that never was worked, and the trifles that give a nameless charm to a woman's surroundings, and in place of women's faces, none but Sholto's, looking provokingly dismal and wistful.

Jack struggled valiantly to resist these depressing influences. He worked zealously all day; but, when the evening came, it was lonely enough. Everything seemed to conspire against his peace. There was a lot of green wood on hand, just at that time; sometimes it refused to burn, and simmered and simmered viciously, never flaring up in a cheerful blaze. This was enough to damp the stoutest spirit. On one of these occasions there flashed to his remembrance the figure of Edith, standing in the door-way, rosy and brilliant, with her plaid falling from her disheveled, fair plaits, and her arms full of dry sticks, picked up in the woods, which she delighted to pile on the fire herself, "to make a good blaze," as she Strangely sweet this vision was; yet Jack hastily took down a book. But neither books, nor gun, nor hard work, nor any device whatever, could shut out the constant image of Edith. It was useless to resist the truth; Edith he loved, nor could he be happy where no Edith was, nor ever would be happy, unless-

It was this "unless" that began to haunt him. Would she, could she, be happy in a country home—in a home such as his? His house was built to suit his tastes, and was simple and unpretending enough; but Edith could make it beautiful, with her pretty taste, and deft way of arranging things. But Edith had lived all her life in the town; she seemed to enjoy the country; but staying in it for a cheerful visit, and living but staying in it for a cheerful visit, and living there every day, were quite different things, Jack knew. However, Edith was not like other girls. She did not care for dressing, and visiting, and party-going. She had told him so a hundred

times. "The German," she declared, "was a bore—an unmitigated bore."

These arguments, and many more, pro and con, were gone over in the poor fellow's mind, not once, but again and again. Every word, every look of Edith's was recalled, and studied with a lover's untiring industry, until, at last, weary of doubt, he determined to go, at once, to New York, and put his fate to the touch, "to win or lose it all."

It was late, one afternoon, when Jack reached the city. As he left the station, he ran into a young gentleman, hurrying along with a peculiarly irritated expression of countenance. There was a recoil, and a sudden recognition.

- "Oh, how are you, Levison?"
- "How are you, Jack? When did you come to town?"
- "This moment. Where are you going in such a hurry?"
- "Don't ask me. Ask me where I haven't been going in a hurry this blessed afternoon!"
 - "What's the matter?"
- "Oh, my valise. I have been spending a day or two out of town, at the Minturn's party, and all that, and my valise ought to have been here yesterday, and it hasn't come yet. These confounded express men tell such a lot of lies, you don't know where you are."
- "I wouldn't bother. It will come along all right, I dare say."
- "Oh, I wouldn't care, but it has my dress suit in it, and there's no end of a swell dinner-party to-morrow that I wouldn't miss; and there's the rub, don't you see?"
- "If that's all, old fellow, you can have my dress-coat; I've got mine with me."
- "Can I, though! But won't you want your dress-suit yourself?"
- "Not to-morrow, I imagine; and never mind if I do."
- "Jack, you're a trump. Where are you going to stop? But stay, I'll ride down with you."

Jack was so preoccupied with his own thoughts, as he ascended the steps of Mrs. Winthrop's handsome house that evening, that he did not notice the unusual stir about the house—did not, in fact, until he stepped into the hall.

He would have drawn back immediately, for there were glimpses of sundry damsels in light attire, and swallow-tail-coated gentlemen; and he perceived that he had unwittingly stumbled among invited guests, upon an evening party. But Mrs. Winthrop caught sight of him.

"Mr. Meredith! What an unexpected pleasure. I am very glad to see you. When did you come to town?"

"Thank you. This afternoon. But I see that I have accidentally hit upon one of your dancing evenings. I will do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow."

"You will do yourself no such thing," cried Mrs. Winthrop, laughing. "I know you are not very partial to evening companies; but I insist upon your doing violence to your feelings for once. Let James take your overcoat and hat."

In vain Jack murmured something about his coat, not being prepared, etc. Mrs. Winthrop would take no excuse, and he found himself walking through a parlor, answering questions, and listening to his hostess' lively talk, without much idea what it was all about—his eyes hunting eagerly for Edith.

"This is the dancing-room; let us stop here. The girls are having their German in there. Edith leads with young Dorsheimer Drayton, I believe. Yes, there he is—that young man, with a long, light mustache, crossing the floor. You recognize Edith, of course. Ah, it is enough to inspire them, that delicious music! Don't you think so?"

But Jack hears not the question, nor the music. Landler's choicest strains are lost on his ear.

Recognize Edith! Was that Edith?

In the center of the long room stood Edith alone. Diaphanous were her white robes, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkling with triumph and expectation. One hand clasped three or four tiny bouquets, the other held over her head a queer-looking Japanese parasol. At that moment the cynosure of all eyes, she stood perfectly graceful and self-possessed.

Could that be the innocent-faced girl of his imagination, with the simple dress, and the Scotch plaid thrown over her head?

Now advances the elegant Dorsheimer Drayton, sliding gracefully along, currying captive two other gracefully-sliding young gentlemen, to one of whom Edith presented a bouquet, to Mr. Drayton the Japanese parasol.

A crashing chord from the musicians—a breathless pause; away floats the music with a ravishing swing, and away float the dancers.

Undoubtedly this is Edith, for here she comes now, the waves of her white dress surging almost into his very face as she sweeps whirling by.

"There," says Mrs. Winthrop, quickly. "That is Dorsheimer Drayton; that one without a partner dancing after Edith."

"What! That fool with the umbrella?" Jack is about to cry, but restrains himself in time.

"Isn't it a beautiful sight?" continues Mrs. Winthrop, looking admiringly after her daughter. Jack was silent.

- "Are you not fond of the German, Mr. Meredith!"
 - "I have never taken part in one, madam?"
 - "Don't you think it is a beautiful sight?"
 - "I cannot say that I do," he replied, gravely.
- "Oh, that is because you do not join in it yourself. You would enjoy dancing immensely; it shows off a man's figure so well."

"Especially with those elegant additions to his costume," said Jack, dryly, pointing to a dancer revolving gayly, with a pink paper dunce-cap on his head. Fishes' heads, lions' heads, every conceivable device that could be wrought out in tissue paper, were there to keep him company.

Mrs. Winthrop laughed, and said she would spare him the sight of such follies. They moved on into another room, dimly lit, and fragrant with flowers.

Jack is growing restless. Must be be condemned to Mrs. Winthrop's conversation the entire evening? Will that German never come to an end?

At length the music ceases. A couple enter, arm in arm. It is she. Edith at last!

A word from Mrs. Winthrop. Edith looks up quickly. In a moment the meeting he had wished for, lived upon so long, is over. Edith is looking lovelier than he could have imagined. She is talking very gracefully and elegantly about nothing; but her eyes hardly meet his; and she asks not one question about Tanglewood, or her old favorites there.

Mr. Drayton stands by for a few minutes, then saunters away, and Jack and Edith are left alone. A heavy fragrance rises from the mantel-piece by which they stand, and where is a bank of tropical leaves and blossoms.

Edith's face is bent over her bouquet. Jack gazes at her silently. Where are the thousand things he had wished to say? Where are the messages from Sholto and the black horse Geraint, which he had amused himself in preparing? Why does he not bring forth that cluster of geranium-leaves, which he had brought with so much care from the plant that Edith herself had fixed in the sitting-room window? Why—and why—

Edith broke the silence, and began talking rapidly about the winter's gayeties. Had he heard Lucca, and Nilsson? She had heard them almost every night—missed anything else for them.

"That could have been no deprivation to you," said Jack, "as you care so little for going out."

"I!" cried Edith. "Why, there's nothing I like so much. I've been out every evening this season!"

"Oh, I beg pardon. I was merely quoting }

your own words. I remember hearing you say, once, that parties, and especially Germans, were 'great bores.'"

Edith colored. "Did I ever say that? I don't know what I was thinking of—I don't know what I would do without some amusement in the evenings; and staying at home is so dull!"

Jack suddenly seemed to see his home, with its tobacco pipes, books, and magazines, tumbling about at their own sweet will. The only ornament his mantel-piece could boast was a handful of wheat and two mammoth ears of corn. How would that look to a girl who called home "so dull," and whose mantel-pieces were miracles of floral beauty?

"And I," said he, quietly, "have such an appreciation of the comfort of my fireside, that it is difficult for me to imagine the satisfaction of any exchange."

She looked up, and there was in her eyes a look he remembered well—a wistful, questioning look, which swept from his mind her frivolous words, and the momentary anger, born of a sharp pain of distrust.

"But we have found it desperately lonely, Miss Winthrop, Sholto and I."

"That reminds me; I had intended to ask. How is Sholto; the great, tawny, magnificent creature!"

"Sholto is well, I believe. He brought me, the other day, a glove of yours; lost, was it not, the day you essayed partridge-shooting?"

Edith's color deepened a good deal, at this reference to past times; but she smiled too.

Jack, when he saw this, ventured to recall to her certain other walks and rides; and Edith listened, and answered, and laughed like the Edith of old.

Mr. Drayton broke the spell.

"Miss Winthrop, may I hot have this waltz?" Edith hesitated, and glanced at Jack. He tried to look politely acquiescent.

"I don't think I care to dance again this evening, Mr. Drayton."

"Oh, do come; really you must. This is the New Vienna—your favorite waltz."

"Certainly, Edith, oblige Mr. Drayton," said her mother's voice.

Edith accepted immediately. "Besides," continued Mrs. Winthrop, turning smilingly to Jack. "we must not monopolize Mr. Meredith. I shall take possession of him on the spot, and present him to a pretty girl."

"Thank you," said Jack, formally. "I must defer that pleasure. I must wish you good-evening."

Mrs. Winthrop, meantime, had asked Jack to

dine with her to-morrow, and join their party to the opera; and Jack, thinking only of Edith, and forgetful of Levison, and the borrowed dress-suit, had promptly accepted the invitation, and when the time came, there was nothing for him to do but to go in an ordinary walking-coat.

The dinner was a pretty, and a good a dinner; yet Jack walked home that night with a heavy heart. He had scarcely had a word with Edith during the evening; indeed he could almost think she had avoided him.

Dorsheimer Drayton was present, and devoted himself to her undisguisedly and persistently. It was plain that to the mother his attention was extremely agreeable; but Edith's manner was not so easy to read.

She seemed in brilliant spirits, sometimes receiving Drayton's devotion with an attention almost too flattering; at times turning on him the coldest and most unresponsive of faces. Yet this caprice was far from disagreeable to Drayton. Spoiled and sought after by match-making mothers, and greeted on every side with ready smiles, an easy conquest was not to his taste.

Through many a weary hour Jack pondered over Edith's words and looks; hopeful when he thought he had found the interpretation of certain expressions in her eyes when they met his own, in spite of her cool demeanor to him through the evening; despondent when he thought of the smile with which she had turned to hear Dorsheimer Drayton's whispered words.

Dorsheimer Drayton! Jack frowned heavily at the remembrance of his handsome, supercilious face. It had needed but a glance exchanged between the two men, to reveal to each their utter antagonism of nature. Drayton showed his dislike by an air of complete indifference; contemptuous, had he dared to make it so.

"Well," said Mrs. Winthrop, when her daughter stopped in her room, as usual, to bid her goodnight. "This evening has been a success. None can say we have not done the polite to the Meredith family. Jack is an excellent young man, no doubt; but don't talk to me about people living in the country; it has ruined his manners. Jack Meredith was stiff and silent, and reserved to the last degree this evening."

"He was always rather silent you know, mamma."

"I dare say he was embarrassed by so many strangers," said Mrs. Winthrop, "and well he might have been in that costume. What could have induced that man to come here to dine in such a guise—positively a sacque coat! Drayton, in his usual perfect attire, looked at him as if he had been a Tartar dressed in a Bashlik. I was

positively quite ashamed, on Florence du Barry's account."

"There is never anything to be ashamed of, I am sure, mamma, in Mr. Meredith's appearance. He is always extremely aristocratic-looking."

"Oh, not really ashamed, my dear; don't be so literal," said Mrs. Winthrop, indifferently; "but one naturally shudders at an exhibition of gaucherie. Every man is not so fastidiously elegant as Dorsheimer Drayton. By the way, he was telling me this evening about his great aunt Dorsheimer's superb sapphires, which the old woman never can use; she's always laid up with rheumatism or dyspepsia. They say all her property goes to Drayton. I declare, those people have more money than they know what to do with!"

"Pardon me," said Edith, "if I say that I have heard that very often before;" and she rose and kissing her mother lightly, left the room.

The next day, when Mi. Meredith's card was handed to Miss Winthrop, an unseen spectator of her movements might have been somewhat surprised. She rose slowly, and walked to the window, where she stood a second or two, then walked to the door, paused, irresolutely—turned, and went back to the window again; finally, glided quickly down the stairs, and entered the parlor, looking very pale.

"Miss Winthrop! what is the matter? Are you ill? Can't I do something for you?" Jack was frightened, and thought she was about to faint, or do something as dreadful.

- "Oh, no, thank you! I am perfectly well."
- "But you are so pale!"
- "I am always that, thanks to much dissipation."
 - "You are wrong to trifle with your health."
 - "What serious words!" said Edith, laughing.
 - "It is a serious matter."
- "Pshaw! You men all talk so. It's very easy for you men, with your everyday occupation, to talk that way; but what are girls to do? We must amuse ourselves."
- "Why can't you practice, and study, and sew. Those are very good occupations, aren't they?" said Jack.
- "Sometimes one wearies of those delights, Mr. Meredith."
- "Then why don't you spend some of your time in visiting sick and poor people? A visit from you would do more good than a dozen doctors, I should think. Visiting sick people is a woman's duty."
- "I am afraid our ideas differ, in regard to a woman's duties."

Edith's voice was not very distinct as she said

this, owing to the exertion of clasping and un-

- "I am afraid they do," said Jack, gravely; "but we did not always differ so much, Miss Edith."
- "But I am a very different Edith from that one you used to know," said Edith.
- "Never a different one to me," said Jack, in a low voice.
- "That is because you do not known me?" she replied, quickly.
- "Do I not?" cried he, rising and walking rapidly a few steps; then he came and stood before her with folded arms.
- "I know you well enough for this, Edith," he said, slowly, "to know that I love you!"

Edith drew back as if he had struck her.

- "Oh, no!" she cried. "Don't say that; please—please don't say that. You must not!"
- "But I must!" said Jack. "You must hear me!"

He was not to be stopped; he took the seat beside her, and leaned toward her with eyes shining like two stars.

"Won't you let me tell you how much I love you, Edith?" he said.

Edith covered her face with her hands.

- "Oh, please—please do not say any more. Indeed you must not love me! I cannot—I cannot——"
- "Oh, don't say that!" cried Jack, imploringly. Anything but that; say anything—anything, Edith, but that you cannot love me. I know I am not worthy of you. I am nothing to love; but I love you so much."

His voice fell.

Edith drew one deep sigh.

- "Mr. Meredith," she said. "What you tell me only distresses me. It is impossible for——" Jack made a gesture of deprecation.
- "Spare me—spare me!" he said. "I know— I understand."

There was silence for some minutes. Then it was Jack who spoke.

"Let me ask one question. May I ask one question of you? Is—is there any one who has what I ask in vain?"

Edith colored deeply, and hesitated.

"I see. You need not answer."

Poor Jack having said this bravely, walked to the mantel-piece, where he spent several minutes in the close inspection of a vase.

When he came back to Edith, he looked at her long, then said, abruptly,

"Farewell! I wish you every joy with the man of your choice." Then he added, more

gently, "With all my heart, I hope he may prove himself worthy of it."

Edith extended her hand silently, and felt the pressure of warm kisses upon it.

In the next moment, she heard the hall-door open and shut; but she moved not. When the silvery bells of the little clock chimed the next half hour, it found her sitting just where Jack had left her.

The train that Jack took to leave New York did not leave until eight o'clock that evening. He felt a feverish longing for the fresh, unbroken sweep of the wind over his own hills; but these were far distant; and the next best thing was the Central Park. Thither he walked, and hating his own thoughts beyond measure, found some distraction from them in watching the ceaseless throng of carriages and passers-by.

Equipages of every variation of splendor flashed by. What his friend Levison would have called "no end of swell girls," and handsome matrons filled them. Tandem teams, six-horse drags, driven by very six-horsey looking men—all entertaining enough, if one wanted to be so entertained.

And whose is this dainty turn out? Coal-black horses, two ladies sitting behind; on the box, Dorsheimer Drayton and Edith.

If one swift thought could kill, Mr. Drayton, with that mocking, triumphant smile on his face, would be writhing in the dust, under those glancing fore-feet of his pet horses.

Jack, grinding his teeth, plunged down a sidepath, until breathless, he paused, shuddering at his own murderous thoughts.

But whence that wild cry! those piercing shrieks!—the shrieks of women, the cries of men!

Jack follows the sound. In a moment he was in the midst of a frantic crowd, all flying, terrorstricken, from some horror.

"The tiger! the tiger! The tiger has broken loose. Run, run!" they cry.

Here is a carriage wheeled short around. The black horses are plunging. Their driver is whipping them madly, trying to force them into, and through, a struggling and frightened mass of women and children. But Jack has sprung at their heads.

- "Back, back!" he cries. "Would you crush these women and children!"
- "Let go their heads," Drayton answered. "Let go—let go, you fool! Will you thrust us into the very jaws of the beast!"

Drayton cuts at Jack savagely with his whip, as he speaks; but strong hands grasp the bits, and, in spite of him, the carriage is forced back.

There are wild screams. "The tiger! the

tiger! he is on us!" Through them a piercing cry, "My daughter!—my child! Save Edith!"

But Edith is untouched. In Jack's shoulder are embedded the terrible claws. He has leaped between Edith and the danger—danger no longer. Two guns crack simultaneously, and the wild creature falls with his victim.

Miss Ursula Penn is the kindest of elderly spinsters, and the best of nurses. She has just, for the first time, had the satisfaction of seeing her patient in a profound sleep. She has set the door ajar, and tipped into the next room with the intention of taking a series of cat-naps in the rocking-chair, when, amiable woman as she is, she is somewhat put out at the news that a young lady is at the door, very anxious to see her.

She has scarcely had time to master this announcement, when the young lady herself has followed the messengers, and is in the room. Miss Ursula begins to draw herself up, and wonder at the unknown apparition, when the young lady says, breathlessly,

"Oh, Miss Penn! Miss Penn! how is he? Tell me how he is! Is he dying?"

Miss Penn does not know, in the least, who this strange person is; but she jumps to a conclusion, and says kindly,

"No, my dear, far from it, I am thankful to say. He has to be kept very quiet, as there is so much fever; but he is doing well, and is sleeping nicely now."

At this, the young lady threw her arms around Miss Penn's neck, and begins to cry. "Oh, I am so glad! so glad!" she sobs. "And it was all my fault, every bit; and now I hate Dorsheimer Drayton, and—and——Oh! oh! I have been so wretched; and I did not know where they had taken him until this morning, when I met Mr. Levison, and he told me that they had brought him here. And mamma said I should not come; but I would, and I came by myself!"

Here Edith took breath for another burst of sobs and explanations.

"And oh! oh!" she broke out again. "I am the most wretched girl alive; and it was half mamma; and I was so bad and worldly, and wouldn't give up. And, oh, Miss Penn! I loved him all the time, and I was so wretched after he was gone. And mamma made me keep my engagement to drive with Mr. Drayton that dreadful afternoon, and I was so miserable I did not care what I did."

"Edith!"

It was the faint voice of Miss Penn's patient, who was to be kept so quiet, that spoke this word.

Edith gave one tearful, beseeching look into Miss Penn's face, and that faithless guardian actually smiled, and nodded her head; furthermore, was engaged for at least ten minutes in searching for a pocket-handkerchief on which to wipe a few tears that filled her own kind eyes.

And Edith lives at Tanglewood, and pets Sholto, and rides Geraint, and teases Jack, playfully, and never dances the German, and—is as happy as the day is long.

WAITING ON THE SHORE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I am waiting on the shore, friend, The blenk and rugged shore: Where the waves are beating, beating, With a hoarse and hollow roar; Where the waves are swift retreating, My weary glances cheating, In the dimness I deplore; Still beating and retreating, They sob along the shore. Upon my brow the rain beats-The cold and sullen rain-Comes, comes with a heavy falling, Each drop a bitter pain. While memory enthralling. With a dreariness appalling Beats at my heart and brain; Enthralling and appalling My very soul again!

I am searching on the sand, here— The gray and pathless sand; For the footsteps dimly gleaming, For the shadow on the strand; While in my sad, sad dreaming. I know it is but seeming, Thy kiss is on my hand. This dreaming—is it seeming From yonder shadow land?

Thus, with a solemn dread, friend—A deep relentless dread,
I listen to the rolling
Of the thunder over head—
The deep and awful tolling,
Both sea and sky controlling,
And I feel that thou art dead,
By the rolling and the tolling
Of the thunder over head.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC

BY ENILY H. MAY.

We give 1rst, this month, a walking or traveling-dress. The skirt is of gray serge, trimmed



with two flounces at the back, nine inches deep, simply hemmed on the edge, and put on with a cord, and rather scant. The front is trimmed lengthwise, with frills of the same, separated by bands two inches wide, cut on the bias, as are the frills. This trimming extends as far up as the top of the back flounces. The Polonaise, which has a pelerine attached, is of gray, or dark-blue water-proof cloth, bound with alpaca braid, and ornamented with large buttons, which may be either covered moulds, oxydized steel, dark pearl, or any of the many varieties now in vogue. The Polonaise is cut precisely as those of

the summer, without darts in front, and belted at the waist. The three capes forming the Polonaise, are circular, graduating in depth and fullness, bound with braid, same as the Polonaise. Small standing collar, and pockets, as seen in the engraving, completes this comfortable and stylish traveling costume. Twelve yards of serge for the under-skirt, and four and a half yards of water-proof cloth, will be required for the Polonaise and pelerine, eighteen buttons, and one piece of fine alpaca braid. The serge can be bought from fifty cents to one dollar per yard, and the water-proof cloth from one dollar twenty-five cents up to four dollars, for English; but we



would not recommend the latter for this garment, as it is generally too heavy in texture.

We give next, on the preceding page, a dotted flannel or cashmere, morning-robe, suitable for a married lady of any age. It is very simple in style, and easily cut, as it is precisely like a long sacque night-dress, with a bias seam down the back, belted at the waist with a heavy cord, and tassel. The cuffs of the coat-sleeve, pockets, collar, and tabs of collar, are of silk, corresponding in color. The buttons, covered moulds of the same. Twelve yards of single-width flannel, which costs seventy-five cents per yard, three-quarters of a yard of silk, and two dezen moulds, is all that is required.

Next is a costume for a Miss of fourteen to fifteen years. The under-skirt is of striped brown-and-white serge, trimmed with four flounces, six inches deep, cut on the bias, and bound with solid brown cashmere. These ruffles are quite



full, and the upper one is finished with a heading. The Polonaise is of brown cashmere. The collar and cuffs are edged with a narrow bias of the brown-and-white serge of the under-skirt. It is

cut double-breasted, and ornamented with a double row of buttons down the front. Belted at the waist with a leather belt. Twelve yards of serge for the under-skirt, and six to seven yards of cashmere for the Polonaise. Striped serges sell from fifty to seventy-five cents, and the cashmere from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per yard.

Next is a walking-dress of poplin, in navy-blue.



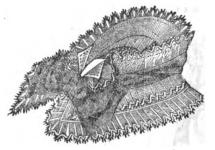
The skirt is ornamented with two bands of black silk, cut on the bias, and corded on both sides with sky-blue cashmere. This same trimming ornaments the tunic, also the basque. Eight yards of poplin, one and a half yards of black silk, and three-quarters of a yard of sky-blue cashmere, will be required. Moulds, covered with black, and crossed with sky-blue embroidery silk—easily made at home. Hat of darkblue felt, trimmed with a band of black, edged with sky-blue, and sky-blue feather, completes this pretty costume for a Miss of ten to twelve years.

We give next a design for a black silk, or alpaca, apron. Pretty for a school girl. The

frill is edged with a narrow, white cluny lace.



We give here one of the fashionable frills for



the neck; they are made of colored crapes, told how.

black and white illusion, and, in fact, everything. Some are of black silk lined with pink or blue, with the white illusion quilled inside. No lady's dress is now in style without this addition in the shape of a collaret.

The next is a house-jacket of gray and scarlet opera-flannel. The gray for the outside, the



scarlet forms the lining, and being cut one and a half inches longer than the sacque. Also, for the collar and sleeves it forms the trimming. Both edges are scalloped, and bound with gray braid.

In this department, as it will be seen, we give the very newest styles, but in materials less expensive than silks, etc. It is as easy to dress well, on little, as on much, if you have taste, or are told how.

NAME FOR MARKING.



INITIALS.



INFANTS' BIBS.





These bibs are made of fine tucked cam-{recommend them as particularly suitable for bric. The borders are embroidered. We would their purpose.

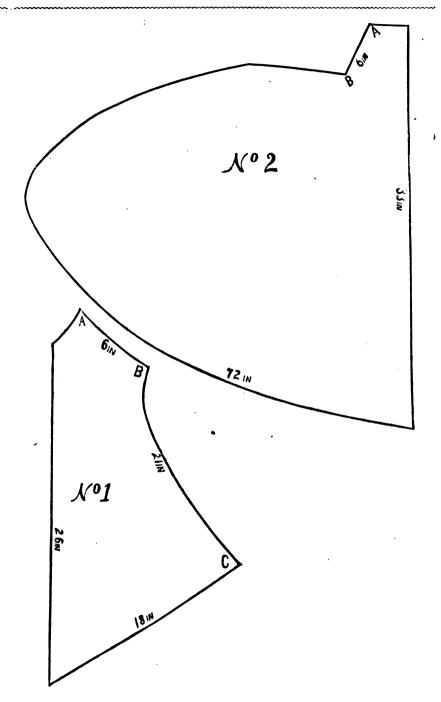
WINTER DOLMAN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



All the new garments for the coming season, (embroidery braid, either in silk or mohair. Finish are of the "Dolman" shape, with many varia- at the edge with a heavy out sewing silk, fringes, tions. Our design is one of the newest, and is or a worsted bullion fringe: the whole making made in fine beaver cloth, braided with heavy an exceedingly pretty wrap.





No. 1. HALF OF FRONT. Vol. LXV.—5

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

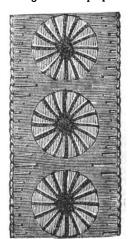
STRAP FOR TRAVELING.

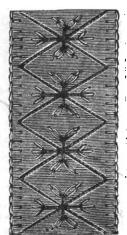
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This strap, for carrying rugs, wraps, etc., which may be carried in the hand, or slung over the shoulder, would make an appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift, from a lady to a gentleman. It is made of double American cloth, with a layer of calico inside, and is ornamented with Point Russe in two shades of brown-silk. When the embroidery is finished, and the edges overcast, take a a length of sixty inches of the strap, and make on the upper side two button-holes, at four and six inches from each end, where a button is fastened. Arrange the ends of the strap into a small or large loop, as the case may be, by means of these buttons; and through these loops pass the nar- in applique, with Point Russe.

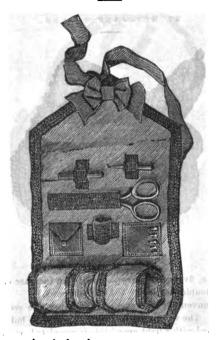
rower straps which buckle round the wrapper. These are twenty-eight inches long, and one inch wide, and are cut to a point at one end. Make a button-hole at three and at four and a half inches from the pointed end, and sew on a button at the square end, as well as a narrow cross-strap, to receive the pointed end after the strap has been buttoned. The handle consists of an embroidered strap, fourteen inches long, made into a loop at each end, through which the shorter straps are passed, as seen in our illustration. We give, below, two suitable designs for embroidering the straps. The right hand one is worked





LADY'S COMPANION—OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This companion measures nine inches long

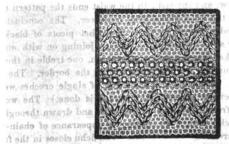


and five broad. It is of fine, brown leather, {

The concinet

lined with blue silk, and bound with black braid. The divisions for holding the scissors, etc., are of braid; the pockets for the reels are of leather, bound with braid. The small, flat pin-cushion and needle-pocket are of silk. The companion is rolled up and tied with a string of ribbon, as shown in the cut. This is very neat, and convenient for ladies to carry with them when visiting.

INSERTION IN DARNED NETTING.



Either fless silk or seft glazed throad are the | materials used for embroidery upon net. 79

FICHU-TRICOT.

MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: five ounces white, five ounces gray, and one ounce black Berlin (double) wool.

This fichu is particularly convenient for wearing under a shawl or mantle. The white foundation of our model is surrounded with a light-gray border, with an edge of black Berlin wool twisted with white silk. The silk may be used or not, according to taste.

Both the front parts are worked separately, and then the back part is worked on. Each front part begins at the under edge with thirty-three chains-sitches (in white wool,) and is worked in tricot. Every third row, and fourth stitch of that row, is ornamented with a point Muscovite pattern.

For the point Muscovite, draw up a loop, and work in it three chain; fasten to the first loop with one single.

The two first trice rows are quite plain; the pattern begins with the third row, and the last fourteen stitches are left free for the waist part. In every second row at the front edge there must be an increase of one stitch as far as the twentyfifth row; then six rows are worked without increase or decrease before the rounding for the neck begins.

During the next nine rows, decrease two stitches in every second row at the frent edge, and at the side edge increase one stitch; then work six rows without increasing or decreasing.

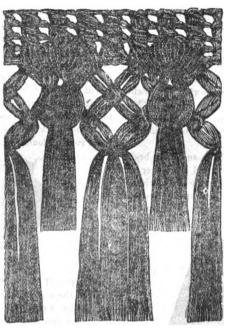
must be an increase of one stitch in each of the six next rows.

Now work the second front part exactly the same as the first, but reversed, of course. When this is completed, work the row to join the two parts to the slope at the neck. In every row in working forward, on each side of the joining stitch (that is the middle stitch of the slope of the neck,) you pass over one stitch; this decreases, and forms the point at the back. Continue working this until only one stitch remains.

Now work the Muscovite border with gray wool. One row of double; then, for the pattern row, * one single; draw one loop through under the next edge stitch; crochet three chain, and then work off both the loops that are upon the needle together with one loop. Repeat from *. In the four following pattern rows the patterns must always lie over each other in slanting lines. In the waist ends the pattern edge must be somewhat narrower. The conclusion consists of one row of crochet picots of black and white wool. Each picot, joining on with one double, consists of five chain, one treble in the first chain. Pass over two on the border. The top of the border has a row of single crochet worked on it (after the border is done.) The wool is kept on the wrong side, and drawn through, stitch by stitch, giving an appearance of chain-stitch on the right side. The fichu closes in the front with gray but-At the edge of the slope for the neck there { tons and loops, and also at the back of the waist,

COMFORTER IN KNITTING AND DETAIL OF FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: two ounces white or colored Shetland; three skeins of scarlet or white purse-silk; wood or bone knitting-pins, No. 8 (bell gauge.)



Cast on forty-seven stitches. Knit the first and { rosettes on the ends, and cut small tass last stitch in each row; also knit the foundation { eight strands, and loop in through the ring row plain. The scarf is composed of two rows only. { the scarf. Cut them ovenly at the bottom.

1st Row: *Slip one as if for purling, knit two plain; draw the slip-stitch over the two knitted; take one up from the previous row; knit it plain. Repeat from *.

2nd and Remaining Rows: *Slip one, knit two plain; draw the slip-stitch over the two knitted; pick up the slip-stitch from the previous row (this stitch lies horizontally under the right-hand needle, immediately under the slip-stitch just made.) Take up the stitch with the right-hand needle; pass it on to the left-hand needle, and knit it plain. Repeat from *.

For the fringed ends, cut four strands of twelve inches in length, and knot in at the ends, as shown in the engraving, tying them across in knots afterward.

For the rosettes, use the purse-silk; wind it round your four fingers twenty times; fasten it round; then on the top crochet (as for a treble, without drawing through the last stitch) loosely twenty times, working underneath the whole ring; then draw the silk through two of them; then through all but two; then through these two, working it all very loosely. Neatly sew these rosettes on the ends, and cut small tassels of eight strands, and loop in through the ring on to the scarf. Cut them ovenly at the bottom.

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DOLL'S GIPSY-CLOAK, FICHU, AND MUFF.

BY MRS. JANE WBAVER.

colors; small bone tricot-hook.

For a cloak measuring about three inches in depth, make a chain of fifty stitches for the first row; work on the middle thirty stitches, leaving the ten first and last stitches of the chain unworked. In the second row, work forty stitches -that is, leaving five stitches at each end. Now work three rows the entire length. Next, two rows, decreasing a stitch at the beginning and end of the row.

Continue in working to decrease at the beginning and end of each row, and pass over the eleventh stitch on each side of the cloak, without working it on. This gives the shape to the shoulders; and the passing over a stitch above this, and decreasing at the beginning and end of each



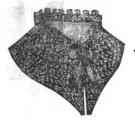
following row is continued until the right size is attained. The depth is about twenty rows. The cloak may be worked to any size upon this plan, and measuring the chain for the widest part of the bottom of the cloak, allowing five or six stitches for the length that will be taken up in the working.

When the foundation is worked make a row of double crochet, with a contrasting color, all round the cloak. Work into it on each side a row of one double, three chain, passing over one stitch of the previous row of double. A fringe must be worked over a mesh, about one quarter of an inch wide, into each stitch of the double under the three chain of the border.

For the head make a chain of thirty-four stitches, and work four rows of tricot upon the chain. Take a Berlin needle, and sew the lower edge in the form shown in the illustration. This must be neatly done, and the running on must be close, in order to make the hood set well; then, with }

Materials: Shetland or Berlin wool of two the needle and wool, pick up the back upper horizontal stitches of the hood, and draw it up. This makes a neat finish at the top. The stitches should be picked up round the neck of the cloak in the same way. A bow of ribbon finishes the back, and a chain of crochet with little wool tassels at the ends to tie the cloak in front.

> Cut a paper pattern the size you wish the fichu to be. Make a chain the length round the shoulders, and work on one side of the chain only, three rows of double crochet; work always in the



back loop, and fasten off at each end, so that you have all the work on the right side. To decrease for the throat part, leave a stitch unworked at the beginning and end of every row. Count your loops, and divide the number of stitches in three after the first third. Pass over a stitch, in order to decrease and form the shoulder shape, and repeat when you come to the last third. To form the back lower point, work to the shape, narrowing your work each row. The front points are formed in precisely the same way, and two rows of three chain, one double, are worked round the throat. The fichu is lined with silk.

This is one of the reticule muffs; it is made entirely in double crochet, and is better made to



a cut-out paper shape of the required size. The straight middle part is first worked, and it is graduated off at the sides according to the engraving. A chain of crochet serves to finish it round the edges and to hang round the neck; little ribbon bows and a wadded lining are also needed.

TWO DESIGNS FOR ANTIMACASSARS.

BY MRS. JANK WEAVER.





These designs may be worked on Java canvas, or Andalusian wool is generally used. The edge of honeycomb cotton material. Red and black ingrain the material, frayed out, forms the fringe.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"Peterson" for 1874.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1874, to be found on the third page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine is better and cheaper than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedentedly low rates; for we find by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

Great improvements will be made in the fashion department. The principal editor was in Europe all last summer, making arrangements to secure exclusive and advanced patterns. No other magazine, in this respect, will be able to approach "Petersoa" hereafter. We shall continue to give, not only the more expensive dresses, but also those for every-day use: and these latter, while economical, will also be stylish, which cannot be said of the cheap patterns given in other magazines. As to our mammoth, colored, steel-plates, it is conceded, everywhere, that they are the most beautiful, tasteful, and reliable issued in the United States; but for 1874 they will, in consequence of our recent arrangements, be handsomer than ever.

The original stories and novelets in "Peterson" have long been acknowledged to be the best in any lady's book. We pay more for literary matter than all the others combined. For 1874 our stories will be better than ever. The novelets alone will be worth the subscription price. They are by the best authors of America. The shorter stories are, also, all original, and most of them are written by authors who write exclusively for "Peterson."

We have three classes of clubs for 1874, and the priess are such as to meet the times. For one class the premium is our new and costly mezzotint. For another it is an extra copy of the Magazine for 1874. For a third class both an extra copy and the new mezzotint. In all these clubs, the price to the subscriber decreases in proportion to the number in the club, an inducement we hold out in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

Now is the time to get up clube! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. Be the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

This is The Season when colds are frequent. Colds, most generally, too, are the result of imprudence. People get wet, and do not change their shoes or clothes: or they expose themselves to a draft; or they sit in a cold room when heated by exercise. Bronchial affections, particularly, are prevalent in winter, in this climate. Now those who have once suffered from an attack of bronchitis, should take every precaution by way of guarding against renewed attacks. Fiannel should be worn next the skin in winter and summer; fogs, and the cold night air, should be avoided; and not the least important rule to be observed by the patient is, that he or she should pursue all his or her avocations temperately and without flurry, so as not to become everheated.

"Peterson" Ahead of All.—A lady sends us a club, and writes:—"I had no difficulty in getting these names. I had only to show the specimen copy. Everybody said that 'Peterson' was ahead of all, and, as you claim, both the obserpest and best."

A Five Dollar Engraving as will be seen by our advertisement, will be given to any subscriber to "Poterson," whether singly or is clubs, who will send us fifty cents. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to friends, that is, to subscribers to "Peterson." Thus, for \$2.50, any person can get either of our five dollar premiums—as well as a copy of "Peterson" for 1874; or, in a club, for even less. This is a dollar cheaper than any other periodical offers. Whatever others do, "Peterson" always does better. In connexion with these premium engravings, a subscriber saks, "Can subscribers have more than one picture, by paying fifty cents for each." We answer, "Of course, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, or all the eight."

THE GEMS OF ART has been so popular, this year, as a premium, that we shall continue it for next year. It consists, as we have already said, of twenty-five of the best steelengtavings that have appeared in this magazine. We will send it, in place of the premium picture, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," if preferred. Many ladies wrote to us, last year, that if they had known of it in time, they would have taken it for their premium instead of the mezzotint. They will now have a chance to secure it.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.—"Should I marry," asks a lady of us, "unless my proposed husband had a reasonable chance of supporting me?" We reply, "of course nct." But, on the other hand, a good wife is, generally, an aid to her husband, rather than a burden: she is, literally, to use the old English phrase, "a help-mate:" more than this, she cheers him when down-hearted, and encourages him always. We do not favor putting off marriage till people grow rich. If two persons love each other, and are willing to live plainly, it is better to marry than to wait.

"No Deception of Humbug."—A lady writes to us saying:—"My club for 1874, as you will see, is larger than ever. Two or three times, some of my old subscribers have gone off, altured by the fiaming promises elsewhere; but this year they have all come back, telling me that 'Peterson's' is the only lady's book which has no deception or humbug about it. Others, too, who never took 'Peterson' before, have come to the same conclusion. Inclosed are two clubs, each of twenty dollars, making forty in all."

OUR COLORED PATTERN, for this month, excels, we think, any one we have ever published. Such a pattern would sell, at a retail store, for fifty cents, or more. In order to produce it, each color had to be printed separately, and as there are some sixteen colors in it, our subscribers may imagine what it cost. No other magazine gives these patterns.

"Good Morning, Manma."—This is from an original picture, by a very eminent English artist. We challenge, confidently, a comparison between it and any other engraving that may appear anywhere else.

IF THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS prefer any other of our engravings to "Not Lost, But Gone Before," they have only to say so, when they remit, and we will send the one they wish. See the list in our advertisement.

EVERY CALAMITY IN LIFE can be borne better than the loss of those we love. Bo tender, therefore, and kind to all. otherwise remorso may, some day, assail you.

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OUR PREMIUM MENZOTINT FOR 1874, in the opinion of all who have seen it, is unequalled. The title is, "Not Lost, But Gone Before." It is best described by two quotations from Scripture. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." No household will be complete without this touching and beautiful picture. By getting up a club for "Peterson," at our extremely low terms, you can secure this invaluable premium, which, at a retail store, would sell for five dollars. Understand, it is no cheap lithograph, or colored wood-cut, but a first-class mezzotint! Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show. But see the Prospectus for 1874 on the third page of the cover.

"Not Lost, But Gone Before."—Of this touching and beautiful premium engraving, the Pierce City (Mo.) Herald says:—"To our notion, this most exquisite picture is far ahead of any of the premium chromos which have come under our notice."

THE ARTISTIC AND LITERARY expenses of this magazine, for 1873, were over eighty thousand dollars, which is more than any magazine, whatever, in either America or England, spent in the same way!

"TEN TIMES ITS COST."—The Williamsport (Pa.) Bulletin says, "the vast amount of valuable information, contained within the covers of 'Peterson,' each month, is worth ten times its cost."

It is a Duty to be cheerful everywhere, but especially in the family circle: to make wife, or children happy, is as much an obligation as to earn their broad.

THESE ARE THE TIMES to get the full worth of your money. You can do it best by subscribing for "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hide and Seek; The Dead Secret; The Stolen Mask; Sister Ross; The Yellow Musk; Basil, or The Crossed Puth; After Dark. By Wilkie Collins. 7 vols., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers .- Simultaneously with the appearance of the famous English author, Mr. Wilkie Collins, upon the lecture platforms of the United States, Messrs. Petersons have issued a new and cheap illustrated edition of his works. Mr. Collins occupies a foremost place among living novelists, and in the above list are stories that any writer of fiction, living or dead, might have been proud to write. We know of few more attractive novels than Mr. Collins' "Dead Secret." "After Dark," and "Hide and Seek." They bear upon every one of their pages the mark of the man of genius; and long after their author will have ceased to write, they will testify to the greatness of his art, taking an honorable place among the standard productions of fiction.

The Story of Wandering Willie. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—We believe that the large class of readers of fiction, who do not insist upon many or great sensations in a story; who can be satisfied with very pleasant descriptions of scenery; who enjoy meeting with quiet, refined country folk, and witness the unfolding of their joys and troubles, their loves and hates, will find great pleasure in reading Wandering Willie's Story. Its style is very clear and pure, and throughout the book there prevails the fine, sweet atmosphere of a country home.

Postical Dramas for Home and School. By Mary L. Cobb. 1 sol., 12 mo. Boston: Les & Shepard.—A compilation that will be found acceptable to teachers of academies, and even of high schools. It is neatly printed.

Kity's Choics. By Rebecca Harding Devis. 1 vol., 12 me. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The old subscribers to this magazine need not to be told that this story is one of singular originality and power, for Mrs. Davis has long been among our most favored contributors, and is never guilty of slipshod work. "Kitty's Choice" is one of her best novelets. There are two shorter tales in the volume, both good, and both full of individuality. The volume is very neatly printed, as, indeed, are all the Lippincott publications.

Jessamine. By Marion Harland. 1 vol., 12 mo New York. G. W. Carleton & Co.—No two writers could be more unlike than this one and the author of "Kitty's Choice," yet both are popular, a fact that shows, among other things, the diversity of taste. What Marion Harland is deficient in, Mrs. Robecca Harding Davis has almost to excess: what Marion Harland delights to paint, Mrs. Davis passes by in silence. Yet both write with a high moral purpose always in view.

A Twofold Life. By Withelmine Von Hillem. Translated from the German by M. S., translator of "By His Own Might." I rol., 12 mo. Philade: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The author of this wovel is already known to the American public, her "Only a Girl," and "By his own Might," both having been translated and published before. We think that many readers will prefer the present fiction to either of the proceeding ones. A portrait of the author adorns the book.

Lieb'g's Complete Works on Chemistry. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In this bulky volume we have all of the fumous Liebég's treatises on Chemistry; his Agricultural and Animal Chemistry; his Familiar Letters on Chemistry; his Inquiry into the Origin of the Potato Disease; and his Chemistry and Physics in relation to Physiology and Pathology. It is a handsomely printed book, and is bound in morocoo cloth.

A Great Ludy. From the German of Van Dewall. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a version of another German novel, from the skillful hand of the translator of "A Twofold Life," "Only A Girl," etc., etc. With a certain portion of the public these German stories are very popular, and deservedly so, for more reasons than one. The volume is illustrated.

A Wonderful Woman. By Mary Agnes Pleming. 1 col., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—There is a good deal of merit in this bulky, closely-printed volume. There is some extravagance in the plot, but the story, despite a few minor faults, has real and paramount claims upon the reader's admiration. The characters are well drawn, and the descriptions of out-door and in-door life are pictures.

Violets. By Carrie D. Beebe. 1 vol., 12 mo. Middletown: "Banner of Liberty" Publishing House.—We believe this is a first attempt, but it is a creditable one, and, if we are not mistaken, we recognize a writer who has tried "her 'prentice hand," before, in short stories.

The Two Widows. By Annis Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We do not think Annie Thomas, or Mrs. Pender Cudlip, as she is now, has ever excelled her "Donnis Donne," or "Theo Leigh;" but she is still a fresh and vigorous novelist, with plots full of incident.

The Rose of Dissetts. Translated from the German of Zschookles. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Shellow & Co.—A charming historical novel, quite free from the excessive sentimentality which is generally associated with this author's genius, pure and even noble as it is.

His Marriage Vow. By Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A well-witten story, ending happily. The characters are forcibly drawn, the plot is excellent, and the style is vigorous and pure.

Mies Forrester. By Mrs. Edwards. 1 vol. 8 vo. New York: Sheldon & Co.—This is an old novel, one of the author's earliest, and by no means up to her later works.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"IN THE LEAD OF ALL OTHERS."-The Camden (N. J.) Democrat notices the November number of this magazine as follows:--The chaste illustrations and liberal display of costumes and patterns, is one of the meritorious features of this magazine, which places it on the lead of all others of a similar character. No lady need be ignorant of the changes in style, or the prevailing fashions, if they refer to Peterson. None can anticipate him-none can surpass him. Parents, also, can be greatly assisted in neatly dressing their children; for the department devoted to them is carefully attended to. 'The frontispiece, 'Crossing the Stream,' is very natural, and, certainly, a handsome picture. 'The First Snow in November,' is an attractive engraving, and appropriate to the season. 'Speak to me-(Only be kind)'-is the title of a popular piece of music occupying two pages. The literary contents are made up by popular authors, and the entertaining stories, choice poems, etc., are of that intellectual and refined character which cannot fail to secure a welcome to Peterson's Magazine in every respectable family circle. It seem to us, that every issue of this popular journal attests the zeal and perseverance of the publisher to make it acceptable to his readers, and we are glad to see his efforts appreciated by the extensive patronage he has fairly won. It is really the cheapest and best \$2 magazine that comes under our notice."

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—The Austrian Court has specially honored an American contributor, as will be seen by the following telegram to the New York Herald.

VIENNA, NOV. 1, 1873.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the "Imperial Order of Francis Joseph" upon Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company of New York.

Other distinguished honors have been received by the Wheeler & Wilson firm, as will be seen by the following:

BALTIMORE, MD., Oct. 31.

The Maryland Institute has awarded Wheeler & Wilson the gold medal for the new No. 6 Sewing Machine. Other sewing machines received nothing,

"Grows Better with Age."—The Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Literary Age says: "Peterson's Magazine, that old standby of over a quarter of a century, is on hand as nimbly as if it were in only Vol. IV., No. 4, instead of Vol. LXIV, No. 4. And like old wine, it seems to grow better with age, and really renews the prime of its youth with each succeeding number. Its front pages are a perfectly bewildering maze of steel engravings, mammoth-colored fashion-plates, embroidery patterns, music, etc., followed by an excellent quality of reading for the home-circle, stories, poetry, sketches, household receipts, etc., and as if this were not temptation enough for subscribers to send \$2, the publisher gives two copies one year for \$3.50, and a \$5 engraving to the getter up of a club of two."

BREAK IN SEWING MACHINE PRICES.—Our readers will be interested to learn that the FLORENCE COMPANY have responded to the general call for lower prices for sewing machines, and will henceforth sell their well-known and superior machines at a reduction of from 30 to 40 per cent from former prices.

GUIDE TO AUTHORSHIP.—A complete practical instructor in all kinds of literary work, and all business connected therewith. Useful to all professionals, and invaluable to all inexperienced writers desirous of getting into print. Also, includes editing, proof-reading, copyrights, value and disposal of Mss., etc. Price 50 cents of booksellers or by mail.

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WE WOULD CALL ATTENTION to the advertisement on our, outside cover of Messrs. Freeman & Burr, Clothiers, whose customers are found in every State in the Union. They seem well pleased in their dealings with this firm, judging from the large number of complimentary letters received by Messrs. F. & B., two of which we publish herewith.

Macon, Ga., Nov. 4th, 1872.

MESSES PRESENT & RUDS

GENTLEMEN.—I received the suit of clothes by express today, and have paid the C.O.D. Bill and I are pleased; the suits fit very nicely, and give perfect satisfaction. I shall continue to send you orders from time to time as my wardrobe may demand.

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F. G. HANCOK.

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Yours, EDWARD J. ELLSWORTH.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I .- Convulsions .- Concluding Remarks.

Having brought the child out of the convulsive fit. as before advised, by means of the warm-bath, mustard, from the nape of the neck downward, some six inches along the spine, mustard foot-baths, cold affusion to the head, if hot, and the face flushed; and, if the case requires it, by stimulorelaxing injections; and having subsequently examined the condition of the gums, and lanced them, if tumid, or if the points of the eye-teeth, or molars can be seen or felt, our inquiries must next be directed toward the stomach and bowels of the child. And, by way of parenthesis, let it be here noted, that many mothers are quite as unwilling to admit that their children have eaten anything injurious or indigestible, as others are that the gums are swollen, lest the physician should lance them. There seems to be an abiding prejudice with many mothers against this simple and often vital operation. Mothers are not expected to know what their children may have eaten, when there are several in family, and hence we can always, in doubtful cases, obtain the most reliable testimony, and arrive at the truth most readily, by giving a few grains of ipecac, or two or three teaspoonfuls of the syrup, sufficient to produce vomiting. Next, if the bowels are constipated, which generally is the case, a decided dose of aperient medicine should be given, as senna, senna and rhubarb, or magnesia and rhubarb.

Lastly, worms, in older children, often cause convulsions. The firitation produced by these parasites, in the intestinal mucous surface, gives rise not only to convulsions and spasms of voluntary muscles; but also to various painful and spasmodic states of the canal, and to palpitation of the heart.

The ordinary symptoms of worms are too well known to be recounted here. The mother may be pretty well satisfied, that if her child continues to have convulsions after the gums are lanced, the peanuts, chestnuts, green fruit, etc., are dislodged by an emetic, and the alimentary canal cleared of its irritating contents, by oil or other physic, that worms are most probably the cause, and the presumption should be tested by the administration of one or two grains of santonine, triturated with sugar, night and morning, for two or three days, and followed with a little senna, if needed.

Convulsions sometimes occur after scarlet fever, messles, and small-pox, when proper attention has not been observed in purging the child, in order to prevent congestion of the vital organs.

The following case may be of practical value to some mother-reader of this magazine:

The first two children of a lady (since the mother of a large family,) died from the effects of convulsions soon after birth. It was advised that a blister, the size of a crown piece, should be applied to the back of the head to any future children she might have, immediately after birth. This plan was adopted, and, in every instance, with the most successful results; not one of the children to whom the blister was applied ever having had an attack of convulsions, vel post hoc, vel propter hoc.

In concluding this subject, it should be strongly impressed upon the minds of mothers, that more care should be exercised upon their part in reference to the diet and regimen of their children. How often has the writer been pained at witnessing mothers in cars purchasing peanuts and other aboninations, and feeding their delicace little children, who were not able to break the shells. Pain, colic, cramp, fover, and convulsions, are continually resulting from this almost suicidal imprudance.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY .- "The Americans," says a late German traveler, "are essentially a hospitable people; and we think we fairly deserve the praise. In the South especially, before the war, a man's house could scarcely be called his custle, so wide open were the doors set for any and all comers. The traditionary lax, open-handed entertainment of an Irish king did not excel that of many houses in Virginia and Kentucky, which we well remember. On the Southern plantation, however, where provisions and service were abundant, while the hospitable instinct could find more ample expression than it could in the Northern household, it was not, perhaps, any more active. The two best rooms, often comprising the larger part of a New England house, are set apart by immemorial usage, one for a parlor, chilly, dustless, and genteel, in which to receive guests, and another for a spare chamber, containing the best furniture in which to lodge them. It is absurd enough to see these apartments occupied once a month, or a year, while the family huddle uncomfortably, for the rest of the time, in the remnant of room which is left; but the action does not proceed from any wish for vain show, but from the sincere, hearty desire to give the best to the guest. The most insignificant, even disagreeable acquaintance becomes ennobled and sacred from ill-will, when he crosses the threshold of the house-a principle which was in itself both strong and fine, however ludicrous may be the habits to which it has given rise.

The mistake made by Americans is, that their idea of isospitality is a gross material one, formed on the English rather than the Continental model. They have entertained their guests, they are too apt to think, when they have lodged and fed them sumptuously. The host in a city crains his house to sufficiation two or three evenings in the year, spares no expense in flowers, supper, wine, and invites everybody whom he owes an invitation. Whether they are bored or entertained is not his affair—he has paid his debt. Poople in the country or in villages, follow the same system in a smaller way. The squire's or doctor's wife gives a tra-party, when it is her turn. For a week before she sweeps, lakes, and boils, until her face is burned read, and every bone schee

unbearably; she is too tired to watch her neighbors eat her supper, and sighe with relief when it is over, and it is somebody else's turn to feed her. Surely hospitality is not wholly a matter of clothes or stomach. A New England dietetic proposes to limit all entertainment to wit, good-humor, a meion, and weak lemonade. In French and Italian sulous, the physical refreshment is very slight—a few cakes, or bonbons and sun sucre often constitute the whole of it; while there is brought to the feast a hospitality of thought, a skill in conversation, a ready brilliancy in the use of intellectuals which in American society is seldom understood. We doubt if we are ready as yet to give up our more solid ideas of refreshment, for nothing but melon and weak lemonade to strengthen the inner man; the wit, we fear, would be dull, and the good-humor often lacking. There is a just medium in this matter, as in all others, which we shall, doubtless, soon reach.

PARLOR GARDENS.

HANGING BARKETS AND ORNAMENTS .- A protty and artistic arrangement for a winter greenery is to obtain from the road-side one of those peculiar excrescences which are found growing upon the stumps of decayed trees, resembling brown rosettes of several shades, and very curiously striped. One of these, placed in the center of a large shallow dish, with earth around it, will be quite ornamental when covered with such things as Kenilworth ivy, Lycopodium, Tradescantia, and the lovely blue Lobelia. Especially will it flourish if a shade is placed over the whole. Common evergreen ivy may be quicky rooted, and made to grow vigorously if planted in a box or dish of earth with a glass over it, looking green and refreshing all winter, and in the spring can be transplanted into the garden outside, where it will cling lo the brick wall of your house, and climb much faster in consequence of this early start under glass. Or the long sprays of ivy may be gathered, and the ends put into water in bottles or deep vases, and will there strike roots as vigorous as if planted in soil, the tops being trained around windows and picture-frames with excellent offect.

Window gardens are easily manufactured by those who cannot afford the costly terra-cotta ones for sale at florists' establishments, by taking a wooden box, of a length and breadth suited to the window, and lining it with zinc or tin. adding in the latter case, a coat of good oil paint as a preventive of rust. The tin will be cheaper than the zinc, but not nearly so durable. Auger-holes bored through the bottom will give the necessary drainage, and the outer wooden sides may be ornamented in various ways. One way is to have a projecting strip of wood-a lath will answer as well -nailed all round the upper edge, and on to this tack a covering of chintz or zephyr-work, which will hang loose from the box itself, and thus will avoid danger of dampness. One very pretty style will be to make the groundwork of Turkey-red oiled-chintz, upon which is laid, in appliqué, a wreath of ivy or fern leaves, cut out of some black material, either all-wool delaine, cashmere, or gros-grain silk, the edges round the top and bottom being finished with gimp. Or take buff chintz, and ornament it with fern leaves, done in spatterwork, according to taste, and trim the edge with either a black or maroon border. Or the box itself, if smooth and of white wood, can be painted to imitate inlaidwork, by tracing a pattern of vines and flowers in pencil, and then filling up all the surface outside the pattern with black paint, leaving the design in white wood.

FIRESIDE EXPERIMENTS.

THE ARTIFICIAL MIRAGE.—The mirage is an optical phenomenon, produced by the refractive power of the atmos-



phere. The appearance presented is that of the double image of an object in the air; one of the images being in the natural position, and the other inverted, so as to resemble a natural object and its image in the water. The mirage is commonly vertical, or upright, that is, presenting the appearance, above described, of one object over another, like a ship above its shadow in the water. Sometimes, however the image is horizontal, or upon the water, and at other times it is seen on the right or left hand of the real object, or on both sides.

All the effects of the mirage may be represented artificially to the eye. For this purpose, provide a glass tumbler two-thirds full of water, and pour spirits of wine upon it; or pour into a tumbler some syrup, and fill it up with water; as the water and spirit, or the syrup and water incorporate, they will produce a refractive power; then, by looking through the mixed or intermediate liquids at any object held behind the tumblers, its inverted image may be seen. The same effect, Dr. Wollaston has shown, may be produced by looking along the side of a red-hot poker at a word or object ten or twelve feet distant. At a distance less than three-eights of an inch from the line of the poker, an inverted image was seen; and within and without that, an erect image.

The above phenomena may likewise be illustrated by holding a heated iron above a tambler of water, until the whole becomes changed; then withdraw the iron, and, through the water, the phenomena of the mirage may be seen in the finest manner.

THE MAGIC SEGAR-BOX.—This is a very ingenious arrange ment, and consists of a case and sliding-drawer, in which you first show a number of segars. On handing the box to another person, after having closed it, he will not discover, on pulling out the drawer, any segars. You will take it back again, and convince him of his error by again showing them. To mystify the audience more perfectly on shutting the box, produce segars from your sleeve, as if you had conveyed them there by sleight of hand, and great praise will be awarded for such apparent dexterity. The trick is managed by a double drawer, one sliding within the other; so that, by touching the back, the inner drawer, containing the segars, is relieved from a little point which holds it back, and the segars appear. When, however, the back is not touched, the empty and outer tray only appears. The fact is, that the case conceals the drawer or segars, when the other part is pulled out. The segars must be packed tight to prevent shaking, which will discover the trick. Any carpenter can make the double drawer.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Frezy receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Rossing Pork.—A small incision is made in the meat, and stuffed with a little chopped onion, seasoned with sage, pepper, and salt. Pork should always be thoroughly cooked The fat should be removed from the brown gravy, a little water added, but no flour; boiled, and sent to table in a gravy-dish. Apple-sauce, onion-sauce, and fresh-boiled potatoes, are the necessary accompaniments.

To Boll a Turkey.—Stuff a young turkey, weighing six or seven pounds, with bread, butter, salt, pepper, and minced parsley; skewer up the legs and wings as if to reast; flour a cloth, and pin around it. Boil it fifty minutes, then set of the kettle, and let it stand, close covered, half an hour more. The steam will cook it sufficiently. To be eaten with drawn butter and stewed oysters.

Charing Pork.—Scurvy will never arise from the use of salt provisions, unless saltpetre be used in the curing; salt alone answers all purposes, provided all the animal heat be entirely parted with before salting. The insertion of pork in pickle slone is not sufficient, but it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt; and then the fluid running from the ment should be poured off before packing the meat in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently close to admit no unnecessary quantity of air; and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces; and then pickle, not water, should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any time project above the surface of the fluid; for if this occur, a change of flavoring ensues, such as is known as "rusty" pork. The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, and so strong that it is capable of dissolving no more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water.

Cold Mutton, Minced.—Mince some cold mutton very finely; season it with pepper and salt, and put it in a pan with a little of the gravy, or with a small piece of butter. Heat it up, and searce it with fried tomatoes, or with peached eggs.

DESSERTS.

Charlotte Russe.-This is usually wade in a scalloped, oval tin mould, thrie inches in depth, but a quart tin pan can do duty for it. Dissolve one large tal-lespoonful of gelatine in two-thirds of a tumbler of new milk, boiling it slowly, having first wetted the gelatine with two table spoonfuls of cold water, and soak it ten minutes, as this makes it dissolve more readily in the boiling milk, which can be heated as the gelatine soaks. Add to it two large tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Beat three eggs well, and when the gelatine is melted, and the milk cooled enough not to curdle them, stir in carefully. Add one terspoonful of extract of vanilla, or lemon. then strain through a sieve. Cut sponge-cake into slices half an inch thick, and fit them neatly and closely into the dish, covering the bottom of it first. Beat up a pint of thick cream with the milk and eggs, already prepared, until it is well frothed. Do it either with a whip-churn or egg-beater. Set the mould into a pan filled with pounded ice or salt; turn in the beaten mixture; cover it with very thin slices of cake. Place another pan over it; set it in a cool place for three or four hours, or as much longer as you desire, and you will have a delicious dish at a cheap rate.

Potato Cake.—Pare some steamed or well-boiled dry potatoes; pound them in a mortar, adding to them butter and milk, in which sugar has been dissolved. When the potatoes have been thoroughly well beaten and mixed, boil the paste, and pour it into a basin to cool, after which add to it the yolks of eight eggs, a sufficient quantity of sugar, the whites of four eggs, beaten to a snow, and two spoonfuls of orange-flower water. Butter well the inside of a mould, and sprinkle over the sides some bread-crumbs, and pour in the mixture. Let it bake until of a good color, and turn it out on a dish. If eaten hot, serve it with sauce.

Jennie's Dumplings.—Place your apples, pared and sliced, in the bottom of your pudding-dish, and add a teacupful of water. Apply for a cover, bread-dough, well risen, and rolled out half an inch thick. Stew, on a hot stove fifteen minutes, then place in the oven about fifteen minutes, till the cover is nicely browned. For sauce, beat together sugar and butter, adding nutmeg and wine, if you like.

Bird's Nest Padding.—Peel and core with a scoop enough apples to cover the bottom of your dish; fill the holes of the apples with sugar, and sprinkle one ounce over them; add one quarter of a pound sage, a little lemon-peel and nutmeg; cover the whole with water, and bake in a quick over for about an hour. If eaten hot, let it stand five minutes after being taken out of the oven. It is very nice cold.

Suct Dumplings, with Ourrants.—Scald a pint of new milk, and let it grow cold; then stir into that half a pound of chopped suct, two eggs, four counces cleaned currants, a little nutmeg, salt, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, and four sufficient to make the whole into a light batter-paste. Form it into dumplings; flour them well outside; throw them into your sauce-pan, being careful that the water is bolling, and that they do not stick to the bottom. Boll one hour.

All the Year Round Pudding.—Line a pie-dish with paste, spread on this three ounces of any kind of jam (ruspberry is the best,) then best well in a basin the following: Three ounces bread-crumbs, the same of sugar and butter, the rind and juice of half a large lemon; add this to the pastry and jam, and bake half an hour.

Boiled Rice Padding.—Take two cupfuls of rice, wash it in cold water; put it into a cloth, with a teaspoonful of salt and a cup of raisins; tie the cloth loosely, so as to give room for the rice to swell one-half; boil it two hours. Eat with sweet liquid sauce.

Egg Pufs.—Six eggs, one pint of milk, three spoonfuls of flour, four ounces of butter, melted, and a spoonful of yeast, mix, and half fill cups; bake fifteen minutes; wine sauce.

CAKES.

Ground-Rics Cake .- The weight of four eggs in groundrice, the same in loaf-sugar, pounded and sifted; the same weight of fresh butter, beaten to a cream; the weight of two eggs in flour; the rind of half a lemon, grated. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly together, then add the butter, next the four eggs, well beaten; and, lastly, the juice of half a lemon, with half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; beat thoroughly. Line a tin with buttered paper, put in the mixture, and bake immediately. The oven must be moderately quick at first putting in the cake; but when it has risen it must be put backward in the oven to let it soak well. Some candied-peel and citron may be put on the top of the cake, with white sugar-plums to ornament it, previously to putting it in the oven. The paper for lining the tin should be white writing-paper, well buttered, and it should be much higher than the tin.

Seed-Cale.—One pound of butter, six eggs, three quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, pounded mace, and grated nutmeg to taste, one pound of flour, three quarters of an ounce of caraway-seeds, one wineglassful of brandy. Beat the butter to a cream; dredge in the flour; add the sugar, mace, nuimeg, and caraway-seeds, and mix these ingredients well together. Whisk the eggs, stir to them the brandy, and beat the cake again for ten minutes. Put it into a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake it from one and a half to two hours. This cake would be equally nice made with currants, and omitting the caraway-seeds.

Gingerbread Loaf.—Two and a half pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, one ounce of ginger, four eggs, half a pound of moist sugar, one dessert-spoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in a cup of water. Melt the butter on the molasses, then add the sugar, soda and eggs. Mix all together with the flour, and bake in a moderate oven two hours. Some think it a better plan to mix the soda first with the flower, and then when the molasses, etc., are added, a slight evolution of gas takes place, which makes the gingserbread light.

Ammonia Cules.—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, one quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, half a pint of cream, a piece of ammonia, rather larger than a filbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cake should not be cut for a fortnight, and it will keep fresh for any length of time.

A Plain Cake for Children.—One and a half pounds of flour, seven owness brown sugar, four ounces dripping, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of surrants, or one ounce of caraway-seeds, half a pint of warm malk.

Oyster Iviliers.—Take a pint and a half of milk, one and a quarter pounds of flour, four eggs; the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk, and stir the whole well together; whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and stir them gradully into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry in hot lard. Let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put in the batter all at once, as they would thin it.

Family Cake.—Six cupfuls of flour, four of molasses, one and a half cupfuls of butter, two and one-third cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of currants, four eggs, two nutmegs, one large spoonful salesratus, and a little cinnamon.

Rich Small Cakes.—Beat together three teaspoonfuls of butter, three of sugar, three eggs, three cups of flour, onehalf of a grated nutmeg. Boll out thin, and cut in small cakes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potato Salad and Salad-Dressing.—Cut a dozen cold-boiled potatoes into fancy shapes, one quarter of an inch thick; mix with some flakes of cold-boiled fish-halibut, cod, or salmon-and pour over them a boiled salad-dressing, made with six tablespoonfuls of melted butter or salad-oil, six ditto of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of salt, half that quantity of pepper, and one teaspoonful of ground mustard. Into this mix one coffee-cupful of vinegar. Boil well; then add three raw eggs, beaten to a foam; remove directly from the fire, and stir for five minutes: When thoroughly cold, turn over the salad; garnish with slices of pickled cucumbers, beet-root, hard-boiled eggs, and fresh parsley. This boiled salad-dressing can be made in quantities, and kept tightly bottled for weeks. When used for green salads, it should be placed at the bottom of the bowl, and the salad on top; for, if mixed, the vegetables lose that crispness which is so delicious to the epicure. Slices of eggs, beets, and cold potatoes serve to ornament the dish.

Invalid Cookery .- Spanish Puffs .- Mix half a pint of milk with too eggs; add to this by degrees one tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of lump sugar, and the rind of a lemon, grated. Mix all well together, well butter the saucers, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Standing Custord.—Boil together and strain half a pint of new milk, one quarter of a pound of lump sugar, half an ounce of isingless, thicken with the yolks of four eggs. Stir it till it is almost cold. Put it into a mould, and keep it in water until it is quite cold, and turn out. Stone Oream.—Put half an ounce of isingless into a little milk to dissolve, and then mix it with one pint and a half of milk or cream. Stir it well, and set it over the fire until it nearly boils; then sweeten to taste. Stir it all the time it is on the fire, pour it into a basin, and stir it until nearly cold. Have a glass dish with preserve laid at the bottom, fill it up with the mixture, and eat it cold.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.—EVENING-DRESS OF RED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, embroidered to match the silk. A similar trimming trims the apron over-skirt, and terminates with a bow and ends in the back. Low-necked waist, with berthe of lace, finished on the shoulders with knots of ribbon. Belt and bow of ribbon of the same. Plastron of lace, and bow, for the hair.

Fig. 11.—Evening-Dress of White Satin and Blue Silk.

—The skirt has three triple box-platted ruchings of satin.

The train is finished by a bias ruffle of silk, looped back by bows and ends of the silk, hemmed. Square-necked basque waist, finished by a puffing of lace.

Fig. 111.—Eventure-Dates of Green Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with a deep fringe, made of silk and crystal beads,

set on in deep points, and extending around the skirt. A Polonaise of white silk, the fronts turned back and trimmed with black lace. Sleeves and neck trimmed to match.

Fig. 1v.—Evening-Dress of Cherry-Colored Silk.—The skirt is laid in pliese, beginning at the waist, and extending to the hem. The tarietan over-skirt has an appro-front, with full-length back breadths, looped up with cherry-colored ribbon. Low-necked waist, finished by a ruffle of tarietan.

Fig. v.—Evening-Deess of White Silk.—The skirt is cut long, finished by a gathered flounce, faced with yellow silk. Over-skirt long, and looped high on the hips, and in the back, finished with bows and long ends. Low-necked waist, with puffing of yellow silk. Bows and ends on the shoulders. Yellow flowers in the hair.

Fig. vi.—Carriage or House-Days of Black Silk.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a flounce deeper in front than at the back. Over-skirt, with apron-front, and short tunic at the back, trimmed with lace. High, round waist, and long, half-tight sleeves, trimmed with lace. Black silk such, lined with rose-colored satin. Pink bonnet, trimmed with rose-colored satin.

Fig. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, STRIPED WITH CHESTNUT-BROWN.—The skirt is long and plain, for the house, but is made with buttons and loops at the back, so as to make it of the necessary length for walking. Black velvet over-dress, trimmed with lace and oxydized buttons. Hat of gray velvet, trimmed with gray and brown feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.-We give, this month, our usual variety of bonnets, hats, jackets, head-dresses, etc. There is nothing new to chronicle in the way of fashions at this season of the year. Walking-dresses do not quite touch the ground-a most rational fashion; and those dresses which are of a suitable material for both house and street wear. are made longer for the house, if wished, and looped up at the back, near the waist, with three buttons and loops, when worn in the street. All dresses lie close in front, tied back, if necessary, with long tapes. Skirts with or without over-skirts, are equally fashionable, and very much trimmed costumes, as well as those severely plain, are equally worn. Sometimes a great deal of lace, embroidery, buttons cords, etc., are worn; sometimes only perfectly plain, or petticoat, with an over-dress, trimmed with two or three bands of the material of the petticoat. A black silk underakirt is useful, as it can be worn under an over-dress of any color or material.

An reconomical way of re-trimming black silk skirts, so as to make them look new, is with cross-bands of color, and such ornaments as buttons, buckles, agrafes, etc., which are on a menster scale, and abound everywhere. Straw-colored bands are fastened down with a gold buckle; bands of Ispahan blue, which is shot with green, are fastened down with amoked pearl buckles, and bands with steel buckles.

PALETOTS, BASQUES, SACQUES, etc. are of all styles, closefitting or loose, much trimmed, or quite plain, as suits the taste or purse of the wearer.

Bonners and Hars continue to be most eccentric in form, and look veritable caricatures in the hand, and not much better on the head; and whether they are bonnets or hats, is a point now impossible to decide, as both are now string-less; jet, feathers, flowers, buckles, ribbons, etc., are all profusely used in trimming most hats and bonnets; but the most stylish bonnets which we have seen, are but little trimmed.

There was never such a variety of fancy articles for the toilet as at present.

Paris is always famous for creating fantasies or accessories to the toilet, and the tradesmen have the art of rendering these fantasies simost indispensable. Take, for instance, the black velvet belt, mounted with silver clasps, which every sliggants is now wearing with neglige costumes. A chate-

laine bag is suspended from the best, but for evening wear the bag is changed for a fan. With dressy tolicts this best is not worn, but the fan hangs from either a gold or silver book. Some of the new bests are made of either black or marcon velvet, ownemented with Renaissance agrafes, made of chased silver, and lined with either pink or blue silk. These velvet bests and sushes are extremely elegant, and are quite in the style of the Italian ones of the sixteenth century. The small umbrellas, suspended from the bests, are invariably black, with ebony handle, incrusted with silver. The chatelaine-bag, always sold with these bests, is likewise velvet, incrusted with silver.

Several novelties are appearing in our sheps. Among the most conspicuous is the pelerine collar, made of black velvet, and forming a fraise round the throat. The fraise is lined with such light-colored silks as pink and blue, and the pelerine is piped with silk of the same color. A wide tulle ruche encircles the throat. These new pelerine collars are excellent for smartening up a dull dress, and for wearing at either a small friendly dinner-party, or the lecture-room.

THE HAIR is worn very much off the face, and close to the sides of the head, in front, but at the back, and on the top, the style is according to the taste of the wearer. For morning, it is usually plainly braided or twisted; but for evening wear it is more elaborate. One of the newest styles in Paris is called the Princesse style. There is a graceful scaffolding of curls, tier upon tier above the forchead, so that at a a short distance the hair has the effect of long rippling waves, natural, but careless-looking. These curls are extremely light in front, and interlace at the top of the head; at the back there are two long ringlets which fall as low as the waist. These two long curis look very stylish if they fall from the center of the head, so that the hair is seen combed up straight from the nape of the neck at the sides. A small bow is fastened high among the curls at the left side, and for quite full dress this bow is replaced with a flower, a butterfly, a star of precious stones, etc. If the star is small, and the hair fair, it is mounted on a black velvet bow, which sets off to advantage both the hair and the diamends. The Marie Stuart head-dress is another very popular style. For this the hair is also waved, and the point is described with plaits which cross above the forehead., A garland of flowers intermixes with the plaits, and likewise describes a well-accentuated point over the forehead. Small Marie Stuart caps. made of velvet and old point d'Angleterre, and of velvet and blond, are worn at friendly evening-parties, and prove vastly becoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Boy's DRESS OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH.—The trousers are rather close-fitting; come to the knee, and are trimmed with rows of mother-of-pearl buttons down the sides. The blouse jacket is fastened at the waist with a blue merine mash. Dark-blue felt hat.

Fig. 11.—GIRL'S DRESS OF CHESTRUT-BROWN CASHMERE.— The skirt is trimmed with bands of very dark brown velvet, with frills of brown silk between the bands of velvet; the basque waist corresponds with the skirt in trimming. Light brown hat and feather, with dark brown velvet trimming.

FIG. III.—LITYLE BOY'S DEESS OF GWAY MERINO.—It is trimmed down the front with large steel buttons, and the collar, shoulder-strap, and howe are of blue volvet. Bine volvet hat and feather.

Fig. IV.—Girl's Dries of Paum-Combine Powers.—The skirt has a bias flounce headed by a narrow band and quilling of the poplin, and is trimmed with knots of vibbon and tags. Black velvet vest and tunic, lined with plus-colored poplin, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Elsely velvet hat and plume

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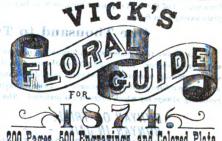
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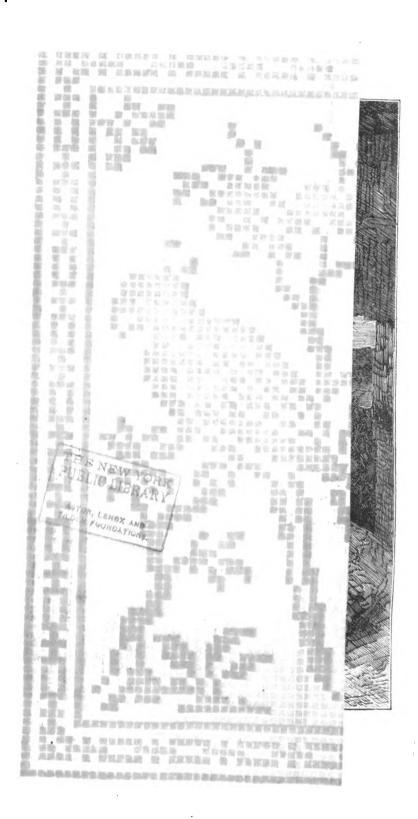
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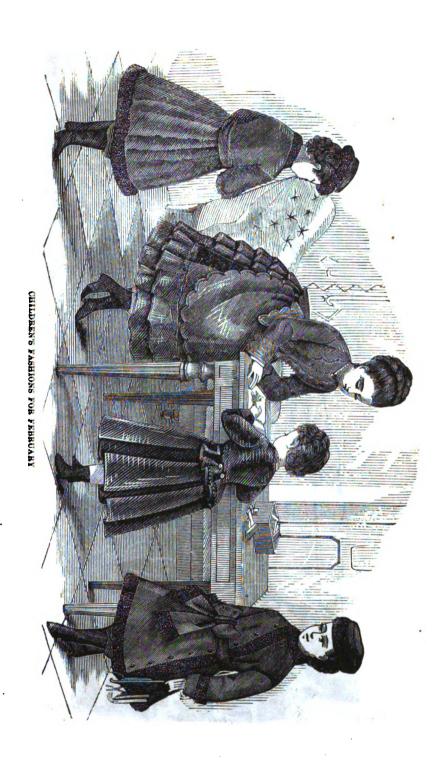




HER BOOK LYING IDLY IN HER LAP."

[See the Story, "Ann Lee's Vacation."]

The second of th





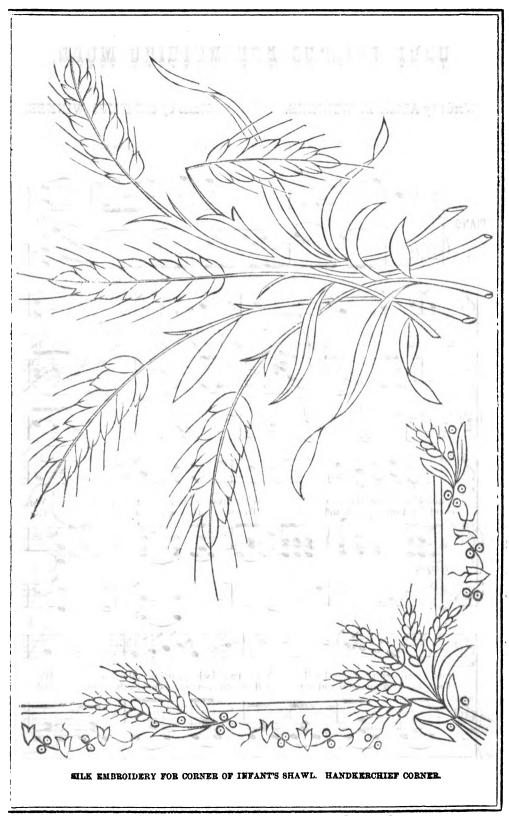


WALKING-DRESS. CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE IN STRIPED MUSLIN.









only triends and nothing more.

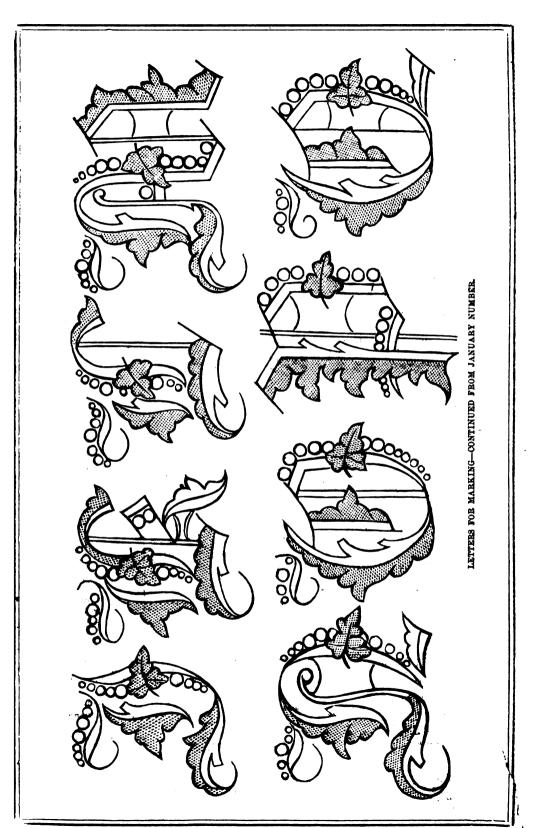
Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEPTIMUS WINNER.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. PIANO. as many have before Ne'er We met Nor wish'd nor hoped to meet again; We sat upon the trellised porch Full many an eve and pleasant day, In dream - ing of our fate in store clond and sunshine off and oft, We With days of pleasure or of pain. To wile the happy hours away. The tempo. again with right good will Yet paus'd when parting at the door; We Till months were numbered by the score fleet - ing moments came and went And

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1874. Vol. LXV.

No. 2.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

were driving back to Newport, as fast as two spirited horses could whirl our drag along, when my companion, who had the reins, jerked, with his whip, over his left shoulder, saying,

"Do you see that mill yonder? It is said to be haunted. And heavens!" he added, suddenly, "there comes a real will-o'-the-wisp, to bear it out."

The island of Rhode Island, as some of my readers may, perhaps, be aware, is one of the few localities, in the United States, where windmills are of no unfrequent occurrence. I looked, westward, as my companion spoke, expecting to see only one of the ordinary wind-mills, and rather incredulous, I must confess, as to it, or anything else, being haunted. But what I saw startled me.

It was already quite dusk. The stars were out overhead, and the young moon was also visible, but far down on the horizon, and partially obscured by the autumn mist, that was now rising ominously from the low grounds. front of us was a bit of shallow water, thickly grown with rushes; beyond this some stunted trees, with two tall poplars rising dark in the distance; and a little to one side, on a piece of slightly elevated ground, a ruined mill, that, with its bare arms, and roof with everything gone but the rafters, looked like some ghastly skeleton, blackened with age and tempest. The evening breeze, that just rippled the moonlight on the surface of the pool, and stirred the long rushes, rattled, with a weird sound, through the ragged ruin, as if a murderer was swinging in chains. To crown all, and intensifying, if that were possible, the spectral character of the scene, a bright light, a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, was flickering and dancing in the foreground, on the } light was only a gaseous exhalation, its appear- | was as handsome, in his way, as she was in hers;

WE had been belated, one autumn evening, and (ance, at that moment, and with its surroundings, gave me, I confess, a start.

> My companion had pulled up, for a moment, that I might see the better.

> "It makes one's blood run cold," he said, as he gave his horses their heads again. "And well it may," he added, after a moment, "for a fearful tragedy was enacted in yonder mill, fifty years, or nearly, ago. I have often passed the place, after night; but it never has looked so weird as now. You have, perhaps, heard the tale. What? Not! Then I will tell it, as we bowl along.

"Not quite two generations ago, there stood, behind those two tall poplar trees, a fair and handsome house, the property of a gentleman of fortune, who lived there with an only child, a daughter. Helen Hayward, as all who knew her united in saying, was one of the most beautiful girls of her day. I have seen a miniature of her by Malbone, in a white dress of the style of the first Empire, with a blue fillet in her hair; and it fully bears out this verdict of her cotemporaries. It was one of those sweet, heavenly faces, that make even the worst and most cynical of us men believe in woman's goodness and selfdevotion: dark, luminous, soft eyes; a low, broad forehead; rich, chestnut hair; a sensitive, delicate mouth; and an expression, lovelier than all the rest, because instinct with spirituality and a high, heroic soul. It was the face of a woman," he added with emphasis, " for whom a man would willingly die.

"Well," he went on, after awhile, "it was the She met and she loved. The object old story. of her affections was a young naval lieutenant, with whom she had become acquainted, at a ball, given by him and his brother officers, while their ship was lying in the harbor; for Newport was other side of the pool. Though I knew that this then, as now, quite a resort for men-of-war. He

the very beau ideal of a manly hero. His family, too, was one of the best in America. His father had been a general in our war of Independence, and his mother was descended from a long line of patrician land-holders in Virginia. But, alas! he was poor; and poverty, in the eyes of Mr. Hayward, was the one sin that could never be forgiven, at least in a suitor for his daughter. The old man was known to be eccentric, and of violent passions, and was, I suppose, a miser, loving money for money's sake. He had formed, it appears, the most ambitious schemes for his child as a consequence of her beauty. She was to wed a millionaire, and millionaires in those days were scarce, and very much greater men than they are now; she was to queen it in New York and Philadelphia society: she was to leave this dull island, even the United States, and be presented at European courts and astonish princes and monarchs, as women far less lovely had astonished them before. When, therefore, he discovered that she was in love with a penniless officer, his wrath knew no bounds. He peremptorily forbade the suitor his house, and ordered his daughter to decline all invitations, lest she should see Lieutenant Cavendish at some ball, or other entertainment. But what was his rage. at the end of a week, to hear that Helen was in the habit of meeting her lover, had met him, indeed, every evening, and was intending to meet him again that very night! The place selected for their interviews was a windmill. about a quarter of a mile from the house. was the girl's own maid that had betrayed the lovers. Her mistress was accustomed to take her as a companion, leaving her to watch, near by, while she met the lieutenant, under the shadow of the old tower.

"'Meets him!" cried the father, white with 'As I live, they shall never meet again, or but once. I will first see for myself, that she meets him, and then---'

"The maid, when she heard these words, and saw that face, the face almost of a maniac, so terrible was its hate, trembled for the result of her treachery, and would have drawn back. But the furious old man would not permit this. sternly bade her keep silence at the peril of her life. 'Go with your mistress, as usual this evening,' he said. 'And mark! if I see any hesitation, I shall know you have lied to me, and you shall never see to-morrow, or have a chance to lie to me again.' And she knew he would keep his word.

"In the dusk of the evening, I often think it must have been just such a weird one as this, the old man, watching from behind the curtain of \ She was just bidding me a last farewell.'

his bed-room, to which he had retired, as he said, for the night, on pretence of not feeling well, beheld two figures steal from the house in the direction of the mill, and descending the stairs, he dogged them, from a distance, concealing himself behind the fences and irregularities of the ground and the few stunted trees that then, as now, sparsely dotted the landscape. When near the mill, one of the figures parted from the other, and disappeared on the further side of the tower, while the maid remained, as if to keep watch, sheltering herself behind a low bush.

"The angry father brushed past her without a word, but with a warning look, in hot pursuit of his child. The door of the mill had been left purposely open by the lover, who was waiting inside. To see his daughter, as he did see her, clasped in the arms of the man he hated, set the blood of Mr. Hayward on fire, and darting up the steps, he sprung at the pair as if he had been a wild beast springing on its prey.

"The poor girl heard the approaching feet, looked around, and recognized her father with a shriek, just as his insane grip was laid on her, and she was whirled to the other side of the narrow apartment, where she staggered up against the wall, for the moment stunned and breathless. This was done so quickly that Lieutenant Cavendish had not time to interpose. Then Mr. Hayward faced the young officer, his face working, and white with passion.

"'How dare you? Traitor! Villain! Thief!" The words came hissing out, red-hot with rage, and he shook his clenched hand at the other.

"The lover drew himself up haughtily, and all the blood left his face. But even in that moment of insult he remembered that the speaker was Helen's father. Before he could reply, however, the girl recovered her feet, and rushed back to her lover's side. With one arm resting on his shoulder, and the other held out deprecatingly to keep her parent off, she cried,

"'It is I, not he, that is to blame. Father, oh! father!"

"The last words came quick and gasping, for the old man, now more insane than ever with hatred and rage, laid his hands, this time, on the young man himself: in fact, attempted to seize him by the throat. But Lieutenant Cavendish was twice as powerful as his assailant, and easily flung him off with one hand, while he encircled Helen's waist with the other, stepping back at the same time, as if to get out of the old man's reach.

"'I am no traitor, or villain," said the young officer, proudly. 'Nor is your daughter to blame.

- "Yes! yes!" she cried, eagerly. 'I told ? him I would never marry any one without your consent. I will wait for him for years, I saidand God knows I will-but I will never go against your commands.'
- " 'Was it at my command you met him here?" sneered the old man. 'Ha! ha! You thought to make a fool of me, did you?'
 - "' Not so,' cried Helen. 'Oh! father, be just.'
- "He took no notice of her piteous appeal, but advanced again on her lover.
- "' 'Unhand her, sir,' he said, savagely, 'or, as God lives-
- "The sentence was cut short by a wild shrick from his daughter, for Mr. Hayward, as he spoke, drew a small pistol from the breast-pocket of his coat. Then flinging her arms around her lover, and looking over her shoulder with scared face, Helen cried.
 - "'Oh! father, don't, don't—
- "'Let me go,' cried the lover, in the same breath, trying to extricate himself. 'He is mad, he will kill you.' And he took the two, poor, little hands, that were clasped so tightly about his neck, and would have parted them.
- "'Leave him, or your death be on your own head,' cried the father, stepping close up to the pair.
- "His daughter gazed at him, with her great eyes, imploringly, as a deer sometimes looks, when the hunter's knife is at its throat; but she never let go her hold of her lover, being, for that one supreme instant, stronger than even he.
- "For it was only for an instant that this lasted. The three had really spoken together. The whole scene came and went like the rush of a whirlwind. The maid, hearing the shrick, the angry voices, the shuffling of feet, had overcome her terrors, and had hurried to the door of the mill. Just as she reached it, however, the climax Her foot was on the last step, when she saw Lieutenant Cavendish retreating, and quite close to her, while the infuriated father was following, with pistol raised and pointed. Helen was still clinging to her lover, interposing her body between him and her parent; and the lover was struggling to throw her off, so as to meet alone the vengeance of the father, or, if possible, to disarm him. At that moment Mr. Hayward fired. The maid saw the flash, it was almost directly in her face, and stopped with a scream. The lover staggered back, and had nearly fallen, for the poor girl had suddenly sunk, a dead weight around his neck, the blood gushing over her white dress from a bullet in her heart.
- devoted; if she had not, with her heroic resolve \ Nobody would send corn there to be ground; the

to die rather than let her lover die, unconsciously impeded his efforts; possibly, I say, in such an event, Lieutenant Cavendish might have disarmed the father. But God only knows! It was one of those awful tragedies, that recall the old Greek idea of fate, a tragedy that advances irresistibly to its culmination, compelling events into its vortex, and engulfing all its actors.

"For, as you may suppose, the life, even of the innocent survivor, was a ruined one. As for Mr. Hayward, he had always, as I have said. been eccentric, and from that fatal hour he went raving mad: had been mad, one should charitably hope, from the very beginning of that dread evening. He did not long survive. After his death, the mansion remained tenantless, for nobody would buy it, or even lease it; and in the end it was torn down. If you pass in by those two tall poplars, that once flanked the gateway. you will find, just beyond, a grass-grown hollow, that marks the locality of the cellar, and you will see, here and there, a few fragments of brickwork, the last remnants of the fire-place and chimney.

"Lieutenant Cavendish never married. died in the prime of life. It was his custom, whenever off duty, to come to Newport, and wander about the old mill, and visit again and again the grave where his lost Helen lay. There are some of the old inhabitants, who still remeniber him, a tall, soldierly man, gray before his time, and with a look as if he lived in this world without being of it. . He was always, however, seeking service. It seemed as if he could find forgetfulness and peace only in action. He fell, at last, a victim to that scourge of the West Indies, yellow fever, caught in nursing his crew, like another St. Charles Borromeo, when most of them were down with it, when he commanded a corvette in the Gulf.

"The old mill, ever since, has had the reputation of being haunted. The story is that shricks are heard there, on dark autumn and winter evenings; that the sound of shuffling feet is borne afar on the night-wind, till the belated traveler shivers with superstitious dread; and that a white figure, its dress spotted with blood, goes round and round the tower, in the dim moonlight, wringing her hands piteously, and crying as if in entreaty, and sobbing and wailing. Many of those who live in the neighborhood aver that they have seen this figure, and heard these sounds; and few can be persuaded to approach the place after sundown.

"Certain it is that the old mill began to fall "Possibly, if the daughter had been less self- into decay from the very hour of the tragedy.

miller became insolvent; the edifice, deserted \ and left to wind and rain, gradually fell into the condition in which you see it. One would have thought that it would have tumbled down in some gale, long before this, for these events happened, as I have already told you, nearly fifty years ago. But the curious thing about it is, that, after having reached its present state of lights welcoming us as we drove up the carriage dilapidation, the progress of decay seems to have | sweep to the great hall door.

been interrupted, as if it was destined, by a Higher Power, to remain a lasting monument of crime."

By this time the lamps of Newport were close ahead, and it was with a sensation of relief that we rattled down Broad street, and soon after reached my friend's hospitable villa, its warm

THE TURN OF A WHEEL.

BY JULIA LEIGH.

"TURN, busy wheel, and turn, and turn, Your din is music to-day to me! There's nothing now can make me sad, For Jennie will soon be over the sea. And little Georgie, my bright-eyed boy, Just two years old and a week to-day; His months had scarcely numbered three, That Summer morn when I sailed away.

" What had the parting hour of pain To compare with the joy that now I feel? Is it any wonder I'm almost wild, And talk and talk to the turning wheel? Every moment and every hour Brings nearer the time when they will be here, Jennie, my Jennie, and baby Georgie, I'll give them glad welcome, never fear."

A shrick of terror, a moan of pain, Was suddenly heard o'er the noise of the mill, And a mangled form was borne through the door, And the father's voice was forever still! Never again would the white lips speak Jennie's or baby Georgie's name; Never again would the cold heart feel Meeting's pleasure or parting's pain.

We read in the papers, with little thought, That a man was killed in the mill last week, And say, with a sigh, " It is sad, is it not?" Thinking of something else as we speak. For we are not Jennie, nor baby George, We cannot know of the pain they'd feel; We have no husband, or father, or friend, To be caught and torn in the turning wheel.

BLIND.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE

Or love my lips but yester said, Aye, of a truth, it now is dead! Put it from out my sight away; Let it be buried with the day!

But, oh! this morn my heart is strong, To sing a gladder, grander song, This morn I say with spell-bound breath, For love like ours there is no death.

Now I have put the veil aside, Of arrogance, distrust and pride; Its fair brow bared before my gaze, I see the love of other days.

The love that would not be gainsaid, Which we had fancied buried, dead, Oh, we have been so blind, I say! We ne'er loved as we do to-day.

A BLESSING FOR BABY.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

BLESS thee. my baby! may life for thee ever Be bright as a long Summer's day; May all that is sweetest, and all that is dearest, Like sunshine descend on thy way.

May thoughts that are holy, like angels, attend thee, May sorrows, like shadows, depart; May love, like a blossom, unfold in its beauty, And peace find a home in thy heart.

And, oh! may the years, as they speed, fall as lightly As dew on thy head, baby mine; May Time, though he wither the roses we cherish, Touch never a leaflet of thine.

And yet may the fullness of earthly enjoyment-The sweetness, the rapture, the love-Be only as pain to the exquisite gladness That waits thee in glory above.



ANN LEE'S VACATION.

BY LOUISA LORIMER.

THE days were getting hot, dry, and dusty, and Ann's lessons began to drag wearily; scholars were inattentive, and she, herself, conscious of teaching in a half mechanical sort of way, that was reflected in their listless replies; and when, one day, after explaining some knotty point to a little listener, who seemed absorbed in watching her face, to catch the words of wisdom as they fell, the child suddenly exclaimed, "Why, Miss Lee, your upper jaw doesn't move a bit!" and another little girl, who had also seemed entranced by her eloquence, interrupted her by saying, "Miss Lee! Willie Strong's cat caught an awful big mouse this morning." Ann Lee sighed, made no remark aloud, but said to herself, "There is no use in dragging on in this fashion; my vacation shall begin this very day!" And begin it did, that "very day."

Ann's life was a monotonous one. The last of a once prosperous family, her days were now spent in a cheap boarding-house in the city, with nothing to vary the dullness but her duties as daily governess, and the perpetual round of music lessons, interrupted only by such inexpensive pleasures as her slender purse would allow. The recollection of past golden hours sometimes threw a sort of glamor over the present, and lighted up the dark corners of her lonely room; but, somehow, even that cherished glow seemed fading out of the poor girl's life now, as, with tired brain and body, she plodded on, scarcely realizing what was the matter with her, only that she had become a sort of music-lesson-giving machine, warranted to turn out so many lessons per day. It would not have been so hard, if she had had some one in the world she could call her own; but she was lost in the crowd of the great city, and no one so much as turned the head to look after her, as she threaded her way, storm or shine, through the noisy streets to the houses of her pupils.

If she could have afforded a piano, what an exquisite source of enjoyment it would have proved to her, with her love of music; but, during her father's last sickness, expenses had been incurred, which she was paying off by instalments—and so the piano was as yet a dream of the future. After having paid the last instalment of the debt, her board, and other simple expenses, Ann had, at this morning, a balance in her purse of some cighty odd dollars. What should she do? Take

a rest of a few weeks, remaining in the city, and thus lay by a small sum in the saving's bank for a rainy day, or for that indefinite, but muchdreaded period, when, incapacitated from work, she should be included in the list of decayed gentlewomen, and, with her small funds, find some "Old Lady's Home" to take her in?

Just then a chirp from Pet, her canary, brought before her a vision of the country, green fields, and sweet singing birds. The question was decided. The Saving's Bank might go to the winds! She would go to the country; she would be free for one three months; would climb the hills, and roam the lanes with the heartiest country lass of them all; and she threw an imaginary hat up in the air at the very thought.

But where should she go, and what would it cost? Out came pencil and paper, from the pocket well used to such occupants, and, with brows earnestly knit, the calculation was soon made. "Let me see! Twelve weeks' board, at five dollars a week, comes to just sixty dollars; ten dollars to go and come, brings it up to seventy; add to that ten dollars for washing, makes eighty dollars; and then, oh, dear! what shall I do for thick boots, a new hat; and I ought to have a new afternoon dress, if I am invited out to take tea, now and then, and some gloves—two pairs, at least!" Ann stopped, appalled, as she reflected that these additional expenses would amount to some thirty dollars more, and where that thirty dollars was to come from, Ann Lee did not know. She was tempted to run up a bill at a store where she was known, to be paid out of her next fall's earnings; but she had a holy horror of debt, and shrank back, frightened at the idea. What could she do?

Suddenly there was a rap at the door, and a lady entered.

- "Miss Lee, I believe," said the stranger.
- "Yes, I am Miss Lee," offering the lady a chair.
- "Ne, I thank you, I'll not sit down, I am in quite a hurry; but your landlady has told me that you have a very old piece of furniture, a chest of drawers, you would like to dispose of. I am looking up old furniture for a few rooms in my house, and if I like this article, I will buy it of you."

Ann had no special regard for the chest of drawers, and when the old lady left, the bargain had been concluded. The piece of furniture was to be sent for that afternoon; and Ann stood like one in a dream, with only the fifty-dollar note in her hand to assure her it was a delightful reality.

"Why, I shall feel as though I had an Aladdin's lamp, with the power to wish anything into my very hand; ft is the fairy godmother over again," and she glanced about, half expecting to see a pumpkin turning into a coach, and mice into footmen and coachman, ready to carry her off to the prince's ball. Why she was as rich and happy as a queen!

Ann next bethought herself of one of those quiet, New England hill towns, where the air is as pure as the morals; and recalled to herself, like the memory of a half-forgotten dream, a summer spent there in happier days; wondering if these, the girlish zest of her then sixteen years would come back. She had had her dreams; but these were all over now, and, God helping, she was just going to do her duty as well as she could, day by day, and get the best she could out of life, even if that best was other people's second best; so she wrote to two maiden sisters, whom she remembered as living in an old-time, spacious sort of house, on a hill a little out and west of the town, reminding them of past acquaintanceship, and asking if they could take her as a boarder at five dollars a week, all she could afford to pay. In these days of steam and telegraph, it does not take long to conclude such simple arrangements as these; so it happened that in two or three days more, our heroine and her canary were speeding away from the noise and turmoil of the city, down, or rather up, in more senses than one, into the heart of the country; but then the city has its great heart too, if we can only get at its throbbing. A stage ride of some half dozen miles brought her to the very door of her summer retreat, and into the arms of the two elderly ladies, who, with true country hospitality, were waiting to welcome her. When one sister said, "We're proper glad to see you," and the other echoed it with "Yes, indeed, that we are," both accompanying their words with a cordial hand-shake, Ann felt a sense of at-home-ativeness, as new to her as delightful. And there, a little in the background, stood the very same Betsey, maid-of-allwork, who didn't look a day older than years ago, when Ann saw her last. Sometimes, even in these days, things and people seem to stand still in the country, while the satellites of city stir and progress, come and go, and revolve around them, in their orbit, coming upon them again after the lapse of years, to find them as fresh as though just awakened from a hundred years' nap.

Some such thoughts as these were passing

through Ann's mind, when she gave an amused little start, as Betsey exclaimed, "Why, Miss Lee, how you have growed!" "Growed!" So she had, in soul and heart, through a hard experience; but Betsey's remark somehow rang pleasantly in her ears; it seemed to imply she was not done growing, and that there was some youth in her yet. "Foolish little simpleton," she said to herself, taking herself down, "tickled with a straw!"

Was there ever such delicious tea and toast, and strawberry short-cake, too, with real thick cream on it, as she tasted that evening? When had she eaten such a supper? And when had she had such a long, peaceful night's sleep, as, after that repast, when, according to the most approved dyspeptics, she ought to have seen a long procession of her ancestors filing before her, each putting a heavy hand on her chest? But no such thing! Bright and early in the morning, she sprang up from her bed, her head as clear as a bell, and her feet so elastic she fairly danced across the floor. Looking in the glass to make her toilet, there she saw, underneath soft brown hair; item, two soft, shy, brown eyes, with long lashes; item, a thin, pale face, not a bad nose, and a pleasant mouth set with two rows of beautiful pearly little teeth; a figure of medium height, but all too slender for the present fashion. What was Ann thinking about? It is doubtful whether it had ever occurred to her, for years before, that she had a head excepting when it ached, or teeth excepting when they pained her. But "how you have growed!" had struck a chord somewhere in her feminine vanity; and Ann must needs look to see if, after all, she was in appearance, quite beyond the pale of that class entitled to be called " young ladies."

Miss Lee had not been in the house a day, before she had established cordial relations with all its inmates, from the two mistresses down to the dog and cat, in-doors; hens, chickens, cows and horses, outside; to say nothing of the farmer and his family, for the Misses Hapgood were "well-to-do" in the world, and didn't need to take boarders for the profit of the thing; but they were social, liked company, and something a little out of the "common run" they said, "now and then;" so they made their new boarder welcome. With her quiet little ways, Ann crept into their hearts before they knew it; just fitting, as she did, into every nook and corner of their quiet household, filling it with life and sunshine; but never disturbing its orderly arrangements.

"We can't bear to think of her going away in the fall," they said; "we shall miss her so." "She is the livliest still person I ever saw," said the elder Miss Hapgood, one day to a neighbor; "and I'm as fond of her as though she were my own daughter." But the days were going all too Ann rambled through the woods after fast. flowers, breathed in health on the sunny hillsides, played croquet with the doctor's pretty daughter, who had taken a mighty fancy to her, and took long rides in a low pony phæton with the rich young lady opposite, whose family represented the aristocracy of the town; and so, living constantly in the air and sunshine, she grew as rosy as the young people about her, and prettier than she in her unconsciousness ever guessed. That afternoon-dress, for tea-drinkings, the buying of which had so perplexed her tired brain, had frequent opportunities for gracing the person of its mistress, as Ann soon became quite a belle among not only those of her own age in the little town of L-, but with old, young, and middle-aged alike, and enjoyed her queenship with rare simplicity and modesty. Often was she invited to the parsonage, to the grand house opposite, and among the neighbors generally, where her singing, her playing, and her pretty ways altogether always made her welcome. Occasionally, she read in French and German, or some history or good novel, with Mrs. Fries, the intellectual woman of the town; and our heroine, who had a smattering of a good many things, and even painted in "water-colors," and sketched from Nature, began to find out she was quite versatile in her accomplishments, something she had scarcely discovered before; so her bump of selfesteem grew, and she gained quite a distinguished aplomb of manner, altogether new to the little unnoticed music-teacher of the city; and found it better to queen it in a village, than to be one of the million in a larger sphere.

Often she used to spend quiet hours with the maiden sisters, at her sewing; or, more frequently, in singing, playing, or reading aloud to them; for one of the first objects her delighted eyes rested on, upon entering the house, was a piano, which she afterward discovered to be a gift from a much-quoted nephew, and one of Steinway's best. Many a time did Ann, in spite of remonstrances, wipe the dishes for Betsey after dinner, and say, "Now, Betsey, let's tidy up the things, quick, for I want you to go and pick berries with me for tea. Miss Hepgood says you may."

Altogether, our heroine was, for the time being, a happy little woman. To begin with, the house was after her own heart-she couldn't bear brand new things; and it was spacious and comfortable. everything nice and refined, but not too good for

fire-places, that suggested pleasant pictures of autumn cheerfulness, with just the chill, but not the snap taken out of the air; nothing very elegant, but sufficiently refined to suit her somewhat fastidious tastes. It was a square house, with its front to the north-a wide hall running through the middle; quite a large front yard, with a long flight of stone steps, by way of approach, and a shorter one up to the door, which, in summer, stood hospitably open. In the rear of the house was another yard, which was Ann's favorite "look-out upon." It was carpeted with the greenest of soft, short-cut grass, and large enough to accommodate an ample croquet-ground. Two or three great elms spread their protecting arms, as if in perpetual benediction, over the house; birds built their nests with perfect confidence, year after year, in the bushes under the very windows; pretty climbing roses clambered over the porch, and tried their prettiest to peep in at the occupants of the chambers. One audacious lilac bush. used to nod its head saucily, and tap on the pane, as if to say, "Good-morning, Ann; it is high time for you to get up." So she used to on the window to the welcome intruder, whose greeting was a shower of fragrant dew. Other shrubs broke the monotony of the yard, but left wide stretches of grass between.

The location of the Hapgood mansion was what the Miss Hapgoods called "sightly." south, and east were the most extensive and beautiful views, of hill and valley, woods and water. and distant villages, with their blue morning mists and purple evening haze. On the west, green slopes and the sunsets.

The Miss Hapgoods were quite proud of their "good stock:" not offensively so; but it was something in their minds to have come from an ancestry distinguished through many generations for integrity and thrift; and they felt an innocent pride in being "Hapgoods," descended from the Hapgoods of Hapgood Hall, away back in dear old England nobody knows how long ago. Ann was quite early impressed with a knowledge of these facts, and liked the dear old maids all the better, for their respect for the past generations, to whom they owed such good qualities of head and heart: but the idol which both of these good women had set up to worship, Ann soon divined to be a nephew, the nephew who had shown such good taste in the selection of the piano, Philip Hayward by name, and, according to their account, "good, generous, kind, handsome, of remarkable business talents, and rich!" To their credit be it said, that this ascending scale of virtues should be reversed, to express the real estidaily use-good pictures, plenty of books, open mate the aunts placed upon their value; goodness being their climactrix of all desirable qualities, though in speech they were sometimes a highly worldly pair. But their wolf's-skin was very transparent, and could not hide the innocent lamb-heart beating underneath. Living in New York, the nephew's visits were not so frequent as they might have been; but when they were expected, the fatted calf was killed, and all were told to make merry. If a demi-god had descended in their midst, no more honor could have been paid to his divinity.

One day, while they were playing at croquet, Ann's friend, the rich Miss Ackermann, opposite, asked her if she had ever heard of Mr. Hayward. "He is considered the great catch of the neighborhood, you know," she said. "All the girls are dead in love with him; but they say he is a confirmed old bachelor, thirty-five, and not to be caught by chaff; so it's no use for you to set your cap for him, Miss Lee. I gave up setting mine some time ago."

Ann laughed outright at the idea of setting her cap for any one, and said that, with the ten dollars she had deposited in the L-Savings' Bank, she feared she should be the prey of some fortune-seeker herself.

When she went home, she found that a telegram had arrived from this paragon of a nephew, stating that he would be with his aunts that very evening, in time to take tea with them. whole house was in a bustle of preparation, accordingly; the best bed had to be aired and made; the best china to be freed from dust; and savory odors from the kitchen betrayed the fact, that an unusual amount of cooking was going forward; in short, provisions were laid in, as if they were preparing for a siege, and Ann mentally exclaimed, "what an extraordinary capacity for food this wonderful New Yorker must possess;" and thought seriously of shutting herself up in her room, during his stay-her natural timidity making her quake inwardly at the idea of meeting such a formidable guest, for whom the whole house, which was a marvel of cleanliness before, had to be swept from top to bottom.

Peeping out from behind the shutters in her room, Ann saw the coach stop at the door that evening, and the stalwart form of the expected guest descend from it. In that hasty glance, she took in a general idea of dark eyes, dark hair, great broad shoulders, and a splendid physique altogether. "No wonder he has to eat so much," she thought, "to keep up that fine figure!" for she could not help allowing, there was something } magnificent and manly in such a form. The teabell rang presently, and in something of a tremor, our heroine went down stairs, and saw Mr. Hay- astonished to find how much at ease she felt with

ward standing by the window, both dogs jumping upon him in the most delighted manner, and the cat rubbing her head against him, entirely ignoring Miss Lee's entrance.

The two aunts, in the same voice, and with a kind of restrained pride, which would appear in spite of them, introduced, "Our nephew, Mr. Hayward, Miss Lee." Ann bowed, and, by wav of conversation, said, "I see. I have a formidable rival in you; my old friends, the dog and cat, are not so indifferent, usually, when I enter the room." Mr. Hayward laughed, and said something about animals always liking him; but. on the whole made very little conversation : only what remarks he did make, were always to the point, expressing so exactly what he meant, that Ann, (later, however, in their acquaintance,) fell into a habit of fearing to be "wordy" in his presence, and of trying to come up to his mark of business exactness in her speech. She saw there was no "nonsense" about this man, though a great love of drollery, and a keen sense of the ludicrous; he was always deferential to his aunts, though teasing them perpetually in a way that was evidently a great delight to them, and when he spoke, they evidently thought "no dog should bark," and exchanged smiles and glances of satisfaction at all his witticisms; but, perhaps, the next moment he would be grave and stern. with brows knit, so that one feared almost to have Ann felt a little afraid of the new offended him. comer, and also a little defiant, thinking, "what a conceited lord of creation he must become, with such perpetual deference paid him by those so much older;" but, on closer observation, she found he was as modest, and as little self-elated as she herself. But I am anticipating somewhat, as these different characteristics appeared later during his stay at the Hapgood Mansion. Now. Ann watched his mode of eating somewhat curiously, and was rather surprised to find that he did not devour more than ordinary mortals, and seemed in no way dainty about the viands set before him; that, however, was hardly a test of amiability, Ann considered, as they were living on the "fat o' the land;" he was certainly a gentleman, though, bred and born, in action and speech, through and through, and made no slips in grammar, which was a tender point with her. whose ear, from early surroundings, was rather sensitive; and she knew of many people polished in externals, who betrayed themselves "not to the manner born," by little tricks of expression or pronunciation, she was wonderfully quick to detect.

A few days only had elapsed, when Ann was

the formidable Mr. Hayward, or "our Phil," as he was called by his aunts, and to see what a spirit of frolic and mischief he developed, in spite of the sterness he could assume at a moment's notice, and an occasional shyness, which was a continual surprise in a character like his. was as full of playfulness and roguery as any boy, and such a mimic! She sometimes laughed with his aunts over his drolleries, till the tears ran down her cheeks, and found herself getting to be quite an undignified school ma'am, who made sundry resolutions to be very prim and elegant the next day, and found berself joining in some innocent frolic, just as heartily, the very next Indeed, it seemed to be the delight of this strong man, to make the sad little face of our heroine glow with merriment, and, unconsciously to herself almost, she got to watching for his step, which was music to her ears, and which she could tell from all others on the graveled walk. He never asked her if she liked Tennyson, never offered to read Mrs. Browning aloud to her; but would himself listen entranced to her music; while she listened with delight to his practical conversation with business men, and found that not only they, but the few literary men of the town, laid great stress on his opinions; and, occasionally, the fact would come out that he was more conversant with authors and poets than at first appeared. Sentimental he was not; evidently despising affectation of all kinds; and gushingly sentimental people he could not endure. Odd and abrupt he certainly was; but was never known to do a dishonorable thing; and Ann began to suspect that, under that gruff exterior, there was much real sentiment and delicacy of feeling, which he was by far too sensitive to hang out on his coat-sleeve for all the world to see.

One evening he said to her, "Do you ever ride on horseback, Miss Lee?"

"Yes, when I have the opportunity," she replied, it having been one of the great delights of her girlhood.

Nothing more was said then; but the next morning Mr. Hayward asked if she could be ready by nine o'clock for a ride. So, with a riding-habit quickly improvised, with the Miss Hapgood's assistance, she was mounted at the appointed hour, Mr. Hayward accompanying her. Though he had never talked to her about fine scenery, there was no subtle charm in nature that he did not contrive, in some way, to make her see, and feel that he saw and understood it too as well as she.

This was only the first of many such rides. had been exchanged between him and Ann. They They took drives together; they played croquet; thought not, on seeing her dejected looks; but then rowed on the pond. In this dangerous in- had too much delicacy to say anything to her on

timacy, the summer weeks melted away like snow-wreaths in the sun, and Ann could not but see that her presence called out all the sunshine of Philip's nature. She only wished that summer could last forever; but did not or would not see that her heart was no longer her own, and that she was thoroughly wrapped up in this acquaintance of only six weeks; nor did she realize it, till he was suddenly summoned by a telegram to New York on business; and then her eyes were fully opened, and she found that her feelings for this stranger were little short of idolatry; for the last few weeks she had only truly lived in his presence, and now her life was suddenly a blank, from which all the sunlight had faded. What did it mean? Was she bewitched? How could she ever live without him? But, gone without a word! What would he care for her in the midst of his active, business life? He would soon forget her, and what was only a summer's sport to him, was her very life.

Our heroine ought to have had a little pride, and to have been too indignant to droop her head at her lover's departure without any explanation; she did begin to think it was not right in him, for his own amusement, to trifle with her affections; he must be a consummate flirt after all; but "no! he thought I was old enough to know myself, to be beyond the danger of falling in love, at my years!" But whatever turn her reflections took, the bitter fact remained, of the dreadful loneliness without him; her heart made ceaseless moan, and there seemed no surcease of sorrow for her. How foolish she had been. But how could she foresee what had happened? Her pleasures of a few short weeks before had now lost all their interest and delight for her. There was duty, to be sure, before her; (but she had been feeding upon ambrosia) and that was poor fare—a life of usefulness; and we are told to take life as it is, and make the best of it. Had she not been doing it all these years; but now, with the pent-up tenderness of her nature once set free, she felt there was no going back to the former state of passive content with "what is;" and no other love after this could content her; it was a royal love, and no other should take its place.

The two Miss Hepgoods had not been unobservant spectators all this time, and were well-pleased at the evident attraction between their favorites; but were disappointed and grieved that Philip, (although with a cloud on his brow, they were not sorry to see,) had left so abruptly; and they were uncertain whether any words of love had been exchanged between him and Ann. They thought not, on seeing her dejected looks; but had too much delicacy to say anything to her on

the subject; only they spoke to her with more than usual cordiality and sympathy in their tones.

A week had elapsed, and Ann was losing some of her fresh, good looks; and, indeed, the poor, worn little music-teacher seemed to have come back, when, with a shudder, as in putting away from us what is most precious, she made a resolution to go back to her city-task the very next week, and in hard routine-work try to forget her wild dream of the summer.

It was now the last of September, one of those delicious, hazy days, when summer seems to give her best of air and sunshine to those who are loth to part with her; and Ann wandered off by herself to a favorite spot in the grove south of the house, by the pond where she had spent so many happy hours with him, and where the pine needles shed their aromatic fragrance, and the cool shadows lay refreshingly. She was trying to steady her resolves, and to lay out her future work, her book lying idly in her lap, looking sadly the while, into the vague distance. Unconsciously, the tears gathered and fell, and she dwelt in retrospect on the experiences of the last two months. Suddenly, splash went an oar near at hand, a boat was pulled up among the trees, and Phikip Hayward stood before her.

Raising her head at the sudden noise, her face flushed with an irrepressible joy at seeing him; but her words of greeting died away on her lips.

He sat down beside her, and took her hand, and, with a great tremble in his voice, said,

"Do you know that I have come here on purpose to find you, and to explain why I left so, without saying a word to you?"

She could not answer; she could not even look up.

He went on hurriedly.

"When I received that telegram, I did not know but I should find myself a poor man the very next day, with no home to offer you. It was a sudden panic in the business world; that is all over new; but if it had resulted otherwise, do you not know that I should have asked you to wait for me, till I could make another house for you! I have come to claim you now. You have missed me—have you not?—as I have missed you. I read it in your face," he said, looking into the half-averted, blushing countenance. "We cannot live without each other! Be my wife!"

She glanced shyly up.

"Philip, my king!" she whispered.

That was all, and only a lover's ear could have heard the words; and so came the great happiness of two lives.

LOOKING BACK.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

DEAR, are the roses as bright
In the old, old garden ways,
As when we wandered down the walks,
In the care-free, childish days?
Are the hollyhocks as tall,
And the rows of pinks as sweet?
Do the vines still cling to the garden-wall,
And curtain the rustic seat?

Are the fields beyond as green,
And the meadow brook as free
As when we loitered upon its bank,
And shouted in childish giee?
Are the stately reeds as tail,
And the rushes?—a goodly sight!
And the water-lilies, that float and dream—
I wonder are they as white?

Does the lark soar up as high
Through the rosy clouds of morn?
And is it the same old cheery quail
That whistles amid the corn?
Are the bobolinks as wild,
In their headlong, rollicking glee,
As when they swung from the topmost boughs,
And chorused for you and me?

Dear, are the pines as high,
And their balsamic breath as sweet;
And the forest arches as dim and cool,
And the checkered shadows as fleet?
Are there chestnuts still in the glade,
And aloft on the breesy hill?
Does the wild vine dangle its purple grapes,
High up in the beech-tree still?

Oh, fair are the visions of youth,
And bright are its golden dreams,
And sweet are the dasies that spangle its meads,
And blossom beside its streams.
Ah, Nell! but I long to stand,
As we stood in the long ago,
With life's green hill-tops on every hand,
And its fair, broad valleys below!

I wonder if aught remains
As it was in the years gone by?
The glow that was never on land or sea,
Illumines our childlish sky.
And looking wearily back,
Through the years that lie between,
The wonderful magical light of youth,
Transfigures such early scene.

TRAILING ARBUTUS. THE

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83.

CHAPTER V.

So Arthur Wentworth's dream went out in a night, so complete, that he could imagine no later morning having brightness and power to pierce

For several days he sat alone in his house. chanced that no visitors came to him; and awful as the solitude was, it held at least the relief of All his beautiful youth—and it had looked so beautiful, and life and the world had been so fair-stricken into chaos by this blow. Before those days ended, he had to bear something almost worse than the ache of his wounded heart. As he went over the details of the past months, to find how his vanity or madness could thus have blinded him, he came face to face with a fact that had a new sting in it. Clare de Launay had deceived him: she had been neither honest or frank. She had known that he loved her! He looked back and saw how a thousand trifles proved this; no words, maybe, but a glance-nothing more than a sudden silence, perhaps, yet all eloquent, all pregnant with that one truth-she had known! And if she could be treacherous, where was he to seek for sincerity? Here she had done him irreparable harm-he recognized it already; yet the singular goodness and sweetness of his nature asserted itself, even as he acknowledged this, and he began to seek excuses for her. She had known, but she might not have meant to be cruel. She might have been at a loss how to act, since he did not put his devotion into speech, and give her an opportunity to undeceive him. The strongest women were weak in certain ways, They were hedged in by petty rules, so afraid of forfeiting feminine delicacy, by seeming to understand that they had any claim on a man's heart, until that heart had been fitly offered in words. He seized this excuse for Clare, and held fast to it. He believed then, and afterward, that it was the one thing which gave an anchorage to his soul, and kept him from going mad.

Those days ended. It was Hugh Gordon who came first into the silence, and by his coming reminded Arthur that no man can hold his fragment of life by himself. We give others a share of our jey out of the overfulness of our hearts. Lutterances of rage, open in his assertions that

The exigencies of existence force them into the consciousness of our griefs: the great, universal law will let nothing stand alone.

Arthur was sitting in his library, when old Morris came softly in, to tell him of the arrival of his guest. It was a gloomy room, with heavy carved ceilings, and was hung about with portraits of departed Wentworths, who stared coldly down at their descendant, as if wondering at his pain. They had been ghosts so long, he thought that they could feel nothing more than a chill surprise at human misery. John Gordon and his wife, the faithless Alice, were there among the rest. Arthur had himself added these por-He had never heard the old stories, which the elderly people still, sometimes, talked of among themselves. So he asked Hugh for the pictures, and there they hung-Alice's by the side of the man's whom she had deceived. This was just a chance. The frame fitted into that particular space; but it always seemed odd to Mr. Livingston, and those who knew that history, to see the pictured semblances hanging thus, side by side, and stern-faced John Gordon glowering at them from the opposite wall.

Into the stillness came Hugh. How, Arthur could not have told; but, as he watched his cousin walk up the sombre room, he knew that another blow was preparing for him; knew it by that strange, spiritual prevoyance which so often, in the great crises of life, is at once an agony and a strength.

"Why, Arthur," called Hugh, as he approached, "it is so dark here I can scarcely find my way. I have been expecting every day to see you in town. Old Morris says you have not been well."

"Old Morris is always fancying things! How do you do, Hugh?"

Then the two cousins held each other's hand, and Hugh Gordon saw, in Arthur's changed face, the evidence of that suffering he had come to sec. and rejoiced. He had always hated this boy. He was quite old enough, when the Wentworths returned from Europe with their baby heir, to understand what a change this new comer made in his future. John Gordon was loud in his

there had been foul dealing. He was not a man to be secret, or to disguise his feelings for any hope of personal gain. But Hugh was like his mother; it was natural to him to be secretive and treacherous. After John Gordon and Arthur's father died, Hugh took all the favors Mrs. Wentworth would bestow; and the lady had believed in Hugh, and Arthur had grown up trusting and loving him.

John Gordon died in the conviction that his cousin had brought forward a supposititious heir to cheat him and his of their rights. To watch, to search, never to relinquish the idea, had been his parting counsel to his son. Hugh could not have told when the idea became a fixed fact in his mind, that one day he should discover the truth. There was not a cranny of the old house he did not know by heart, not the merest written scrap to be found in some forgotten nook, which he did not pore over; no improbable clue that he did not follow out to the full certainty of its worthlessness. But in the bitterest moment of disappointment, he held fast to his belief. Sooner or later he should find "the mill of the gods grinds slowly," but it would leave him the heir of Wentworth at last.

Yet this monomania had no effect upon his outer life. It was hidden from every eye, along with his hatred. Those who knew him best were not aware that he retained any recollection of his father's insane belief.

There were a few commonplace speeches exchanged between the cousins, then Hugh grew silent. Arthur, knowing that Hugh had come for some fatal purpose—as certain as if the confession had been already made—was eager to have it ended, and his solitude given back.

"You came to tell me something," he said, abruptly.

Hugh absolutely turned pale with sudden wrath. Did Arthur know already? Was he to be cheated of the pleasure of striking the blow, and seeing his rival writhe under it? Had Clare done this? That fierce love for her, which burned in his heart, was so often like hatred, that, now, as many times before, he could not decide whether he loved or hated her most.

"How do you know? Who told---

Arthur interrupted his broken exclamation.

"No one. I have been alone for days; I feel it all the same. Tell me what you came to say, Hugh?"

Hugh Gordon turned away his head to hide the exultant smile which distorted his lips. He was not to be cheated, then; he was to savor the whole sweet vengeance! Slowly; he would like to prolong it to the uttermost.

His glance chanced to fall upon his mother's portrait, hanging side by side with that of Arthur's father. A fresh idea seized him. He would tell Arthur that story first; it would be a double blow!

"You never knew why I hesitated to let my mother's partrait be hung here," he said, suddenly.

What did he mean? Why did he wander off to such trivialities? Would he never tell his tale and be done?

"But that has nothing to do with-"

"Yes it has," interrupted Hugh, in his turn. "Arthur, could anything make you hate me?"

Arthur was silent, looking into his own heart. Wild, turbid was the torrent that surged there; but in that brief instant of silence, he made one resolution, and prayed for help to keep it. He would have his life sullied by no hate. Broken, bruised as it was, at least he would not have it shamed and dishonored.

"There might arise circumstances to part us," he answered, calmly, "but I have loved you all my life, Hugh—there shall never any hate come between us."

"As it did between them," Hugh said, pointing to his father's portrait, and then to that of the elder Arthur Wentworth.

"I seem to recollect hearing, sometime, that they were not friends," Arthur answered, "but not from my mother."

He began to understand. Hugh's words were not irrelevent. In some way they bore upon the confession he had to make.

"They were enemies," Hugh said, " and my mother was the cause—she deserted your father to marry mine. They were near a duel, those two, Arthur; they lived and died with their enmity unappeased."

"Please God, my life shall bear no such burden," Arthur said, slowly. He extended his hand. A few moments before he had thought he could never touch Hugh's hand again; but he would conquer; wretched he might be, but he would not live degraded in his own eyes. "Now tell me your story, Hugh."

"It is a very short one. I am going to be married, Arthur---"

"Yes! To Miss De Launay. Make her a happy woman, Hugh."

Through the pain, the mortal agony which shook his soul and racked his features, a smile so sweet, so unearthly, lighted Arthur Wentworth's countenance, that straightway there came into the mind of the cruel man who regarded him, a line from the Scripture history he remembered hearing Arthur's mother read aloud years and

years ago, the marvelous description of the proto-martyr, as he stood among his accusers, and blind as they were, they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

Did it soften him? No more than Stephen's face softened the hearts of the Pharisees! Yet he was conscious of a vague wonder in regard to this type of human nature, so new and inexplicable to his comprehension. Then his hate came up again. He would have liked to strangle Arthur where he stood, for thus making his agony sublime—making him, Hugh, feel that somehow, in spite of the pain, his enemy was half lifted out of reach, by a strange power which to him had no name.

"She asked you to come to me," Arthur said, after awhile.

"No! But she suffers. She fears that she has done wrong. Women are given to thinking that, when it is too late," Hugh said, bitterly. "In justice to her, let me explain, that, until shortly before my return, she did not suspect—you were like a brother to her——"

"Go tell her I will be so still," was Arthur's answer. Then his long-tried strength gave way. "Let me alone, Hugh—I want to be alone," he cried out. "No, I did not mean that, but I'm tired—I'm not myself. Come back some other day! Good-by, Hugh! Friends still! Good-by!"

Once more the wonderful hight transfigured his face, and Hugh Gordon turned and shink out of the room in silence. He felt that he did not walk upright and bold. Try as he would, he could but shrink and cower under that look. But he took a deeper hatred with him for that very reason.

CHAPTER VI.

So, in New York, and among all the county magnates, it was known that Hugh Gordon had won the heiress. Confined to his bed by a severe attack of gout, Mr. Livingston sent for Clare, when the news reached him; but she refused to go. He had no control over her; she had come of age several months before; there was no human being to exercise the slightest restraint upon her actions. She had no near relative except her spinster aunt, and poor old Miss Edla was of no more importance than a sparrow.

But Arthur went. Mr. Livingstone had been his one confidant; and Arthur went to him now, because he wished, so far as lay in his power, to keep for Clare some portion of her guardian's former tenderness. And Mr. Livingston could only hold his peace; it was useless to add to Arthur's pain by aspersing Clare, giving her conduct its rightful name.

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And Arthur went about among his neighbors, and bore his burden; and whether he suffered, the shrewdest gossip was unable to decide. Hugh kept away from the house, until Arthur sent for him; but that was not very long to wait. He had thought of a plan, by which he might materially aid his cousin, and yet leave him free from any feeling of obligation. In place of the yearly amount which, by the terms of old Martin Wentworth's will, was to be paid to John Gordon, and to his son after him, Arthur made over to his cousin an estate in a neighboring county, and a liberal sum of money, and only waited to be certain of the time of his own departure to tell Hugh what he had done; for he was going away-he could not remain there. In three weeks a ship was to sail for England, and Arthur made his arrangements to go in her.

When Hugh Gordon learned this, he sat down to think out his plan. Arthur might remain away for years. His one hope lay in letting the young man make the discovery before he wentthat is the one way of saving himself in Clare's eyes. If he ever broke his word, he knew that had Clare been ten years his wife, she would leave him-and he loved her; but he must have her and Wentworth Manor too. If, after the marriage, Arthur discovered the truth, that would not be Hugh's fault. Clare could not blame him then. She might rebel against her fate, and cry out she had sacrificed herself in vain; but she could find no pretext for deserting him, since he had kept his vow. If Arthur discovered, why that could be managed-wait! Say the wedding were fixed for the day he was to sail-an early wedding, and the ship not to go till a few hours after, and only the night before Arthur learned.

But then, if he should hold his peace! Would any man speak under such circumstances? Was such self-abnegation and right-dealing possible for any human being? Yes; for Arthur Wentworth. And as Hugh answered his own question, he gnashed his teeth, to find himself forced to admit Arthur's truth, even while the one hope of gaining his ends depended on this credence upon it. Say Arthur did not remain silent-what means are yet to keep himself blameless in Clare's eyes? None, unless old M'Kenzie sought Arthur out and told the whole story. But even that might fail, if the man's secret should be bought! No! there was every danger, if he let Arthur and M'Kenzie go; yet, after the wedding, he must do the latter-that was part of his bargain with Clare, and Clare would hold firm.

Why, he was half afraid of the girl! If he could only refinquish her, and claim the rest! But that was impossible—he loved her. If the

other prize had been an entire world, it would have been valueless without Clare! He would have her! She should be his—his—if he killed her after, in his mad wrath to find that, hold her pulses in a leash as he might, he could not seize her heart and soul.

He was a fool! He was mad! But he would give up neither prize! And it was the very day he learned for a certainty Arthur's intention of sailing in the ship, and had sat down to think his thought out, that the message from his cousin came.

It was almost evening when he arrived at Wentworth Manor. He and Arthur supped together, for he had come too late for Arthur to let him return to town. Arthur had not intended this—but no matter. What was a little suffering, more or less? Why should he visit his misery upon Hugh? Hugh was blameless.

Hugh was urged to remain, and the cousins spent the evening together. After the business matter had been arranged, Hugh let him have his way without expostulation. They sat and talked of other things, of whatever was most commonplace, and so safest—the promised crops; the filly in the stable, that had such wonderful blood in her, and such viciousness as wonderfully-blooded creatures often display; of old Morris' amusing peculiarities; of any and every triffe a world away from possibility of contact with the one matter which was better not named.

In the dead of the night, Arthur Wentworth, unable to sleep, rose, dressed himself, and, lamp in hand, left his chamber, to go down stairs and wander about the great rooms, as had grown so much his habit of late. It was so horrible to lie in his bed and feel the hours drag by. He could neither sleep, or read, or be still. Night after night he used to roam through his house in a ghostly fashion, and study the portraits of the dead and gone Wentworths in the library, and wonder what they were doing, and if Alice ever looked down at him, and felt that his misery was only another link in the endless working out of consequences brought about by her sin.

But as he reached the library-door, it opened, and Hugh Gordon came out; and each man started back, at the sight of the other, as if he had seen a ghost; as even man with the strongest nerves might be excused for doing, considering the hour and the silence.

"I woke you, passing your door!" Hugh exclaimed. "I am so sorry. I don't know what ails me, but I couldn't sleep. I had the horrors, and so I came down to get a book."

"No, I did not hear you," Arthur said. "I could not sleep either. Somehow, when I can't,

I've taken a foolish habit of coming to look at all our predecessors who have been ghosts so many years. Come in, Hugh."

"No, thanks," said Hugh, laughing. "It was their ghostliness drove me out of the room. I thought old Martin was going to speak. You'd much better go back to bed, I think."

"I'll just get a book, too," Arthur said.

He went into the library and took a volume from the nearest table. Hugh waited for him in the hall, and they went up stairs together.

Arthur was late down to breakfast the next morning, for he had fallen into a heavy sleep after daybreak. Hugh was gone; he had had coffee, ordered his horse, and ridden away, old Morris said; but he had left a note for his cousin—a friendly, pleasant note. He could not wait to see Arthur. He was going further up the river before returning to town.

Going to Northcote, of course, thought Arthur. Hugh was within ten miles of it, and what lover would neglect the opportunity? Arthur sat holding the note absently in his hand, and forgetting to make a pretence of breakfasting until old Morris brought him out of his reverie by pathetic complaints, and then he ate, as he often did nowadays, to get rid of Morris's importunities.

In the meanwhile, Hugh pursued his ride. It led him, as Arthur had supposed, to Northcote, a lovely place in the very heart of a beech forest. The house stood on an eminence, that gave a view of the distant Hudson on one side, and on the other, when the weather was very clear, glimpses of the Sound.

It was not much after nine o'clock when he arrived. Perhaps it occurred to him, at last, as rather early to venture upon a visit to a lady, even if she were his betrothed wife. Anyway, he passed through the gates, and instead of taking the broad avenue, which led in a grand double procession of beeches up to the house, he turned down a narrower road, likewise deeply embowered in shade, which ended at a pretty cottage, inhabited by the head gardener. The gardens at Northcote were famous. Your grandmother, if a genuine Knickerbocker, can tell you about them to this day. A lovely little nook it was, that cottage, as hermit or poet could have asked for, covered with vines which were just bursting into bloom, about which the bees were humming, and around whose leafiness more than one bird had built her nest, as was made evident by the commotion among these foolish mothers, when Hugh Gordon checked his horse in front of the rustic stoop, and shouted impatiently to the occupants of the dwelling.

The door opened, and the old Scotchman, M'Kenzie, appeared. Miss De Launay had invited him to remain at Northcote while her betrothed husband was busying himself with those inquiries, which had brought the old man to America; and so he made his home in the cottage with the deaf head gardener, who was a Scotchman also.

- "I've come to see you," said Hugh Gordon.
- "I'm no blind," returned the other, not insolently, just with the matter-of-fact manner common to his nation.

Hugh dismounted, and tied his horse to a convenient post, and the two went in together. Perhaps Hugh sat there to prolong the time, so that his visit at the great house might not be too early. At all events, it was a full hour before he came out again and rode away.

Clare de Launay was sitting in a room off the grand suite of drawing-rooms, where of late she had taken the habit of spending her mornings. The servants noticed that, within the past few weeks, Miss Clare had in many ways changed the whole course of her daily domestic life. The apartments down a side passage at the end of the grand entrance-hall, the cozy breakfast and book rooms, and the pretty chintz-hung salon, where she used to sit always when alone, and where she always received her intimate friends, were scarcely ever entered now. Clare told the housekeeper, and Miss Edla, her aunt, that she was sure they were damp; and though the housekeeper tossed her head, indignant at a slight put upon anything connected with Northcote, Miss Edla (who lived under the sway of a perpetual catarrh) fairly ran every time she went by the doors, and snuffled and coughed for half an hour afterward.

But Miss Clare was too old in these days for anybody of her household, at least in her presence, to comment upon any whim she might chance to take. Poor old Miss Edla was in a state of sad bewilderment. Clare had told her she was going to marry Hugh Gordon, and Miss Edla had expected for months to hear that she was engaged to Arthur Wentworth. To have things turn out so different from her expectation upset Miss Edla completely, and sometimes she doubted if her head was not a little astray, and her catarrh was certainly worse than ever.

Into the room where Clare de Launay sat, the men showed Hugh Gordon, and the betrothed pair were left alone.

Clare was so changed from the creature who had been the queen of Arthur Wentworth's fête, that one might have thought years had gone over her head. No—that does not express what I mean. She looked as if some sudden, awful shock had frozen the blood in her veins, and left

{ just vitality enough about her heart to keep the lice from checking its pulses.

She rose as Hugh entered, laid by a book she held, and received him exactly as she might have done some ordinary acquaintance. It was not indifference, or apathy, or dislike, that showed in her face, yet there was a mingling of the three expressions there, and a sort of horror added, as if his presence reminded her of some terrible sight, which had thus frozen her, though she had become too lifeless to remember what it was.

But he did not seem to notice. He held her hands and kissed them; kissed her cheek also, as a betrothed lover had a right to do; led her to a seat, and talked pleasantly of any trifle that chanced to come uppermost in his mind. At last he said, with a quiet which somehow kept his words from sounding abrupt,

"The last time I was here, you told me when I chose, should be our wedding-day."

Not an eyelash quivered, not a muscle of her white face changed.

- "Yes," she answered. "When do you wish it to be?"
 - "Next week—Wednesday."
 - "I shall be ready."

She waited an instant. He sat looking at her curiously, as if wondering what she would say or do next. Suddenly a light shot into her eyes; her color came and went.

- "I'll have nobody here to stare at me," she cried—"remember that."
- "All the arrangements are for you to settle," he replied. "It must be early in the morning, though, because I have to start for Albany. You'd as leave go there as anywhere, I suppose."
- "Couldn't I wait here till you come back?" she asked.
- "You couldn't do anything that would make you or me more ridiculous." he answered, "Recollect, Clare, we have our whole lives to live, and among these people."

She stopped him by a sudden gesture. Her features settled back into their icy fixedness.

- "You need not remind me of anything," she said. "Have you brought me those papers?"
- "You have not forgotten our compact? The day of our marriage they will be put into your hands."
 - "First-that was the bargain?"
 - "Yes-as we drive to the church."
- "I'll not be married in church," she replied.
 "I'll be married here in this room," and she glanced about it as if it held some horrible shadow, which was a living presence to her.
- "Where you like. A marriage is a marriage all the same," he replied; and now his voice

sounded sullen, and a streak of burning, angry red mounted to his forehead, and lay there like a little cloud.

She sat for a few moments gazing absently before her, and Hugh sat and looked at her, with the frown deepening on his brow. Suddenly she rose and moved toward him, quite close, and half whispered,

"I would give you everything, Hugh? There's nobody to prevent me-estate-stocks-the whole

He stopped her, by starting to his feet. Something between a groan and a curse broke from his lips. Then, as if suddenly gone mad, he sprang forward, caught her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, as if he would have suffocated her there upon his bosom, rained hot kisses on her hair, her eyes, and her lips.

She struggled away from him at last, and fell upon her knees, hiding her face in the cushions of the sofa by which she knelt.

He stood and looked at her for an instant, and his breath came in feverish gasps; and his eyes were like nothing human in their glare; then he passed out of the room.

After a time, a sound broke the stillness. It was Clare de Launay's moaning, while she rubbed brow and lips with the folds of her dress, and shuddered as if some loathsome reptile had crept over her beauty. Still she knelt there, too weak to rise, too hopeless to pray; and it seemed to her that all the world was death and stillness, broken only by her own uncheckable moanings.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the night before Clare de Launav's wedding. Arthur Wentworth was alone in his library, brooding, for he knew what the morrow was to bring. Hugh had been at the house and told him, and again they had parted friends.

"There will be no guests," Hugh said, "since we could not ask you. Clare wished it so. will be the day you sail, too."

Then they shook hands, and Hugh went away. Since that, two days had passed. Now, the evening of the third had come, and on the morrow Arthur was to sail-the morrow that was to be Clare de Launay's wedding-day!

He had made his farewell visits. Whatever motive people imputed to his departure, of course, neither by word or look had any of the gossip, ripe in the neighborhood, been repeated to him. Mr. Livingston was much better, but still confined to the house. He had not opposed Arthur's determination. He could not look in the young fellow's altered face and ask him to stay. Where \ wrote that he had discovered that a certain doou-

Clare was concerned, he would make no promises. But Arthur hoped that when he was once gone. and the wedding over, the old gentleman would be won back to forgiveness. He could not bear to think of Clare losing the friendship and esteem of any who must live near her.

He went out on the great portice and walked up and down in the waning light. Heavy masses of angry clouds hung low in the west; the wind surged up complaining and chill. There was a storm com-There would be a sort of relief in a fierce tempest. Arthur turned from his dreary contemplation of the tempestuous sky, and resumed his march. Presently there came the sound of a horse's hoofs in the avenue. Arthur was expecting a messenger from town in regard to some business matters. He went down the steps, and across the lawn, to the avenue.

But it was not the person he expected, who came riding slowly up, through the dimness of the tree-shadowed road. As he got quite close, Arthur saw that it was the Scotchman, who had come to the house with Hugh on the day of the fête. He had never recollected to ask what success the old fellow had had in his search—some anxiety or trouble Hugh had spoken of. He was sorry for anybody who had to suffer.

The man was quite close now, and checking his horse, dismounted with an agility one would hardly have looked for, saying,

"I'm bringing ye a wee bit of letter, sir, just from your cousin. I'm in time, too, for here comes the rain."

The first great warning drops were beginning to fall. A distant peal of thunder boomed out. and a flash of pale lightning cast its bluish tints over the trees.

"Go round to the stables with your horse," Arthur said; "then come into the house. quick; the shower will be a heavy one."

He watched the man take the road that led to the offices, then returned in-doors. After a little, Morris came into the library with lights, and told his master the Scotchman was waiting.

"I forget everything," muttered Arthur, then added, "Send him in, please, Morris."

So the man entered, holding the letter in his hand.

"From my cousin, you said?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, sir. He's staying the night up at the little Inn anent Northcote, to be ready the morn, ye understand; for it's an early business, ye ken. He did na' seem to like to bring out one o' the young leddie's people, and they're a feckle set at the Inn-so I came mesel'."

Arthur opened the letter and read it. Hugh

ment connected with the land which Arthur had assigned to him was wanting among the other papers. It might be of use sometime, he said. and had better be found now. It must be among the papers in the old cabinet in the library. was in the hands of Mr. Hawkins, the agent, as Arthur had thought.

"You can't go back to-night," he said to the "The storm will not be over till late. shall tell Morris to find you a bed. Do you like America? Do you mean to stay here?"

"I'm too old to change," the Scotchman an-"It's like I'll gae back when all's done and ended."

"What do you mean?" Arthur asked, trying to get away from his dreary thoughts, to fix his mind on some subject outside of himself and his pain.

"Oh! just the arrand that brought me over the sea, young sir. We'll no talk of it, if ye please. I've told my bit of story to Mr. Hugh. It's like he'll advise me for the best."

"Yes, you can trust Hugh," Arthur said, absently. "I am going now to look for the papers he wants."

Morris came in again to ask some question, and Arthur bade him show Mr. M'Kenzie a room. Some impulse made him call the man back, and whisper.

"Not in the servants' quarter, Morris-one of the rooms on my floor."

He was conscious that they both bade him good-night and went out; conscious that he answered in the mechanical fashion he did most things of late.

The thunder pealed, the lightnings flashed through the room, the rain fell in great sheets, with a noise like hail, and Arthur went out on the veranda again to watch the storm. was a certain enjoyment in this commotion of the elements.

It was not until the clock in the library struck eleven, that he recollected the evening was almost over, and Hugh's request not attended to. had a few letters to write besides. Morris had been in once, but Arthur sent him away. would close the library windows himself, he

He went back into the house, sat down at a table, and wrote his letters; then remained thinking, thinking, oh, so drearily, so aimlessly! until he was roused by the clock's chiming again. It was midnight! Suddenly he remembered the papers Hugh wanted! The old cabinet stood at the farther end of the room, a heavy, carved bit of furniture, that had come from across the seas. ' It was a marvel of workmanship, which dated the man's arm in his wild grasp, forced him on

back to the days of the wonderful Florentine wood carving: a thing so full of drawers, and odd corners, and unexpected recesses, that it had been a favorite amusement of Arthur, in his childhood, to sit before it and open the endless little doors, and lift the countless lids. Most of these receptacles were empty now. In a few of them were letters of his father's, papers of his mother's. The cabinet was too sacred to Arthur for him to use it for his own purposes.

He opened these drawers now, and found copies of deeds and memoranda, all sorts of useless documents, but not the things Hugh needed. All the while he searched, old Martin's portrait, hanging just at the side of the cabinet, glared down upon him with a dark frown, as if resenting his occupation.

He could not tell afterward how it happened. whether his hand touched a secret spring, or whether the plaque was old and gave way under some pressure of his arm, but a carved square of walnut fell away among the recesses of the cabinet into which he was peering, and in the opening thus disclosed lay two folded papers, old and faded looking in the lamp-light. He had taken them out, and begun to read almost without thinking what he did. It was a letter he had found-a letter in his father's handwriting, and the first lines made him wonder if he had gone mad at last. He seized the other sheet; that was a letter too, torn and defaced, the first part gone, but the end was there, and the signature, Mary M'Kenzie; and the letter was a prayer to be allowed to look upon the face of her boy; her boy, for whose future she had periled her soul. She would be a servant, a slave; they might kill her if she opened her lips, only let her see her boy once again.

Arthur dropped the mutilated sheet and went back to the other letter, which was unfinished, and had been thrown aside, evidently, and another written, and this partial draft forgotten. All the same, it was an answer to the mother's passionate appeal, telling her she had sold her boy; she had no claim; it had been a plain bargain. Some lines, farther down the page, attracted his attention. He read them, and there burst from his lips a cry of such mortal agony as takes the last remnant of human strength out upon its wail.

Through the open windows came the Scotch-

"I could na' sleep, and was walkin' up and down. It seemed so strange to be here. I thought I heard ye call," he said.

Arthur was out of his chair. He had seized

toward the cabinet, and was holding the letter before his eyes.

"That's your name—M'Kenzie? That's your name—"

It was only a whisper, but a shriek would have been less piercing.

"The Lord be gude to us!" groaned the old man. "He's found it all out. There's no secret any more!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The storm passed, and the night; the glorious morning wakened the earth again. It was Clare de Launay's bridal-day. It was eight o'clock. The clergyman had arrived at Northcote. Dr. Orborne was in the room. There was no other guest. Hugh had waited to be summoned; but no one came down to tell him that his bride was ready.

He went up stairs at last, and knocked at the door of Clare's dressing-room. Aunt Edla half opened it, and motioned him in, quite out of her feeble senses with terror.

"She's been like that for the last half hour," whispered the frightened old maid, bursting into a passion of tears.

Like that! Why, it was like a corpse, dressed in white, with a long veil floating over the auburn hair. That was what Hugh saw. Clare de Launay dressed for her wedding!

So it fell out that it was after nine o'clock, instead of eight, when Hugh led, or rather half carried, his bride down stairs. She was perfectly recovered, she said. She put aunt Edla and her broken pleas for a postponement of the nuptials coldly aside, and let Hugh lead her away.

As Gordon opened the door of the drawing-room, he saw Dr. Osborne and the clergyman, in the center of the apartment, looking like two men turned to stone. But, more than that, he saw Arthur Wentworth standing before them.

Arthur was crying, excitedly, "Have they gone? Which way? I must overtake them! I want to tell Hugh myself! I have done him wrong enough!"

Gordon tried to retreat, to draw Clare back beyond the reach of those broken tones, but she pushed him from her, and fell, rather than seated herself, in a chair, which stood near.

Arthur caught the sound of the opening door, and came forward quickly, speaking in the same slow, difficult way.

"You are not gone! I thought I should be in time! I have made every arrangement for you to claim your own, Hugh——"

He stopped. But Hugh could not speak, could only stare at Clare de Launay's deathly face, in a dumb passion, made up of fear and rage.

"It was very good of you to try to spare me, Hugh!" continued Arthur. "It was like you; but Fate was stronger than you! There's no mystery any longer!"

Still Hugh stood motionless.

"You needn't look as if I were mad, doctor," Arthur said, turning to that individual, "you can see for yourself. There are all the papers! Hugh Gordon is heir to Wentworth, and I am—God knows who! I have not even a name!"

He put a package of papers into Hugh's hand, as he spoke. The next moment he was cone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

FAR APART.

BY T. R. EVARTS.

BENEATH the quaint old bridge you hear The waves make music as they pass; And, winding to the elm-tree near, You see the pathway through the grass, Where we were wont to walk, abus?

The river wanders as of old Beneath the shade of willow-trees; The sunlit waters gleam like gold, And ripple to the gentle breeze; But I am far from thee and these!

The sky bends over broad and blue,
And, in the soft and mellow light,
You tread the lane our footsteps knew
In former days, when days were bri-ht:
Do these days bring such sweet delight?

And still that lane with grass is green; With fragrant flowers the banks are fair; In golden gloss and silver sheen, The bees still haunt the balmy air; But you will fail to find me there.

Again, perchance, I may not see The rustling rows of willow-trees, (Which lent a leafy canopy When we strolled underneath at ease;) For I am far from thee and these!

Our Joys forsake us. Soon does Spring Pass by and for the Summer call; Soon do the birds lees heart to sing, When fading leaves in Autumn fall; And Winter is the end of all

PINK. PRETTY AS A

BY LUCY H. HOOPER

"Pretty as a pink! Yes, exactly so; that much I am willing to confess. And if you were choosing a pink to put in your button-hole, instead of a companion for life, I should say that the principle on which you have made your selection was a good one. But, do you really think, John Irving, that Jenny Wylde will ever be to you what your mother was to your father-a helpmeet, and other self, in the best sense of both words? Pretty as a pink! Yes; but vain, frivolous, and, worst of all, silly. Other faults are curable; but brainlessness, nephew John, is ineradicable!"

"I think you are too hard on Jenny, Aunt Rachel," interrupted the young man, with a certain shade of indignation in his carefully-restrained tones. "She is very young, and-"

"Twenty, if she's a day; and if a fool at sixteen, is a fool all their lives, do you not think that the adage holds good for four years later? Ah. John! John! I was so proud of you, and looked to see you bring home some nice, sensible woman, who would have made you happy, and me, too, by reflection." And Mrs. Raymond wiped away a tear from the keen, gray eyes to which such visitants had of late years been almost un-

"Dear aunt," said John Irving, kindly, for he loved the widowed and childless aunt who had been to him as a mother, with all a son's affection, "why should not my dear little Jenny make me as happy as though she were the wisest of womankind? I am sure-"

"Because she is a fool," snapped the old lady, so suddenly that John stopped, astonished at the change from her former melting mood. "And I tell you again, John, that such a fault is an incurable one. You may reform a knave, but fools are just hopeless. And, besides, she is a flirtwild after anything that can be called a man. She would flirt with a broomstick, if she could get hold of one of the masculine gender. Flirting and dress; that is all there is inside of that fuzzy head of hers; all kinks, and crimps, and bangs, and curls outside, and men and fine clothes within. What does she ever read? I doubt if her mind even soars to the height of a sensation novel, or a cheap, flashy weekly. What does she ever do, except race the streets, and make up bits of trashy finery? But there is no use in a compound of childish innocence and womanly

talking. She has a pretty face, and pretty little ways of using her eyes and hands, and shaking her head, and so you see in her a proper companion for your life, a capable mistress for your house, and, possibly, a judicious and sensible mother for your children. Go your ways, John, as many a man has gone before you. You have more sense than some men, and one day you'll awaken from your foolish love-dream: only don't come then to your old aunt to get the things set straight. Now I've said my say, and I'll say no more. I'll go call on Miss Jenny to-morrow, and do all things by your betrothed that your mother would have done, had she been alive to see this day. Now you can go. I don't feel much like talking any more, and, besides, here comes Miss Jenny herself down the street. Out with you, my boy, and offer her your arm; that is what you are dying to do."

Thankful to be so easily and speedily released, John deposited a hurried kiss on the wrinkled cheeks, still moist with unwonted tears, and, in a few moments, he stood beside his lady-love, as blithesome-looking a young lover as any in Christendom. He was not ill-looking either, though strength and intellect were more the characteristics of his sturdy frame and massive features, than any show of manly beauty; and he looked a fitting protector for the pretty little blue-eyed creature, at whose side he had placed himself in all the security of acknowledged and accepted love.

Jenny Wylde was truly, as her lover had said, "as pretty as a pink," and very much in the rosy, tumble-to-pieces fashion of that sweet, but unsettled-looking flower. A mass of sunny hair, that required pounds of crimping-pins, and hours of time to get into a state of fashionable fuzziness; big, blue eyes, with a sort of astonished look in their azure depths; a little nose, "tip-tilted" in true Tennysonian fashion; a rose-bud of a mouth; and a dainty little figure, all soft curves and delicate outlines, where those outlines could be detected beneath a mass of frills and ribbons; such was Miss Jenny Wylde, the belle of Blennsville, and the betrothed of the rising young physician, John Irving.

She looked up into the eager, animated face of her lover, with the prettiest smile in the worldwitchery, which was positively bewildering. It was not a salutation called forth by John Irving's presence. It was simply her best-company smile, and she liked to practice it—that was all.

"Why, John, where did you spring from?" she asked, in as much astonishment as though the glimpse she had caught of his head at Mrs. Raymond's window had not brought her round the corner to continue her promenade past that lady's house. Some women take to fibbing as naturally as ducks take to water. Shakspeare knew what he was about when he created that sweet storyteller, poor Desdemona.

"I was talking with aunt Rachel about you, Jenny. She means to call upon you to-morrow."

"I shall be so glad to see her." Fib number two, for Miss Jenny knew by instinct that Mrs. Raymond was not pleased with her nephew's choice, and she disliked the old lady accordingly. "Just wait till John and I are married," she had remarked, confidentially to her cousin and friend, Mrs. Delancey, a fat, young married woman, of some three years standing, "and then let that old frump look out. I'll see that John and she are not any too intimate after that. I wonder if she thinks I mean to have her poking her nose into our affairs. Why, she would be worse than a mother-in-law!"

"I know she will love you dearly, Jenny, when once she knows you," John went on to say. In the innocence of his heart, he did not see that he was making the damaging admission that Mrs. Raymond did not love Miss Wylde already.

"I know she will, for I shall love her-oh! so dearly!" Fib number three, accompanied by another of Miss Jenny's practiced glances-an upward look of the blue eyes, which, when executed with a proper suffusion of tears, had been found to be irresistible. The aquatic element was lacking on the present occasion, as there was no proper opportunity for its introduction, so a sort of timid, tremulous little smile, a kind of deprecating humble confession of unworthiness, did duty instead, and was very successful. And John Irving, looking down into the dainty flower-like face, felt an almost irresistible impulse, compelling him to stoop, and kiss the rosy, smiling lips then and there. But he restrained himself, having due consideration for the nerves of the people of Blennsville, and contented himself with remarking, enthusiastically, "Darling, you are an angel!"

"An angel! Laws! if the angels is like her, I pity the critters as get to heaven," muttered an old washerwoman, who passed just then, lugging home her weekly mountain of frilled skirts and flounced dresses to Mrs. Wylde's house, and who

often suffered from the young lady's temper and caprices. But the remark was unheard, and the happy pair pursued their walk in peace.

They strolled on past well-known houses, and through familiar streets, till they left the village behind them, and emerged into the pleasant woods and fields of the country beyond. At last they reached a lovely spot, known in the parlance of the young people of Blennsville as the Lover's Retreat. It was a shady nook, at the foot of a well-wooded hill, and on the bank of a sparkling little stream, whose babbling waters chattered merrily of their own concerns as they danced away over the pebbles. Here the engaged pair halted, and sat down. The soft, golden sunshine of an evening in early June was around them, the birds sang overhead, and the breath of flowers floated on the odorous air. Earth seemed a new Eden, and they as fond and well-nigh as innocent as the world's first pair of wedded lovers; but, as ever in all earthly Edens, the serpent of deceit was hidden not far away; no further, in fact, than in the vain little heart of the pretty Eve of that imitation Paradise.

"John," began Miss Wylde, after a moment's pause, during which Dr. Irving sat gazing on her, and comparing her, in his heart, to a blush rose. "John, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? A secret?"

"Oh, no—only a little plan of mine. In fact, John, I am going to the sea-shore to spend the summer."

"What! Away from Blennsville—away from me! Oh, Jenny!"

"Now, John, don't be tiresome!" ejaculated Miss Jenny, very glad in her secret heart that this announcement, for which this afternoon walk had been planned and executed, had been taken so quietly. "I'll tell you all about it. You know, last summer, when I was at Niagara with the Clemsons, I met Mrs. Latour, the great belle and leader of fashion. Well, we were quite intimate all the time we were at the Falls, and this summer she wants me to join a party which she is making up to go spend the summer at Oceanstone. And I think I shall accept her invitation."

"But, Jenny, do you not know that I cannot leave my practice; and, besides, Oceanstone is so far from here that I could only——"

"And, by the way, John, you must promise me one thing. I don't want the story of our engagement to get out till I come home in the fall; for if it does, I shall not have one bit of attention this summer!"

"Attention! Jenny, do you care for the attention of other men? I thought you loved me!"

"So I do," said the young lady, sketching &

big true-lover's knot on the dusty ground with the point of her parasol, as she spoke. "But I don't want to be tied down, and give up all my fun just yet. I do not think you need grudge me this one summer's pleasure, John."

"I do not grudge it to you, dear: only I am sorry to lose your company for so long: but you will have a pleasant time, I dare say, and I will try to run down to Oceanstone as often---"

"Stop," said Jenny, holding up her finger; "that you must not do. I want to have just this one summer before I settle down for good, and if you come running after me, you will be sure to let out that we are engaged."

- "Jenny, this is very hard!"
- "Now, do be reasonable, John."
- "It is you who are unreasonable. Two months without you. I do not think you do right in asking such a thing of me."

Whereupon Miss Jenny began to cry, She knew how to do it wonderfully well; the blue eyes looked so soft and tender under their liquid veil, and her pretty cheeks showed like dewsprinkled roses; besides which she was very good at a smothered little sob, like that of a tired-out baby, which was adapted to touch the heart of any man not wholly a brute. So, when she got to the sobbing point, John relented, called himself a wretch, and begged Miss Jenny to forgive him, which she graciously consented to do, after much persuasion. And so it was settled that Miss Wylde was to spend the summer at Oceanstone, under the guardianship and chaperonage of Mrs. Crosby Latour. Mrs. Wylde had been talked over before; not that Jenny had had much trouble with her widowed mother, for she was an only child, and had a small fortune in her own right, so that poor, weak Mrs. Wylde had not much power of control over her willful daughter. Even had she been thoroughly acquainted with the character of the lady under whose care Jenny was about to place herself, it is doubtful if she would have been able to restrain or hinder her from carrying out her plans.

Myra Latour was that anomaly in American society-a married flirt. Flirting was the aim and object of her life-the thing she had, like Lamb's Mrs. Battle with whist, came into the world to do, and she did it. She was not impelled thereto by conjugal unhappiness, for Crosby Latour was a good-natured, harmless sort of being enough; but as serpents were created to bite, so Myra Latour was born to firt, and she firtedflirted with anybody that could be called a man, and in any place that had a shady corner con- {

for, apart from a shapely form and a pair of velvety dark eyes, her claims to beauty were but small. Besides, she had passed the fatal age of thirty, and her complexion bore traces of innumerable Germans, and other festively-occasioned vigils. Yet many a younger and fairer woman had seen her cavalier lured from her by the soft glances of those dangerous eyes, or the liquid accents of that melodious voice. Then, too, Mrs. Latour had the art, always to surround herself with a solar system of young and pretty girls, of whom she was the central luminary, and who were, in their turn, surrounded by satellites who basked in the rays of their radiant center, and served to swell her following and increase her importance. Several members of this fair phalanx having seceded on account of matrimony. Mrs. Latour felt herself compelled to look about for new recruits, and so her thoughts naturally reverted to the pretty piquante little girl whom she met at Niagara the year before, and in whom she had recognized, not only a future auxiliary, and possibly a valuable one, but also a kindred spirit. Hence the invitation to Miss Wylde to join her party at Oceanstone; an invitation which the young lady had first accepted with eagerness, and then set about getting permission from parent and future husband.

The weeks that intervened between the promenade we have chronicled, and the day of Miss Jenny's departure from Blennsville, were weeks fraught with much millinery, and many new garments for the young lady, and with very little satisfaction for John Irving, who had expected to pass much of that period in the companionship of his betrothed; but who found his claims superseded by the claims of the dressmaker, and who, on the few and unfrequent occasions when he was permitted to see her, was constantly interrupted by such speeches from the regions above as, "Miss Jenny, will you have the bluesilk trimmed with flounces or folds?" "Miss Jenny, shall I gore all the widths of your gray poplin?" "Miss Jenny, did you get the black velvet for your white gauge?" "Will you have six roses in your hat or only four?" The poor fellow was well nigh demented. He bore it all, however, with that gentle, kindly patience, often to be observed in large-minded and large-hearted men, and which makes them such unresisting victims to the wiles of kittenish maidens and shrewish wives. And so the bright July morning came on which he bade farewell to his lady-love, at the stuffy little station, and saw her whirled away in the cars, with a pound of bon-bons, and a papervenient for soft whispers and softer glances. Not { covered novel in her lap, her face bright with gay that she was attractive by reason of her beauty, anticipation, and her lips wreathed with sm" s.

And he, poor fellow, went slowly and sorrowfully } elderly ladies were seated near the edge of the home, with all the sadness of the parting aching at his large, honest heart, and with a gnawing, cankering little doubt of the perfect loveliness and ardent attachment of that heart's-idol creeping into his soul. For John Irving was no fool, though he had been rendered blind and bewildered by reason of the prettiness and the witchery of the only woman who had ever really fascinated him.

The long, low perch of the Surf House, the best hotel at Oceanstone, looked strangely romantic and picturesque beneath the rays of a rising August moon, some six weeks later. It had been a quiet, sober house in bygone days, famed mostly for its excellent cuisine, and the respectability and high standing of the guests; but the fast set, with Mrs. Latour at its head, had swooped down upon the once tranquil spot, as one may occasionally see a lonely sea-girt isle invaded by a flock of screaming, fluttering gulls and gannets, who chase away its quietude, and invade the sanctity of its solitude. It is not to be denied, however, that these noisy intruders had brought with them a certain amount of gayety and life which the old hotel had never known before; and on this particular August evening of which we write, there was an unwonted stir and animation perceptible on its porches and in its parlor. German, with a supper to follow, had been planned by some of Mrs. Latour's particular admirers, and was to be put that evening into execution, regardless of the quiet matrons, whose cozy games of whist and confidential chats were thus broken up by the unceremonious appropriation of the drawing-room by the younger members of the circle. But deference for age and consideration for the comfort of others, are two virtues as unfashionable as untrimmed dresses at the present day, and so the elderly people had been invited to step out, and the chairs in the drawing-room were duly ranged in rows, and knotted together with handkerchiefs, while the musicians tuned their instruments, and the children skirmished in and out of the room, or peeped furtively in at the door, awed by the stern visage and savage tones of that high and mighty personage, the leader of the German, who was superintending the preliminary arrangements. On the porch outside, the dispossessed married ladies sat in solemn conclave, and discussed people and things with freedom, though with truth. while gayly-attired girls flitted in and out through the darkness, and every doorway was a nucleus for a group of white-cravated, dress-coated and white-gloved beaux, who were awaiting there the advent of their respective partners.

porch, having so placed themselves in order to profit by the cool breath of the sea-chilled breezes which swept inland from the ocean from time to time.

"Here comes Myra Latour," said one of these ladies, as Mrs. Latour, arrayed in a jetty cloud of lace and tulle, her white shoulders showing, in their dusky draperies, like pearls in a black enamel setting, and her hands loaded with bouquets, swept slowly past. "She is always ready half an hour before every one else."

"I think I saw Miss Trevor come down stairs just now," said another. "And Miss Wylde was in the parlor half an hour ago."

"Oh! she is down on the sands with Nugent Bates. I saw them go off together just before we came out here."

"It is a pity." said another speaker, "that Miss Wylde's mother, if she has a mother, should let her run about the world unchaperoned, and apparently unprotected. She is too pretty and too fast to be allowed to go alone in such a reckless fashion.

"Jenny Wylde? Wild Jenny, as the young men call her? Yes, she is a fast piece. She out-Herods Herod. Even Myra Latour is distanced by her this summer."

"Down on the beach with Nugent Bates this evening; flirting with Allan Westbury on the back piazza till past midnight last night; driving out alone with that horrid scamp, Rupert Delahaye-I should say that Wild Jenny had earned her nick-name very fairly."

"Who, is to be her partner to-night?"

"Oh! Nugent Bates, of course. I wonder if his sister, Mrs. Conway, feels pleased to see him carrying on so with this girl. You know she tried hard to make up a match between Nugent and Gussie Harris last summer, after old Mr. Harris died and left Gussie so much money; but, somehow, the whole thing fell through."

"Don't be so sure of that. I have half a notion that they are privately engaged. Besides. Harriet Conway need not be afraid of any serious consequences from Nugent's flirtation with that Miss Wylde. He has too much sense to marry a a girl who has been so talked about."

Just then the speakers were startled by the sudden appearance of a young man, a stranger, who, emerging from the shadow of one of the pillars near which the group was seated, moved swiftly off. The conversation took another turn, and Miss Wylde and her flirtations were for a time forgotten.

Meanwhile, the stranger who had so startled Several the speakers, kept on his way till he reached hat portion of the piazza which was devoted to the gentlemen. There, lighting a segar, he sat down in the shadow of one of the pillars, and remained apparently lost in thought. A few minutes later Miss Wylde, leaning on her attendant cavalier's arm, came swiftly up the dark path from the beach, and crossed the lighted piazza, to enter the drawing-room, where the German dancers were rapidly assembling.

Pretty as a pink! If Mrs. Raymond's epithet had been true when applied to the young lady in ordinary walking costume, it was doubly correct when its fair object was arrayed in that most becoming of dresses, a demi-evening dress. It was only a white muslin, ruffled, puffed, and flounced a la mode; but the Roman scarf of pale-blue and rose-color, which served as a sash, was so artistically knotted, and there was so much style and grace in the daintily coiffée head, with its tiny bow of ribbon to match the sash, set amid the shining masses of its crepé gold; and a handsome ornament or two was so judiciously disposed to heighten the effect of the whole, that the pretty wearer looked prettier than ever. Whatever else Miss Jenny might have lost during her sojourn at Oceanstone, under the tutelage of Myra Latour, she had undoubtedly gained in style and general elegance. And the German progressed smoothily and merrily; and, next to Mrs. Latour, Jenny Wylde was the bright particular star of the evening: her youth, her freshness, her keen enjoyment of all gayety and fun, and, above all, the charm of novelty, having made her the great success of the Oceanstone season.

At last the German came to an end; the tiredout musicians gathered up their instruments, and
departed; the sleepy-looking waiters came into
the parlor to put back the chairs, and extinguish
the lights; and the dancers dispersed, some to retire to rest, while others, wakeful with excitement, and still unwearied, went out on the broad
piazza to inhale the delicious salt air, and to take
a look at the moon. Among these last were Nugent Bates and Miss Wylde; but their promenading was cut suddenly short by the appearance of
a dark figure from behind one of the pillars, who,
advancing into the moonlight, stood full in the
path of the pair.

The young lady uttered a stifled scream.

"John—John Irving!" she cried. "Why, where in the world did you come from?"

"No further than from the other hotel. May I request the favor of a few minutes conversation with you? This gentleman will excuse you, no doubt."

"Certainly. An old friend from home, Mr. Bates; and I am so anxious to hear all the news from Blennsville."

Nugent Bates, with a half-uttered phrase of regret, released the young lady's arm from his own, bowed, and departed. Then Jenny turned to the unwelcome intruder with a half-frown upon her brow.

"You startled me terribly just now, and you have forgotten your promise to me. Did you not promise to let me spend this summer in peace?"

There was no love-like rapture in John Irving's face or manner, as he stood there in the bright moonlight, before his betrothed. Weeks had stretched themselves into months since they two had stood face to face, and yet it was the stern countenance of a judge, not the charmed look of a reunited lover, that he bent on the flushed, vexed visage of the young girl.

"I will not trouble you long," he said, in tones whose firm, cold evenness thrilled her heart with something very like affright; "nor will I pause to ask you if I am the only one of us twain who has forgotten a promise. But I come of an oldfashioned race, and I have been reared in oldfashioned ideas, and amongst them is the opinion that a young lady's lips and waist are to be held sacred from all masculine touch, save from the man who is about to become her husband. I saw Alban Westbury snatch a kiss from you last evening; it was not hard for him to do, I must confess. I saw Nugent Bate's arm around your waist when you were down on the beach together a while ago. Rupert Delahaye wears to-night the rose-bud that he took from your hair yesterday. To which of these three men are you engaged?"

"You know I am engaged to neither of them. I was engaged to you; but you have no right to play the spy upon me!"

"No right! when the whole happiness of my life was at stake? No right to look on at a game played before three hundred spectators? When rumors reached me three weeks ago of the merry sports at Oceanstone, I determined that I would come down and see for myself. I have been staying for three days at the other hotel, and I have lingered here of evenings in the darkness till I have heard and seen enough."

"What?" This one word came quick and sharp, for Miss Jenny was aware of more than one frolic that would tell but ill for her behavior, if retailed to her friends at Blennsville.

"It does not matter what I know. I have told you some of the things I have seen; but you may trust me; no unkind word respecting you shall ever pass my lips. But our engagement is at an end, and I leave you free to follow your own devices in the future."

"Oh, John, what do you mean? You surely are not so foolish as to break our engagement

just for such nonsense;" and Miss Jenny, smitten (sprang from the piazza, and was lost to sight in to the heart, by the thought of losing not only John Irving, and his comfortable property, but Mrs. Raymond's handsome fortune in the future as well, burst into a very real and unforced fit of weeping. But her tears were of no effect. Samson had broken the seven green withes of Delilah, and her wiles were powerless to retain him.

"Could you for a moment fancy that I would make you my wife, did I once find out your style of behavior at this place? I have loved you very dearly-Heaven above only knows how dearly: and my heart, as I put you from it, is almost broken; but better that it should ache now than be made desolate hereafter. Had you ever loved me, Jenny, you could not have played at lovemaking with these men-libertines, half of them: frivolous pleasure-seekers all, who will dance with you, flirt with you, romp with you; but never, never love you as I have done. For I did love you, Jenny, so dearly."

"Then why are you so cross to me, John?" She turned toward him with a timid smile, breaking through the lustre of her tears. "You know I love you-

"Stop!" he said, quickly, holding up his hand, as if to repel her, for she had advanced a step or two toward him. "Do not profane the name of that most sacred feeling. You love me! Dare you say that, with another man's kisses upon your lips, and the print of still another's arm fresh on the ribbon that girds your waist? No, no, you never loved me-that I know now. to your new admirers, pick out the one you like best, and tell him from me that what he has touched he may take, and may he be happy with his wife."

showed so fair in the moonlight, he turned away, and he perished miserably.

the distant shadows.

A passer-by, just at that moment, hummed between his teeth an air to which had been set those old lines on waltzing.

"You have brushed from the grape its soft blue, From the rose-bud you've shaken the tremulous dew; What you've touched you may take. Pretty trifler, adieu!"

For a moment Miss Wylde remained motionless, as though half-stunned, or lost in thought. Then she shook out her flounces, gathered her shawl around her, and departed.

"After all, it is as well," she said to herself, on her way up to bed. "He was horribly countryfied, and now I shall spend next winter with Myra Latour, and marry Nugent Bates."

And John Irving! Did he too go his way. light-hearted and uncaring, after the words that severed him forever from the woman he loved had been spoken? Does the strong soldier suffer nothing after the surgeon's keen knife has removed the shattered limb, or the gangrened flesh, that else would cause his death? A dull headache. a sore sense of loss, long haunted the true heart that had shaped itself into so grand a shrine for such an unworthy little idol. It is such natures as that of John Irving which alone have the ca-The empty-headed and pacity for suffering. hollow-hearted expose an impervious shell to the stings and arrows of wronged or misplaced affection. The souls that find their aspirations filled by a dance, a flirtation, or a bouquet, are not apt to be troubled by yearning tendernesses or mistaken fondness. The soldier who snatched the silver cup from the banqueting table in "Quentin Durward," bore his booty away applauded, and in safety; but he that clutched the gem-decked Without another look at the tearful face, that vase of gold saw his prize torn from his grasp,

VEILED LIDS.

BY MAURICE DAVIES.

How beautiful they are, Veiled lids that hide the brilliant flashing eye, As night with fleecy cloud hides jealously Some pure, chaste star.

So beautiful in sleep, Veiled lids which tell us that the mother fond Hands o'er her baby to the world beyond, For God to keep.

More beautiful in death, Which, shrouding from the world each several sense, Opens the sight on God's magnificence, As stops the breath.

So wonderful to think That those veiled lids, which seem enwrapped in night, Are gazing on the beatific light Of beaven's own brink!

To know that they behold What we with eager faith alone can probe, The world of angels, each in snowy robe, With harp of gold!

To know those eyes have met Familiar glances in those happy spheres, And yet can see us too-see all the tears Our eyes that wet.

OUR SUFFERENS WITH AGENTS.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

We done pretty well this year, the crops came in first-rate, and then Josiah had 4 or 5 head of cattle to turn off, and he proposed I should have a sewin' machine. Though we don't coo at each other so much as some do, my pardner, Josiah, is attached to me with a firm and almost cast-iron devotedness.

But says I to him,

"Josiah, I had rather Tirzah Ann would have a organ, because if she is ever goin' to learn to play, now is the time. And I have got a couple of sewin' machines, that have run pretty well for upwards of—— Well, it haint no matter how many years, but quite a number, anyway."

But Josiah hung on to that machine, and Tirzah Ann seemed sot onto her organ, and, finally, Josiah ups, and says he, "I will get both on 'em." And Tirzah and me thought we would let him have his head in the matter.

So it got out that we was goin' to buy a sewin' machine, and a organ. Wall, we made up our minds on Friday, pretty late in the afternoon, and on Monday forenoon I was a washin', when I heard a knock at the front door, and I wrung my hands out of the water, and went and opened it.

A slick-lookin' feller stood there, and I invited him in, and set him a chair.

"I hear you are a talkin' of buyin' a musical instrument for your daughter," says he.

"No," says I, "we are goin' to buy a organ."
"Wall," says he, "I want to advise you, not that I have any interest in it at all, only I don't want to see you imposed upon. It fairly makes me mad to see a Methodist imposed upon. I lean toward that perswaision myself. Organs are liable to fall to pieces any minute. There haint no dependence on 'em at all; the insides of 'em are liable to break out any minute. If you have any regard for your own welfare and safety, you will buy a piano. Not that I have any interest in advising you, only my stern devotion to the cause of right. Piano's never wear out."

"Where should we go to get one," says I, for I didn't want Josiah to throw away his property. "Wall," says he, "as it happens, I guess I have got one out here in the wagon. I believe I threw one into the bottom of the wagon this mornin', as I was a comin' down by here on business. I am glad now that I did, for it always makes me feel ugly to see a Methodist imposed upon."

Josiah came into the house in a few minutes, and I told him about it; and, says I, "How lucky it is, Josiah, that we found out about organs, before it was too late."

But Josiah asked the price, and said he wasn't goin' to pay out no 800 dollars, for he wuzznt able. But the man asked if we was willin' to have it brought into the house for a spell—we could do as we was a mind to about buyin' it; and, of course, we couldn't refuse, so Josiah almost broke his back a liftin' it in. And they sot it up in the parlor, and after dinner the man went away.

I had just got back to my washin' agin (I had had to put it away to get dinner) when I heard a knockin' again to the front door, and I pulled down my dress sleeves, and went and opened it, and there stood a tall, slim feller, and the kitchen bein' all cluttered up, I opened the parlor door, and asked him in there. And the minute he ketched sight of that piano, he just lifted up both hands, and says he,

"You haint got one of them here!"

He looked so horrified that it skairt me, and says I in almost tremblin' tones,

"What is the matter with 'em?" and I added, in a cheerful tone, "We haint bought it."

He looked more cheerful too as I said it, and, says he, "You may be thankful enough that you haint. There haint no music in 'em at all. Hear that," says he, goin' up, and strikin' the very top note. It did sound flat enough.

Says I, "There must be more music in it than that, though I haint no judge at all."

"Wall, hear that, then," and he went and struck the very bottom note. "You see jest what it is, from top to bottom. But it haint its total lack of music that makes me despise pianos so, it is because they are so dangerous."

"Dangerous?" says I.

"Yes, on thunder storms, you see," says he, liftin' up the cover. "Here it is, all wire, enough for 50 lightnin' rods—draw the lightnin' right into the room. Awful dangerous! No money would tempt me to have one in my house, with my wife and daughter. I shouldn't sleep a wink thinkin' I had exposed 'em to such danger."

"Good Lord!" says I, "I never thought on it

"Wall, now you have thought of it. You see

plainly that an organ is just what you need. They are full of music, safe, healthy, and don't cost half so much."

Says I "An organ was what we had set our minds on at first."

- "Wall, I have got one out here, and I will bring it in."
 - "What is the price," says I.
 - "100 and 50 dollars," says he.
- "There won't be no need of bringin' it in at that price," says I, "for I have heard Josiah say, that he wouldn't give a cent over a hundred dollars for one."
- "Wall," says the feller, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Your countenance looks so kinder natural to me, and I like the looks of the country round here so well, that if your mind is made up on the price you want to pay, I won't let a trifle of 50 dollars part us. You can have it for 100."

Wall, the end on't was, he brung it in, and sot it up the other end of the parlor, and drove off. And when Josiah came in from his work and the children came home from school, they liked it first-rate.

But the very next day, a new agent came, and he looked awful skairt when he ketched sight of that organ, and awful mad and indignant too.

- "That villain haint been a tryin' to get one of them organs off onto you, has he?" says he,
- "What is the trouble with 'em?" says I, in a awe-struck tone, for he looked bad.
- "Why," says he, "there is a heavy mortgage on every one of his organs. If you bought one of him, and paid for it, it would be liable to be took away from you any minute, when you was right in the middle of a tune, leavin' you a settin' on the stool, and you would lose every cent of your money."

"Good gracious!" says I, for it skairt me to think what a narrow chance we had run. Wall, finally, he brung in one of hisen, and set it up in the kitchen, the parlor bein' full on 'em.

Wall, he driv off, and he hadn't more'n got out of sight, when the first organ man came, and I treated him pretty cool, thinkin' in my own mind how he had tried to cheat us. He see my frigidness, and asked me to tell him what was the matter, and finally I up and told him. And then, oh, how that man swore. He said, "the feller that jest left was the biggest liar in North America. He had been turned out of church after church jest for lyin';" and then he offered to bring down a lawyer to prove it was a lie, and says he, "I'll swear to it."

"You have swore enough about it now," says I, coolly, and almost frigidly, for I was a gettin' out of patience with the whole caboodle of 'em. Wall, the next day a new one come. He asked 100 and 75 dollars for hisen in the first place; but when Josiah told him he had had one offered to him for 100, he said we might have his for 90 dollars, and he would throw in a stool and a tune-book and a spread for it.

"Can't you throw in a nice little melodeon?" says Josiah, for it sickened that man to see 'em go on. To see a man fall down 85 dollars to one fall. That feller hung round the biggest part of the day; was there to dinner and supper, but Josiah didn't give him no decided answer, and finally he went off. But no sooner would one swarm go than another would come; and before the week was out the house was chuck full; you couldn't turn round without hittin' against a sewin'-machine, or a piano, or sunthin'.

And the fellers a comin' and goin' at all hours. For a spell at first, Josiah would come in and talk with 'em, but after a while he got tired out, and when he would see one a comin', he would start on a run for the barn and hide, and I would have to stand the brunt of it alone. One feller see Josiah a runnin' for the barn, and he follered him in, and Josiah dove under the barn, as I found out afterward. I happened to see him a crawlin' out after the feller drove off. Josiah come in a shakin' himself, for he was all covered with straw and feathers, and says he,

"I will buy a gun the first hard work I do."

Says I, "I would be ashamed of myself, Josiah Allen. I guess it hain't no harder for me than it is for you."

"Well, I was a calculatin' to make it easier for you. What do you suppose I was a goin' to shootin' 'em for? It would help you as much as it would me to thin 'em off a little."

Says I, "Josiah, to say nothin of the wickedness of it, it wouldn't do no good. Don't you remember the fox in the brambles? 'Let the old swarm remain, for if you drive 'em off, a hungryer set would come, and then I should be utterly devoured."

Wall, this took place about noon. I had a awful headache, and I told Josiah, says I,

"How I am goin' to tussle with them agents this afternoon, I don't know, enjoyin' such poor health as I do to-day."

When I felt well I could get along with 'em better, but it didn't seem to me as if I could argue with 'em all the afternoon, feelin' as I did, and Josiah had got to go up into the woods to work.

Says Josiah, "I'll fix 'em. I'll set a trap jest outside of the gate, and ketch 'em in it."

Says I, "That won't do no good, Josiah; for if you should disable 'em, I should only have

'em to take care of; and if you should ketch one in it, the rest could get over the fence.'

Says Josiah, "Can't I fix the clothes-line so it would trip 'em up."

- "Not in the day-time," says I, depressedly.
- "Take that old pop-gun of Thomas Jefferson's, and load it with beet juice, and shoot 'em with it, and make 'em think you have drawed blood."
- "There haint no beet juice," says I, in a gloomy tone. "And if there was, how could I take aim, with my head as it is to-day?"
- "Wall," says Josiah, "I have got to go, anyway. You look up the house and go to bed, and mebby you can keep 'em out."

And so I did, as soon as Josiah started off. let down the curtains and locked the doors, and laid down. I heard knockin' to the door a good many times, and a considerable movin' and stampin' round the house, but I never stirred till it was time for Josiah to come home, and then I rousted up and thought I would hang on the teakettle. Wall, I jest histed up a little corner of the window-curtain, and I could jest see a pair of shinin' boots in front of the parlor door. Ι went to the other window, and there I could see the hull on him. It was that piano man. I went into the kitchen jest as still as I could, and I heard a talkin' on the piazza, and I peeked through a hole in the curtain, and there sot two of 'em; one a sewin'-machine man, and the other a organ; so they was friendly to each other, and sot together.

As I stood there, the organ men spoke up.

"They must be to home pretty soon, and I guess that piano feller will find that I can stick it out as long as he can," says he.

"Yes," says the other feller, "and I guess that t'other feller will find that he can't tucker out me, if he should stay here all night."

Thinks I, mebby I can slip out the back door and fill the tea-kettle, but I'll be hanged if one didn't set there on the back stoop, lookin' down the road that led to Jonesville, as close as a cat would watch a rat-hole.

I went back to my room again, were out and depressed, and I wished Josiah would come. I peeked out of the winder toward the barn, to see if I could see him, and happenin' to cast my eye down toward the ground, I see one of his boots stick out a little ways from under the barn, then I see that he had got as fur as the barn before he see'em, and then he hid. I knew there wouldn't be no gettin' him into the house till the enemy had dispersed, but yet it was a satisfaction to know that my companion was so near to me.

Wall, they never went away, so Josiah could winked to me, and then he held the old mare, and come out of his hidin' place, and I could get let 'em lift. They wasn't used to such kind of

supper, till sundown, and I had to get supper, and Josiah had to milk after dark. And says Josiah, as we was eatin' supper after bed-time,

- "Samantha, as for standin' it so much longer, I can't, and won't. It's a runnin' you down, and I am a spilin' my clothes a crawlin' under that barn so much, to say nothin of fillin' my hair and mouth with dirt, and straw, and feathers." He helped himself agin to the cherry pie, and says, with a gloomy expression onto his face, "There has got to be a change."
 - "How is there going to be a change?" says I.
- "I'll tell you," says he, in a whisper, for fear some on 'em was prowlin' round the house yet. "We will get up before light to-morrow mornin, and go to Jonesville and buy a organ right out."

I fell in with the idee, and we started for Jonesville the next mornin'. We got there jest after the break of day, and bought it of the man to the breakfast table. Says Josiah to me afterward, as we was goin' down into the village.

"Let's keep dark about buying one, and see how many of the creeters will be a besettin' on us to-day."

Says I, "You must love to be haunted by 'em better than I do."

"Says he, "I'd love to fool 'em."

Says I "It is jest about such foolin' as the little boy done that let his father whip him through a mistake, jest to fool his father." But seein' that my companion looked disappointed, I told him, "it wasn't my way to tell everything I knew. I shouldn't say nothin' about havin' bought one."

So we kep still, and there was half a dozen fellers follerin' us round all the time a most, into stores and groceries, and the mantymakers. And they would stop us on the side walk, and argue with us about their organs and pianos. One feller, a tall slim chap, he never let Josiah outen his sight a minute, and he followed him after he went after his horse, and walked by the side of the wagon, clear down to the store where I was, a arguin' all the way about his piano. Josiah had bought a number of things, and left 'em to the store, and when we got there, there stood another one, the organ man, by the side of the things, just like a watch-dog. He knew Josiah would have to come and get 'em, and he could get the last word with him.

Amongst other things, Josiah had bought a barrel of salt, and the piano feller that had stuck to Josiah so tight all day, offered to help Josiah on with it. And the organ man, not going to be outdone by the other, he offered too. Josiah kinder winked to me, and then he held the old mare, and let 'em lift. They wasn't used to such kind of

work, and it fell back on 'em once or twice, and most squshed 'em; but they hipped to, and lifted agin, and, finally, got it on. But they was completely tuckered out.

And then Josiah got in, and thanked 'em for the liftin', and the organ man a wipin' the sweat offen his face, that had started out in his hard labor, said, "he should be down to-morrow mornin';" and the piano man, a pantin' for breath, told Josiah "not to make up his mind till he came. He should be down that night if he got rested enough."

And then Josiah told 'em "that he should be glad to see 'em down a visitin' any time; but he had jest bought a organ."

I don't know but what they would have laid holt of Josiah, if they hadn't been so tuckered out; but as it was, they was too beat out to look anything but sneakin'. And so we drove off.

The manty maker had told me that day that there was 2 or 3 new agents with new kinds of machines jest come to Jonesville, and I was jest a tellin' Josiah on it, when we met a middle-aged man, and he looked at us pretty close, and, finally, he asked us as he went by us, "if we could tell him where Josiah Allen lived."

Says Josiah, "I am a livin' at present in the one-horse wagon."

Says he, "You are thinkin' of buyin' a sewin' machine, haint you?"

Says Josiah, "I am a turnin' my mind that way.'

At that the man turned his horse round, and followed us, and I see that he had a sewin' machine in front of his wagon.

Our old mare had a colt, and seein' a strange horse come up so cluss behind us, it started the colt up, and she kicked up her heels, and started off full run toward Jonesville, and then run down a cross road, and into a lot.

Says the man behind us, "I am a little younger than you be, Mr. Allen. If you will hold my horse I will go after the colt with pleasure."

Josiah was glad enough, and so he got into the feller's wagon; but before he started off, the man, says he.

"You can look at that machine in front of you while I am gone. I tell you frankly, that there haint another machine equal to it in America. It requires no strength at all; infants can run it for days at a time; idiots; if anybody knows enough to set and whistle they can run this machine; and it is especially adapted to the blind-blind people can run it jest as well as them that can see. A blind woman last year, in one day, made 48 dollars a makin' leather aprons; stitched 'em } all round the edge two rows. She made 2 dozen run. They would get it headed toward us, and

of 'em, and then she made 4 dozen gauze veils the same day without changing the needle. That is one of the beauties of the machine, its goin' from leather to lace, and back again, without changing its gear-it makes it so handy for wimmin. It is so tryin' for wimmen, every time they want to go from leather to gauze, and book muslin, to have to change the needle. But you can see for yourself that it haint got its equal in North America."

He heard the colt whinner, and Josiah stood up in the wagon, and looked after it. So he started off down the cross road.

So we sot there, feelin' considerable like a procession, Josiah holdin' the stranger's horse, and I the old mare. And as we sot there, up driv another slick-lookin chap, and I bein' ahead, he spoke to me, and says he,

- "Can you direct me, mem, to Josiah Allen's house?"
- "It is about a mile from here," and I added, in a friendly tone, "Josiah is my husband."
 - "Is he?" says he, in a genteel tone.
- "Yes," says I. "We have been to Jonesville, and our colt ran down that cross road, and-
- "I see," says he, interruptin' of me. "I see how it is." And then he went on in a lower tone, "If you think of buyin' a sewin' machine, don't get one of that feller in the wagon behind you. I know him well-he is one of the most worthless shacks in the country, as you can plainly see by the looks of his countenance. I ever see a face in which knave and villian is wrote down, it is on hisen. Any one with half an eye can see that he would cheat his grandmother out of her snuff handkerchief, if he got a chance."

He talked so fast that I couldn't get a chance to put in a word edge ways for Josiah.

"His sewin' machines are utterly worthless. He baint never sold one yet; he can't! His character has got out-folks know him. There was a lady telling me the other day, that her machine she bought of him all fell to pieces in less than 24 hours after she bought it, fell onto her infant, a sweet little babe, and crippled it for life. I see your husband is havin' a hard time of it with that colt. I will jest hitch my horse here to the fence, and go down and help him. I want to have a little talk with him before he comes back here." So he started off on the run.

I told Josiah what he said about him, for it madded me, but Josiah took it cool. He seemed to love to set there and see them two men run. I never did see a colt act as that one did. They didn't have time to pass a word with each other. to find out their mistake, it kep 'em so on a keen then it would kick up its heels and run onto some lot, and canter round in a circle with its head up in the air, and then bring up short against the fence. And then they would leap over the fence. The fast one had white pantaloons on, but he didn't mind 'em; over he would go, right into sikuta or elder fushes. And they would wave their hats at it, and holler, and whistle, and bark like dogs, and the colt would whinner and start off agin right the wrong way, and them 2 men would go a pantin' after it. They had been a runnin' nigh on to half an hour, when a goodlookin' young feller come along, and seein' me a settin' still and holdin' the old mare, he up and says,

- "Are you in any trouble that I can assist you?"
- "Says I, "We are going home from Jonesville, Josiah and me, and our colt got away and——"

But Josiah interrupted me, and says he, "And them 2 fools a caperin' after it are sewin'-machine agents."

The good-lookin' chap see all through it in a minute, and he broke out into a laugh it would have done your soul good to hear, it was so clear, and hearty, and honest. But he didn't say a word; he drove out to go by us, and we see then that he had a machine in the buggy,

- " Are you a agent?" says Josiah.
- "Yes," says he.
- "What sort a machine is this here?" says Josiah, liftin' up the oil-cloth from the machine in front of him.
- "A pretty good one," says the feller, lookin' at the name on it.
 - "Is yours as good?" says Josiah.
- "I think it is better," says he. And then he started for his horse.
 - "Hello! stop!" says Josiah.

The feller stopped.

- "Why don't you run down other fellers' machines, and beset us to buy yours?"
- "Because I don't make a practice of stoppin' people in the street."
- "Do you haunt folks day and night? foller 'em up ladders, through trap-doors, down cellars, and under the barn?"

- "No," says the young chap. "I show people how my machine works. If they want it, I sell it; and if they don't, I leave."
 - "How much is your machine?" says Josiah.
 - "75 dollars."
- "Can't you," says Josiah—" because I look so much like your old father, or because I am a Methodist, or because my wife's mother used to live neighbor to your grandmother—let me have it for 25 dollars?"

The feller got up in his wagon, and turned his machine round so we could see it plain. It was a beauty. And says he,

- "You see this machine, sir. I think it is the best one made, although there is no great difference between this and the one over there; but I think what difference there is is in this one's favor. You can have it for 75 dollars if you want it; if not, I will drive on."
 - "How do you like the looks on it, Samantha?"
 Says I, "It is the kind I wanted to get."

Josiah took out his wallet and counted out 75 dollars, and says he,

"Put that machine into that wagon where Samantha is."

The good-lookin' young feller was jest liftin' of it in, and countin' over his money, when the 2 fellers come up with the colt. It seemed that they had had a explanation as they was comin' back. I see they had as quick as I ketched sight on 'em, for they was a walkin' one on one side of the road, and the other on the other, most tight up to the fence. They was most dead, the colt had run 'em so, and it did seem as if their faces couldn't look no redder nor more madder than they did, as we hitched right on 'em. But they did when Josiah thanked 'em for drivin' back the colt, and when they see that the other feller had sold us a machine, their faces did look redder and madderer.

But I didn't care a mite. We drove off tickled enough that we had got through with our sufferens with agents. And the colt had got so beat out a runnin' and racin', that he drove home first-rate, walking along by the old mare as stiddy as a deacon.

SONNET.

BY JAMES DAWSON.

I sit, to-night, before my fire alone,
Musing upon my lonely later years,
And the great griefs that I therein have known.
Sad thoughts come with the mastery of tears:
And more than ever now my life seems one
Scarce worth the living; and my tearful Past
To a more tearful Future hands me on,
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Henceforth with her to wander to the last
Yet though the worst comes, and resplendent Hope
Wholly withdraws her gleaming orb so fair,
Already, like the meon in yonder cope,
Waned to a crescent, I will not despair.
Despair I will not, whatsoe'er befall,
But own God's providence, and bear with all.



GREEK RING. THE

BY JEANIE T. GOULD. -- (DAISY VENTNOR.)

The rain fell in great, pattering drops, the clouds overhead were dense and unpromising, and the wind blew furiously, driving the maple boughs against the windows; then came a vivid flash of lightning, with a clap of thunder. Miss Murray moved away from the window of the inn, with a sigh that was partly impatient, and wholly weary.

The situation was provoking, and Marion may be forgiven for grumbling a little at the fate which had kept her close prisoner in this little country town for three weeks. Saratoga had grown intolerably dull, between its noise and its stupidity. "It was too early in the season for Newport," said her aunt, Mrs. Dunallen, "and so, my dear, for once, I'll go wherever you like, just for a distraction. Only, I implore you, let us avoid Dame Shoddy. One really has to explore the most outlandish spots to escape her all-pervading presence. I believe we should find her on top of Mount Arrarat, if that were a practicable summer resort."

Now Marion had been quite attracted by the glowing account which a friend had given her of the life at a quiet little place, called Woodsholen. It was situated at the foot of one of the small lakes in Western New York; the hotel, said her friend, was nicely kept, the rooms large and wellventilated, and above all, the scenery was wild and primitive in the extreme. So Marion hunted out the route in a Railway Guide, told her aunt that the desirable spot of refuge from Mrs. Shoddy was at last discovered, and in two days they were off, accompanied by Lucette, the maid, and Wonder, a small Skye-terrier, the pride of Marion's heart, and Mrs. Dunallen's pet horror.

The day which they had selected for their journey proved to be one of the warmest of the summer, and, in an evil moment, Marion suggested that instead of going straight through to their destination, they should wait over a train, and rest at Albany. To be sure, they started afresh, feeling somewhat brighter; but the train which they left reached its destination in perfect safety, while the luckless one for which they exchanged it met with an accident. They took a branch road at Rochester, and ere many miles were accomplished, a rail broke, the train was hurled violently from the track, and only the slow rate at ing on the stranger's arm, still in a state of help-

CERTAINLY, it was not an encouraging prospect. { which they happened to be going, prevented great loss of life. Marion was conscious of a crash, a dreadful jolting. She braced herself against the seat with one hand, and clutched Wonder frantically with the other; then, for a moment, unconsciousness.

> Wonder's little cold nose against her face, and his pitiful whines, mingled with her aunt's shrieks, brought back her wandering senses. Then a strong hand lifted her up, and a full, manly voice said, in accents of thankfulness, "Thank God, its no worse than this!"

> Marion staggered a little as she essayed to stand, and the owner of the voice threw his arm about her waist to steady her. She looked around helplessly for a moment; the car lay on its side, nearly every seat broken, and people were limping out with white, scared faces; but there were no dreadful sights, such as she expected to see.

> "Oh, Marion!" shrieked her aunt. move; I do believe I'm killed. Stop your nonsense, you idiot;" this to her French maid, who was praying frantically, in French and Latin. "Oh, these vile, wretched American roads! I'll prosecute the company; I'll go to Europe by the first steamer. I'll-"

> "There, aunt," said Marion, soothingly, "you are more frightened than hurt, for which be thankful. I think we had better go outside now." And then she remembered that she had uttered no word of thanks to the stranger, who was still supporting her, so she moved slightly, and glanced up into his face.

> It was such a wonderfully perfect, handsome face; the soft brown eyes, with a gold glint in them; clear, beautifully-cut features, and an olive skin that was like nothing but the face of an Italian boy whom Marion remembered once, long ago. Her thanks died away on her lips, until she was recalled to herself by a rather mischievous smile, which lurked around the corners of the stranger's dark mustache.

> "Allow me," said he, and before Marion could speak, she was carried swiftly over the broken timbers, and seated on the grass at a little distance; and then, lifting his hat politely, the gentleman said he would go back for the other lady. Marion sat still, collecting her dazed senses, and in a few seconds, Mrs. Dunallen appeared, lean

less rage at "the recklessness and hardihood of { here; if you can persuade your aunt to ride in these railway companies."

"Perhaps I ought to mention that I am one of those objectionable members of society-a railway man," said the stranger, mischievously. "Allow me to intraduce myself as Lewis Monici, superintendent of the road."

"Av ye plase, sir," said an unmistakably Irish voice behind them; "it's a lady that's badly hurted, I'm thinking, over beyont."

"Pray go," said Marion, hastily, as the gen-"We will, of course, wait tleman hesitated. here."

The interval between Mr. Monici's departure and his return was employed in comforting Mrs. Dunallen, who asserted that her body was one mass of bruises, and that, moreover, she was beginning to feel very faint. Marion luckily spied a traveling-bag in Lucette's hands, and was in the act of administering a dose of brandy to her aunt, when the young superintendent came back.

"There is a lady very badly hurt," said he, "I am about to have her moved breathlessly. into a carriage which has come over from the station---''

"Station!" burst in Mrs. Dunallen.

"Yes; we are but two miles from Hampstead. May I ask one of you, ladies, to accompany this lady, who is hurt, to the village? I will have another carriage here presently."

"You go, aunt, and I will wait," said Marion; but Mrs. Dunallen declared that she couldn't stir a step without Marion; and, beside, Marion was much more fit to take charge of the lady. So the party proceeded to the scene of the wreck. where, on the grass, supported by two kindlylooking country women, lay a lady dressed in deep mourning. No sooner did Mrs. Dunallen catch a glimpse of the pale, death-like face, than she exclaimed,

"Oh, good heavens! It's Theodora Rhinelander! How upon earth did she come here? The last time I heard of her, she was in China or India. What a blessed thing that we happened to be here! Give her some brandy this minute. Oh, poor dear! She's quite senseless! Marion, do send some of these people for a doctor. what comes of these wretched American railways!"

Between her aunt's excitement and the rather tremulous state of her own nerves, Marion felt it to be a relief to turn to the calm, collected man at her side. Mr. Monici took the matter into his own hands. He seated Marion in the carriage.

"If you feel quite equal to it," he said, in a low voice, "I wish you would assist me to support the poor lady. There is a spring wagon {

it, we shall all reach the Inn at the same time."

So Marion explained matters to Mrs. Dunallen. who vowed that she would ride in anything, or even walk, provided poor dear Theodora could be taken care of. Marion must be sure to give her brandy at the first moment of consciousness.

But the good lady might have spared her charges. Mrs. Rhinelander remained insensible until the carriage reached the Inn, where Marion was thankful to relinquish her post to the doctor. He was a gentlemanly-looking man, and, Mr. Monici assured her, a skillful one; and after establishing his patient up stairs, he proceeded to set her arm, which was broken in two placesabout as ugly a fracture as was possible. Lucette being of no use whatever in the present emergency, Marion and Mr. Monici performed the part of assistants at the operation. It was really wonderful to see Marion putting all the available forces at work, and getting the right thing at the right moment, from the crowd of frightened people who congregated at the door of the room.

"There," said the doctor, at last, "that is done, and satisfactorily. I'm much obliged to you, Monici, but your talents increase daily. As for this young lady, the best of my hospital nurses at Beaufort, in war times, couldn't have done better for a first experience. It is your first?" And the doctor smiled comically as his eye, for the moment, took in the high-bred, elegant-looking girl before him.

Marion smiled faintly, in return; but she knew that her aunt would be in an agony until she saw her; so, presently, she excused herself politely, and leaving a capable-looking woman at Mrs. Rhinelander's bedside, she went away. Below she found confusion. Lucette lay on the floor in vigorous hysterics, and Mrs. Dunallen "felt as if she would go distracted," she informed Marion. Certainly mademoiselle was uncompromising enough with imaginary maladies, and Lucette found herself better in a surprisingly rapid manner. Then there was the vexed question of rooms to settle, tea to order, Mrs. Dunallen's bruises to be attended to, a call from the doctor. Marion had no time to complain of the freaks of fortune until hours later, when she went out on the piazza and seated herself wearily in the nearest chair.

"You must be very tired," said a compassionate voice, so near her elbow that she started painfully. "I beg your pardon. Did I frighten you ?"

"Only because I did not see you as I came

out," Marion said, recognizing the young superintendent. "Yes, I suppose I must confess to the weakness. I am tired, and rather nervous."

"I don't wonder at it. Indeed, if you will permit me to say so, you have done the work of two women ever since the accident. But I am so thankful that it was no worse. You don't know what anxiety I suffered for awhile about that poor lady up stairs."

"Mrs. Rhinelander? Yes, no doubt. What a relief it must be to you that no one was killed!"

"It is, indeed," he said. Then, in a lighter tone, "You will not find this an uncomfortable place to stay in. Isn't it a quaint old Inn?"

"More like an English Inn than anything I ever saw here," said Marion. "I presume my aunt will not feel that she can leave Mrs. Rhinelander before her nioce arrives. We have telegraphed for her. She lives in Buffalo."

"Let me wish you pleasant dreams," he said, as Marion rose. "I shall be out on my road all night, overseeing repairs, but I hope you will permit me to pay my respects to you to-morrow."

Then Marion went away, thinking that never in her life had she seen a face so beautiful, or manners as graceful, as this young man with an Italian-sounding name.

The events of the three weeks which followed can hardly be given in detail. Mrs. Dunallen established herself at Mrs. Rhinelander's bedside until the arrival of Miss Jocelyn, and even then insisted upon sharing the nursing with her. Mrs. Dunallen was a very warm-hearted woman. Even the hardening influence of having lived all her life in the gay world of society had failed to crush her impulses; and although separated for years from her old friend, she could not forget the school-days when they had been intimate as sisters. Marion ceased to wonder at her aunt's enthusiasm as she saw more of Mrs. Rhinelander. She was a woman who had known many sorrows. Her beautiful dark hair had turned snowy white when she was but thirty years of age, from grief at the loss of her only child. She was a widow now, wealthy and high-born, and, at fifty-four, a beauty still. Marion, albeit not prone to sudden fancies, had become wonderfully interested in Mrs. Rhinelander, and spent a great deal of time in her room. But Miss Jocelyn was a thorn-aye, verily, a thorn of the most prickly kind. Marion's instincts warned her against the girl from the moment her eyes fell on the fair, infantine face. She was too simple, too helpless, to be entirely natural, and as the days

lay behind those innocent-looking blue eyes. Miss Jocelyn had an irritating way of rubbing against Marion's temper. It was by no means a perfect temper, being one of the sort which often accompanies a brave, frank disposition—quick to resent, but equally ready to ergive.

Now, upon the stormy day at first referred to, Marion had been especially irritated with Miss Jocelyn. The girl had been sitting in Marion's room, and was witness to a rather sharp scolding which Lucette received at her mistress's hands. Lucette was extremely idle, and Marion had chiefly retained the girl because she was rather delicate, which made it difficult for her to find a situation where no real labor was required. Lucette, although much attached to her mistress, was apt to impose upon her good nature, and this morning Marion felt obliged to reprove her. Miss Jocelyn sat watching the pair with a curiously grieved expression.

"Oh, don't, Marion!" said she, as Marion wound up energetically. "It's really quite dreadful to give way so. As our charming young elergyman says, 'No lady should ever lose her self-control.' Lucette," speaking to the girl in most execrable French, "Mademoiselle is not feeling well this morning. I'm sure you know that she did not mean to hurt your feelings."

Marion's eyes flashed at the impertinence. She opened her lips to speak, then closed them resolutely; but being at her toilet at the moment, an unguarded movement threw her jewel-case and part of its contents on the floor. Eva Jocelyn offered to help pick up the chains and earrings, and indulged in gushing ecstasies over them.

"These were nothing," Lucette informed the young lady, "ma'mselle would not bring her superb---"

"Lucette!" came in warning tones from her mistress, and no more was said until the girl held up the box with a dismayed exclamation, "The little drawer, helas! It is no more of use."

"What is it? Oh! do tell me!" said Eva, eagerly, as Marion took the box. "I am so fond of a mystery. Did it have a secret spring?"

"Yes," said Marion, with a cool smile. (It was not worth while to resent anything from such a source.) "And I should be very sorry to lose its contents. It was a ring that—ah! there it is! Behind Miss Jocelyn's chair, Lucette."

prickly kind. Marion's instincts warned her against the girl from the moment her eyes fell on the fair, infantine face. She was too simple, too like it. The band was plain Roman gold, square helpless, to be entirely natural, and as the days at the edges; on it, in raised letters, the Greek went by, Marion found that the brain of a plotter word, "aei," in small Greek type. It was mas-

sive, and altogether peculiar; a ring which would } not fail to attract attention.

"Oh, where did you pick it up? It's the loveliest thing I ever saw in my life. Why don't you wear it? But you have just beautiful hands; is'nt that why you never wear any rings except that sapphire?" and Eva glanced enviously at the superb jewel which was Marion's sole ornament.

Partly because she was rejoiced to find it, partly in vexation at Eva's remark about her hands (for although Miss Murray was celebrated for her beautiful hand, she really had but little vanity on the subject,) Marion slipped the Greek ring on her finger.

- "I'm sure it has a story," sighed Eva.
- "Not one to be repeated," said Marion, quietly,
- "Oh, you Sphinx-you dear, provoking creature!" cried Eva. "I do believe it's because you're so aggravating that people rave about you. Now, Mr. Monici said; but perhaps you would not care about his criticism?"

A fiery red spot burned in Marion's cheeks. "I don't imagine that Mr. Monici would presume to criticise me," she said, disdainfully. select some better topic of conversation with him in future." And then she felt as if she could box the creature's ears; but that being impossible, she marched down stairs, and entered the little parlor, where she watched the storm come up, feeling bitter, angry, grieved; in short, was possessed with one of those incomprehensible moods that women of her disposition are prone to when atmospheric influences are dismal, and one's fellow-creatures have become a weariness to the flesh; when one's heart persists in aching, and yet you will not admit that it aches at all.

Perhaps there was a little more cause for Marion Murray to be "aweary of this great world" than for most girls. She had had her bitter little experience, and it had hardened her. It had not been her whole, warm woman's heart which had gone out to Leigh Oglesby; but enough affection was concerned in the matter to make the breaking off of their brief engagement a blow to That page of her history is too long for the limits of my story; but Oglesby's conduct in the matter was base enough to make a nine day's scandal; and perhaps Marion's pride had suffered more than her heart. At all events she had grown cold, and outwardly cynical since then; and it fretted her to find that, after her experience, she was wasting thought upon this handsome nobody (for so she called him half-mockingly, to herself;) she quite scorned the Clara Vere de Vere process of breaking a country heart "for pastime ere she went to town." Therefore, all things considered, }

ici to put in an appearance, and at first he was royally snubbed for his pains. He got her away from the window at last, and, presently, under the charm of his manner, Marion began to forget that the day was dismal, Eva Jocelyn impertinent, and herself a fool.

By-and-by, when Marion's temper had calmed itself, Mr. Monici ventured to suggest that they should open the old-fashioned piano; would not Miss Murray play or sing for him? But Miss Murray laid a white hand detainingly on his arm as he rose.

"Not now, please. Mrs. Rhinelander is asleep, and I- Why, what is the matter?" It was no wonder that the question came in a surprised tone. Her companion was gazing down at her hand with lips apart, and a face whose extreme paleness terrified her.

"I-I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Do not think me impertinent. Where did you get that ring?" and he touched the Greek characters which had already excited Eva Jocelyn's curiosity.

Marion colored; idle curiosity was especially obnoxious to her; but it was surely no ordinary cause which could produce such agitation as that which she saw on Lewis Monici's face.

"It has a little history," she confessed, with an embarrassed smile. "You will laugh at me; I have never told it to any one before.'

"You will tell me?" he pleaded, eagerly.

"I have had it a long time," Marion said, slipping the ring up and down her slender finger. "I was a very little girl, but eight years old, when it was given me. One snowy Christmas morning in New York, (I lived at home then; it was before my mother died,) I was standing in the window of the dining-room, gazing out. A boy-he might have been ten years old-stood on the steps; a boy, with the most beautiful face I ever beheld, although it was pale and thin. He looked at me wistfully. He had a violin in his hand, and he was singing in a faint, sweet voice. I could see his little bare toes curl up shiveringly in the snow; he seemed so infinitely forlorn that my child's heart ached with pity; and before the waiter could remonstrate, I snatched a cold quail off the table, and a hot biscuit or two. and flew out to the door. You should have seen the boy's face when I thrust the food into his hands. Davis appeared, gave me a scolding, and declared that I would take cold standing out in the snow; and as he imperatively forbade my bringing the wanderer up stairs. I dragged the boy into the basement hall, where I made him sit down on the stairs; and-andit was rather an unfortunate time for Lewis Mon- { (Don't look at me, Mr. Monici; its a dreadful con-



fession!) I pulled off my stockings, and made him put them on! My bronze boots would inevitably have followed, but they were, unfortunately, too small. You see, I could not endure the sight of those poor little red toes," and a tear rolled off Marion's long lashes, and splashed down on her hand, in spite of her effort to wink it away.

"Of course, I chattered, and asked all sorts of questions. He spoke a curious compound of what I now know to be Italian and English, but which then puzzled me dreadfully. However, he contrived to make me understand that his mother was ill, that they were very poor, and that he had eaten nothing for nearly two days. I assured him, with great confidence, that my mother would take care of him, but she was sick now. Oh, I am making too long a story of it."

"And the ring?" he said, huskily.

"Oh, yes, the ring. It sounds quite like a leaf out of a dime novel; but I assure you, this boy, who was evidently starving, had that valuable old ring tied around his waist in the dirtiest of chamois purses. He took it off, after making me promise to keep it, and gave it to me. like, I accepted the gift in perfect good faith, without an idea of its value; and he went away, promising to come and see me the next week. But I never saw my beautiful-faced Italian boy again. Within two days my dear mother died, and I went to live with aunt Dunallen. I have always kept the ring, although I seldom wear it, for I feel as if it had a story, and that, perhaps, some day—do not smile at my romance—I may see my Italian boy once more."

Marion looked up in her listener's face, as she concluded, wondering if he had forgotten that he had taken the liberty to retain her hand in his. For answer, he kissed the fair white hand, as reverently as if it had been a saint's.

"Dear, tender little hand!" he said. "Miss Murray, I was that little Italian boy. I have worshiped the memory of you all these years. I dare to love you now!"

He laid her hand gently back on her lap, and, without another word, was gone.

Marion—proud, reticent Marion, gasped for breath. Rosy blushes covered her downcast face; the light of a strange joy flashed into her soft eyes.

"Marion! Dear me, I've been looking for you everywhere," said Mrs. Dunallen's voice, addressing her from the doorway. "Theodora wants to know about Mary Stuyvesant's ball; and—— Why, child, where did you get such a color? Actually, one would think that this stupid place was a beautifier."

Marion did not think it necessary to explain to now occupied.

her aunt what the particular beautifier was in this present instance, but followed Mrs. Dunallen up stairs, with a meekness quite unusual in her.

Mrs. Rhinelander, (who had been dressed, and moved upon a sofa for the first time) greeted Marion with her customary gentle smile.

"I am getting to be a bore of the first water, my dear," said she. "Eva is quite out of patience, I fear."

"Here is some very good chocolate," said Mrs. Dunallen, emerging from an inner door; "Marion, give Mrs, Rhinelander a cup of it."

Which Marion did; but as she stood with hand extended, bending over Mrs. Rhinelander, a faint groan, followed by an exclamation, broke from the invalid.

"Oh, my God, that ring!" and then a deathlike face fell back on the pillows; Mrs. Rhinelander had fainted.

In the extremest bewilderment, Marion assisted her aunt to administer restoratives; and when Mrs. Rhinelander was able to sit up, she begged that every one would leave the room except Marion; she wished to ask her about a matter of the greatest importance.

Two hours after, Marion coming hastily down the hall, almost ran against Lewis Monici.

"I—Oh!—you are the very person I was in search of," she said, breathlessly. "Will you come into my aunt's parlor for a moment;" and before the astonished young man could reply, she ushered him in, and closed the door behind them.

"I must ask you a few questions," she began.
"Don't think me crazy; but is your name Monici,
or is that assumed?"

"Assumed?" He flushed hotly, hardly knowing whether to take offence; but the frank, soft eyes of the girl beside him, assured him that she spoke in good faith. "No, Miss Murray, I am called Monici, after my foster mother, a Tuscan woman, Teresa Monici. I do not know that I can claim any other name." he ended, sadly.

"And she, Teresa Monici, gave you that ring?"

" Most certainly."

"Did you ever think that perhaps you were—"
Marion checked herself, fairly quivering with excitement. "Will you tell me what you do know of yourself? Indeed, I have urgent reasons for asking."

Thus adjured, Lewis told her briefly that his only recollections were of the voyage to America with her whom he called his foster-mother; of their poverty, and Teresa's death; how, after that, he had fallen under the notice of a wealthy and benevolent engineer, who had educated him, and finally procured him the position which he now occupied.

"It seems to be my lot to tell stories," said Marjon, with a little sob, "for I have another to tell you. Thirty years ago, a wealthy American and his wife were living in Florence, and there a child was born to them. From his birth until the boy was three years old, he was nursed by a Tuscan woman called Teresa Monici. At that time, owing to some petty theft, the woman was discharged. She left after a passionate scene with her mistress, swearing she would be avenged. and two months afterward the boy was stolen from his bed while his mother was absent at a ball, given for her husband by a Florentine noble. The almost distracted parents scoured the country to find their child, but without success. While pursuing the search, being overtaken by nightfall upon the hills, the father was instantly killed by falling over a precipice. It is supposed that his horse missed his footing, for the poor gentleman was found lying beneath the animal, both horse and man having apparently been dead some hours. Think of that poor lady! wonder that her lovely brown hair turned white with grief.

"The child was never found; but there is one small clue left. Before the mother went to the ball, the baby cried for something to amuse it, and she gave him her engagement-ring to play with, tying it hastily on a ribbon, and flung it around his neck. As it was never found, she has always supposed that whoever stole the child had the ring, and——Oh! can't you guess the rest!"

"Who am I, then?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Nay, let her tell you. Come!"

Marion caught his arm and guided him along the passage, at the end of which Mrs. Rhinelander's door stood open. On the sofa lay the graceful figure; but he only saw the loving, lovely face as his mother's arms met around his neck, and her glad voice whispered,

"Lewis-my boy, my boy!"

Marion, after being released from her aunt's excitement and Eva Jocelyn's rampant curiosity, was fain to run away and gain a breathing time in the shelter of her own room. After a long pause of happy thought, Marion wandered over to the window. The storm had ceased, the maple boughs hung, wet and quivering, in the moonlight, and the calm stars were out. Presently, out of the shadows on the balcony, beside her window, a figure came quietly toward her.

"Marion," a voice said, softly, "I have come to bring the ring back to you, in my mother's name. A few hours ago, when I was poor and unknown, I dared to say I loved you—you, whose tender compassion touched and helped my miserable childhood. May I say it now, sweetheart, and will you give me the reply I would not have presumed to ask then?"

"Lewis," the soft hand rested in his, the sweet lips trembled against his own, "if you had only waited to hear it, there was but one answer then, as now."

And, flashing in the moonlight, Lewis Rhinelander's Greek ring slipped over the slender finger, and guarded the sapphire, as of old.

GIVE ME A HAND.

BY RETLAW SPRING.

Fast fell the rain, the chill wind blew, The sharp stones pierced my worn feet through, Black sackcloth Night around her drew: Gloom filled the land.

Wet, weary, cold, alone—alone I wandered, every glad light flown, While from my soul there came the moan— Give me a hand.

Fearful dark shadows round me fall;
Forms, changed as Samuel was to Saul,
Come round, and eerie voices cali!
How can I stand?

Hidden the way, no voice of cheer Tells me the why or how I'm here, Stumbling and faint, with croeping fear— Give me a Hand.

"Lord, knowest Thou my bleeding feet, The cold, the stones, the driving sleet, This lone dark wood, where dangers meet And grim doubts stand? "Then if Thou knowest them, as men say, Come here, I fall without a stay, Stretch out Thy arm, oh, Lord! I pray— Give me Thy Hand."

On beat the rain, the wind swept by, Colder the cold, blacker the sky, Still, still there came a something nigh Like to a Hand.

Strong fingers touched and closed round mine— Mine, strengthless as the bent woodbine: Though sharp stones pierce, no faint lights shine, I have a Hand.

Sometimes, when it is very cold,
And dark shapes come, as came of old,
I stop—I want to feel my hold,
And still I stand.

I need not fear, my Lord is true, He will not leave me, as men do. Singing, I wander on anew, And hold His Hand.



MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE. THE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65.

CHAPTER II.

Breathless with apprehension, which was made half joy by an undeniable sense of happiness, all the more intense because it was gained by so much hazzard, Ruth Jessup-for she dared not breathe that new name even to herself as yet-reached that remote gate in the park-wall, and darted like a frightened hare into the thick covert of the trees. There she lingered while holding her breath with dread. It was scarcely dark, but to her it seemed impossible that so few hours could have passed since she had stolen from her home. Surely, surely, her father must have ı eturned. She would find him standing in the park, ready to arraign and judge her for the thing she had done; or he might come out to find her wandering among the ferns, so happy, yet so terrified, that she would like to stay there forever, like a bird upon its nest, trembling while it brooded over its trust of love.

The purple twilight was just veiling the soft, green gloom of the trees with its tender darkness; now and then a pale flash of gold shot through the leaves, and gave signs that the evening had but just closed in. Still the girl hesitated. Almost, for the first time in her life, she feared to meet her father face to face. The taste of forbidden fruit was on her lips, tainted with the faint bitterness of coming ashes.

"I will go home-I must!" she said, rising up from a fragment of rock that had given her a seat among the ferns. "There is yet a quiver of ? crimson in the air. It cannot be ten yet!"

The girl walked slowing and cautiously on until a curve in the path brought her in sight of the cottage. Then her pent-up breath came forth in a glad exclamation,

"It is dark yet! No one has been there in all this time!"

Poor child! It seemed an age since she had left the house, and a miracle that she should have found it so still and solitary. When she entered the park, the light of a rising moon was trembling down to the honeysuckles that clung to it, and a cloud of dewy fragrance seemed to {

no deception in her heart, and was not trembling from head to foot with vague apprehensions.

Taking a heavy key from under one of the seats which ran along each side of the porch, she opened the door and went into her home again. The moonlight came flickering through the oriel window, as if a bunch of silver arrows had been shivered against it, half illuminating the room with a soft, beautiful light. Ruth would gladly have sat down in this tranquil gloom, and given herself up to such dreams as follow a full certainty of being beloved, but the hoarse old clock twanged out the hour with a force that absolutely frightened her. She had no power to count its strokes, but shuddered to think the night had possibly reached ten o'clock.

She lighted a lamp, looked around to make sure that nothing had been left that could betray her, then ran up stairs, flung off her sad-colored dress, set all her rich curls free, and came down in the jaunty red over-dress and black skirt that had given her beauty such picturesque effect in the morning. All day she had been pale and feverishly flushed by turns. Now a sense of safety gave her countenance a permanent richness of color that would have been dazzling in a broader light than that lamp could give. She was under shelter in her own familiar garment; could it be that all the rest was a dream? Had she, in fact, been married?

A quick, frightened gasp answered the ques-The lamp-light fell on a heavy circlet of new gold, that glittered on her finger.

Yes, it was there! His hand had pressed it upon hers; his lips had kissed it reverently. Must she take it off? Was there no way of concealing the precious golden shackle, that seemed to hold her life in?

That was impossible. That small, shapely hand had never felt the touch of ornament or ring be-The blaze of it seemed to light the whole room. Her father would see it and question her. No, no! it must be hid away before he came. She ran up stairs, opened her bureau-drawer, and began to search eagerly for a ribbon narrow welcome her home again tenderly, as if she had enough to escape attention. Knots of pink, and



streamers of scarlet were there neatly arranged, but nothing that might answer her purpose, except a thread of black ribbon which had come out of her mourning two years before, when her mother died.

Ruth snatched this up and swung her wedding-ring upon it, too much excited for superstition at the moment, and glad to feel the perilous gift safe in her bosom.

Now all was safe, no trace of her fault had been left. She might dare to look at the old clock.

It lacked an hour and more of the time at which she might expect her father. Well, fortunately, she had something to do. His supper must be prepared. She would take good care of him now. He should lack nothing at her hands, since she had given him such grievous cause of offence.

With these childlike ideas of atonement in her mind, Ruth took up her lamp, and going into the kitchen, kindled a fire on the hearth, and spreading a white cloth on the table, set out the supper her father had desired of her. When the cold beef and mustard, the bread and cheese, were all daintily arranged, she bethought her of his most favored dish of all, and taking a posset dish of antique silver from the cupboard, half filled it with milk, which she set upon the ceals to boil. Into this she from time to time broke bits of wheaten bread, and when the milk was all afoam, poured a cup of strong ale into it, which instantly resolved the whole mass into golden curd and snow-white whey.

As Ruth stooped over the posset-cup, shading her face with one hand from the fire, and stirring its contents gently with a spoon, a noise at the window made her start and cry out with a suddenness that nearly upset the silver porringer.

"Who is it? What is it?" she faltered, looking at the window with strained eyes. "Oh, have mercy! Not him, not him?"

Before she could move away from the hearth, some one shook the window-sash so violently, that a rain of dew fell from the ivy clustering around it.

Ruth stood appalled; every vestige of color fled from her face; but she gave no farther sign of the terror that shook her from head to foot. Directly the keen, handsome face that had peered through the glass, disappeared, and the footsteps of a man walking swiftly sounded back from the gravel path which led to the front door.

Ruth held her breath and listened. She heard the door open, and footsteps in the little passage. Then her natural courage aroused itself, and lifting the posset-cup from the coals, she left it on

the warm hearth, and met the intruder at the kitchen door.

- "Is it you, Dick?" she said, with a quiver of fear in her voice. "I am sorry father is not at home."
- "But I'm not," answered the young man, setting down a gun he had brought in, behind the door. "It was just because he wasn't here, and I knew it, that I come in. It is high time, lass, that you and me should have a talk together, and no father to put in his word between pipes."
- "What do yo you want? Why should you wish to speak with me?"
- "Why, now, I like that," answered the young fellow, with a laugh that made Ruth shudder, it was so coarse and strong. "Well, I'll just come in and have my say. There mayn't be another chance."

The intruder turned and advanced a step, as if he meant to enter the little parlor, but Ruth called him back. It seemed to her like desecration, that this coarse man should tread on the same floor that Hurst, her husband—oh! how the thought swelled her heart—had walked over.

- "Not there," she said. "I must mind my father's supper. He will be home in a few minutes."
- "Well, I don't much mind; the kitchen do seem more natural like. It is here that we used to sit before that young peacher found out how well favored you are, as if he couldn't find comely faces enough at the house, but must come peaching down here on my warren."
- "Who are you speaking of, Dick? I cannot make it out," faltered Ruth, turning cold.
- "Who? As if you didn't know well enough, lass; as if I didn't see you and him talking together thick as two bees this very morning."
- "No, no!" protested Ruth, throwing out both her hands. "You could not—you did not!"
- "But I did, though, and the gun just trembled of itself in my hand, it so wanted to be at him. If it hadn't been as you seemed offish, and he looked black as a thunder-clap, I couldn't have kept my hand from the trigger."
- "That would have been murder," whispered the girl, through her white lips.
- "Murder, would it? That's according as one thinks. What do I carry a gun for, let me ask you, but to keep the deer and the birds safe from poachers. If I catch them at it, haven't I a right to fire? Well, Ruth, you are my game, and my gun takes care of you as well as the deer. It will be safest to warn the young fellow of that, for it's the truth!"
 - "I do not know-I cannot understand-"



"Oh, you don't, ha!" broke in the young man, throwing himself into a chair, and stretching out his legs on the hearth. "Well, then, I'll tell you. It's the young fellow, we won't call by name; but I'll tell you a secret about him, that'll take the starch out of your pride. You're not the only lass that brings him among my covers!"

"What?"

"Ah, ha! Oh, ho! That wakes you up, does it? I thought so. Nothing like a swoop of spite to bring the truth into a lying face. That brings you out of cover."

"I do not understand you," said Ruth, flashing out upon her tormenter with sudden spirit.
"What have I to do with anything you are talking about?"

"The other lass, you mean. Not much, of course. It isn't likely he put her-in your way."

A burst of indignation, perhaps of something more stinging than that, filled the splendid eyes that girl fixed upon her tormentor with fire.

"Do you know—can you even guess that it is my—my——?"

The girl broke her imprudent speech off with a thrill of warning, that left the prints of her white teeth on the burning lips which had almost betrayed her. In her terror, the insult that followed was almost a relief.

"Sweetheart!" sneered the young man.

She did not heed the word or sneer; both were a proof that her secret was safe as yet.

"One up at the house, one here, and another running at large. You understand?"

"You slander an honorable gentleman," said Ruth, controlling herself with a great effort. "You say that which has no truth in it."

"Am I? Ask the Lady Rose, if she ever stoops to speak to you."

"She is a sweet, gracious lady," broke in Ruth, magnanimous in her swift jealousy. "A great lady, who refuses speech or smile to no one."

"Ask her then who was out on the terrace this evening, before he came home, robbing the great stone vases of their sweetest flowers for his button-hole!"

Ruth lifted one hand to her bosom, and pressed the golden ring there close to her heart.

"I promised—I promised never to doubt him again, and I will not!" she said to herself; then turning to the young man, who was watching her keenly, she said, with composure,

"Well, why should you or I ask such questions of the lady? I would no more do that than spy upon her, as you have done!"

The young man looked at her keenly, from under his bent brows, and his thin lips closed with a baffled expression.

"Off the scent just now," he thought. "What is it. She was hot on the chase just now. Has she really doubled on him? It needs no spying to see what goes on up there," he answered, after a moment, waving his head toward the great house. "Grand people like them think we have neither eyes or ears. They pay us for being without them, and think we earn our wages like dumb cattle. Just as if sharpness went with money. But we do see and hear, when they would be glad to think us blind and dumb!"

The girl made no answer. She longed to question the creature she despised, and had a fierce struggle with her heart, until more honorable feelings put down the swift cravings of jealousy, that was wounding her heart, as bees trouble a flower while rifling it of honey-dew.

The young man watched her cunningly; but failed to understand her. The jealous coarseness which made him clumsily cruel, had no similitude with her finer and keener feelings. He longed to see her break out in a tirade of abuse, or to have her question him broadly, as he wished to answer. Ruth did nothing of the kind. In the tumult of feelings aroused by the young forester's words, she remembered all that had been done that day, and with sudden vividness of recollection, the promise she had made never to distrust her husband again.

Her husband! She pressed her hand against her bosom, where the wedding-ring lay hid; and a secret, glorified expression came to her face as she turned it toward the firelight, absolutely forgetful that a hateful intruder shared it with her.

Richard Storm was baffled, and a little saddened by the strange beauty in the face his eyes were searching.

"Ruth!" he said, at length. "Ruth!"

The girl started. His voice had dragged her out of a dream of heaven, and she looked around vaguely on finding herself on earth again, and with him.

"Well," she said, impatiently. "What would you say to me?"

"Just this. When is it to be? I am really tired of waiting."

"Tired of waiting!" said Ruth, impatiently. "Waiting for what?"

"Why, lass, till we are wed, of course. What else ?"

The proud blood of an empress seemed to flame up into the girl's face; a smile, half ridicule, half scorn, curved her lips, which, finally, relaxed into a clear, ringing laugh.

"You—you wed me!" was her broken exclaimation, as the untoward laugh died out.

The young man turned fiery red. The light

scornfulness of that laugh had stung him at last, and he returned it with interest.

"No wonder you ask," he said, with a sharp, venomous look, from which she shrunk instinctively. "It isn't every honest lad as would hold to his bargain, after all these galavantings with the young master."

Ruth turned white as snow, and caught hold of the back of a chair for support. Her evident terror seemed to appease Dick's wrath, and he continued, with a relenting laugh.

"Don't ye be put about though. I'm o'er fond to be jealous, because my sweetheart takes a turn now and then in the moonlight when she thinks no one is looking."

"Your sweetheart! Yours!"

Dick waved his hand, and went on.

"Though, mind me, all this must stop when we're wed."

Ruth had no disposition to laugh now. The very mention of young Hurst had made a coward of her. Dick saw how pale she was, and came toward her.

"There, now, give us a kiss, lass, and let's make up. It's all settled between me and the old man, so just be conformable, and I'll say nothing about the young master."

As the young man came toward her, with his arms extended, Ruth drew back, step by step, with such fright and loathing in her eyes, that his temper rose again. With a snarling laugh he gave a swift leap, and, flinging one arm around her, attempted to force her averted face to his.

One sharp cry, one look, and Ruth fell to the floor, quivering like a shot bird.

She had seen the door open, and caught one glimpse of her husband's face. Then a powerful blow followed, and Dick Storms went reeling across the kitchen, and struck with a crash against the opposite wall.

Ruth remembered afterward, as one takes up the painful visions of a dream, the deadly venom of those eyes; the gray whiteness of that acqueline face; the specks of foam that flew from those half-open lips. She saw, too, the slow retreat in which those threatening features were turned upon her husband. Then all was blank—she had fainted away.

For some moments it seemed as if the girl was dead, she lay so limp and helpless on her husband's bosom; but the burning words that rose from his lips, the kisses he rained down upon hers, brought a stir of life back to her heart. Awaking with a dim sense of danger, she clung to him, shivering and in tears.

- "Where is he? Oh, Walton! is he gone?"
- "Gone, the hound! Yes, darling, to his kennel."

- "Ah, how he frightened me!"
- "But how, how dare he enter this house?"
- "I cannot tell—only—only my father likes him, and——"
 - "Well, what else, Ruth?"
- "And I—I hate him. He frightens me. He threatens me."
 - "Threatens you! When? How?"
- "Oh, Walton! he has seen us together. He will bring you into trouble."
 - " Not easily."
 - "Your father?"
- "Is not a man to listen to the gossip of his servants."

Ruth drew a deep breath. Walton had concealed his real anxiety so well, that her own fears were calmed.

- "Come, come," he said; "we must not let this hind embitter the few minutes I can spend with you. Look up, love, and tell me that you are happy."
 - "Oh! I was; but he frightened me so."
 - "And now?"

Hurst folded the fair girl in his arms, and smoothed her bright hair with a caressing hand.

- "Now!" she answered, lifting her mouth, which had grown red again, and timidly returning his kisses. "Now I am safe, and I fear nothing. Oh, mercy! Look!"
- "What? Where?"
 - "The window! That face at the window!"
- "It is your fancy, darling. I see nothing there."
- "But I saw it. Surely I did. His keen, thin face. It was close to the glass."
- "There, there! It was only the ivy leaves glancing in the moonlight."
 - "No, no! I saw it. He is waiting for you."
- "Let him wait. I shall not stir a step the sooner or later for that."

Ruth began to tremble again. Her eyes were constantly turning toward the window. She scarcely heard the words of endearment with which Hurst strove to reassure her. All at once the old clock filled the house with its brazen warning. It was ten o'clock. The girl sprang to her feet.

"It is time for my father to come. He must not find you here."

Hurst took his hat, and glancing down at his dinner dress, remembered that he would be missed from the drawing-room. Once more he enfolded the girl in his arms, called her his darling, and finally, with a world of hushed sweetness in his voice, his wife. Then he left her smiling through all her fears.

Ruth stole to the little oriel window, and

watched her husband as he turned from the moonlight and entered the shadows of the park. Then she went back to the kitchen and busied herself about the fire.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Richard Storms left the gardener's cottage, he dashed like a wild beast into the wildest thickets of the forest, and tore his way through toward his own home, which was on a farm outside the woods, on which his parents had lived for years. It gave him a sort of tigerish pleasure to tear at the thickets with his fierce hands, and trample the forest turf down beneath his iron-shod heels, for the rage within him was brutal in its thirst for destruction. All at once he stopped short, and seeming to remember something, turned back, plunging along at a heavy, but swift pace, now through the shadows, now in the moonlight, unconscious of the quiet beauty of either. It took him but a few minutes to reach the cottage, around which he pondered awhile, stealing in and out of the tangled vines which hung in thick draperies around the building, until at last Ruth saw his face at the kitchen window, and gave a sharp cry that drove him away, more fiercely wrathful than ever, for he had seen the creature he worshipped after a rude fashion, giving caresses to another, that he would have gone on his groveling knees to secure to himself.

"The old man promised my father that I should wed her, and it has come to this," he grumbled fiercely, as if tearing the words between his teeth. "On the night I had set aside to ask her, the young master first hustles me out of the door like a dog, and takes the kennel himself. He thinks I am not man enough to bark back when he kicks me, does he? He shall see! He shall see! Bark! Nay, my fine fellow, it shall be biting this time. A growl and a snap will not be enough."

Dick's wrath was less fiery now, but had taken a stern, solid strength, more dangerous than the first outburst of passion. He sought no particular path as he left the house, but stamped forward with a heavy foot, as if he were trampling down something that he hated viciously, now and then gesticulating in the moonlight, till his very shadow seemed to be fighting its way along the turf.

All at once he came upon another man, who had left the great chestnut avenue, and had turned into a side-path, which led to the gardener's passage. The two men stopped, and one spoke cheerfully.

"Why, good-night, Dick. This is late to be out. Anything going wrong about the game?"

"Wrong!" said the other, hoarsely. "Yes, wrong enough to cost a man his life some day. Go up yonder, and ask your daughter Ruth what it is. She'll tell, no doubt—ask her!"

Dick, after flinging these words at his father's friend, attempted to push by him on the path; but Jessup stood resolutely in his way.

- "What is all this, my lad? Nay, now, you haven't been to the cottage while I was away, and frightened the girl about what we were talking of. I should take that unfriendly, Dick. Our Ruth is a bit dainty, and should have had a hint or two before you spoke out."
- "Dainty! I should think so. She looks high in her sweethearting; I must say that for the lass."
- "What is that you are saying of my daughter?" cried Jessup, doubling his great, brown fist unconsciously.
- "I say that a poor man like me has a chance of getting more kicks than kisses when he seeks her," answered Dick, with a coarse sneer.
- "And serves him right, if he dared to ask such things of her mother's child," said Jessup, growing angry.
- "But what if he only asked, honest fashion, for an honest wife, as I did, and got kicks in return?"
- "Kicks! Why, man, who was there to give them, and I away?" questioned the gardener, astonished.
- "One that shall pay for it!" was the sharp answer.
- "Of course, one don't give kicks, and expect farthings back; but who has got up pluck to try this with you, Dick? He must be mad to dare it."
- "He is mad!" answered the young man, grinding his teeth; "and, mad or not, no man but the master's son would have dared it."
 - "The master's son. Are you mad, Dick Storms?"
- "I almost think so. Who can tell?" muttered Dick.
 - "The master's son; but were-when?"
- "At your own house, where he has been more than once, when he thought sure to find Ruth alone."
 - "Dick Storms, this is a lie."
 - Dick burst into a hoarse laugh.
- "A lie, is it? Go up yonder, now. Walk quick, and you'll see whether it is the truth or not."

Jessup rushed forward a step or two, then came back, as if ashamed of the action.

- "Nay, there is no need. I'll not help you belie my own child."
- "Belie her, is it? I say, Bill Jessup, not half an hour ago, I saw Ruth Jessup, your daughter, with her head on the young master's bosom, and

her mouth red with his kisses. If you don't believe this, go and see for yourself."

The florid face of William Jessup turned to marble in the moonlight, and a fierce, hot flame leaped to his eyes.

"I will not walk a pace quicker, or be made to spy on my girl by anything you can say, Dick; not if it were to save my own life; but I like you, lad—your father and I are fast friends. We meant that, by-and-by, you and Ruth should come together."

Dick flung up his head with an insulting sneer.

"Together! Not if every hair on her head was weighed down with sovereigns. I am an honest man, William Jessup, and will take an honest woman home to my mother, or take none."

Before the words had left his lips, Dick Storms received a blow that sent him with his face upward across the forest-path; and William Jessup was walking with great strides toward his own cottage.

How cool and pleasant it looked in the moonlight, with the green, shadowy vines flickering over it, and a golden light from the kitchen window brightening the dew upon them into diamonds. The very tranquillity soothed the disturbed man, before he entered the porch.

Ruth did not come forth to receive him. This was strange, for a trip to London, with these simple people, was a great event, and it seemed to Jessup as if he had been gone a year. When he entered the kitchen, Ruth was busy at the table moving the dishes with unsteady hands; but when he spoke, she came forward with breathless eagerness, and made herself very busy taking off his dusty things, which she shook, and folded with wonderful care.

Spite of himself, Jessup watched her anxiously. It seemed to him that she looked paler than usual, and that all her movements were suspiciously restless. Besides this, he observed, with a sinking heart, that her eyes never once met his with their own frank smile.

Could it be that there was some shadow of truth in what Dick had said? He would not believe it!"

"Come, father, the posset is ready. I have been keeping it warm."

Ruth stood within the firelight then, with the antique silver posset-cup, which had been his grandmother's, in her hand. The firelight was full upon her, concealing the pallor of her face with its golden flicker. Surely there could be nothing wrong under that sweet look.

The gardener gave a great sigh of relief as he accepted this thought, and his anger toward Dick Storms grew Jeep and bitter.

"Come, lass," he said, with more than usual affection, "sit down here by my side. The posset is rare and good; while I eat it, you shall tell me of all that has been done since I went away."

All that had been done since he went away! Would Ruth ever dare to tell her father that. The very thought sent up a rush of blood to her face.

- "Oh, father! there is little to be done when you are away. I did not even care to cook my own supper."
- "Ah! Well, take it now, child," said the good man, pouring half his warm posset into an old china bowl. and pushing it toward her.
- "No, no, father, I am not hungry. I think the cooking of food takes away one's appetite."
- "Nay, eat. It is lonesome work, with no one to help me," said the father, who certainly had no cause to complain of his own appetite. Ruth stirred the posset languidly with her spoon, and strove to swallow a little; but the effort almost choked her. It might be fancy; but she could not help thinking that her father was furtively regarding her all the time, and the very idea filled her with dismay.

Something of the same feeling possessed her father. Inherent kindness made him peculiarly sensitive, and he did not know how to question his daughter of the things that disturbed him, without wounding her and himself too.

In this perplexity, he ate with that ravenous haste which sometimes springs from an unconsciousness of what we are doing when under the pressure of great mental excitement. He was astonished when his spoon scraped on the bottom of that silver posset-cup. He sat for a moment embarrassed and uncertain how to begin. Where the feelings of his daughter were concerned, Jessup was a coward; to him she had been, from her very babyhood, a creature to worship and care for with a sort of tender reverence. So, with a cowardice born of too much love, he thought to cheat himself, and bade her bring the little carpetbag that had been his companion to London, and which he had dropped near the door.

Ruth, glad of anything that promised to distract her mind from its anxieties, brought the bag, and stood over her father while he unlocked it.

"See, child," he said, taking out a dainty parcel done up in filmy paper, "I have bought some fill-falls from London, thinking my lass would be glad of them. Look, now!"

Here Jessup unrolled a ribbon, which streamed half across the room, as he shook out its scarlet waves.

- "Isn't that something like, now?"
- "Oh, it is beautiful!" cried the girl, with true feminine delight. "My dear, dear old father!"



"And this I remember; but no matter about that. My little Ruth is like a rose, and must have color like one. See what I, have brought to go with the ribbon."

"White muslin," cried Ruth, in an ecstasy of delight. "Fine enough for the Lady Rose. How beautifully the scarlet sash will loop it up. Oh, father, who told you how well these things would go together?"

"I guessed it one day when the Lady Rose came here with a lot of stuff like that, puffed and looped with a ribbon bright as the field poppies. You didn't know then, my lass, that your father felt like crying too, when he saw tears in his child's eyes, because she craved a fine dress and bonny colors for herself, and never thought to get it. There, now, you must get the best seamstress in the village to make it."

"No, no! I will make it with my own hands. Oh, father, father! how good, how kind you are."

Dropping the sash and the muslin from her hold, Ruth threw her arms around Jessup's neck, and, bursting into tears, dropped her head upon his shoulder.

"So, so! That will never do," cried the kindhearted man, smoothing the girl's hair with his great hand, tenderly, as if he were afraid his very fondness might hurt her. "If you cry so, I shall turn the key, and lock all the other things up.''

Ruth lifted her sweet face, all bedewed with penitent tears, and laid it close to the weatherbeaten cheek of the man.

"Oh, father! don't be so good to me! It breaks my heart!"

Jessup took her face between his hands, and kissed it on the forehead, then pushed her pleasantly on one side, and thrust his hand into the bag again. This time it was drawn forth with a pretty pair of high-heeled boots, all stitched with silk, and enriched about the ankles with a wreath of exquisite embroidery.

"There, now, we will leave the rest till to-morrow," he said, closing the box with a mysterious look. "Only say that you are pleased with these."

"Pleased! Oh, father, it is the dress for a lady !"

"Well, even so. One day my Ruth may be next door to that," said Jessup, putting forth all his affectionate craft. "Farmer Storms is a warm man, and Dick is his only son. It is the lad's own choice if he sometimes watches our game-his father has an interest in it, you know. The master has no right over his farm, and birds swarm there."

Jessup stopped suddenly, for Ruth stood before him white and still as marble, the ribbon which | swer to over rough wooing can easily be made up

she had lifted from the floor streaming from her hand in vivid contrast with the swift pallor that had settled upon her.

"Girl! Ruth, I say! What has come over you?" cried out the gardener, in alarm. "What have I done to make you turn so white all in a minute?"

"Done! Nothing, father-nothing!" gasped the girl.

"But you are ill!"

"Yes, a little; but nothing to-to trouble you

Ruth stood a moment after this, with one hand on her temple, then she turned with a show of strength to her father.

"What were you saying just now about farmer Storms, and-and his son? I don't think I quite understood, did I?"

Jessup was now almost as white as his daughter. Her emotion kindled up a gleam of suspicion, which had hung about him in spite of himself. though he had left Dick Storms prostrate across the forest path for having inspired it.

"Ruth, has not Dick Storms told you to-night what I mean?" he questioned, in a low voice.

"Dick-Dick Storms, Father!"

"I ask you, Ruth. Has he been here, and did he tell you of the plans his father and I have laid out for you?"

"He was here, father," faltered the girl.

"And he asked you to be his sweetheart?"

"He asked me to be his wife," answered the girl, with a shudder.

" Well !"

"No-no, not quite that. He seemed to take it for granted that I must be whatever he wished."

"That was ill-timed; but Dick has been kept back, and he is so fond of you, Ruth."

"Fond of me? Of me? No, no! The thought

"It was his loving impatience that broke forth at the wrong time. Nothing could be worse; but you were not very harsh with him, Ruth?"

"I could not help it, father, he was so rude."

"Hang the fellow! I hope he won't get over the buffet I gave him in one while. The fool should have known better than treat my daughter as if she were not of a daintier sort than he often mates with. He deserves all he has gotten from her and from me."

While these thoughts were traveling Jessup's mind, Ruth stood before him with tears swelling under her eyelids, till the long, black lashes were heavy with them. They touched the father's heart.

"Don't fret, child. A few hasty words in an-

for. The young man was sorely put about; but I rated him soundly for coming here when I was away. He will think twice before he does it again."

"He must never do it again. Never—never!" cried Ruth, desperately. "See to that, father. He never must.'

- " Ruth!"
- "Oh, father, do not ask me ever to see this man again. I cannot—I cannot!"
- "Hush, child—hush! It is only a quarrel, which must not break the compact of a lifetime. Till now, you and Dick have always been good friends."
- "Have we? I don't know. Not lately, I'm sure; and we never, never can be anything like friends again."
 - " Ruth !"

The girl lifted her great wild eyes to her father, and dropped them again. She was too much terrified for tears now.

"Ruth, was any person here to-night beyond Dick?"

The girl did not answer. She seemed turning to stone. Her silence irritated the poor man, who stood watching like a criminal for her reply. He spoke more sharply.

- "Did you hear me, Ruth?"
- "Yes, I hear."
- "I asked if any one was here besides Dick?"
- " Yes."

Jessup could hardly hear this little word as it dropped painfully from those white lips; but he understood it, and spoke again.

- "Who was it, Ruth?"
- "Young Mr. Hurst."
- "He was here, then. What brought him!"
- "He came—he came—"
- "Well!"
- "He did not tell me why he came, father. It was all too sudden; and he was very angry."
 - "Too sudden? Angry? How?"
- "Dick Storms frightened me so, and Mr. Hurst saw it, just as he came in. I could have struck him myself, father!" cried the girl, and her pale face flamed up with a remembrance of the indignity offered her.

Jessup clenched his fist.

- "Why, what did the young man do?"
- "He would not believe that his offer was hateful to me, and—and acted as if I had said yes."
- "I understand. The idiot! But he must have been drinking, Ruth."
- "I don't know, and I only hope you will never let him come here again."
- "But he will be sorry, Ruth. You must not be too hard upon the young fellow."

- "Hard upon him? Oh, father!"
- "He has had a tough lesson. But young Hurst. What did he do?"
- "I can hardly tell you, it was all so sudden and violent. All in a minute Dick was hurled against the wall, and through the door. Then there was a struggle, deep, hoarse words, and Dick was gone."
 - " Was that all?"
- "Yes, that was all that passed between Mr. Hurst and Dick. There was no time for talking."
 - "And after that?"
 - "I don't know what Dick did?"
 - "But Mr. Hurst?"
- "He—he staid awhile. I was so frightened,
- "Ah, he staid awhile. That was kind."
- "Very kind, father!"
- "Ruth," said the gardener, struggling with himself to speak, firmly, and yet with kindness. "There was something more. After Dick left, or before that, did Mr. Hurst—that is, were you more forgiving to him than you were to Storms?"
 - "I-I do not understand, father."

She does understand, thought Jessup, turning his eyes away from her burning face, heart sick with apprehension. Then he nerved himself, and spoke again.

- "Ruth, I met Dick in the park, and he made a strange charge against you."
 - "Against me!"
- "He says that insults greater than he would have dared to offer, but for which he was kicked from my door, were forgiven to young Mr. Hurst. Nay, that you encouraged them."
- "And you believed this, father?" questioned the girl, turning her eyes full upon those that were searching her face with such questioning anxiety.
 - "No, Ruth, I did not believe him."
- "God bless you, father, that you would not believe this man." Then, with more firmness, she added, "Never in his life did Mr. Hurst offer me the shadow of an insult. To him I have nothing to forgive."
- "I believe you, Ruth; but there is an account to be settled before I sleep.

William Jessup seized his cap, and, after pausing a moment in the porch, went out into the park, leaving Ruth breathless with astonishment. She stole to the window, and looked after him, seized with uncontrollable dread. How long she sat there Ruth could never tell; but after awhile, the stillness of the night was broken by the sharp report of a gun.

Without a cry or-word, Ruth fell to the floor like a dead creature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS,

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume, with Polonaise, which is as much in vogue as



ever, for out-door wear, made of woolen material. for which it is exclusively reserved. Our design calls for a myrtle-green cashmere. The skirt is made just to touch, and is kilted in front, and across the side gores, while at the back it is simply a slightly gathered flounce. This trimming is half a yard deep. The Polonaise is entirely closed down the front, and the back and side gores are cut very full, to allow the sides to be turned back, as seen in the design, which forms the trimming. A plaiting of silk, five inches wide, is laid on, and separated in the middle by a bias band of the cashmere. Narrow deep flounce, cut on the bias, simply hemmed top

bands of silk, to emulate loops, ornament the front, where it is fastened with small mould buttons, covered with cashmere. The same trimming ornaments the side revers. The sleeves are slightly flowing, trimmed to match. A bow, with long ends of taffeta ribbon, is added at the back just under the ruff, which forms the collar. This Polonaise is only slightly looped on the side gores of the back, just enough to make a pouffe. Of cashmere, fifteen yards will be required, and four yards of silk for the plaiting. This Polonaise may be worn over a black silk skirt, and thus make variety.

We next give a very stylish costume of gray merino. The skirt is trimmed with, first, one



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and bottom, and put on in box-plaits, stitched | late a jacket. Also the cuffs to the coat-sleeve two inches from the top, thus forming the heading. The next flounce is six inches deep, put on in the same way, and the third one is five inches; of course, the heading is in proportion. The Polonaise is perfectly plain on the bottom, and very much puffed at the back. There is an extra sleeveless jacket, which is worn over the Polonaise and adds much to its stylish appearance, as well as to its comfort. The whole is trimmed only on the fronts, with bands of blue silk, one inch wide, doubled and turned to form a point. The sleeves are small, coat-shaped, with a deep mousquetaire cuff. Sixteen vards of merino, and one yard of silk, will be required. This costume would look well in black alpaca, trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

We give here a pretty costume for a little girl of ten to twelve years, consisting of a kilted blue cashmere skirt, with a tunic of gray poplin, or



Empress cloth, made in the Polonaise shape, with revers in front of the blue costume, to simu-Vol. LXV.—10

are of blue cashmere, ornamented with a narrow frilling of the gray material. Buttons, either moulds covered with gray, or metal ones of oxydized steel. There is a band of blue cashmere, to finish the bottom of the Polonaise, two and a half inches deep. Five yards of blue cashmere, and six yards of gray poplin, will be required.

We give next a house-dress for a little girl of six to eight years, of striped poplin. The front



is kilted from the waist, and the back has four bias flounces plaited on. The waist is plain, with tight coat-sleeves. Over this is worn a pretty little apron of black silk, with a waist, forming shoulder braces, coming down to the waist in the back, where they meet the waistband, which is finished with a postillion basque. The whole is trimmed with a ruffle two and a half inches wide, headed by a narrow velvet ribbon, or several rows of braid. The pockets are only sham ones. These aprons are a charming addition to the home toilets of little girls, and they take the place of the tunics, so long worn.

The next is a breabfast-cap for a young married lady, made of clear Swiss, and trimmed with



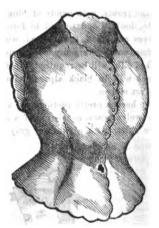
black velvet ribbon. It may be easily made by following the design.

We give next a house-keeping or work-room apron, to be made, either of white pique, or buff



linen, and braided. First is the apron proper, and finally, consumptions.

with the edge button-holed in white or volors, made quite small; on it is placed a second apron, which forms a large pocket. This is cut after the pattern, and button-holed all around. The center is ornamented with braiding and embroidery. The pocket is most useful as a receptacle for keys, for knitting-balls, threads, cuttings from work, etc. Every lady should provide herself with one.



We give, finally, a fiannel under-bodice. This nice bodice is useful for wearing under either a sealskin jacket, or loose Polonaise. It may be made of either white or colored fiannel, and the edge is scalloped out and workel in button-hole stitch, as seen in the illustration. Jackets of this kind are almost indispensable, at least in certain parts of the United States, in winter. As a rule, women dress too thinly, when out of doors; and hence, colds, congestions of the lungs, and finally, consumptions.

COMB-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WRAVER.



To be made of pique or Marseilles, and braided scarlet worsted braid. A very pretty and useful or chain-stitched with red ingrain cotton, or article.

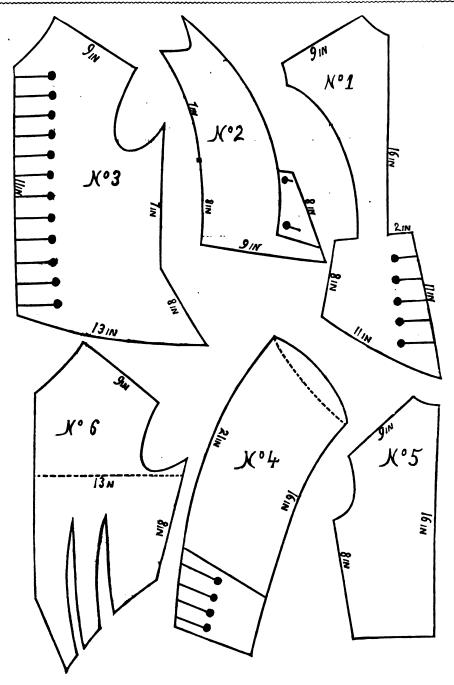
DESIGN ON JAVA CANVAS.

In the front of the number, we give, printed { in Java canvas. We publish this pattern, we may in the appropriate colors, a very pretty design? remark, in answer to numerous requests.

JACKET-WAIST WITH UNDER-VEST-FRONT AND BACK.

CILY H. MAY,

We give, here, an illustration of a jacket-waist, front. On the next page we give a diagram, by with under-vest; and that our readers may under-stand it the better, engrave both the back and told how this is to be done.



No. 1. HALF OF BACK OF JACKET.

No. 2. HALF OF SIDE BACK OF JACKET.

No. 8. HALF OF FRONT OF JACKET.

No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE OF JACKET.

No. 6. HALF OF FRONT OF VEST.

No. 5. HALF OF BACK OF VEST.

TRAVELING-BOX FOR COLLARS AND CUFFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1. OUTSIDE.

Materials: Black American cloth, buttons and scarlet braid, scarlet and gray drill, a wicker basket, or tin box.

The basket or box should be about twelve inches in diameter, and nine inches deep. The cover must be cut just large enough to pass over it, and to allow for turnings. The outside is of good black American cloth, bound with scarlet braid, about three-quarters of an inch deep, ornamented at distances of an inch, with white porcelain buttons.



No 2. INSIDE.

No. 1 shows the outside of the finished box, with the place for handles and straps. The straps are made of American cloth, lined with holland, and bound with scarlet braid. The straps are one inch wide.

In No. 2 bag, the size of the bottom of the box, is put in and is drawn up with a double slide at the top. The edge of the box is finished by a cord, and shows flaps put in, which fasten over the contents with a button and button-hole.

INFANT BOOT.

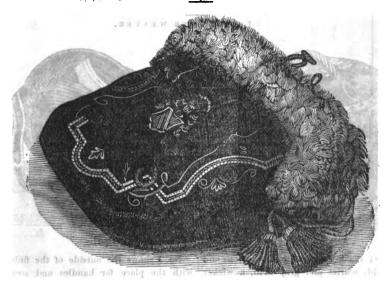
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This boot is made of white merino, braided or | embroidered in silk, either white of colored.

FOOT-MUFF.

Y MRS. JANE WEAVER.

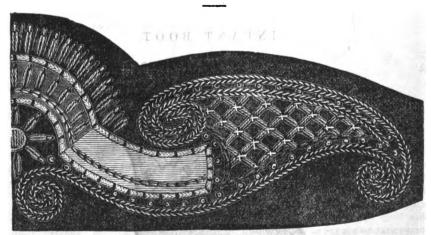


tion. Our model is of cherry-colored velvet, squirrel; the thick red cord and tassels make it embroidered in satin, button-hole, knot and loose convenient to carry in the hand on a journey. stitches, with silk the same color, and enlivened When not required for the feet, it can be filled by gold cord. The top of the bag is edged with small articles.

Velvet or cloth can be chosen for the founda-; with white fox fur, and the lining is of gray

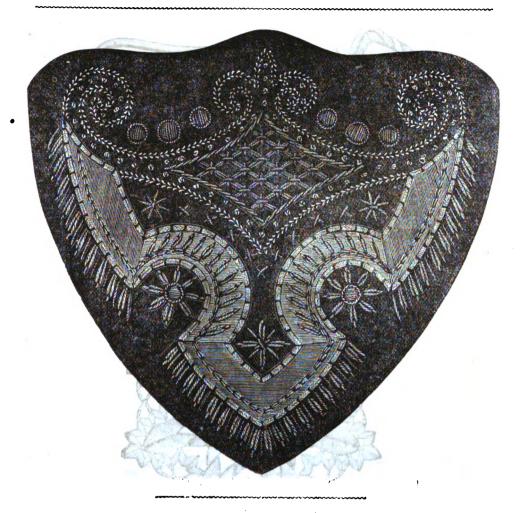
SLIPPER FOR A LADY.

BY MBS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of the slipper may be velvet, colors. Braid and purse silk of contrasting colors kid, or cloth. The applique is in silk of two are required. On the next page we give the toe. 154

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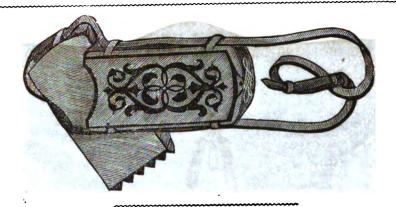
SHGAR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WBAVER.

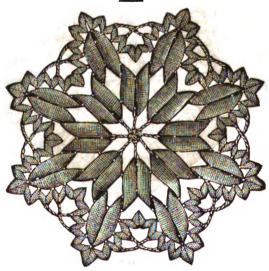
Material: Cardboard, fawn-colored kid, leather dution, which is covered with it, and neatly lined strap, crimson purse silk, and silk braid of the with silk, and bound with braid. Loops of braid same color, for binding.

Cut two pieces of cardboard, six inches long, and three and a half inches wide, rounded at the top, and sloped at the bottom.

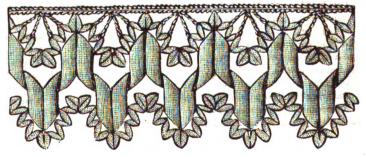
The sides and taps are cut in one piece; for this, a strip measuring of einch wide, and fifteen inches long, is needed. The embroidery must be first worked, then put on the cardboard founwith silk, and bound with braid. Loops of braid are sewn on at the side to pass the strap through. The inner part, to hold the segars, is cut to the same shape, just small enough to go into the outer part, and fits it closely; this has a loop of braid at the bottom, to pass the strap through, a simple design may be embroidered at the top of the outer part of the case, which will ornament and improve the design.



ANTIMACASSAR BORDER AND STAR,



Materials: Chinese tape of the width shown it, so as to secure the evenness of the folds. It in the design; waved braid; No. 1 A thread, and rock braid for top of the border.



The folding of the tape will be readily followed the same. The twisted bars are worked with by looking at design, or making a tracing from Nun's thread.

BAG FOR MORNING-DRESS, WITH WAISTBAND FASTENING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The bag may be made of the material of the



dress, or of silk or velvet. The bag is fastened

to the waistband by a piece of wire bent over, as shown opposite, and wound round with silk the same color of the bag. The foundation of the bag is thirteen and a half inches long. The bottom measures six and a half inches in width. It is sloped off at the sides, so that the top measures five inches. The side pieces are six inches long, and rounded at the bottom. They are two and three-quarter inches wide at the top of the rounding, and are sloped off to one and three-quarter inches at the top of the bag. The flap is six inches deep, the same width as the top of the bag, and rounded at the bottom.

This is a very neat and handy article for young ladies, and may be made, with but little trouble and expense.

EMBROIDERIES, BRAIDINGS, ETC.

In the front of the number, we give various require no description. Also the "Alphabet for patterns for embroidery, braiding, etc., which Marking," continued from the January number.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE WINTER FASHIONS.—In the usual place, at the end of this number, will be found a summary of the general character of the fashions for the month; while in the "Every-Day" department, we give some excellent patterns as models for economical dresses. We add here a few hints as to the materials most in vogue.

In the front rank are the English velveteens, with both cotton back and face, which are much worn for ordinary skirts; second, Roubaix velvet, with cotton back and silk face; third, Lyons cotton back velvet, with more silk and less cotton than the Roubaix production; fourthly, St. Etienne velvet, lighter, with silk, still with cotton back; and, lastly, the Lyons silk velvet, which is all made of silk. The best qualities are marvelously fine, but, of course, these are the most costly of them all. Besides plain velvets, there are brocaded velvets, and silken fabrics figured with velvet, both of which are used for Polonaises and tunics; they should be of a lighter shade than the skirt, albeit of the same color. The brocaded velvets look well as waistcoats with the black velvet coats that are coming into favor again, as we indicated. The gray brocaded velvet is particularly effective with a black coat; but these should be worn over either a gray or black skirt.

Out-of-door garments, such as basques, sacques, Polonaises, etc., are now made with sleeves different from the rest of the garment. A half-fitting black velvet jacket, bordered with a band of black curled feathers, will have faille sleeves, with velvet revers. It is by no means difficult to transform a Polonaise into the newer coat, especially if the Polonaise is closed in front. The basque of the Polonaise is turned back with two revers, and the revers are lined with either faille or velvet. A waistcoat is formed in the bodice, and the straight collar, which modernizes all dresse, is added.

Geraniums in Winter.—A most beautiful and easilyattained show of evergreens in winter may be had by a very
simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably
well on a small scale. If geranium leaves are taken from
healthy and inxuriant trees, just before the winter sets in,
cut as for slips, and immersed in soap and water, they will,
after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth
fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter.
By placing a number of bottles thus filled (the ones tried
have been pint ones,) and putting them in flower-baskets,
with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is
easily insured for a whole season. They require no fresh
water, like other plants, and in the spring they may be
placed out to adorn the flower borders. The coarse, large
sorts, such as the oak-leef and scarlet, answer best.

WITHOUT A KNOWLEDGE of the prevailing styles, a woman is apt to make a fright of herself. To dress prettily does not require money so much as taste and information as to what is the latest fashion. "A magazine like yours," writes a lady, "that gives accurate representations of the newest modes, with instructions how to make stylish dresses even out of the cheapest materials, is simply invaluable. I have saved ever so much, a year, since I have been taking 'Peterson,' The clothes for my children do not now cost me half as much as formerly." This is the true way to regard the subject. It is really saving money to take a good lady's magazine.

THE FASSIONABLE HEAD-DRESS IN PARIS, is getting to look more and more like that seen on Bernard Palissy's famous enamels. In other words, the style of Henry the Second of France has come up again after more than three hundred years. The hair is turned back a la Maria Stuart, but arranged in small curls; a coronet of larger curls surmounts the top of the head. At the back the hair is waved and combed up straight from the nape of the neck, so that the cluster of large curls is at the top of the head-dresses; such, for example, as either a phoenix in diamonds, or a peacock in sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds. A trefoil of large pearls set in diamonds is also a most fashionable ornament; it is worn either on the head or suspended round the throat. The ribbon bows, which are more general, as a matter of course, than these costly ornaments, are always selected to match the toilet worn at the time. A pretty bow is made of pink faille ribbon, ornamented with two jet fleurs de lys. Many bows are crossed with large steel arrows, or steel daggers, and such an eccentric novelty as the claw of as chicken, copied in gold and jet, is occasionally to be seen on bows, and even on hats. The taste of such ornaments is very doubtful.

BATHING.—There are few persons who would not be benefited by a complete washing of the skin from head to foot, at least once every day. The feet need washing as much as the head, as perspiration upon them is very abundant. Feet that are cased in wool and leather are not excepted from this necessity of cleansing. Digestion is freer when water is applied above the organs of digestion; and the washing of the chest helps one to breathe more freely. All will agree that in summer a daily bath is a luxury not to be omitted; but in winter it is hardly less necessary, and the reaction which follows, makes it a luxury even in the most inclement season.

Our New Premium Mezzorint for 1874, proves, as we predicted, one of the most popular we have ever had. We are rapidly introducing this beautiful engraving into tens of thousands of households. When framed and hung up, it is an ornament to any parior. A little exertion in getting subscribers for "Peterson" will entitle any person to a copy of this valuable engraving gratis. See our unprecedented offers, in the Prospectus for 1874, on the last page of the cover.

Two Dollars A Year, remember, is all that is asked for "Peterson," to single subscribers. Or two dollars and a half for "Peterson" and "Not Lost, But Gone Before." Club subscribers can have this premium engraving for fifty cents extra. If preferred, either of our other superb line, or mezzotint pictures, can be had instead of "Not Lost, But Gone Before." This is a dollar cheaper than others offer.

An Old Friend.—In many families this magazine, we are proud to say, has been a friend and visitor for nearly half a life-time. "I have been taking your magazine," writes a subscriber, "for thirty years." Another says, "This year makes twenty-one years that 'Peterson' has been a welcome visitor in our house."

THERE IS A FALSE ECONOMY as well as a real one. To do without cheerful and instructive reading yourself, or for your children, is starving the mind for the sake of the body. It is "penny wise and pound foolish." A house without books or newspapers is no house at all.

It Is Never Too Late to make up clubs for this magazine. Additions to clube may be made, at any time during the year, at the prices paid by the rest of the club; and when enough additional names have been added to fill up a new club, the getter-up is entitled to a new premium or premiums. Thus, if a club of five, at \$1.60, is first sent, and then five more names, at \$1.60, are added, (either at one time, or different times,) the person sending the names earns another extra copy and another engraving. So of any other club. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied. By getting up enough clubs, you may earn all the engravings.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.—We have, on more than one occasion, given engravings of Little Red Riding-Hood. The one in this number is by a German artist, and is, we think, the most effective yet.

DAIST VENTNOR, as our readers will see from the story in this number, has consented, at last, to appear under her real name. She has long been one of our most popular and mentionious contributors.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miss Dorothy's Charge. By Frank Lee Benedict. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers,-The readers of this magazine are already familiar with Mr. Benedict's stories. For more than twenty years, in fact since he first began to write, he has been a constant contributor to our pages. Recently, he has published, in England, a novel, of which this is the reprint. The book has had a very great success in London, so much so that the Athenseum, one of the highest critical journals there, said, in speaking of it and of its author, "there can be no doubt of the superiority of American writers over the great and increasing mass of our own fairly successful novelists, both in skill as to manipulation of plot and insight in the delineation of character." Other journals, like the Spectator, praise the book also. Even the Quarterlies, the British and Westminster, do the same. It is, perhaps, more becoming for us, considering our long relations with Mr. Benedict, to quote the opinions of others than to give our own; but we cannot help saying that we think "Miss Dorothy's Charge" is a remarkable novel in every way, sparkling with wit, having a stirring plot, and full of dramatic characterization.

Lady Bell. By the author of "Citoyenne Jacquelina." 1 sol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Miss Tytler, the author of this new novel, is a pains-taking writer, who always does good, honest work. Her present story is laid in the last century, and is unusually correct as to costumes, manners, etc. The plot, too, is an interesting one.

What Katy Did At School. By Swam Coolidge. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Those who have read that charming book, "What Katy Did," and their numbers are legion, will be delighted with this new volume from the same pen. The mechanical execution of the book, too, is excellent.

Rhoda Thoraton's Girlhood. By Mrs. Mary E. Pratt. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A very successful picture of New England life, both in its local coloring and in it characterization. Such, at least, is the opinion of John G Whittler, who has written an introductory preface to it.

Mome Work; or The Crown of Duty. By Amanda M. Douglas. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Let & Skepard.—Miss Douglas always writes well, and this is one of her best efforts; we incline to rank it, indeed, as at the head of all.

Theorted. By Florence Montgomery. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Ob.—A new story for juveniles, by that popular writer, the author of "Thrown Together," "Misunderstood," etc., etc.

A Pair of Blue Eyes. By T. Hardy. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.-This is by a comparatively new writer. It has many and great merits, but is marred by some defects. Parts of the story are quite idyllic; parts show unusual descriptive powers; parts display real humor The characters are forcibly, and, generally, truthfully drawn. The conversations of the rustics are exceedingly natural; as the London Standard observes, "they are equalled only in the best pages of George Eliot." Yet the story is an unsatisfactory one. The plot ends tragically, without any necessity for it. That one like the heroine should have her heart broken in the way it was, is simply brutal. It is false art to choose and treat such a theme. The novel is so good, however, in many respects, that we regret it is not better; and we hope, that Mr. Hardy, hereafter, will select plots more in accordance with right feeling and real art.

Fanny Fern. A Memorial Volume. By James Parton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This is a delicate tribute to the late Mrs. Parton, composed of selections made from her writings, and a memoir by her husband. The volume is illustrated with engravings from designs by Arthur Lumley. It is fitting that some such offering should be made, both that a permanent collection might be available of some of the best of this writer's fugitive pieces, and that the public at large might know with what Christian fortitude she bore, for years, a mortal disease. Her friends and neighbors were aware of all this; but it is well, very well, that others should know it also.

Threading My Way. By Evbert Dale Oven. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This is the autobiography of a man, who, for nearly two generations, has filled more or less space in the public eye. The autobiography, in its present shape, does not carry the story of Mr. Owen's life beyond his twenty-seventh year, when he came to the United States permanently to reside; but its descriptions of his father, of the New Lanark Mills, the school in Germany, New Harmony, and of many English and other celebrities in London and elsewhere, are exceedingly interesting.

Little Wanderers, and Other Sunday Stories. By Samuel Wilberforce, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York. G. W. Carleton & Co.— The author of these stories was the late Lord Bishop of Winchester, in England. He had the reputation of being one of the most versatile prelates on the Bench, capable of shining equally in a speech in the House of Lords, or a sermon to illitorate rustics. These little tales, intended solely for children, bear out this verdict, for nothing could be better in their way.

The Arena and the Throne. By L. F. Tononsend, D.D. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This work is partly theological and partly scientific; at least, the author claims that his theology is upheld by science. He predicts, as the result of God'a providence, a supreme exaltation for humanity, glorified and angelic, in the world to come.

The Burgomaster's Family. Translated from the Dutch of Christins Muller. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—A very readable novel, and valuable, not only for its story, but also for its vivid descriptions of life in Holland.

Giles' Minority. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A very excellent story for juvoniles, and destined, we think, to be quite popular. It is illustrated.

The Temperance Drama. By George M. Boker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Skepard.—A collection of dramas, comedies, and farces, for Temperance Exhibitions, and Home and School entertainment.

Bound To Ries. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—A story that could be true of a lad in no nation but the United States, yet it is only a fair example of what a sturdy, energetic country-boy can do here.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"MY OPINIONS AND BETSY BOBBET's."-It has been the good fortune of "Peterson's Magazine" to give more than one writer, who has afterward become celebrated, his or her first chance of appealing to the public. Not to mention Frank Lee Benedict, Fanny Hodgson, Daisy Ventnor, and others, we may instance, as a late example, the author of the "Josiah Allen's Wife" papers, one of which, and a most capital one, appears in the present number. The earlier articles of this series were collected into a volume, last summer, and have already passed through five editions. In London the book has been reprinted by Routledge & Sons, in their "Library of American Humor," The London Queen, after describing the work, thus commends it:- "Almost every part of the book is written with exquisite humor, and the whole will be read with real amusement, many questions of interest to the student of woman's rights are discussed, and with much common sense. We strongly recommend this little volume to those who are seeking for a thoroughly entertaining book. They will pity and, perhaps, despise Betsy Bobbet, even though she will amuse them; but we are deceived if they do not learn to respect Josiah Allen's Wife, in spite of her absurd blunders, as a woman whose heart is right, and whose brains are not addled." The book is issued in this country by the American Publishing Company of Hartford. We violate no confidence, at this late hour, in saying that the author is Marietta Holley, of Pierrepont Manor, N. Y., who is also known to our readers as the writer of various stories of unusual merit, such as "Cecil Dare," "The Orphan Musician," "Kate's Wedding Gift." etc.

THE CIRCULATION of "Peterson's Magazine" has averaged, for the last ten years, 130,000 copies monthly. This far excels that of any other magazine during the same period, and more than equals the united circulation of all the lady's books, fashion books, etc., etc., combined. No periodical in the world, of the same kind, has so large an edition, or fluctuates so little. There is a good deal of reckless assertion as to circulation afloat; but our mail-books, printers' bills, binders, etc., will substantiate what we say. This circulation, maintained, for so long a period, at so high a point, is, we claim, unexampled, and is a proof, that cannot be gain-said, that "Peterson" is both the cheapest and best of the monthlies. "No family," says the Woodstock Democrat, "should be without it."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEST AND CHEAPEST.—A lady remits us money for a club, and says:—"I herewith send you a club for your magazine, which I have taken for many years, and have become a attached to, that I never intend to be without it as long as I live, as I consider it the best and cheapest published." Scores of others say the same.

FLOWERS, PLANTS, ETC.

Health from Flowers.—Our instinct leads us to delight in flowers. Their beauty and perfume have irresistible attractions for us. We have little dreamt that we were thus led to surround ourselves with objects which most powerfully conduce to health. No doubt there are certain members of the vegetable kingdom which are exceedingly deleterious; for, not to speak of the much-dreaded upas, the West Indian manchineel, and some species of the American rhus, there are some of our common sweet-scented flowers,

such as the mezereon, which have very injurious properties. But recent investigation has proved that those adornments of our gardens, for the presence of which we so crave, are, as a rule, endowed with health-preserving qualities.

Oxygen, when highly electrified, and so rendered specially vitalizing, has in recent times been distinguished by the name of ozone. This is one of the chief elements of a healthy atmosphere. Now, centuries ago, it was known that certain plants acted as powerful disinfectants. Thus Herodian tells us that, when in the second century the plague raged in Italy, the physicians recommended those who crowded into Rome to go to Laurentum, because there the sweet bay-tree (Laurus nobilis) grew in great abundance, and the inhalation of air impregnated with its odors was a strong preservative against infection. And the disciples of Empedocles were wont to grow aromatic and balsamic herbs around their dwellings, from the belief that they were thus guarding themselves against fevers, agues, and such like. Has not, too, among us, the tradition of its fever-dispelling power given the name of feverfew to one of the strongest-scented of the Compositse?

Recent investigations, especially those of Professor Montegazza, of Padua, and Dr. Cornelius Fox, have shown that these old ideas were based on scientific truth. It is now ascertained that the quantity of ozone is materially increased by the exposure to the rays of the sun of various plants, among which the most common are the lavender, musk, cherry laurel, clove, fennel, narcissus, heliotrope, hyacinth, and mignonette. It is interesting to know that the sunflower, which will grow almost anywhere, and could be turned to various useful purposes, is one of the most valuable of sanitary agents, since not only is it ozoniparous, but also destroys deleterious miasmata. It should be noted, as a further proof of the good influence of plant-culture on health, that, while the manufacture of ozone is an independent work, carried on by the flowers alone, the green leaves are performing their sanitary function by extracting carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and helping to preserve that proportion in its elements which makes it healthful. More remarkable, perhaps, than all, is the eucalyptus, of which we have recently heard so much, and of which we shall soon know more.

Thus the cultivation of flowers is a work not merely delightful and humanizing in itself, but one which, in a way most beautiful and picturesque, confers a positive benefit os society so great that it can hardly be overrated, especially in large towns, where there must necessarily be so much to poison and deteriorate the air we breathe.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—CATABBHAL AFFECTIONS.

A few general remarks upon diseases involving the delicate organs within the chest, are deemed proper at this time, as at this season of the year such maladies are most frequent, and from most obvious causes.

Children of the wealthy, though well clad generally as to the chest and upper extremeties with furs, etc., yet have their lower limbs subjected to intense cold, causing a retrocession of blood to the warm and oftimes perspiring chest, producing congestion of the lungs. In the lower walks of life, or among the poorer classes, we see but little precautionary means resorted to, to protect the respiratory organs from harm—the neck is frequently bare, the chest thinly clad, the feet not properly protected; snow-drifts are waded through of choice, the thin ice in the gutters or road-sides are gleefully broken up by the tramp of school-children, slush is preferred to the dry pave or path, wet feet neces-

sarily result, and catarrh or inflammation of the respiratory organs is the invariable consequence. Among all classes we see the infant with bare arms and bare necks, the little fiannel under-garment, (ahould one be kindly bestowed upon it) barely covering the lower half of the chest, whilst the upper portion is cold and wet, particularly antecedent to and during the process of teething, from the profuse secretions of the salivary glands of the infant. Thus is favored a stagnation of blood in the lungs, and catarrhal affections arise.

Mothers are apt to regard the premonitory symptoms of bronchitis or pneumonia as "only a cold," and it is not until a difficulty of breathing, harassing cough, and increased secretion of mucus in the bronchial tubes, with flushed face and fever ensue, that relief is sought for from the family physician. Thus the lungs themselves, after a time, from mechanical causes, i. s., congestion, became impeded in their functions, and the disease resulting is pronounced pneumonia, lung fever, or inflammation of the lungs.

Happily for the well-being of the infantile race, the former practice of bleeding from the arm, or of applying leeches to the chest, has nearly, if not wholly, passed away, through parental prejudice and the influence of homospathy. Instead of this old, sanguinary practice, it is always safe for the mother to administer an emetic of ipecacuanha, where there is oppression from accumulation of mucus in the bronchial tubes, or congestion of the lungs—the beneficial effects of which, in diseases of this character, are manifold. The air passages are relieved of their mucus obstructions, and thus oxygenation or purification of the blood is promoted; the skin is acted upon, and the fever is abated; a copious flow of bile is occasioned by the relaxing influence of the ipecac, and the straining of vometing, and thus is given a general freedom of the circulation of the blood throughout the body.

The subsequent use of the hot bath, mustard to the chest, or the application of some stimulating limiment, may always be judiciously resorted to; but should these measures fail to give prompt relief, the family physician should be called.

Hive syrup (containing tartar emetic) should never be given to delicate children for emetic purposes, and to the more rebust, it should be given with caution, as much injury has been done by its administration. When prolonged nausea or great prostration results from its use or abuse, the evil effects may be counteracted by giving a few drops of aromatic spirits of hartshorn in sugared water.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEAT AND POULTRY.

Shoulder of Mution, Spiced.—Bone carefully a shoulder of mution, after it has hung till tender. For every pound of meat, mix two ounces of brown sugar, one saltspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful each of mace and pepper, and half a saltspoonful of ginger; rub these spices thoroughly into the meat, lay it into a deep dish, and the next day rub in two teaspoonfuls of salt for every pound of meat, and add one pint and a half of good beef gravy for the whole joint. Turn the meat over, rub it well with this pickle every day for a week or ten days, letting it remain in the pickle, after each rubbing, all the time. At the end of the week or ten days, roll it up tightly, bind with a string, and stew gently in beef broth four hours. Serve hot in its own gravy, and eat with any piquant sauce or catchup.

Patti Veal.—Take a knuckle of veal, and cover it with water, and boil it two hours; take out the meat, and chop it coarsely; strain the liquor, and season it with sait, pepper, and sage; pour it over the meat, and let it cool in a jelly.

Oyster Fritters.—Drain the liquor from the oysters, and to a cupful of this add the same quantity of milk, three eggs, a little salt, and flour enough for a thin batter. Chop the oysters, and stir into the batter. Have ready in the fryingpan a few spoonfuls of lard; heat very hot, and drop the oyster batter in by the tablespoonful. Try a spoonful first, to satisfy yourself that the lard is hot enough, and that the fritter is of the right size and consistency. Take rapidly from the pan as soon as they are done to a yellow-brown, and send to table very hot. Some fry the oyster whole, enveloped in batter, one in each fritter. In this case the batter should be thicker than if the chopped oyster were to be added.

A Mince, made with Uncooked Mutton.—Cut off two pounds from a leg of mutton, and chop it up finely, freeing it first from fat, but adding a slice or two of bacon, likewise minced; season it well with pepper and salt, and put it into a saucepan, with a teacupful of gravy, and six ounces of butter. Cut up very small three young lettuces; add a quart of young peas, an onion chopped small. Stir all these ingredients over a gentle fire, until quite hot, then place the sauce-pan, closely-covered, at the side of the fire, and let it staw gently for at least three hours. Arrange it neatly in the center of a hot dish, and place round it a wall of well-cooked rice.

DESSERTS.

Arrow-root Binomongs.—Take one quart of milk, and mix three ounces best arrow-root with a cupful of it cold. Then boil the rest of it with six laurel leaves, or a chip of vanilla, as preferred; pour it boiling on the arrow-root; stir quite smooth; sweeten; boil the whole for ten minutes, taking care it does not burn, and put into a mould. The cause of its cracking is either bad arrow-root or under-boiling; or if you dissolve a little isingless or gelatine in the milk with which the arrow-root is made, it will then stand; but it is the nature of arrow-root to become liquid after a short time. Sago and taploca both make very nice blancmange, and are firmer than arrow-root. They may be either flavored with lemon or vanilla, or served plain, with jam and cream around them.

Half Puf-paste.—Put one pound of flour upon your pastryslab, with two ounces of butter; rub well together with the hands; make a hole in the center, in which put a pinch of salt, and the yolk of an egg, with the juice of a lemon; mix with water, then roll it out thin, and lay half a pound of butter, prepared as for puff-paste; roll into thin sheets; fold it in three; roll and fold again twice over; lay it in a cold place a quarter of an hour, give another roll, and it is ready for use when required. This paste is mostly used for fruit tarts, for which it is well adapted.

Transparent Puddings.—Break the yolks of six eggs into a bowl, taking care no white adheres; have ready to mix with these one quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and one quarter of a pound of fresh butter, which have been previously warmed together in a jam-pot by the fire to a honey. Do not let them candy. Add this to the eggs, and pour into five little tins or china moulds, first placing in each a teaspoonful of marmalade; place the moulds directly in a steamer and steam twenty minutes. Take off, wait five minutes, turn out, and serve.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Break an egg into a basin, with three tablespoonfuls of flour; mix well, add milk by degrees; the batter must be well blended, and about the thickness of rich cream; have a tin ready with a little warm dripping in it from the joint that is roasting; pour in the batter, then put it into the oven for a quarter of an hour to set; take it out, and lay it slanting toward the fire, under the joint for half an hour; pour off the dripping and serve.

Nursery Pudding.—Pour a pint of scalding milk upon six ounces of breadstrumbs; beat with four eggs a little sugar and grated nutureg. Pour into a buttered mould, and steam for threequarters of an hour. Common Pium-Pudding.—Beat together three quarters of a pound of flour, the same quantity of raisins, six ounces of beef suet, finely chopped, a small pinch of sait, some grated nutmeg, and three eggs, which have been thoroughly whisked, and mixed with about a quarter of a pint of milk, or less than this, should the eggs be large. Pour the whole into a buttered dish, and bake foran hour and a quarter.

CARES.

Plum Cake,-Put into a large pan three-quarters of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream, then add half a pound of loaf sugar; when the two are well mixed, add three-quarters of a pound of raisins carefully stoned, six ounces of mixed candied peel finely chopped, six bitter almonds, and one ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and pounded, the strained juice and the grated thin rind of a lemon, a pinch of powdered cloves, two of powdered cinnamon, the sixth part of a nutmeg, grated, fourteen ounces of sifted flour, half a gill of new milk, the yolks of six eggs, beaten up with a wineglassful of pale brandy. As each ingredient is added the mixture must be well stirred. Lastly, stir in the whites of the eggs, whisked to a froth, and continue beating the mixture rapidly for twenty minutes; then turn it out into a cake-tin, lined with buttered paper, and bake it in a moderate oven for about two hours and a half. Turn out the cake carefully and when cold ice it, or it may be served plain.

Queen Cubes.—Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, sift in one pound of flour, gradually; add six ounces of pounded sugar, one quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and pounded to a paste, and half a pound of currants, washed and dried; whisk three eggs separately, add them to one quarter of a pint of cream, and stir it into the flour; put one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into the center, and beat it all thoroughly together for a quarter of an hour. Put it into small-bottomed tin-pans, and bake them from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Seed Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, dredge into it one pound of sifted flour. When the two are well-mixed add three quarters of a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, pounded mace, and grated nutmeg to taste, and three-quarters of an ounce of carraway seeds. Stir the mixture till all the ingredients are well mixed, then beat up six eggs with a wineglassful of pale brandy; add them to the cake mixture, and continue stirring it for a quarter of an hour. Bake from one and a half to two hours in a tin, lined with buttered paper.

Cream Muffins.—One quart of rich milk, or, if you can get it, half cream and half milk, a quart of flour, six eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one of lard, softened together. Beat whites and yolkes, separately, very light; then add flour and shortening, and a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in the flour the last thing, lightly as possible, and have the batter free from lumps. Half fill well-buttered muffin rings, and bake immediately in a hot oven, or the muffins will not be good. Send to table the moment they are done.

Scotch Cales.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one gill of milk, one large table spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Stir the butter and sugar together, then add the cinnamon, flour, and milk; roll out the dough into sheets, cut it in cakes, and bake them in a moderate oven until they are brown.

Tes Cabes.—Two pounds of flour, two spoonfuls of yeast, made into a dough with warm milk. When ready (as for bread) to make into cakes, mix well two ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar. Let the cake stand to rise, brush over with milk, and bake in a quick oven.

Another.—One pound of flour, two ounces of butter or lard, one gill of new milk, one tablespoonful of brewer's yeast, or a piece of patent yeast the size of a wainut.

SANITARY.

Contion in using Ammonia.—Whilst using ammonia for washing or cleansing articles of clothing, care should be taken that no cut or scratch comes in contact with it, and the hands should be immediately washed and wiped before going into the air. A case of severe erysipelas had recently come before our notice, caused by washing some garments in water in which ammonia had been dissolved, and going into the sun to hang them to dry without washing or wiping the hands.

Good Family Medicine.—Take one pound of molasses, two ounces of Spanish liquorice, one pennyworth, each, of paragoric, anisced, oil of peppermint, and laudanum. Put the Spanish liquorice in three gills of water, boil down to half a pint, till the liquorice is dissolved; pour into a jug, add the other ingredients. When cold, bottle, and keep in a cool place. A teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome, or one night and morning.

Receipt for a Cold.—Two ounces of Irish moss, one ounce of Spanish juice, one lemon, two quarts of cold water. Simmer all day; strain off the liquor, and drink a teacupful every night and morning. It must be made hot before it is used. The above quantities will make one quart of cough mixture. It has effected most wonderful cures.

Inflamed Gums.—A drop or two of camphorated spirits, rubbed on the gums, will allay inflammation.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. I.—Evening-Dress of White Silk.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one row of white lace, studded here and there with crimson roses. The upper-skirt is quite long, both back and front, and looped up on left side with one large bow of black velvet, and on the right side with a sash of velvet, which extends from the waist and low down on the side, and is tied in a large bow, and parted with a very large red rose, with foliage; a smaller rose and foliage trims one end of the sash, which is finished with a netted fringe. The upper-skirt is trimmed with white lace and a quilling of black velvet, with red roses on it. The low waist is trimmed to correspond with the upper-skirt. Red roses in the hair.

Fig. II.—House-Dress.—The under-dress is of crimson silk, and quite plain. The upper-dress is a Polonaise of black silk, the skirt open in front, and the waist and dress is trimmed with a gimp and a plaiting of black silk.

Fig. 111.—Walking-Dress of Poplin, of Wild Plum Color.—The skirt is untrimmed and just caught up once in the middle of the back. Hungarian jacket of dark-gray cloth trimmed with black braid and bands of fur. Bonnet of gray velvet, trimmed with hrigonia leaves of the color of the dress.

Fig. IV.—EVENING-DRESS.—The under-dress is of white muslin, with two puffings of muslin over canary-colored ribbon: the puffing begins on the right side of the skirt, passes around the back, and crosses the front of the skirt diagonally. The over-dress is a Polonaise of canary-colored silk, made open in front, and trimmed with a puffing of the silk, edged with a narrow black lace. The sleeves come only to the elbow, are turned back with a loose cuff, and edged with a frill of white lace. White plume in the

Fig. v.—Wedding-Dress of White Silk, trimmed with bands of scalloped silk and hlond lace. The waist is made with a deep basque, back and front, but open on the hips, and on the left side is a very broad, white ribbon sash. Long made with one full ruffle. Over-dress of white cashmere quite plain. White jacket with revers and cuffs of blue poplin. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and flowers.

FEG. VI.—CHILD'S DRESS OF BLUS POPERS.—The skirt is coat-sleeves, with very deep cuffs, trinsmed like the skirt and waist with blond and orange-blossoms. Orange-blossoms and long tulle in the hair.

Fig. VII.-TRAVELING OR WALKING-DRESS.-The underskirt is of very dark gray silk, with one deep flounce, headed by two standing-up ruffles, piped with a light:gray The silk under-dress is silk of the color of the ever-dress. made with one large puffet the back, the fallness of which takes the place of the back of a top dress. The over-dress is of light-gray camel's-hair, made long, and buttoned down the front: it only extends to the side, where it is finished with a piping of silk of the same color. The jacket is of gray camel's-hair, loose in front, with a silk vest of the color of the under-skirt, but partially fitting the figure at the bake, and having a tolerably deep basque, which comes down over the dark-gray under-skirt. The pockets, baspue, collar, revers, etc., are made of, or trimmed with, the dark Velvet hat of dark-gray silk, trimmed with a lightsilk. gray feather.

Fig. viii.—Walking-Dress.—The under-skirt is of darkbrown velveteen, and made quite plain; the upper-dress is of a lighter shade of brown vicugna cloth, open and rounded in front, trimmed with a band of brown velvet, the shade of the under-skirt, puffed and caught back, with a broad sash of ribbon of the darker shade of brown. The basque is closefitting, cut very short just at the back, but with longer points at the sides, and square basques in front. The collar, etc., is trimmed with a narrow velvet of the darker shade of brown. Light-brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with darkbrown velvet ribbon and field daisies.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give a great variety, this month, of novelties, forming pretty and becoming additions to the dress. The black silk fichu can be made with any colored ribbon, or ornamented with any colored flower; or one can be made with white lace, which has a more dressy look. The chemisette and sleeves are made of dark-blue and white-striped muslin; the large cuffs must be very stiffly starched to keep their form nicely.

We also give two combs, the one with balls being of jet, the other of tortoise-shell. A simple way of arranging a long braid for the back, is shown in the front of the number.

The large Spanish fan is one of the most sought-for articles of the toilet this winter; it is usually of black silk or satin, with dark-brown sticks, and painted in beautiful flowers and grasses of the natural color. These large fans can be procured in most colors, black and white, but black is much the most general.

THE BONNET is of black velvet, with a full fan trimming of delicate tea-roses; and one rose is thrown carelessly on the velvet ribbon at the back. This model was one of the very prettiest in Paris this winter.

THE HAT is of gray felt, with brown trimmings, and a brown wing.

THE JACKET is of brown silk, with gray silk trimmings.

As we have offer before said; the greatest latitude is allowed to taste; skirts of costumes are to be cut short enough to escape the ground, or to be allowed to trail on the ground. Two different modes prevail at the present time. The disputes are all wearing skirts which are short in front, cling very closely about the legs, and fall at the back with a small train. The manner of holding this train up gracefully is with them quite an art. When the train is left to trail, the outline is exactly that of a Chinose figure. The other and more sensible style is the short trim skirt, which requires no lifting, but clears the ground. It is very narrow; the gores being sown to the waistband without any fullness.

It costs little to remodel last year's garments, so as to suit the present fashions; the short basques may be lengthened, by joining a square basque at the waist, concealing the join under the universally worn waistband. Cost sleeves can be

cut narrower, a frill of silk to match the fraise can be added at the wrist so as to fall over the hand, and a revers with stiff lining turned upward toward the elbow. Pockets can be removed from the sides of Polonaises and redingotes to the back, where they remain half hidden among the folds; the châtelaine bag is added at the side, and a standing Rabagas collar turning outward round the throat. These are the principal alterations.

There is a new and pretty skirt made for house wear, and can be made of two different colored silks, or of silk and velvet. It consists of five breadths, namely, a wide gored front breadth, one narrow gore on each side, and two full straight back breadths. This brings a seam down the back, and this seam is left open three-eights of a yard from the bottom; the flounce which borders the skirt is taken in this seam, and held there in deep triple plaits, adding an extra breadth, and giving a graceful fan or pigeon-tail alope to the slightly-drooping skirt. The front breadth would be junk, the flounce, and the side, and back breadths brown.

Many of the newest dresses have bands of velvet or jet laid plain down the front breadth of the skirt. When the over-dress opens to show this trimming, jet trimmings of all kinds are profusely used.

Bonners and Harsare decidedly larger, and, consequently, infinitely more becoming than the ridiculously small head-gear perched high at the top of the head, to which we have of late become accustomed, but never reconciled. The drawn velvet bonnets, lined with light-colored silk, which are probably coming into vogue, take us back quite a couple of decades, made in black, in brown, and in prune velver, and lined with pale-blue or pale-pink silk; a flower is placed at the back, and falls upon the chignon. Strings and even curtains are again to be seen on the newest bonnets. Any one who possesses colored fashion-plates of 1840 can refer to them, and gain a fair idea of the bonnets coming into vogue in the year 1874.

THE FASHIONS IN BOOTS AND SHOES are undergoing a considerable alteration, inasmuch as the high Louis V. heels are suppressed, and are now rarely seen, except with evening toilets. Walking boots are made with broad, flat heels, that conduce to the comfort as well as to the health of the wearer, as we are convinced that these high, slanting heels which fashlon has imposed on us for the past few years are far from comfortable, and promote, to a great extent, an awkward gait. For day-wear boots are made of unglazed kid, the only ornament being a festoon of black-silk stitching. Useful boots for ordinary occasions are made with square toes; but for dressy toilets the corners are rounded off, which makes the boot look smaller.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—OVER-COAT OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt is plaited full in the back, has a such around the waist, and is trimmed with a band of fur; the front of this coat is seen in figure four, where, it will be noticed, it is cut to cross from the right shoulder to the left side, and is buttoned the whole length, and trimmed with a band of fur; a band of fur finishes the neck and sleeves; the sach is of ribbon, and ties on the right side.

Fig. 11.—Dress or Gray-Violet Cashmere for a Girl.— The under-skirt has two ruffles extending all around; is plain in front above these ruffles, and has five ruffles at the back; a scalloped apron-front covers the plain front of the under-skirt; the basque is scalloped, and bound to correspond with the apron-front.

Fig. III.—Drass of French Merino for a Little Boy.— The skirt is laid in very full hollow plaits; the waist is made tight-fitting, with a small basque, and trimmed with oxyleed buttons. \$375 A MONTH to MALE or FEMALE AGENTS. A GREAT SAVING IN ACTUAL COST and BEST VET.

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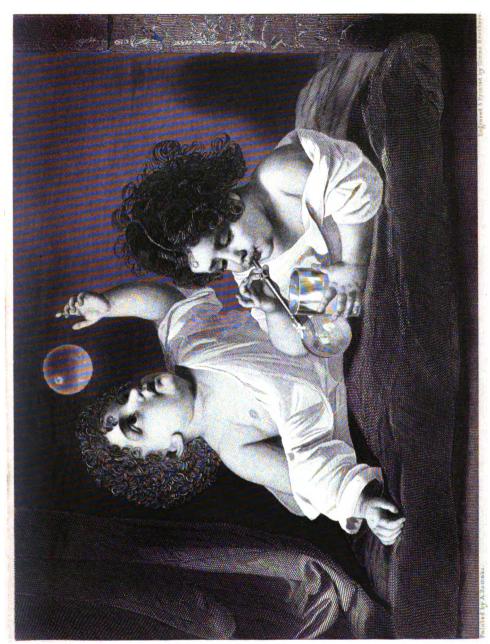
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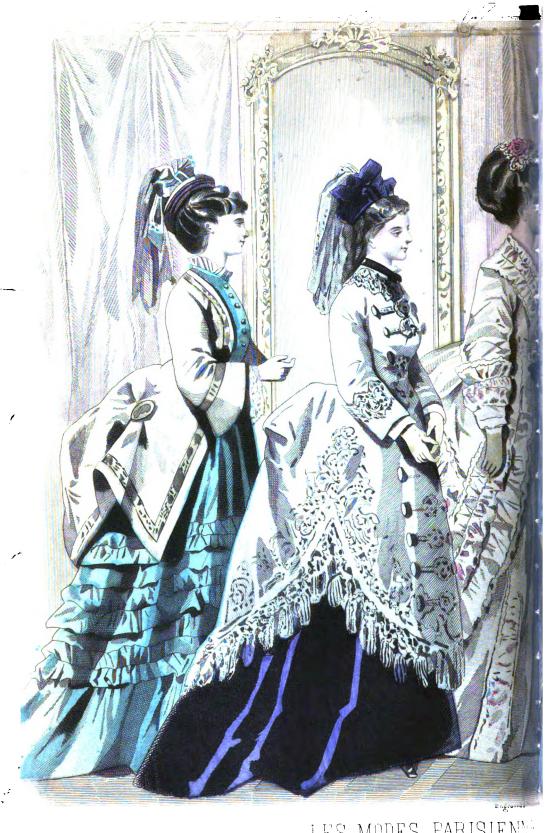


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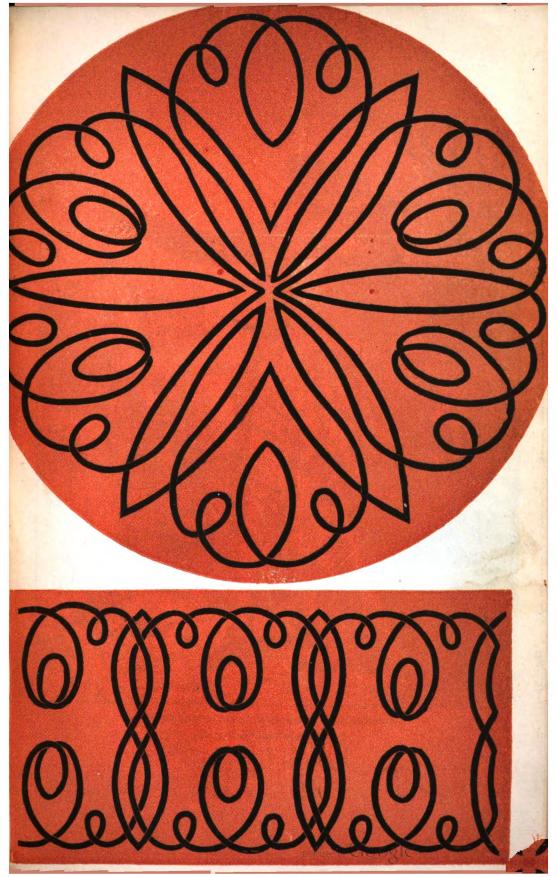


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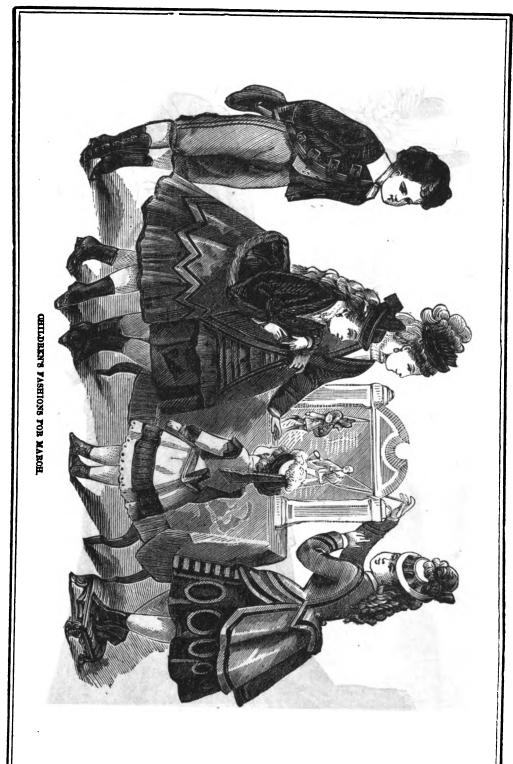
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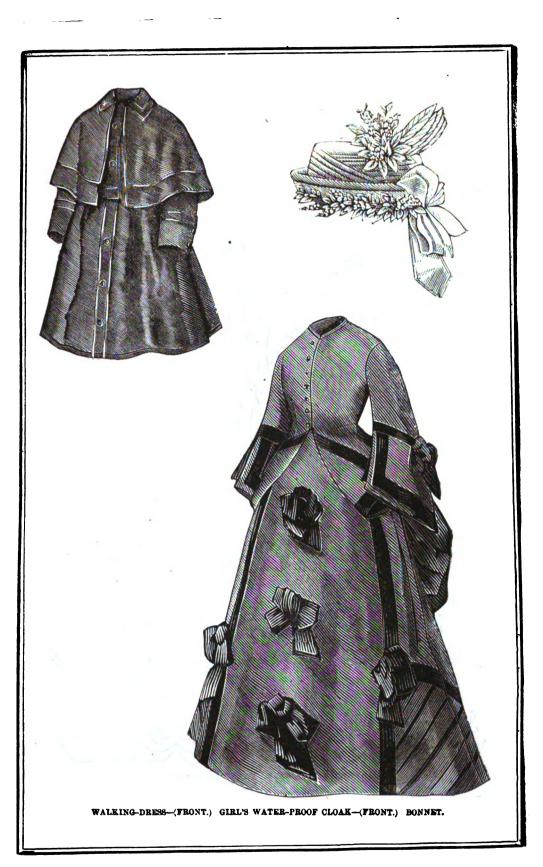


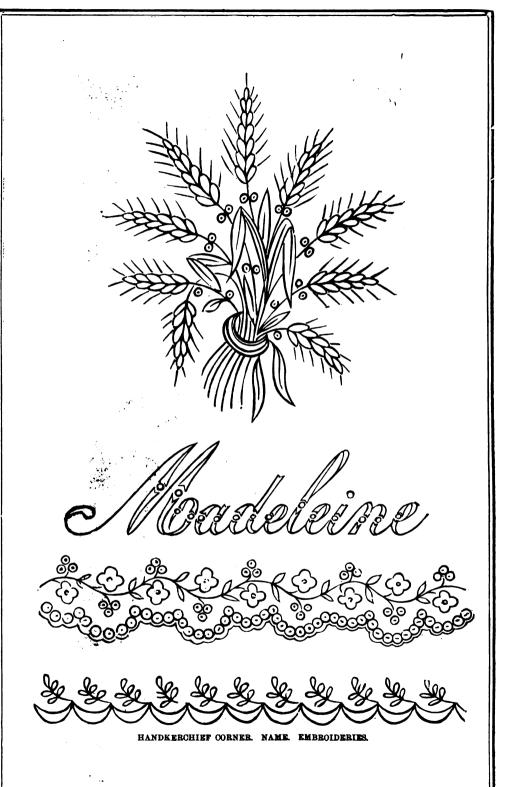


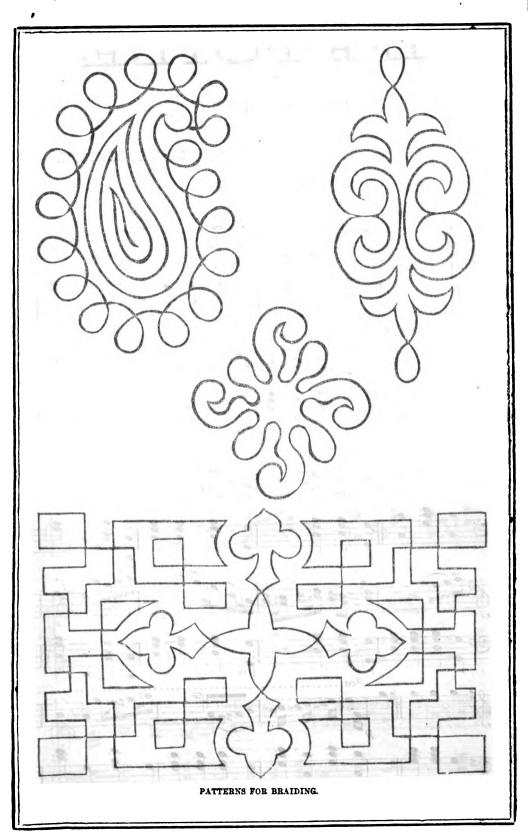
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WALKING-DBESS-(BACK.) GIBL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK-(BACK.) BONNET.







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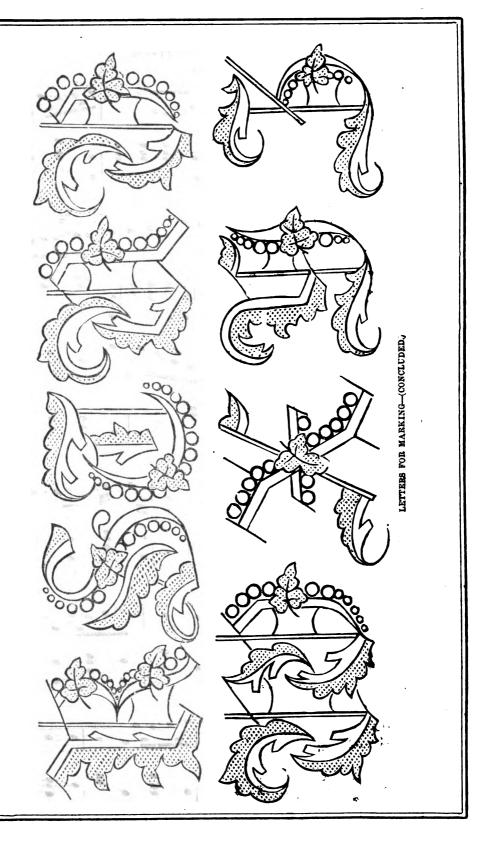
SCHOTTISCH.

By CHAS. D. RENTGEN.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vor. LXV.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH,

No. 3.

THE OLD ENGLAND VERSUS THE

BY JULIA A. EASTMAN.

THERE had always been a Rebecca in the Saint ; of the satin dresses Rebecca was so fond of wear-Cyr family. The gallery at Rose Hill had a portrait of a Lady Rebecca of the time of the Second Stuart; a rare young creature, having the sunlight tangled in her hair, and the fates of men in the dusk of her brooding eyes. Of the present generation she had been grandmother with how many "great" prefixes, I know not. But the Rebecca Saint Cyr of to-day had her golden hair, her sad, bright, southern eyes; the brightness all on the surface, the sadness forever lurking in some deep place, away back; and she wore the old lace, if not the old title.

"Lady, by the grace of God!" murmured the family doctor, one day, when he met Rebecca in satin sheen, sweeping down the hall, at Rose Hill: saw her bow to master and servant, regally to the one, most gently sweet to the other. And from that hour it suited the idiosyncracy of the old man to mention his favorite always as "My Lady Rebecca."

The specialty of Rebecca Saint Cyr's beauty, and that which distinguished her among the daughters of men, was not her height, although that was queenly; it was not her grace, although that was faultless; nor the soft contour of her uplifted face; nor the crown of her braided hair, luminous as no crown of royalty has been or will ever be. Any one of these might have furnished capital wherewith an ordinary woman could have sustained a reputation for comliness. But all of these were lost in the glories of her chief charm. This was, this specialty ecertain brilliancy, not of tint, for she had no color, but of light; a lambent brightness overspreading her features, as of some inner glow that shone through; or, as I thought the first time I saw her, like a light reflected upon whiteness. It reminded one of the soft sheen of a white dove's breast, and it was as far removed from pallor as is the vivid vitality of a just-opened lily-petal from dead marble. Be-

ing; a fondness, born not of art or coquetry, but of a natural affinity for the softness which enters into thin warps and woofs; dresses of neutral tints, delicate fawns, silver-grays, or faintest blush, as of the last sunset cloud. Satin and lace were the staples of her rare toilets, let the styles be what they would. Indeed, my first glimpse of Rebecca Saint Cyr was at a statety dinner-party, where, in obedience to a recent fulmination from Paris, the ladies were an accumulation of high, towering puffs, and plaits, and supplemented their skirts with, I know not what, cut and slashed flounces, piled on to every inch of available space, from throat to foot. In comes my Lady Rebecca, a trifle late, her Clytie face gleaming like a white star in the shadowy distance, crowned with the gold of her own halr, and robed in creamy satin, that spread away in rich, unbroken folds from the curves of her waist to the hem of the train. No ornaments, save the lace, whose fine tracery had pencilel its pattern on the fair arms of the Lady Rebecca in A. D. 1600, and not a trace of color anywhere, save where the rubies of the same ancestor burned blood-red on neck and wrists. Of course, she was the sensation of the evening. She always was that; for, although women sneered, "and couldn't understand why it was;" although all admirers were treated with the same high courtesy which kept them at a distance as no frosts of hauteur could have done; although she would signalize no mortal man by special favor, still Rebecca Saint Cyr made the neucleus of attraction in every circle which she entered. But nowhere was she so charming as at home. Rose Hill is one of the oldest family mansions in America. It overlooks a wide-mouthed river, near its confluence. vast stairway, hewn from the solid rocks, and having its balustrades smothered in roses, rises from the river-bank to the tree-shadowed entrance sides, this peculiarity was enhanced by the lustre of the house. The upper windows of the southern

turret command glimpses of the Sound, and, on the horizon, the low shores of Long Island stretching away toward sunrise and sunset. A rare old place, whose every room was filled with wafts of fragrance, and whose every window-pane framed in a picture.

And now to Rose Hill, across continents, and oceans, and miles of land, and leagues of sea, there came, not "a fairy prince, with joyful eyes," but a young Englishman, a friend of Starwood Saint Cyr, and at present holding the honorable place of Governor-General of Her Majesty's province, the island of British Cypria. Many guests were entertained at Rose Hill, and I never heard that any notable phenomena in heaven or earth heralded the advent of this one. But I do know that Rebecca Saint Cyr had frozen herself into a double armor of ice for the occasion; and also that the guest had indued himself with a panoply of defense such as young men of his nationality are wont to wear, when coming face to face with people of other countries, particularly of these United States.

- "I warn you, Dacre!" cried Tom Digby, as he stood beside his friend, who was even then in traveling gear, ready for his transit. "You are going among the Philistines. Remember Samson!"
- "Ah, yes, thanks! But I know these daughters of the Philistines. I have been privileged to meet plenty of them, for there is not a ruin on the continent of Europe where their brisk little boots have not left their foot-prints, nor an old palace that doesn't echo to their shrill voices. If there is anything in life that I detest to the very end, it is a loud-talking woman."
- "I know; but, old fellow, I have my misgivings. My prophetic soul beholds you convoying one of these irrepressible females to be presented at court. They are perilously beguiling, Dacre, these Yankee girls."
 - "Tom! Is thy servant-"
- "A muff? Not a bit of it. But, Dacre, hasn't Star a sister?"
- "Saint Cyr? Yes. I dare say. I don't know. Some little school-girl, doubtless, who will say 'Yes, sir,' and blush when she is spoken to."
- "And begin all her remarks with 'Well,' and arrive at every conclusion with a 'guess.' Or, worse yet, she may be a female in enfranchised pantalettes, who will harangue you to your chamber door on the wrongs of her race, and bring a petition on female suffrage for your signing."
- "I shall sign it, never fear, or anything else to get rid of her, bo sure of that. Here is the train. Good-bye."

Meantime, this is what had passed at Rose Hill.

- · "I depend on you, Rebecca," Starwood Saint Cyr said to his sister, "to do away with Dacre's prejudice against our American ladies. He is a complete John Bull in that respect. For my sake, smile on him."
- "Fer your sake, dear, I would do anything.' And over the proud, uplifted face shone the sweetness of Rebecca's rare smile; its sweetness all for the brother in the flesh beside her; the pride all for the brother in humanity so many removes away. "But it will scarcely be possible to convince me of my mission," she continued, "to convert a Briton from his obduracy."
- "He must be more a heathen than his Druid ancestors were, if he can retain his obduracy after once beholding you. Besides, Dacre knows nothing about us over here."
- "Will he expect me to meet him in war-paint and feathers?"

Star muttered, "Nonsense," and turned away, but a light step pursued him. His sister twined her arm in his, and though the raillery glanced in her eyes still, she exclaimed frankly;

- "Seriously, though, my dear Star, you don't imagine I would be rude to a friend of yours?"
- "I don't know," blurted out this matter-offact brother. "I never know what you may choose to do in the way of a refrigerator when a friend of my own age is in the question."
 - "Star! Have I deserved this of you?"
- "Yes, my dear, most undisputably you have. Think of poor Bert Vaille, and of Jaynes, and Rainoe, and——"
 - "Please, Star !"
- "Well, then, I tell you, if Earle Dacre were his own grandfather, or a wailing infant, I should be sure of your clemency; for never was there a creature born with so great a fondness as yours for old men and babies. If Dacre were maudlin or helpless, why then——"
- "Why, then, that would alter the case materially, By-the-by, when is this luminary to rise on our benighted horizon?"
- "Dacre is coming next Wednesday, if that is what you mean. And I should like to be able to expect that my sister would remember, at least, what is due from a hostess to her guest."
- "Dear, I will try to remember, when he comes; that is, if I live until 'hat time, which I positively shan't, if you are so solemn and cross with me. There, there! Oh! ple-e-ease—" for her brother had seized her round the waist, and was showering, or rather storming, kisses upon, brow, cheek, chin and neck. "Dear, do stop! Your penitentials are worse than your offendings. Look at my hair."

It was all shaken down. Starwood, who adored

those waving, never-curling locks, was flooding them over face, and shoulders, and arms, until they covered his sister nearly to her knees. She had sunk down, laughing, as Rebecca Saint Cyr never laughed, save with her brother. She was half reclining on a stone bench of the great stairway, and Star was pelting her with the roses, when a voice close at hand spoke,

"I beg your pardon, Saint Cyr. How are you?"

"Dacre, by Jove!"

Yes, there he stood, the young John Bull; the Governor-General of British Cypria; the blonde giant, with his brown beard, smiling down on the frolic from out his blue eyes.

"My sister, Miss Saint Cyr. Rebecca, this is Dacre."

Rebecca blushed her rare blush, which touched her cheeks with fire, and left the rest of her face in its white calm. Then she stood up to her height before him, like an avenging goddess, proud and cold, with hair flung backward. The greetings were said in the fewest words. After that she rushed, raging, to her room.

"To think of my meeting that man like a wild Indian, with a!l my hair down!" she cried, when she met Star a half hour later in the hall.

Her brother laughed in a fashion right brotherly.

"It was rather a la Apache," he said. "Forgive me; but it served you right for shandering the poor Indian, as you had been doing ten minutes before."

The next time Earle Dacre beheld Rebecca, she was seated at the breakfast-table; for all this happened before eight o'clock in the morning, and the guest had come by the night-boat from New York.

"You have a charming place here."

Dacre, unfolding his napkin as he spoke, sent a glance alive with enthusiasm across the daintily-appointed table, out through an open bay-window, where a Wistaria strung its great purple-heathed blooms; out and away down the rose-balustraded stair-way to the river. The sails gleamed in the early sun; the stream lay broad and black, and bright; and the opposite shore spread far and wide its green and elm-adorned reaches.

"A charming old place," he repeated. Bu Rebecca made no reply.

Star, to whom the remark had not been addressed, took it upon himself, in default of other response, to answer.

"Old for New England, new for the Old England;" and Rebecca, from behind her gleaming silver, and tinted egg-shell china, at last remarked'

- "One of your own writers has told us that there is no 'ancient lineage' even in Great Britain"
- "What!" cried Dacre. "You read D'Israeli here? In these wilds of the New World?"
- "We read him, and agree with him," answered Rebecca, in her softest and ideast tones.
- "D'Israeli is one of my sister's heroes," said Star.

"He is very un-English—out and out a Jew."
Rebecca's face tingled. She chose to believe herself "wounded in the house of her friend," when her favorite author and political leader was maligned. Therefore, she made the only reply possible to her, to wit, silence, with eyes downcast, and lashes measuring their length on her cheeks.

Later in the day she said to her brother,

"He is rude, Star. You may be very fond of him, but I assure you there is a stupid obstinacy about that type of the English which is intolerable. D'Israell un-English! I think he is." And she walked into her own room, and straight across to where a picture hung, a pale face, with its light all in the eyes. They flashed from under a wealth of dark curls. Rebecca contemplated it a while, and then, out of the prodigality of her enthusiasm, she took a volume from her shelves and sat down. It was Contarini Flemming.

Poor Star! Pen fails me to describe the sufferings he endured during the next week in the self-imposed office of mediator.

- "Apropos of this sister of Star's," wrote Dacre to Tom Digby. "She is pretty enough, but a prig. The most frozen, persistent, set-up creature that ever existed. I've no need to remember your warning, for I am not in my lady's books at all. So I am safe from this Delilah."
- "I do think, as your guest. Star, that this person might refrain at least from insult at our table," Rebecca said to her brother, the third day after Dacre's arrival. The key-note had been wrong, and all had gone wrong from the moment of his coming. Miss Saint Cyr, as she spoke, was standing on the landing of the stairs, prettier than ever, in a white morning-dress and a great garden-hat.
- "I don't know what you mean by insult," said Star.
- "I mean that man's story of those vulgar Lowell people who made themselves so ridiculous in Rome. We all know the country is full of vulgar persons, but so is England, and to bring up an American family for mockery at our table, was surely an indirect insult to us all."
 - "So far indirect, that it doesn't touch us at



all, in my opinion. However, you and I never shall agree on this topic. I move we abandon it.'

"Certainly."

She stood upon the landing. The wide brim of her hat threw her face into shadow, and over her head rose a figure carved in stone, which lifted a finger of beckoning or welcome toward the house. It was a pearl of days, blue above and green below, and the air filled with that most subtle of all sweetnesses, the perfume of many odors in one-the scent of honeysuckle, of rose, of clover, and of fruit-orchards, all combined in one great cloud of overwhelming and joyous fraerance. Rebecca, like most delicately-formed women, was exquisitely susceptible to perfumes, and as she leaned there against the carved statue, the morning wind brought up from far below the suggestion of a bloom localier and sweeter than the rest. She started forward with a quick. eager inbreathing, and cried to her little nephew. who just then came down the path,

"Bertie, get your basket and come down to the river with me. The wild grape is in blossom. I smell the flowers away at this distance. Come."

Together they went, the fair woman and the beautiful child, hand in hand, down the wide, rose-embosomed stair. From the shade of a larch, withdrawn a few paces in the grove that bounded the lawn on the southern side, a pair of eyes watched them go. Dacre had, quite unintentionally, been both spectator and auditor of the last scene between brother and sister. did not serve to increase his affability. Indeed, I am sure that the annoyances which Rebecca bore during the next four days were far from being imaginary.

"Star," said Dacre, one morning, "Come to the White Mountains with me."

"You are not going to the White Mountains, Dacre; at least, not at present?"

"Thank you; but I must go. It is delightful here." A courteous gesture in the direction of a work-basket and a sewing-chair at the opposite end of the piazza.

Rebecca, who was stitching a delicate collar, went on stitching. Her eyes were down, her head was bent, and a sunbeam slanted across her hair.

"Very delightful; but I find I cannot make my plans agree to a longer stay."

Starwood's honest face took upon itself a shadow of disappointment. Rebecca looked placid and resigned, and there was a tinge of antagonism in her mood. Presently Earle Dacre rose to the Laurel Terrace. Leo, the great house-dog, went close behind, following, as he persisted in doing, whenever the guest moved, with his grand, swinging gait.

"I never knew Leo so fond of a stranger," said Rebecca, as she glanced at the two, who stood looking off at the river, the meadows, and the blue hills beyond.

"Rebecca, I solemnly affirm that I believe this Earle would have stayed to be your doing. longer if-

The brother heaved a mighty sigh. The sister echoed it, and ejaculated,

"I am sorry, Star."

"So am I.

Dacre's departure had been fixed for the next day, and, because of that, possibly Rebecca's manner was more affable, that afternoon.

"Mr. Dacre," she said, "my brother has been called away, and therefore will be unable to ride to 'The W.' with you, as he promised. However, if you will avail yourself of my guidance. it is at your service."

"Thanks. How kind of you," was the amazed and amazing response. "Nothing could be more delightful."

"The W." was a spot six miles north of Rose Hill, where the river made three acute angles forming the letter W. The bank at this point was a very steep bluff, higher than Rose Hill, wooded from head to foot, and commanding a charming view of near vale and far-away mountains.

The horses were brought at four o'clock. becca, in a habit of darkest green, stood biting the amber head of her whip. She had pledged herself to her brother, as an affable woman, for this ride; and Dacre was amazed at the power of conversation which was revealed to him now for the first time; more amazed to note that through it all-gay anecdote, sprightly question, and quick reply-through it all, the distance between them increased instead of diminishing. For true as the truth itself it is, that there is a dignity of smiles infinitely more impressive than the dignity of cynicism.

Home they came, through the golden summer afternoon; home by a serpentine road, that ran along the summit of the bluff. Under shade, and over shadows, cantered the horses. The sun was low; high above a pale moon rode the heavens; longer every instant grew the shadows. and the bluff gloomed athwart miles of low-lying meadow; upon the landscape, here and there, a cloud-phantom lay soft: while, in this hour of the near twilight, all the sweet June air grew tender. and sauntered down by the flower-guarded walk Dacre looked around to Rebecca. Her face was

turned away, and only the rounded cheek, with slightest suggestions of a profile, was visible; but even this, in its calm, Clytic contour, touched his imagination. In some mysterious way it tallied with his mood; it suited the waning light, the deepening shadow, the tender air. It was a slight ascent, the road narrow, and the pace an easy canter. Suddenly, at this moment, when his rider was completely off his guard, the reins lying loesely on his neck, the horse beneath Dacre shied viciously at a white rabbit glancing through the thicket. English born and bred, Dacre was a good horseman; but the best horsemen are sometimes careless in their seat. The next moment he was on the ground.

"Oh!" cried Rebecca, "I am so sorry. I am ashamed of Dan! How could he be so uncivil? And you are hurt?"

Not another word. She had dismounted, and was by Dacre's side in an instant, bending over him, no language on her lips, but all possibilities of kindly sympathy in her eyes.

"It's nothing. It will be over in a moment. If you will give me your hand, I will rise. Ah!——"

He sank back, his face suddenly contorted with pain.

"Lie down an instant. There."

Rebecca knelt so as to pillow the head of the half-swooning man. The sun dropped. The day was dead. A cool wind breathed from the river upward. There was a hush of five minutes.

"I am all right now," said Dacre, at last. "I'll try it again."

Rebecca, sweetly beneficent, as if to an old man, or to a little baby, put out her two hands. Dacre clasped them and moved, but in an instant sank back again, groaning.

"I beg your pardon, but—I'm afraid my leg is broken!"

The catastrophe was upon him, there was no question about that. 'Her Majesty's favorite, the Governor-General of British Cypria, whom the British Cyprians delighted to honor, whose house it pleased them to mention as "the palace," and who, in the capital city of his province, was ministered unto with every whit of that pomp and circumstance which we witness at the court of Victoria herself; this hero, beloved of the gods, was even now, while his palace towered serene in the early afternoon of the Pacific Coast, here, on the other side of the Continent, was crouching down upon the earth with a broken leg! Dacre felt sure that he was one of the persons mentioned in Holy Writ "on whom the ends of the world are come."

And Rebecca Saint Cyr? In three minutes she had pulled a bushel of ferns, and laid them for a pillow. Her riding-skirt was fastened round her waist by a belt. Luckily she chanced to have on another dress underneath. The habit was cloth, and heavy. Her skirt she slipped off and threw it over the broken leg. The dew was falling, and the patient was in danger of getting chilled. Another moment, and she was on her horse. She picked up the reins, and sitting there very still, she spoke calmly.

"We are three miles from home. Before I have ridden half the distance, I shall meet some one, because Dan will have run into his stall riderless, and the family will be alarmed. I will be as quick as possible."

She was gone. The moon, no longer pallid, but golden like a queen, with stars for her followers, sailed up the sky. Dacre listened. He could count the hoof-beats along the level road, farther and farther. He could catch, presently, the tread of another horse, this time coming nearer and nearer. Before he had dared expect it, steed and rider halted close at hand, and Starwood's own eager, regretful tones smote on the evening air beside him.

"A sad piece of business, this, old fellow! I'm no end sorry. I happened to be out. I saw Dan; knew there was an accident; caught him, and rode on as fast as possible."

"Your sister? Did you meet her?"

"Rebecca? She has gone to send a carriage. She was going at a stretching gallop up Long Hill, the last I saw of her."

Could he do nothing? Star asked. No, and thanks. So the one paced to and fro on the turf. Dan, tethered to a fence-rail, cropped grass. The white rabbit, demon of the misadventure, peered out of the brush upon them. And Dacre? of what was he thinking? Of broken bones? Of them in part; but there was an under-current to his musings; a stratum below the sense of pain, a place where a great light seemed to shine; light of a face soft with pity and beneficently gentle, bending, out of the moon-glow, its sweetest eyes upon him. Was this, could this be, the icily affable Miss Saint Cyr?

The carriage came, and pillows; Bertie's mother with them, Mrs. Cavendish, and two menservants. Rebecca came not. But when the carriage got back, by painful stages, to Rose Hill; when poor Dacre, more dead than alive, was lifted out, there stood the daughter of the house, lamp in hand, the glow of it making a luminous sphere in the surrounding dark, and in the middle of this light stood a woman in a white neglige, like the Madonna del Candelabra. She stood

with the old doctor beside her, and they led the | entitled him, felt somehow that Rebecca was procession to a room on the first floor.

"There must be no tugging up stairs." said the physician.

Rebecca said nothing, but even in his pain Dacre felt his heart going out in a glow of appreciation for the great bed, the supernumeraries of pillow, the bay-water, and eau de cologne, and the many little home-like appointments. Even his own garments had been transferred from his old chamber, so that there might be the least possible stir in the sick room.

It was a bad fracture, and the close confinement in his room was a sore trial to the active young Englishman; but Star was a friend in need, and old Aunt Maria, the nurse, was a ministering angel done in bronze. She had been in the Saint Cyr family ever since Starwood's birth; and when Dacre was at his worst, she sat all night with him, and entertained him with the gifts and graces of her young mistress

"Just de decrest an' de lubliest chile dat eber was borned into dis world o' sin. I'se knowed her eber sence she was born, honey, an I nebber see her cross a blessed minit."

Dacre smiled. His frozen maiden was warming into a woman with a soul.

It was a great day for him, the one on which he was allowed to lie in his dressing-gown before the east window, while Rebecca, seated in her low chair, on the balcony, read to him.

What had come over her face in these days? What marvel of tenderness exhaling through those softly-lined and luminous features? Less talkative than of old, smiling more seldom, holding herself aloof; yet, in spite of all, this convalescent, as he received from her hand the numberless small ministries to which his misfortune

nearer to him than ever before

So weeks went, till time came for him to go. He was to leave in the morning, not for the White Mountains, but for his "palace" beyond the Rocky range. The two were standing out on the landing, the very spot where Dacre had first seen a figure with long hair, disheveled. sun was setting. Dacre watched it die. Then, as if he had made to his soul a signal of that vanishing disc, he turned sharply about and said a few rapid, scarcely coherent words. would not look well printed. I will not print them. But they hinted at the fact of the speaker's having once overheard the brother and sister talking here, and the verdict with regard to himself. Did she hold the same opinion to-day? Probably, he said. But she should know, before he went, that she had become another woman. to him, nay, more than all other women. If she could ever-in any duration of time, no matter how many years-could ever come to love himwould she remember that he should be waiting for her? Yes-waiting. "Life will be a long waiting for me now," he said, as he concluded.

He spoke gloomily, for no joy was in his mood, as at that moment he gazed away toward the sea. where night was coming down; gray night, with no rifted cloud, no gleam of star or golden moon. Dacre took in the picture, and sighed.

That instant a voice beside him spoke; a voice lower than the lowest whisper, and yet not a whisper; a voice as soft as the murmured coo of the mother-bird, breathed to her mate through the nest-curtain of pink apple-blossoms. The voice said,

"Perhaps-perhaps-it need not be so long a waiting."

That was all.

THE LAGOONS AT VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

SILENT We go, our gondola scarce seeming To ripple the lagoon;

The city drifting slow to seaward; dreaming, The long, still afternoon.

The Lido white, the tree-fringed isles low-lying, With crimson sunset burn.

The chimes of church-bells, o'er the waters dying, Hark! jubilant return.

We pass Murano: like a floating bower, Each market-boat sweeps by.

Far off, Torcello lifts its childless tower Lonely against the sky.

The emerald waves with soft lights pulse and quiver; The sails are sails of gold.

We float and float, as down some facric river By magic shores of old.

The twilight comes and goes: the violet mountains Die in the western skies.

The tall, dim campaniles, like shadowy fountains, High o'er the city rise.

And dome and palace darken, vaguer, dimmer, In one long, distant line:

"Till lo! a thousand lamps fash forth, and shimmer; And o'er the waters shine.

Far out reflected: sea and sky are blended; The city swims in air;

Sails, isles, our barque, all mirage-like suspended-The spell is everywhere.



THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 122,

CHAPTER IX.

HE had won. But would the winning be made a hideous cheat by the greater loss which it involved? This was Hugh Gordon's rapid thought, as the little group about him stood stupified, during the first instants which followed Arthur's insane avowal and hurried departure.

But Hugh's quick brain served him. Before the ring of the horse's hoofs had died away; before either the clergyman or Dr. Osborne could move or speak; before Miss Edla could stir from the corner in which she had hidden herself, capable only of a dazed sensation, as if the roof of the house had fallen and knocked her poor little store of reason utterly astray, Hugh turned toward Clare. She was leaning back in the seat which she had fallen into, with her eyes closed, and he might have thought her insensible, but for a slight spasmodic motion of her hands, as they lay locked in her lap, and a nervous trembling of the white lips.

He saw Dr. Osborne make a step forward, stopped him by an imperious, warning gesture, bent over Clare, took her hand, and whispered,

"They are waiting for us."

He had but one hope; to carry out his purpose before she could rally from her apathetic confusion, get the words spoken which should bind her before she could really realize that a way of escape had opened.

"They are waiting, Clare!"

But he spoke to deaf ears. As he spoke, Clare slid slowly forward in the chair, and would have fallen to the floor, had he not caught her.

They carried her up stairs, and laid her on a bed. The doctor succeeded at last in bringing her out of that death-like faint; but Hugh Gordon knew that she had escaped him. The overtasked faculties had given way. She was raving in the brain fever, whose unrecognized power had, for days past, dulled body and mind alike.

Two precious hours wasted before he had leisure to think if there were any means whereby to tide over the menacing ruin! If he could overtake Arthur, make some bargain with him by which he could prove to Clare that he had kept at least the spirit of his bond, so that her promise was still binding, then something might be done.

But he must start at once, or he should miss his cousin, for he called Arthur by the old familiar name in his thoughts; but even in the midst of his trouble and confusion, he laughed to think how suddenly all meaning had gone out of the word. There was nothing to be gained by remaining at the house; he would be back in a few hours; there would be no change.

But if she should die! Clare die? That thought shook him to the very soul; he could not dwell upon it. But the idea was folly—she was young and strong. This fever would pass; she would recover; more than that, she should belong to him yet! The softness, which the sudden fright that the possibilities connected with her illness had brought, died out of his face; a black, evil expression crept over it; he looked ready to dare everything here and hereafter, sooner than accept failure in this strongest resolve of his life.

Everybody was busy. The doctor and Clare's maid were in the sick girl's chamber; the clergyman was doing his best to comfort poor Miss Edla. Hugh went down stairs, summoned one of the servants, and ordered a horse saddled at once—the swiftest horse in the stables. He was going on some errand for the young mistress' sake, was the man's thought, and this was enough to make him hasten, so that Hugh had hardly leisure to grow impatient.

While waiting, however, he went out upon the portico, and stood leaning against one of the pillars. He heard a clock in a distant room strike twelve, and hours ago he had thought to have been gone, all safe, and his triumph complete in everyway before this. And now? He could not trust himself to think!

"It fell out ill, but ye canna blame me," said a low voice at his elbow.

Hugh turned and saw the old Scotchman by his side. He looked, for an instant, as if he was struggling with some devil, that prompted him to a murderous assault upon the man, then and there; but he held his clenched hands firmly pressed down at his sides; and presently he answered.

"I'm not blaming you! Can't you let me alone! Do you suppose I want to talk just now?"

"Heck," returned the other, with an aggra-

vating composure. "A mon must just speak for his ainself, when he can; and ye ken a bargain's bargain, Maister Hugh. Come, now, we'll no 1 we contention at this late hour."

"No, no, of course not!" Hugh said, speaking with difficulty. "I'll see you when I come back. I'm going after Arthur."

"Eh! He's amaist like an angel, you boy," said the old Scotchman, with a sort of awe in his voice.

Hugh gave him another furious look; but at that instant the groom appeared with the horse. Gordon sprang into the saddle, and dashed away down the avenue.

He rode as if for life and death. But fate marched more swiftly than he. Town was reached at last, but only for a new disappointment to meet him—Arthur was utterly beyond his reach. The ship had sailed, and was a mere speck in the distance, no more attainable than if it had been a bird floating away into the blue expanse, where see and sky seemed to mingle.

It was late in the evening, when Hugh once more rode up the avenue to Northcote. Dr. Osborne came out at the sound of the horse's hoofs. Hugh dismounted, and flung the bridle to one of the men, who had been lounging with a group of servants at the corner of the mansion, talking idly in a dismal tone, as people usually do, when some sudden calamity befalls a household.

"No change to mention," the doctor said, in answer to Hugh's look, which had been the only inquiry he was able to make. The lights from the entrance streamed across the portico, and showed Hugh's face, white and worn. The doctor pitied him; besides, Hugh had always been a favorite of his. He hastened to add, "The attack is sharp and sudden; but I do not apprehend danger. I really believe there is no cause for alarm, Hugh."

Yet if he should lose her, after all! Why, better see her die a thousand deaths! But he would not fail. An oath rose to his lips. Then he recollected the doctor's eyes were upon him, and he pressed the doctor's hand between both his own, with a few broken words of thankfulness.

"Where on earth have you been, Hugh? They told me you galloped off like——"

"You might have guessed," Hugh interrupted.
"After Arthur, of course; where else should I

"I said so!" exclaimed the doctor. "I told Livingston-"

"Is he here?" Hugh broke in again.

"Yes, as soon as he received a letter Arthur sent him, he drove over here; got out of bed to do it."

"Furious with me, of course, as if it were all my fault! He always hated me, and now—— But I can't help it! Doctor, I have tried to act for the best—you will believe that?"

"Certainly, I shall, and do! Look here, Hugh; go and get something to eat; you've tasted nothing all day, I'll warrant; you look completely worn out."

"Yes, I believe I am tired. I don't mind, though, since you tell me there is hope for Clare. If I could only have found Arthur!"

"Get some supper, then come into the drawing-room. Phillips is here too. We don't half understand the affair yet. Livingston talks about a suit—"

"Tell him, if he thinks there's a chance of Arthur's winning it, I'll do all in my power to aid him," Hugh said.

The doctor shook his hand again, and went back to join Clare's guardian and the clergyman, feeling that if ever a man behaved well under trying circumstances, and showed true nobility and honor, it was Hugh. He said so in the drawing-room, and Mr. Phillips added some decorous words, proper for a clergyman's mouth; but old Livingston only took snuff fiercely, and refused to pursue the subject, seizing the first opportunity, however, to cortradict the doctor when that genial personage tried to bring up some less-exciting topic of conversation, while awaiting Hugh's appearance.

In the meantime, Hugh was in the diningroom, where supper had been prepared, for the
doctor had assured the housekeeper that the
young gentleman would return. Hugh ate and
drank; he wanted all his composure and strength.
A fresh hopefulness nerved him; everything would
go well yet, he began to tell himself. He directed
the servant to send M. Kenzie to the drawingroom, and made his way thither himself.

Mr. Livingston could searcely wait, with a decent show of patience, while the clergyman spoke a few sympathizing words to Hugh, which certainly seemed called for, to a man whose bride had been stricken at the very altar. Then Hugh passed on and greeted Livingston himself. But the old gentleman did not appear to notice his outstretched hand.

"Never mind my health," said he, with a testiness which made the doctor smile, serious as the moment was. "I suppose you can tell me more about this—this infernally ridiculous business—than anybody else, and I have come to hear! Only I just wish to say, in advance, that I have no more idea there is any doubt of Arthur Wentworth being his father's son, and heir to the estate, than I have that the world has come to an end."

"Let me say one thing also, Mr. Livingston," said Hugh, with quiet dignity. "You don't like me, and you would not credit me if I asserted that I would almost give my life to believe this too."

"Fine expressions won't help much in a case like this," replied Mr. Livingston, dryly.

"But at least, I say, and you must believe," Hngh continued, unheeding, "that this fatal discovery was not of my bringing about. If Miss de Launay were able to speak, she could tell you that I had no intention of ever letting Arthur know the truth.'

"What is the truth?" cried the old lawyer. Some one knocked at the door. Hugh opened it, and let the Scotchman in.

- "Who is that man?" asked Mr. Livingston.
- "Answer him," Hugh said.
- "I am Donald M'Kenzie, uncle to the lad ye ha always called Arthur Wentworth," replied the Scotchman, simply.

There was something in the words, in the manner, the man's whole appearance, which carried a conviction to the lawyer's mind, that Arthur's hasty, though terribly clear explanation, had not been able to do.

Then Mr. For a few seconds nobody spoke. Livingston said, with more calmness,

"I should just like to see such papers as you have, Mr. Hugh, then to hear the old story; if you choose, of course."

"Oh, Mr. Livingston," cried Hugh, "I have enough to bear. Don't add to my burden if you can help it. I beg your pardon. It is natural you should doubt me. I am placed in a terrible position; I can only try to do right, let the consequences be what they may."

"Nobody doubts that you will, Hugh," said the doctor. "This is a sad business-

"Suppose we look at the papers," interrupted Mr. Livingston. "Mr. Phillips, perhaps you will have the goodness to read them aloud. My eyes are not fit for night work."

For half an hour there was silence in the room, save the sound of the clergyman's measured voice, as he read aloud document after document of the little package which the Scotchman laid upon the table.

I may tell the tale briefly. The Wentworths were spending a summer near the Scottish lakes. Mary M'Kenzie was the daughter of one of the better class of small farmers there. She had lived in the great family of the neighborhood, a favorite from childhood of the mistress of the mansion; she had been brought up rather as a sort of humble companion than a servant, and } educated far beyond what was then customary, \ he had no shadow of hope left.

with girls of her station. A dismal fate-a repetition of the old, old story-befell the poor creature. The time came when the heir of the great house set forth on his travels, and Mary left the place to conceal her shame. She dared not go home, and Mrs. Wentworth discovered her secret. She was taken under the care of the Wentworths -they went away with her to England. Her child was born in London, and was given out to be Mrs. Wentworth's son. Mary M'Kenzie held her peace, until she was on her death-bed. She had died soon after Hugh Gordon's arrival in England. Her brother had taken her to the Isle of Wight. She died there, and, before dying, made and signed her confession, in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. There were also three letters to her, one from Mr. Wentworth. and two from his wife. Mr. Livingston himself recognized, and knew in his heart that upon oath he should be forced to say the writing was that of his dead friends. Besides these, there was the letter which Arthur had found in the old cabinet, from Mary M'Kenzie to Mr. Wentworth. after the husband and wife returned to America; also, a letter addressed to him in London, and forwarded to New York, begging to be told of their whereabouts, and to be allowed to follow them, ready to be a servant, a slave, what they would, if only she might be near her boy. Next was the torn letter, in Mr. Wentworth's hand, evidently a rough draft of the answer he had written.

It was at the Isle of Wight that Hugh Gordon had met the brother, Donald; and it came about that Hugh saved his life, when they were overtaken in a fishing-hoat by a storm. When Donald learned just who Hugh was, gratitude as well as duty made him eager to speak; so Hugh brought him over to America.

Hugh and Clare de Launay decided to keep the matter secret. It was only a terrible fatality which had revealed the mystery to Arthur, and, after that, he had forced the whole history from the Scotchman's lips. The probabilities of the case were all in Hugh's favor, but, under any circumstances, Arthur had rendered Mr. Livingston, or anybody else, powerless to help his cause ; for he had left behind in writing a statement, acknowledging his belief in the story, and relinquishing the property to the rightful heir, Hugh Gordon.

The only admission Mr. Livingston would make was that if it could be proved that the signature of the clergyman was genuine, and letters purporting to be from Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth genuine also, then Hugh's case might stand in law. But when he said this, all the listeners knew that

CHAPTER X.

DURING the week that elapsed, before Clare de Launay's recovery, Hugh Gordon took no step toward claiming his rights; but, of course, the whole truth became known. The story seemed so probable that few people felt much surprise. Everybody who recollected the two cousins, believed there was nothing at which Wentworth would have hesitated to keep John Gordon, or his heir, from inheriting the property.

Of course, the world was sorry for Arthur. But then Arthur was gone. A heavy cloud of shame and disgrace shut like the portals of a grave, between him and any possibility of return. Naturally, Hugh, as a person of importance, had a right to be considered also. People might be sorry for the nameless outcast, but Hugh Gordon had behaved well; they must remember that few men would have been so self-sacrificing! Why, in his fondness for Arthur, his love for the family name, he meant to keep the secret, and leave the false heir in the enjoyment of the place into which he had been thrust. Certainly Hugh was a man worthy all honor and respect. Besides, Arthur was by no means penniless. His godfather, during his life, had made him a present of five thousand pounds; indeed, altogether, what with Hugh's kindness, and the rest, he had been wonderfully well treated. In short, it seemed probable that before long the last gleam of sympathy for the ousted alien would go out; the wonder would be if, before they ended, people did not forget that Arthur had been a helpless instrument in the hands of others, and so blame him as guilty of trying to defraud Hugh Gordon of his rights.

Hugh held his peace, and kept aloof from all the world. This was natural, praiseworthy, too, for Clare de Launay was very ill, and the poor fellow was bearing a hard burden in every way.

At last, Miss de Launay got better, was able to sit up, even to talk. Dr. Osborne, strong in his faith and admiration for Hugh, told Clare that he was in the house; told her how nobly he had behaved, in trying to overtake Arthur, and hoping up to the last moment, to stop his mad flight, and induce him, during his life, to keep the position of heir to Wentworth unmolested.

Clare had not yet seen her former guardian. The excitement and trouble had rendered him ill again, and he had been obliged to go home, and was now suffering worse than ever.

But she felt she must see Hugh. She could not deny his request, and it was better to have it over. So he was sent for, and the two were left alone. She was not so much altered, Hugh thought. She was more beautiful than ever, if

possible; and the wild love, which was the strongest passion even his eager nature had ever known, seemed to spring up in his heart with added force.

The doctor had told him he must be gentle and careful, for Clare was very weak still. Clare sat leaning back in an easy-chair among her pillows, her long golden hair floating about her shoulders like a bright cloud. She held out her hand. She could be kind now, she said to herself; she was free, and she would try to believe that, ungenerous as Hugh had proved toward her, he had meant to be kind to Arthur.

"Oh, Clare, Clare!" he cried, sinking on his knees by her side, and pressing his feverish lips upon her hand.

"Please don't, Hugh," she said. "Not that
—I sent for you to say——"

He rose to his feet, and stood looking at her.

"I did all I could," he said. "I kept my promise in the spirit, at least. Clare, you did not send for me to say that you mean to break yours!"

"You must call it that, if you will, Hugh. I cannot marry you."

She trembled a little; but it was only from physical weakness. The strong will, which had helped her to bear so much during the terrible season before her illness, was not subdued.

He felt his head grow dizzy; he knew that one of his awful spasms of rage was coming over him; he must control it; his sole hope was in seeming calm and patient. He sat down near her. After a little he said,

"Will you listen to me first, Clare?"

"It is useless. There is nothing to say," she answered. "I loved Arthur. I promised to forsake him, to marry you, in order to preserve his life from the awful wreck it must become under the discovery of guilt, which was no fault of his."

"But I am not to blame that it was discovered."

"No, Hugh. You kept to your hond, I admit. You did more, where Arthur was concerned."

"He might have all now, if he would like it—house—lands——"

"You know he would not take it, if it were possible," she interrupted, proudly. "He would not have sullied his soul by trafficking with the disgraceful secret for an instant."

"Oh, Clare, it is too late to change anything. For your own sake, think what will be said of you! It is impossible for you to tell the world why you promised to marry me."

"No, I shall never tell."

"Then see the position in which you will be placed."

"I would rather lose my friends than live as-

Oh, Hugh, don't! I am not fit to argue—I cannot; but I will never marry you—never! I would have kept my word: I would have tried to make you an obedient wife; but the promise is gone with the reason that forced me to give it. Your pretence at considering me bound is a mere sophistry."

"I loved you so. Oh, Clare, I loved you so!"

He was on his knees before her, hiding his face
on the arm of her chair. Ay, that was true
enough—he loved her. There was so much of
honesty in his life, though the love was not able
to make him an honest man, had helped, indeed,
to plunge him into guilt.

"Better as it is, Hugh," she said. "Our plan never would have answered. Your rights have been forced upon you. I can see now that it was a sin to attempt to carry on that vile wrong. But I pitied him so, poor Arthur."

She stopped, for he groaned aloud. She heard the groan, but not the awful curse he muttered, in the midst of all his purgatorial pain.

"If you would only leave it where it is, Hugh," she went on, after a little. "Take what is your own—what fate has given; try to be content."

"And lose the one prize worth having, the one thing that can make the rest bright, your love!"

"You never had it, Hugh! Don't force me to say harsh things. Let us part friends. I can pardon the wrong you would have done me, the sacrifice you demanded as a return for giving up your rights, because you were kind, or meant to be, to Arthur. But don't let us go over it. See, the past has come to an end. I have a right to claim my life now, I do."

Then his passion mastered his reason, and he bust into a torrent of execrations; checked himself as soon as he could, but knew that the last chance was gone; he had lost even the temporary elevation in her esteem, which he had gained through the old doctor's partizanship.

She looked at him now with a cold, haughty smile.

"The leopard cannot change his spots," she said. "Will you have the goodness to go away?"

"Oh, Clare, Clare, have a little mercy! Remember what I suffer—I am mad, I think."

"I do remember," she answered, softening again. "See, Hugh, I will be friends. I will believe you want to be true and honest; but make an end of this. Do not talk to me about broken promises; do not bring up all that is hard and cruel in my nature——"

There was no time for more words, for the doctor's warning tap sounded on the door. Hugh could only be submissive, do his best to keep

ever so slight a place in her kindly regard, and go away.

During the next six months, such scenes were not uncommon between the two. At last Clare's patience gave way. She denied publicly that any engagement existed between herself and Hugh; bore the brunt of public censure; and for a time had scarcely a friend to support her, except Mr. Livingston.

Hugh, meantime, was established at Wentworth Manor. People had almost forgotten there ever had been any other heir, Hugh was so popular, and filled his position so well. The old Scotchman lived there—that was natural enough; only another proof of Hugh's kindness, it was said. So time got by, until a year was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

THEN it became known that Miss Edla and Clare were going abroad under Mr. Livingston's charge. When Hugh heard this, he determined, at any cost, to secure the prize for which he had plotted, but plotted only to find it wrested from him at the moment of triumph.

In these matter-of-fact days, when railways are common as gridirons, and telegraph poles as thick as trees, to carry off a woman and marry her by force, would be a performance attended with a good deal of difficulty; but in Hugh Gordon's time, it was by no means an uncommon occurrence; and the oddest part of the matter was, that in all the instances recorded, the captured ones ended by submitting to their fate as patiently as the Sabine girls did in the days of Romulus.

It was near the time for the ship to sail. The household at Northcots had been reduced: in the house there was no male servant but the butler, who was an old man passed seventy. The stablemen that were left slept in a loft over the carriage-house. The gardener lived in a cottage nearly a quarter of a mile off. Hugh Wentworth's design was not a difficult one to carry into execution. Even if discovery ensued, the shrieks of two or three frightened women were all the danger to be encountered. It was not impossible, in the purlieus of the city, to find a man in holy orders, who had sunk to the level of men he would desire to employ to aid in such business.

But the first thing was to carry Clare de Launay off. Three persons were ample assistance, supposing two to be necessary to prevent the other women from giving the alarm. A carriage and horses, in waiting outside the grounds, was all else that was needed. There was scarcely risk enough to give a dash of romance to the affair.

Hugh Gordon knew every neck and cranny of

the old mansion, as well as he knew Wentworth Manor. He was to be aided by M'Kenzie and the disgraced parson.

It was a clear night, with no moon; but the sky was cloudless, and filled with stars. Hugh drove the carriage himself, and tied the horses in a safe place. It was near midnight when they arrived.

They got into the grounds by a path familiar to Hugh, and followed the winding road till they came out in sight of the old dwelling.

M'Kenzie met them at a spot agreed upon, and, in answer to some question of Hugh's, said,

"I've na once lost sight of the entrance until the last hour. It's gone twal, noo, so ye may certify. There's joost the ould butler, the housekeeper, a couple o' bit lassies, and the two leddies within."

"You're a trusty old villain, at least," said Hugh, laughing.

"When I'm weel paid," returned the other.

The dining-room windows gave on a little green nook, which had been walled in from the rest of the grounds by some caprice of a former lady of the house; and it was always called Madam's pleasaunce. So the windows of this room were never fastened; one could count confidently on the habits of a servant like old Tallmans. Hugh knew where there was a low door near the kitchen regions, which gave admittance to the pleasaunce. It might be looked; but it could be forced from its hinges without noise.

They gained admittance easily enough. The three stood in the dining-room, masked, and the Scotchman carried a dark lantern.

They ascended the stairs without the slightest fear of detection. Hugh signed to the Scotchman where to take his stand, near the side passage, off which the servants' rooms were situated. His other confederate was stationed by the door of Miss Edla's chamber.

Ten chances to one the door of Clare's chamber was not even bolted. In case it was they had tools. The unfrocked parson's devious life liad taught him to force a door much more stoutly guarded than that could be.

Hugh moved noiselessly toward it, the moccasins drawn over his boots preventing the least sound. The door yielded to his touch. He set down the lantern, and looked in.

The windows were open, for the night was warm, and he could see the great bed, with the heavy crimson curtains thrown back. He could even trace the outlines of the girl's head and shoulders, as she lay on the pillows.

He was in the room. He had seized her, and doctor raised his head, while Clare's had raised her in his arms, enveloped as she was a cooling draught to his parched lips.

in the bed-clothes. Roused suddenly from a heavy sleep, the hapless creature had time only for one strangled cry, then the counterpane was drawn securely over her head.

Out into the corridor Hugh rushed with his burden. The other two saw him come, and kept their places, as had been agreed upon, till he should descend the stairs, ready to cover his retreat in case of pursuit.

But a door between him and the stair-case opened. A light gleamed down the corridor. In the brief second which followed, Hugh saw Dr. Osborne's stalwart form fill up the door-way. Then there was a loud cry, half astonishment, half rage, from Hugh. The assailant was upon him. Hugh dropped Clare. Before he could recover himself, or his confederates could reach the spot, the report of a pistol rang sharply through the house. Hugh Gordon fe'l. The other two men field down the stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Miss Edla and the servants rushed out Clare sat crouched, motionless on the floor, not fainting, but incapable of speech or movement. Dr. Osborne had brought his lamp, and was bending over the man he had shot. Just as Miss Edla and the others reached the place, he lifted the crape mask, and they saw the face of Hugh.

This was how it happened. The doctor had been visiting a sick person in the neighborhood, and as Northcots was much nearer than his own home, he had gone there to claim hospitality, arriving just after the Scotchman had left his post.

With daylight the officers of justice appeared. But there remained no work for them to do. Hugh Gordon had passed beyond the reach of human law. He was mortally wounded.

He lived for more than a week. His confederates were captured; the Scotchman sent for Mr. Livingston, and hinted at the further proofs he could give of Hugh's villainy, if allowed to go free himself.

But Hugh Gordon spoke also at the last. During the whole time he had been attended by Clare and Dr. Osborne. He had generally lain sleepless, unresting; his eyes wandering always from Clare to the doctor, and then back to Clare; sullenness, rage, despair, turn by turn, convulsing the pallid face; but at last he spoke.

"It's stronger than I," he muttered. "Call them all in. Let everybody hear."

The doctor bent over him to catch the words. Hugh motioned that he wanted to drink. The doctor raised his head, while Clare's hands held a cooling draught to his parched line. Then the doctor summoned Miss Edla and two of the officers who were below stairs.

"You may write it down," continued Hugh.
"I'll sign it. I'm made to speak! I forged the letters. I hired M'Kenzie and his sister; she made the confession to the clergyman, but she did die. We hired another woman under her name. Arthur is the heir! I did it all for Clare—all! I had studied it over for years. I used to believe it would be proved I was the heir. Then I made this plan; but I should never have carried it out only to gain her—and I've lost her! Clare, Clare!"

The whole confession was not complete until the next day, for fainting fits began to come on, and many times interrupted it; but the substance of his avowal was in the words he thus first uttered, as he lay there with his glazed eyes fastened on Clare de Launay's face.

He died so when the end came, died with his eyes fixed on Clare, her name on his lips, her prayers to God for pardon upon his soul, the latest earthly sound in his ears. And Clare believed always that at the last there was a change, a consciousness that he had deserved his fate; a submission which was neither fatalistic, or the effect of desperation. It may have been. We say always, and we try to believe as much as poor human nature can, that God's justice may be perfect in its severity, and yet His mercy infinite!

So Mr. Livingston sailed for Europe alone. Clare would not go.

"I cannot," she said. "When he was friendless, and in trouble, I might have gone; but now, I do not know; he has so long believed me false, there may be no place left for me in his heart. I cannot go."

But she sent the bracelet he had given her, the day they parted; the gift he had said should always bring him, if she had need of him.

Te track a wanderer was not always easy in those days, and Arthur had hidden himself, and his grief, and his shame, far out of the haunts travelers through Europe were in the habit of seeking then. Not meaning to be weak; not

meaning to waste the life which the wickedness of others had so cruelly wrecked; just asking a little time to grow accustomed to his pain, before he girded up his loins and, and went forth to inquire what existence held for him to do—what place he was to accept or make, that he might fill his destiny in the grand universal plan.

So the summer and the autumn passed; no hopeful letters came to Clare; but she hoped always, or she trusted in God, which was better. The long, dreary winter dragged by, and then hope became fulfillment—he was coming!

Just a little longer to endure. Mr. Livingston's health compelled them to wait for the spring; but the spring dawned in Clare's heart the moment she read the words that he was coming.

Once more the arbitius blossomed about the pedestal of the sad-faced Cupid, trailed its odorous lengths over the trunks of the great elms, and spread its wealth of blossoms across the emerald grass of the knoll.

Clare de Launay stood in the beautiful haunts, with the glowing brightness of the departing day about her, and looking down the garden paths, saw Arthur Wentworth hurrying up the slope.

There are a few earthly moments that can no more be pictured than one could paint heaven!

The sunset had come. They had been twice summoned to the house by aunt Edla and Mr. Livingston. Again and again they turned to go, but some last word always brought them back, and they stopped; arm in arm, and gazed out toward the sinking luminary. Suddenly, Clare said,

"The king has come to his own again! Oh, Arthur, it was worth while to have suffered—we know now what happiness means."

The last rays of the sunset quivered about them. The thrushes chanted their evening hymn among the elms. The low breeze fluttered the long trails and streamers of the blossoming arbutus, and sent out a shower of heavenly perfums, and the light struck the face of Cupid, till he even seemed to brighten and smile, and then the lovers passed down the slope together.

LOST.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

Oz, bills! lying low, with the sunlight upon you; Oh green, quiet pastures, asleep in the sun; Oh meadows, at rest, with the shadews among you, Can any one find you? Lost, lost every one!

Oh, hills! I have lost you, and now I go seeking
The home of my childhood, lost long, long ago;
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I sigh for the meadows where shadows are croeping, And flecking the greensward with shade and with glow.

Can nobody find you, oh sweet home formken? I left you full fain, many Summers ago; And now that I seek you, no answer I waken; You leave me atone with my stience and wee



MAN AND BETWEEN

MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

OLD MR. M'VEY had been watching his nephew's wife put the boys to bed through the half-open door. He cleared his throat when she came in, and stroked down the white goatee on his chin.

"Your mode of training your boys is different from that which I used with mine, niece Harold." he said. "It was enough for me to point to the clock at bed-time, and they went without a word, without a word."

"My boys are such strong fellows," said little Mrs. Harold, as she sat down and took up her work again. Her hour's struggle with them, coaxing, scolding and bribing, had left her with a pain in her head and shortness of breath.

The Harolds were poor city missionaries, with a little church, hardly more than a large room, in the squalid suburbs of the city. They kept but one servant. When the twins were first born, Mr. Harold used to help his wife put them to bed at night. They were nothing but a boy and girl themselves, after all; and it was the keenest delight to them both to examine the rounded, rosy little limbs every evening, and compare them. To-night Georgie was surely the biggest; to-morrow night it would be Eve.

Ben Harold, as his college friends still called him, used to go pacing up and down, holding one little night-gowned chap hugged to his breast, so that he could feel the faint heart beat against his own, and watching Susy with the other's face pressed into her white bosom.

But all this was changed since old Mr. M'Vey had come to board with them. M'Vey was Harold's uncle, had helped in his education, and was proud to see the lad a clergyman at last. It was to assist their narrow income that he now boarded with the young people. But the experiment had not added to Susy's happiness. Old Mr. M'Vey was sincere and earnest, but he was also imperious and dogmatic. Many would have called him narrow-minded. He had not even charity for those who thought differently from himself. Susy's instinct, rather than her reason, told her, from the first, that this surly, obstinate old man was her enemy, perhaps, without his even knowing it. Nature had made the two mutually antagonistic. Susy thought him hard and cruel. "He wishes to bend every one to I will order tea for you, to-morrow, if you his own will," she said to herself. M'Vey re- | wish."

garded her as a weak, spoiled child. mistake Harold made," he thought. "Instead of being a help-mate, she will be a drag on him, and that for his whole life. This comes of a pretty face." He could not do justice to a character like Susy's. He could not even understand it. She instinctively sought to rule by love; he would rule by the rod, and an iron one at that.

A very few weeks of this antagonism had worn Susy out. Her husband, she saw, was daily falling more and more under the influence of his uncle. He was daily becoming more and more estranged from her, she told herself. She felt that she could not endure this state of things much longer. And this very night matters were destined to come to a crisis.

Presently the supper bell rang. They went down to the dining-room, a dull apartment, with a square table, coal oil lamps, a stove, a plate of cold corned beef, bread, butter and milk. The men sat down, and, after grace, began to eat, with preoccupied and knitted brows, talking to each other, and ignoring Susy. Her heart ached to think how different it was from the old times; such cozy teas as they had then, she and Ben. when the boys were asleep! Sermons and sewing were put away, and the fire stirred till it blazed; and there was a hot pot of fragrant tea brought up to the sitting-room, and a bit of jam; for Susy had a child's sweet tooth yet; or a little treat of oysters, and all so snug and convenient and pio-nicy! How Ben used to laugh when she made a table of his knees, and how warm and strengthening it all was after the tiresome day!

"You do not eat," demanded M'Vey, looking up at last at Susy.

"I don't feel very strong, and that meat is so fat, and-oh! I should like a cup of tea, Ben!"

There was a moment's pause.

"Just as you please, Susan," said Mr. Harold, in the calm, gentle tone which had become habitual to him. "You entered willingly into our agreement to refrain from the use of tea and coffee for the benefit of the building fund of the church. But if you feel unable to fulfill it, it is a matter in which no one has a right to interfere. It lies between your conscience and yourself.

"Allow me, my dear brother," the uncle said, lifting his hand, persuasively. "Would you consent to place to a drunkard's lips the intoxicating cup, because he was weaker than you, and craved it? Would you be less faithful with your wife?"

"The cases are hardly parallel," Mr. Harold said, his fair face flushing a little.

"To me they are," swinging delighted off into the argumentative tone. "To me they are. Tea is to women what stimulants of other character are to men. To my niece here——"

"Pardon me," said Susy, with a certain gentle dignity of her own. "It is not necessary to say anything more. Shall we go up stairs? Uncle has finished his supper, Benjamin."

The two men followed her up the stairs, in silence, feeling that the little lady had somehow mastered the difficulty. But Susy's humiliation was most bitter. It was not fitting, she felt, that she should have been left to fight her own battle.

"The time has been when Benjamin would not have suffered his wife to be insulted!" she thought. "Insulted! Yes, it was that!"

She went back to her work, which was making a pair of trousers for Georgey. Would the long, dusky seam never be ended? She remembered that afterward. There was Josey's coat to bind, and the stockings to darn, before she could go to bed. The solitary servant was sick, and her whole day had been spent in the kitchen.

"I wonder if I will have time some day to stop and die?" she thought.

Her mind would wander off to her earlier days. It was such a little while ago since she was Lucy Ludlow! She remembered how young Dr. Thorpe, now become a great man, had loved her, and how she had preferred Harold to him. She did not regret her choice. But she could not help thinking that, if she had married the richer man, she would not now be living over a corner grocery. What a flower-garden that was at home? If she had some of those zennias or scarlet salvias now to put in this room, or a great heap of blood-red phlox! She thought she could breathe in it then. It was full, not of air now, but dry stove-heat. Her whole life was full of stove-heat. This was about the time when she used to be buying her fall dresses. She had as keen pleasure in gay, bright silks and feathers, as in gay, bright flowers. She thought of them now, thirstily, as she did of the There was a certain blue-velvet suit and hat which she had worn just before she was married. She remembered her own charming, arch face in it, with a blush, and then a chill, as a ghost might think of its own flesh and blood self. She had been altogether alive then, it seemed to her. She kept quite clear of books, it is true; but she had {

had dozens of friends, and loved them with all her soul. And she had gone to concerts, and drunk in the music with as keen a thirst and delicate taste, as any connoisesur his rare wine; and she had danced, and joked, and taken care of the poor, and sat up with the sick, with incessant zeal. Whatever Susy Ludlow did, was done with her whole heart, and the full strength of her blood and brain. She had been so energetic even in her fun, so different from the other lackadaisical belles of the village, that when Ben Harold married and carried her off, people said she would make a good clergyman's wife, if she gave her mind to it. "I did give my mind to it," thought poor Mrs. Harold, drearily. What was the matter then? There was not a wilted leaf, blown to the ground to rot to-night, of less use than she. Husband, children, God, she said, bitterly, were indifferent to her. Every nerve relaxed with a sense of exhaustion and craving.

"Have you forgotten that this is the night for the Temporary Relief Meeting?" asked her uncle.

"I had forgotten. Yes," she said, with a start, looking up from her reverie, and turning appalled to the basket of darning and patches. Then, with an appealing look to her husband, "I have a great deal to do, Benjamin."

"Duties never clash," said her uncle.

"The Lord's work comes first, my dear," said Mr. Harold, mildly.

"I can finish the mending, perhaps, when I come back."

She said this, as if hoping that one of the two might contradict her. But no one replied. She went out slowly, and came back with her bonnet on. She stood by the stove. A square mirror hung over it. Was that her face, so sallow, sunken, and washed out? The bonnet was black and frousy—a second-hand one Mrs. Simms had sent her. Behind her was the room, like the background to a picture. Why, the world itself was sallow and washed-out.

"You will go with me, Benjamin, won't you?" she said, at last, with a frightened glance out of the window.

"I really do not see how I can. Uncle's road and mine lie in directly the opposite direction. It is barely dark, my dear. Indeed, you must not be such a baby. You must cure yourself of this cowardice. You must be early, too, for you must take the chair."

"Oh, I cannot do that. It is too conspicuous."

"We are called on for greater sacrifices in the path of duty," said her uncle, "than to make anything conspicuous, or to walk alone at night."

Her husband said nothing.

Susy pinned her shawl, and went forth at that,

without further words; but she did not leave the house. She stopped in the narrow entry, looking back. This night, with its petty crosses and deprivation, was but the repetition of countless nights that had gone before. Why should it seem to her the crisis of her life? But it did so. years seemed to have stopped short, and rendered up their account, as if now the future was to be decided. What was this dreadful gulf between her and her husband? She made a step to return. She would fling herself into his arms, as in the old times. She stood irresolute, crying out from her soul, but making no sound with her lips.

"Oh, Ben, Ben! It is not that I want to shirk my duty! It is death, I think, that is at work with me."

If he had only seen her at that moment, and realized how weak she was, he would have taken her in his arms, as he used to do, and have soothed her like a spoiled baby, and all would have gone well. But she only uttered this last, despairing cry to her own soul; her lips framed no words. M'Vey spoke at the same moment; both he and her husband thought she was gone.

"I am sorry for your sake, that your companion halts in the way. You certainly try to make her burdens light," said the pitiless adviser.

- "I think they are light," irritably.
- "She obstructs your usefulness," sententiously. "It militates very much against you. A stronger woman, mentally, would have been a more suitable helpmeet for you."
- "Yes," assented Harold, absently. He hardly heard, so great was his annoyance, what the speaker said, hardly realized what was his own reply.

But Susy heard. She put up her hand, and stood scared and stunned for a few minutes; then she went out.

Yet even the belief that she had lost her husband's love forever, came to her as through a dead brain and nerves, and hardly quickened into pain. Going down the street, she passed a restaurant, out of which came the steam of roast oysters, with an appetizing flavor. She lingered, dragged herself slowly by, stopped, and looked back. She paused in front of a drug shop, looking thirstily at the crimson and violet lights in the window. The clear, radiant color strengthened her, she could not tell how. Further on she reached the opera-house, to which crowds of carriages were driving up. Beautiful women, delicately dressed, sprang out of them, all life and gayety, and vanished in the brilliantly-lighted

a woman's voice alone, carrying its ecstasy of joy and passion, it seemed to her, up to the gates of heaven itself. Susy knew all that was within: color, beauty, light, harmony, in unstinted everflow. She stood still on the lower step, not knowing, in fact, what she was doing. Just at the moment some one touched her. It was her husband and M'Vey, on their way to the conference, for she had wandered a long distance out of her

The latter was too outraged to give Harold time to speak. "What do you do here?" he cried. "Is this gate of perdition a fit place for a minister's wife?"

Her husband, at the same moment, gave her his arm. "Come," he said. They took her part of the way to her meeting, and then left her. But Harold went to his conference perplexed and disturbed. He was exceptionally fond of his wife; but within the last year or two he had begun to feel that she was not suited to his life. He had imbibed his new notions altogether from M'Vev. To-night, her pinched face and sharp voice had frightened his old love back into life; and now strange doubts began to disturb him. Did the service of this All-Wise and loving Master really demand that the life which he had made so beautiful and bountiful, should be starved? Ought the strongest powers, the most refined and highest tastes and emotions, which he had given to them, to be thwarted and trampled down? Was such a view right?

But the doubt had not long time to vex him. He ventured to say to M'Vey, as they walked along, "Perhaps we were too hard on Susy. She seems to be suffering from nervous prostration."

"When a man or woman resorts to nerves as an excuse, my dear sir." said this uncompromising companion, "you may be sure it is the soul and conscience that are short-coming. Nerves!"

There was this to be said for the speaker, he believed his own doctrine. Privately, he had no good-will to his neighbor's wife. Harold was bringing the Carter street church into notice over all the city. But his wife did nothing. She was a drawback. The more M'Vey rejoiced in the growing fame of their society, or its increasing funds, the more he was impatient with Mrs. Harold, the more it irritated him to hear of her nerves. He kept a fox's eye on Harold through that night's session, gibing and spurring him when he caught him lax in interest. As for the poor young man he was between two fires. One minute he found himself agreeing with his uncle, the next moment his heart ached with pity. vestibule. From within came the broken strains Poor Susy, after all, was but a child. What if of music; now a burst of swelling triumph; then \ God had given her to him in charge, and he---?

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Harold did not reach the woman's meeting. It was held in an upper chamber over a drug-shop, and when she came to the long, dark stairs leading to it, her heart gave out, and she sat down in a corner on one of the landings, out of the way, and utterly exhausted, fell asleep. She wakened presently on a low, wooden bench. There was a gray-haired old man, standing off a little in front of rows of glittering bottles. watching her anxiously. There was some subtle stimulant at her failing brain. Strong hands grasped her wrists just at that place where she so often feared they would fall to pieces. That trifle strengthened the worn-out woman. At last somebody thought it worth while, and knew how, to take care of her-even her! The deadly torpor overpowered her again, just as she heard some muttered words about "the parson's wife," and "congestion of the brain." The voice was curiously pleasant to her. It was familiar, yet unfamiliar; it brought back all the old times, when she was a girl, when she was Susy Ludlow.

It was Dr. Thorpe, whom the druggist had seen passing in his coupé, and had brought in to attend to the woman that he had found insensible on the stairs. Dr. Thorpe had practiced in Philadelphia for many years, but it was not likely he would be known to the poor preacher, or his wife. In spite of his youth, he stood pre-eminent as a consulting physician, in obscure diseases; his charges were enormous. It was the fashion to have some recondite ailment which only he could cure. He was a young man, but his face was habitually grave, and his hair and whiskers were already touched with gray.

- "A beggar, Forbes?" he said, as he stooped over poor Susy, and saw her lank gown and smashed black bonnet.
- "I think not. Face looks familiar to me. But I can't fix it. Not starvation, eh?"
- "N-no; something like it. Tut-tut! There's been shameful neglect here!" fluttering over the prostrate body, from eyelid to pulse, with the swift abruptness of a hawk beaking its prey; then turning to the jars on the shelves, he filled a glass with the same sharp decision.

"Trouble's in the head?" muttered Forbes. Thorpe nodded.

- "Can she pull through?" picking up the lean, dry hand with a certain tenderness. "There's not much life left here to fall back on."
- "If you know who she is, and what nursing she's likely to have, you can judge of her chances better than I. If she has a noisy, wretched home to go to, as I think it likely, I would advise you to persuade her friends to let her be removed to swarms of such over-worked men and women on

one of the large public hospitals. It's always the safest plan for the poor. But the decenter classthis woman's-are so cursedly proud-

"She won't go to the hospital," cried the shopboy, staring under Susy's bonnet. "That's Parson Harold's wife, round on Carter street."

Dr. Thorpe untied the bonnet quickly, and looked keenly into the pale, delicate face. He said nothing, his countenance did not change; yet Forbes had an unaccountable fancy that the boy's words had given him some shock. Thorpe was not a man to be questioned.

"Where is this man, Harold, to be found?" he asked, presently.

"He's likely at the conference," volunteered

"It's very kind in you, doctor, to break the ill news to the poor fellow," said Forbes.

Dr. Thorpe went out without reply, getting into his coupé with a sterner face than usual. He certainly had no especial care how the news was kroken to Harold. "That is she," he muttered again and again. "That is she. How to get her out of the brute's hands, now?"

But Dr. Thorpe usually accomplished his pur-He soon found Harold.

The husband was overcome by the shock, not only of finding his wife so near to death, but of the prospect of bringing her home, ill and helpless.

"God knows, sir," he said to Thorpe, the grave concern on whose face went direct to his "I'll do what I can. But if life depends on quiet-look here!" with a despairing gesture to the stifling rooms over the grocery.

It was the most natural thing in the world that Dr. Thorpe should offer her a room in his own hospital.

"It is out of town, and quiet," he said. "You can visit her when you please. I have exceptionally difficult cases there, under the charge of my own nurses. The expense to me will be nothing, and, as her affliction is peculiar, and one which I wish to study, you will do me a favor, if you will allow her to be carried out at once."

His manner might be dry and repulsive, but the meaning was good. Of course, Harold consented, followed her out, and for the first few days, while she lay in a stupor, hung over her, night and day. When the danger was past, M'Vey reminded him of his church and children. There could be no doubt they needed him. He turned his steps, therefore, reluctantly into town.

Haller, the German, who shared the hospital with Thorpe, had same doubts as to Mrs. Harold's admission. "The case is bad enough, likely to kill, no doubt, but it's not rare. You'll meet the street. We cannot clutter up the wards with his cane. them. What do you wam, my friend?" heart, till

Thorpe was frank. It was the best way with the keen eyes of his partner. "I've been used to well-fed patients lately. This was starvation of every kind, soul as well as body," he said, "and interested me, for the moment. When I found that the woman was one whom I had known years ago, I had a whim of being actively charitable. That is all."

That was all. The first sight of her face had given him, for the moment, a new sensation; and Thorpe was at that pause in middle age when new sensations are rare in the life of an unmarried man, when the firmest zeal in a profession begins to chill into dull daily work. He seized upon the chance of prolonging this temporary excitement. What long, dead fancy had been connected with her, he did not clothe in words, even to himself. He stood over her bed, looking at the fleshless hands and sunken face, with a queer, pathetic smile, as though laughing at himself.

"But if the dead can be raised out of this skeleton, I'll do it," he said.

One of the nurses, Agnes, was at the bedside. She shaded Susy's eyes, and looked up smiling.

"She has such an unusually pure, sensitive face, doctor," she whispered.

"Eh? It's unusually homely to me," and he sauntered off.

He was quite sincere. The old ghost of his boyhood might meet him, but he was not afraid of it, so long as it wore a shape so questionable.

CHAPTER III.

"Not be taken home for a month, Agnes? Not lifted, or carried?"

"Not with safety, Mrs. Harold."

Susy turned restlessly, covering her head with the quilt. "But my boys? I might see George or Joe, once—only once? And my husband? It is so long since he was here."

Agnes escaped her, to hurry out into the hall, there to meet Dr. Thorpe. "She cannot speak of her husband without increase of fever. Would it not be wiser to admit him?" she said.

"I will see her in the morning. Let me know as soon as she is dressed."

Now even Agnes, not given to idle curiosity, wondered why, since the crisis was past, and she was conscious, Dr. Thorpe had never met Mrs. Harold as a physician, but had given over the care of her to Haller, only making her formal visits as a friend.

He stood by the window, beating his boot with }

his cane. "The bloodless brute held her to his heart, till he had frozen her to death," he said to himself, "and now that I have nursed and warmed her to life again, she begins to whimper for him!" He laughed bitterly. At least until her cure was completed, he could keep her to himself. One week out of a life-time was not much to ask!

Dr. Thorpe would have been willing that day to open his purposes in the sight of any man. He believed himself to be always honorable, and a gentleman. This woman, whom he had brought from the grave, back into her first health and beauty, he held to have been foully wronged. If any loss in his own life, growing out of her wrong, made him irrationally bitter, he was not conscious of it.

Fortune helped him. Early in the morning, M·Vey came out, and was admitted by Dr. Haller to Mrs. Harold. He had a lurking suspicion that half of her complaints were shamming, and visited her to assure himself of it.

"Whether they are or not, she will come home to make a slave of Harold. It will keep one man at work ministering to her new whims, unless she is judiciously taken down," he thought, as he stumped up the stairs. He started, as she turned her head, eagerly, to meet him. Skill, care, and nourishing food, had done their work. The sallow skin was gone. This was the old-time creamy, delicate flesh of Susy Ludlow. The blue eyes sparkled. There was a confident, tender smile on the nervous mouth.

Susy's face fell when she saw who it was.

"I thought Ben was behind you," she cried, with a sob.

"N—no!" plumping down in a chair. "It's very well for you to lie by, Mrs. Harold, when you feel like taking your ease. But you can hardly expect him to neglect his duties, even for his wife, at least, every day."

"It is so many days since he was here. Did he send a letter, or message?"

"No. I can't say that he did," drumming with both hands on his pulpy knees. On the whole, he thought it as well to leave her in ignorance of how often Harold had been turned from the hospital door.

"He's very busy, I suppose?" ventured poor Susy.

"Yes," cheerfully. "Mrs. Wagner is at the house now—the widow, you know?"

"Yes, I know," and Susy's cheeks turned the color of the sheet.

"A valuable woman, Mrs. Wagner! Quite revolutionized the house. Such a cook! And a baker too. Harold finds his labors diminished one half. Refers to her, while writing, constantly.

She copies all his sermons in short-hand. is a woman fit to be companion for a minister."

Susy, in the strongest health, was weak and full of jealous fears; and Mrs. Wagner had been the jetaltora of her married life. She lav ouite quiet, picking the quilt with her trembling fingers. "A stronger woman would have been a better helpmeet for him," she thought. "And while I was at the edge of the grave, they looked about to find her, and have her ready!"

Her visitor watched her shrewdly. medicine 'll work," he thought. "Though as for trying to make a Mrs. Wagner out of this pinkand-white-faced doll, I needn't hope it! You don't ask for your boys?" he said aloud.

"They will not let me see them;" and then she suddenly flushed scarlet. If she were only well again, with George and Joe in her arms, she would be too strong for any black-a-vised witlow!"

"You'll not see them for some "No," coully. months. Harold has sent them out of town to a boarding-school."

"Without a word to me! Without one kiss for their mother, who had been so near to death!"

"Now don't go to excite yourself. The less you say about death the better. When you talk of lying by, taking a short holyday, that we all understand-that hits your nail on the head. The school is an excellent one. Mrs. Wagner selected it. She thought it was time that the children were removed from home, and subjected to some sort of discipline."

Susy did not answer. In the breathless stroke that had fallen upon her, the man, or his gibes, were as the idle wind that passed her by. He talked on, until the nurse, coming up, and seeing her face, motioned to him to go.

"Tell my husband to come to me," she said.

He twirled his hat uncertainly. "Well, Harold, it's not likely, will be out soon. He's going on a journey, and is considerably pushed for time. reckoned on bringing any message you had, eh?"

"I have none."

"All right. I'll tell him you're looking chipper than a sparrow. He'd better lay by, and take a .est. Turn about, eh!"

"There's no use in explaining Harold's arrangements to the little fool, as long as it can be helped," he reasoned, going down the avenue. "I'll take good care he don't see her till my visit has had time to digest."

"Your wife's as peart and rosy as a milk-maid," he said, meeting Harold on the road. "But they won't let you in-doctor told me so. Excitement, and all that."

citedly. "What did she say, M'Vey? How pleased the little woman would be!"

"She did not seem particularly pleased or interested."

Harold was silent a mement. "But about the boys----?"

"I told her they were gone. But she asked no auestions."

"She is so feeble, I suppose. It was difficult when I saw her for her to articulate," said Harold, but with a bewildered face.

"Mrs. Harold does not appear feeble to me. What a luxurious nest she has there! The nurse told me Dr. Thorpe was an old friend of hers. If contrast with her home-life will cure her, he will be successful."

Harold laughed uneasily. He was glad that, in any way, ease and comfort should come to his poor girl; and yet if he could have given it to her! Strange, too, that he knew nothing of Dr. Thorpe's old friendship.

A few hours after, Dr. Thorpe came into Susy's room, and found her apparently senseless.

"What does this mean?" he asked, in alarm.

"She has been in this stupor since the man left her," said Agnes.

Mrs. Harold lay with her hands clasped over her head, her eyes set and staring.

The doctor touched her. "Do you want to go home?" he said; but he had to repeat it once or twice before she heard him.

"Home! Home!" she muttered. "What does it matter whether I go or not? Ben would not care."

Dr. Thorpe was silent so long that the nurse looked up at him. Then he said, cheerfully, "Lie still, my child. You have nothing to do but to sleep now."

Something in his tone startled her. She looked up at him steadily. "You are very kind to me!" she said. "Nobody is so kind to me as you." She shut her eyes to hide the tears. He stood a moment, irresolute, and then sauntered off, thinking, as he went, of what this woman had been to him, and how late in the day it was when she found out even that he was "kind." He wiped the cold sweat impatiently from his face. Was he a boy that passion should shake him thus?

CHAPTER IV.

THE month passed by. The letters that came from Harold to his wife, accumulated in a pile on M'Vey's desk. Some day, he told himself, he would walk out and deliver them. To do him justice, he only meant to administer a little whole-"You told her about my going?" laughing ex- \{ some neglect to the woman, whom he believed to



be shirking her duty in guilty idleness. Mean- { while, Susy lay through the long days, believing husband and children had forsaken her. lives fast in those quiet watches of the sick-room. The sharp, stunning agony passed, and then, harder to bear, came the doubt, which follows disappointment in married life, whether it had not been all a mistake.

"He never loved me," moaned poor Susy. "I never was meant to be his wife. Or how could we have wandered so far apart? I tried to do my best." And then she suddenly saw how, for the first time in years, her real self now had space to unfold and bloom; and in all her pain there was a half-conscious delight in this: the natural satisfaction of a plant restored to its natural soil, of the animal when breathing the air for which its lungs are fitted.

Susy had a certain proud reticence. She was not going to show her trouble to any alien eyes. She could only be helpless, and keep silence, as the days came and went. She could not help the flowers that were heaped about her pure, beautiful room, the rare prints on the walls, the music that charmed her to sleep every night. Dr. Thorpe read to her every day, taking Agnes' place. It did not occur to her that the books chosen touched her peculiar tastes by a magnetic sympathy. But they touched her the more because of this very ignorance. Dr. Thorpe had skill and subtilty to move strong men at his pleasure. This was a woman, and a weak woman; and back of all his acquired art, lay the master passion of his life, open and dominant, to give them force. For he no longer hid to himself what it was that he would do.

It had never entered into Ben Harold's mind that both his wife and himself had an infinite range of talents, tastes, and sympathies, and that just as these were developed together, they became living creatures, and their love worthy the name. But Dr. Thorpe knew this secret, which ought to underlie all married life. Not an hour passed, in which his magic did not waken in Susy new sensations and consciousness, exquisite flashes of pleasure, which she, perforce, associated with him.

One day, a cold winter's day, no flowers came. There was neither music nor books. Dr. Thorpe, the nurses said, was absent. Mrs. Harold hardly, she thought, regretted him; she had but more leisure to wait all day for the message from home. She waited all day by the dull window, her eyes fixed on the narrow road, that split the snowy plain like a black belt. If she could but see M'Vey's gross shape lumbering along it! If she had but one word from one of her noisy, loving as no other man ever did. Come to me."

boys! Ben she thrust out of her thought now with a dull rancer. She had one picture of him, dictating to the florid widow, her oily curls dipping over the pen. It maddened her brain. Today she was left alone with it.

The next she was left alone with it, and the next. The snow fell steadily. The sky was unbroken gray. She made them lift her into a chair, by the window, and sat shivering. When the nurse came to carry away her meals, they were found untouched. "I thought Georgey would come to-day, or Joe," she said, looking up at her, with wide, dry eyes.

The nurse, a stupid, good-hearted creature, was touched with pity, and set off through the snow into town. She came back at night-fall. "I went to your husband's house," she burst out, in a fever to tell the ill-news, "and it's locked He's gone for good. The man below told me. Packed up, bag and baggage, and gone. There was a Mrs. Wagner went with him."

"Very well, Mary." Mrs. Harold stood quite erect, until the woman had left the room. Then she sat down, by the window, and looked out into the night.

An hour after she saw a glimmer of light in the room, and Dr. Thorpe stood beside her.

"Are you alone?" he said.

It seemed to her as if this man had the right to drag the secret from her soul. "Yes, I am alone," she answered, standing up before him. "I have neither husband nor child. I gave them Il the love I had. But I have nothing-nothing," stretching out her arms with a shrill cry.

He put her down again, and chafed her cold hands in silence, until she was still.

"You have your friend," he said, then, in an ordinary tone.

But the violent trembling of his hands frightened her.

"I have distressed you with my trouble, Dr. Thorpe," she said. "I am so selfish! But you have been so kind to me, that I could hide nothing from you," laying one of her hands on his, gently.

The touch was more than he could bear. He pushed her from him, as he stood before her, in the dim lamp-light.

"Are you blind?" he cried, desperately. "You -you have fallen into a pit, and dragged me with you, woman; and yet you cannot see the truth! You tied yourself to a boor-to a log, and called that marriage! See to what it has brought you. I ought to have been your husband. I loved you. though you have forgotten that you ever saw my face. I love you now." His tones sank to lowand subtlest entreaty. "I know you, my darling,

She looked about her bewildered, trying to { less. push him back.

"I never thought of this!" she cried, feebly. "I'm not a vile woman. I love Ben."

"Are you sure you do?" the grave face and passionate eyes close to her own. "In your soul you know I am your kinsman. He is a stranger. He has drawn away from you year by year-left you alone. Is that marriage? What can you do? He has shaken you off. Your children are taken from you. Have you been so blind," angrily, "that you have not seen I was trying to show you, that here was your home, that the man who understood and loved you was your husband in God's eyes."

"I did not see it," said Susy, with an effort at an ordinary tone. "I'm a very dull woman. Will you let me go now, Dr. Thorpe? I must find my husband."

He drew back. For a moment the man and woman faced each other. There were signs of deeper suffering on his face than hers. He held his arm suddenly across his breast, with a quick, long breath.

"I do not remind you," he said, "that I am ready to give up for you the good name and hopes of my life. But I want you to remember that I love you."

After all, some one loved her! She was not a strong woman.

He saw his advantage, with a hawk's eye. know it is a shock to you. Yet I ask very little: only to be your friend. You are alone. Even if your husband were waiting for you, you could not return to him."

She looked up, a nameless terror in her eyes. "Yes," he said, hastily. "I mean that. Your sojourn here has been misinterpreted. You cannot return to him with a tainted name. you to fly with me. I will be your friend and protector, until I have learned how to win your love. Then you shall be my wife. This old life

The uncertain light rose and fell. Susy understood it all, now, at last. She was utterly alone. Before her was dishonor.

She put out her hand, muttering,

shall be but as a dream."

"What did you say?" she said, breathlessly: "I did not hear. Give you time? Yes-yes."

He placed her on a seat, and then he stooped, and touched her dress to his lips. It was a noble head that bent before her, and this was a strong man, the strongest Susy had ever known.

He left her, leaving the door open. The room beyond was full of warmth and light. The home of beauty and ease, which he offered her, rose before her. And, as he had said, she was home-{ It is a visitor, and I think it is Ben!"

Yet she had but one thought, it was that her peril was extreme, and that her only refuge was death.

On the table were some vials. She chose one, and hiding it in her hand, opened the French window, and went swiftly out into the night. Passing round the building, she sank down in the snow, upon the step, at the foot of an iron railing.

He would follow. There was not a minute to lose; but a minute would be enough. She looked up to the cloudy sky. It was so bitter cold to go out there alone. She was so young-so young. And Georgey and Joe-never to see them again.

A hand was laid on her shoulder. It was good, motherly Agnes. Susy hid the vial again. She must send Agnes away. No human being could bring her help. She must send the nurse away.

Agnes did not seem surprised at finding her patient there.

"You should not be here, my child," she said. "I heard you had bad news from home; but---"

"I have no name. I have no husband, nor child, nor good name."

"You have God."

Susy shuddered. Pain and fear had quieted down into a dull impatience to be at rest. God seemed very far off to her; yet she had no thought of fear in meeting Him.

She drew the cork from the vial. She heard Dr. Thorpe's step on the crushed snow. She was driven to bay! Even death was cut off. If she had but one moment.

"See who comes, Agnes," she said, hurriedly. "I will be here, when you come back." She held her hand hidden under the shawl. "And, Agnes," detaining her with a quick breath, "if you see Ben, tell him I loved him!"

Agnes, thinking her mind wandered, put her hand about her quickly.

"Yes, child," Agnes said, cheerfully. "It will all be right. Don't lose your trust in Ben, and all will be well." Then she drew away, and went down the quadrangle, and Susy was alone.

She held the vial to her lips. "My trust in Trust in Ben! Did God speak that to her? Here, alone, deserted, with no refuge but shame?"

The hot blood rushed like a torrent from her heart. The poison fell from her hand, and burned the pure snow. "I'll trust him. I'll trust Ben a little longer," she said, and then stood still and waited.

Agnes' eyes shone as she came back. "It was Dr. Haller; he is looking for his patient," she said, hurriedly, wrapping her shawl about Susy, and bringing herinto the hall. "You are wanted.

CHAPTER V.

A QUIET country parsonage, a plain little house, with woods and old-fashioned gardens about it. Here is a congregation who worship their new clergyman, as only country congregations know how; here is the school where Georgey and Jee are trained to exhibit more mercy in their management of their mother than of old; here is Harold growing into benign, portly middle age, with a watchful eye always fixed on his rosy little wife, as a man guards something of which death had almost robbed him; and here, in the middle of all, sunning, coloring, warming all, is Susy, with her head full of all the troubles of the village, her busy hands full of help, and her heart, I'm afraid, so full of "Ben, and Georgey, and Joe," that there is not much room for snybody else, unless God, except in the outer courts.

Now and then, a visitor from Ben's city parish trust in the people you lo drops into the pretty, drowsy village, and, after serve me very well at times."

a cozy supper of chickens and waffles, begins to inquire if he does not regret his old fold of usefulness?

"I came that my wife might find room to live,"
Ben sometimes answers; "and I find no less
work for God to do here than in a more compact
settlement."

"But your aids, sir? Your aids? What can you do without such valuable assistants as you left? Mrs. Wagner was a host in herself. You miss your uncle, too, don't you? An energetic, resolute man!"

"We manage as well as we can," Mr. Harold replies, with a mischievous glance at his wife.

Mrs. Harold's system of religion is very concise. She eften gives it to her sons. "Trust in God, boys," she says, "no matter how hardly you're pushed. And if you forget to do that, trust in the people you love. I've had that serve me very well at times."

ADRIENNE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

THE night was dark, the waves rose high; A lurid glare lit up the sky; She heard the storm-fiend's wrathful cry.

The wind swept past with maddened roar, The sea dashed flercely 'gainst the shore; Oh, what a look her white face wore!

She laid her baby on the bed; Her heart was wrung with awful dread; No sigh she breathed, no tear she shed.

Against the window-frame she leant, Her woful gaze far upward bent, As if to pierce the firmament.

What boat would dare to tempt the raight Of such a storm, and such a night? Her still face grew more deathly white.

"Oh, God!" she moaned, yet did not weep;
"If he is lying fathoms deep,
Then let me share his dreamless sleep!"

The babe as if in terror stirred; She turned without another word; God left her frantic prayer unheard.

The morning dawned serene and fair, But oh! it brought such wild despair, For wrecks lay scattered everywhere!

She hurried swift along the shore, The babe upon her arm she bore; Ah, whose was yonder broken oar?

It lay half-hidden in the sand; She touched it, shivering, with her hand, The workmanship more closely scanned.

What caused that quick, convulsive start? Hope died from out her aching heart, Its quivering chords were rent apart.

She held her babe the closer then; His face she never saw again On earth—poor, widowed Adrienne!

MEMORIES.

BY FRANK H. FARWELL.

TO-NIGHT, impelled by thoughts unknown, I traced upon a book thy name; Methought my foolish heart had grown, Cold to the memories that came To haunt me as I read.

Ah! why do I recall the past?
Or dream of bygone hopes and feam?
Accursed vision! Go! Avast!
Come not again in future years
To vivify the dead!

Dead! did I say? Yes, dead to me. A heart that once beat foul and true, Has found a grave in the deep sea Of gold, whose glittering hue Its craving maw hath fed.

To-night I close the open door
To the dark chamber of the past;
To-night, the last and bitter hour,
That round no memory's whadows cast,
Henceforth, fore'er, hath fied!



OUR "DEVIL FISH."

BY KATE PEYTON.

Ir was in the days of the Panic, that horrible monster, with his body in Wall street, and his cruel arms everywhere, for the creature of Victor Hugo's imagination is a reality, and we have had the "Devil Fish" among us.

A few months since he reached out one of his arms, and swooping down into a beautiful village many hundred miles from New York, seized a woman sitting tranquil and happy in her home; one who had never known care or want; and winding his cruel coils around her, crushed and crushed until he left her—not lifeless, for he did not kill the body, but, far worse, he crushed her soul, for that she kept in her golden idol, and her golden idol is gone.

Alas! in this day; and again, alas! for those whose souls are in their golden idols!

This is her story. Perhaps it may tell something to others, as well as to us, to whom it is not a story, but a life.

This woman, Mrs. Grey, is a widow, but she has been a widow so many years, that her loss has long ceased to be a poignant grief. The memory of the happiness she once enjoyed has even cast a mellowed light over those latter years, more like the radiance left by the sun gone down into the west, than the darkness of an eclipse.

She had two children; a son, grown into manhood, whom the great West has already absorbed, and a lovely daughter, her comfort, and pride, and joy.

Alice was married about a year ago, to a young lawyer; and, although Mrs. Grey at first thought this a great trial, she had found it almost better than it was before, for Alice, living but a few miles away, spent almost half of her time at home, and the other half was delightful, for Mrs. Grey was always either just expecting her, or going to see her; writing or reciving letters, or sending presents; so that Alice's marriage seemed to added the needed ripple to the waters of her life, to keep them fresh, and sweet, and living.

Mrs. Grey's husband had left her with a comfortable fortune, well invested. This had, since his death, been much increased, for Mrs. Grey belonged to a Scotch family, which was very "canny," and as her grandparents, greatuncles, aunts and cousins, gradually departed to that world whither we must all go, they each left her something.

She was, really a rich woman. Rich, not in a Fifth Avenue sense, but a rich woman for her native village, in which she lived and expected to die; so rich that she often said that, with her tastes and habits, she did not wish for a single thing money could bring.

And as for her daughter, Alice had one of those sweet natures which the sunshine of prosperity only ripens, and, instead of growing up in this unlimited indulgence like some, with a disposition made exacting, craving every extravagance, she could scarcely tell, when her mother sometimes asked her what she would like for a present, what she did want, because, as she said, "she had everything already."

Mrs. Grey had a queer fancy—rerhaps it was a little outgrowth of her conservative Scotch rature—for keeping all her legacies separate, as they were left her; leaving them, if possible, invested just as those who had given them to her had thought best to invest them.

"Somehow," she said, when sometimes urged to change and invest more profitably, "somehow it seemed like selling old family keepsakes for some modern gaud or tinsel."

As her income came in from its various sources, she always enjoyed calling the different sums by the name of the giver. Like this:

"Now this year," she would say, "I am going to spend your grandfather's money on the house;" or, "This spring I'll take Uncle Alick's money to make the garden." And again, when Alice was married, "Now, Alice, I shall spend your grandmother's money for your trousseau. She would enjoy it so much if she were living."

So Mrs. Grey's money was not simply money to her, but, like a great case of splendid family jewels, full of all beautiful, and tender, and hallowed family associations, spreading over all her life, not only the richness of material goods, but filling her soul with sweet thoughts, and fancies, and memories.

Mrs. Grey had lived in the same house ever since her marriage; the house to which she had come as a bride. It was no longer a house to her, but the greatest and coziest of homes in the full meaning of the word. Every nook and corner, yes, every nail, was dear to her. She had wrought out her thoughts and ideas into it, her life, until "it looked like her," as people said.

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She could not imagine herself ever living any- \ dred thousand, all made in five years! where else.

Behind the house was a spacious garden; and if Mrs. Grey loved the house, she doted on the garden. It was laid out in the old-fashioned way, with glowing, blossoming, fragrant beds of flowers, nodding and smiling in the breeze, drinking in the dew and sunshine, up next to the house, and then beyond, separated by the velvet turf of a grass-plot, a peerless vegetable garden, full of all the savory, delicious things which garnish the summer table.

Here Mrs. Grey spent her summer mornings; yes, and her spring and autumn mornings, too, keeping herself, in her comely middle age, as fresh and sweet as a full-blown rose, blithe as a bird, and busy as a bee, dispensing her good gifts of dazzling bouquets, fresh fruit and vegetables far and near-a blooming goddess of plenty.

Besides children, and house, and garden, Mrs. Grey had one other cherished object of devotion, her church; and here was the only point of severe criticism that ever touched her blameless life. People sometimes whispered that Mrs. Grey thought she owned the church, and more than suspected that she thought she conferred a favor when she gave of her surplus to replenish its treasury, instead of feeling it a privilege to bring her offering to the Lord. But, be this as it may, she certainly contributed liberally to its wants, and worshiped with great satisfaction, Pharisaic or not, in the church whose walls she had helped to build, and whose pastor she half supported.

Now, why was not this woman content? What did she want, with her home, her children, her full purse, satisfying all her wants almost before they were felt? She wanted more.

The Tempter came to her in the guise in which he often comes to modern people. He is no longer a Scrpent. He is a Speculator!

Mrs. Grey sat one evening at her cozy suppertable. Alice was with her, and another friendthree ladies by themselves-busily chatting about village matters. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and the new Bridget ushered a stranger directly into the dining-room. Not a stranger, though, after another glance, but Mrs. Grey's second cousin, Donald Stuart. She had not seen him for many years, but that made no difference, for with the Scotch "blood is thicker than water," and a cousin is a cousin all the world over, no matter how remote the degree, and is welcome.

Donald had made a great fortune since they last met. He talked about "thousands." yes, bagatelle. He was himself worth several hun-for three of the neighbors were walking around

counts of the great city world, his whole conversation, fairly glistened with gold. To listen to him was like hearing the Count of Monte Christo tell about his treasures.

Behold the poisonous seed sown in Mrs. Grey's mind! Not many days passed ere she had secretly asked her dazzled soul, "Why cannot I. too, reap in this golden harvest?" Her gains looked pitiful, her riches mean. The cousin, who was really an honest enthusiast, himself dazzled by the splendor of his own success, fostered the struggling plant that had sprung from his own seed-words.

"It's all nonsense, Cousin Jean," he said, "for you to be going on in this hum-drum style, getting such a paltry return for all your money? Why, a man might make a dozen fortunes out of what you have."

"But, mother," interposed Alice, "I don't see the use of any more money when we have everything we want now."

"Oh, you'll find uses enough when you get the money," replied Cousin Donald, with a shrewd smile.

Poor Mrs. Grey! The Tempter had already brushed the glamour from her life. The bloom of no grape is safe in his ruthless hands! He had made it look poor by the side of his own splendor.

All this ended as, alas for poor human nature, such conflicts are apt to end. Donald went away with the power to rend and tear up all the old associations; sell and invest the proceeds; to double, treble-yes, multiply twenty-fold, in the name and for the benefit of the "said Jean Grey."

The days and months went swiftly by. In a year Mrs. Grey was twice as rich as she had been. She triumphantly pointed out the result of her wisdom to the croakers; yet some croaked on; for now in Mrs. Grey herself there seemed to be a nameless, yet visible change. The poison was beginning to take effect. She was growing to love her money. It was more precious to her than the things of which it is only the sign. Her face had a little more expression of anxiety. a far-off, searching look. This had come to her; but something else had gone, the sweet spirit of content.

Life went on, with its ebb and flow, until it brought one lovely September day. The air was warm and balmy; the trees had decked themselves in their gorgeous autumn robes; and Mrs. Grey sat on a rustic garden-chair, drinking and "millions," too, as if they were a mere in all this beauty. Alice was with her, and two

tion.

Mrs. Grey was not much given to reading the papers, or she might have known that a storm had been prophesied, but to her all the sky seemed serene.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, quick as lightning, relentless as Death, this great, cruel monster, who was already stirring the turbid waters on Wall street, reached out its greedy arm and wound her in its coil. It played with her for a moment, as the tiger plays with the prey it will surely devour; and while it waited, a letter just dropped into her hand.

This was the letter:

"DEAR COUSIN JEAN, -I write you in the midst of a turmoil and agony that you cannot imagine in your quiet village. We are ruined (and even here she who read took no hint that 'he' included herself.) I have lost everything I have in the world. If my wife had not had five hundred dollars in her purse, we should not have a place to lay our heads. But this is not the worst, Jean. Your money-(here Mrs. Grey began to grow pale and tremble)—your money is all swept away in this whirlpool. I can't save a dollar.

"Jean, I could almost wish myself accursed for touching it. I meant well; that is all I can say. It is gone. God help you, and the rest of us, for I see no light.

"Yours, DONALD STUART."

Then the cruel arm tightened its grasp. crushed and crushed her. Her cheeks were like marble, in her agony; her lips were ashen, and great drops stood on her pallid brow.

This was the end. The monster had swallowed up her golden idol. She had fixed her heart upon it, and in all this great, glowing universe, there was nothing else to worship. Then the door of that hospitable house, which had always been opened for her friends' enjoyment in her prosperity, closed upon their sympathy in her adversity. Her heart was bitter and hard.

The curtains were drawn, and in the place of

in the garden, admiring its bloom and perfec- } around a pale, lifeless creature, with sorrowfu mien; a mere body, with the soul all crushed out of it; everything gone but her home; and as she sadly looks around, she knows that soon she must part with that, too.

> And is there, then, no consolation in the love of the children she has cherished? Ah! the drops of bitterness there! Now she is the dependent one; and where she has always given, she must humble herself to receive. But can she not find consolation in the church she has so loved?

> Again the drop of bitterness. She "has no church," she says, because she can no longer give to it. All its consolations, its sweet promises, its heavenly hopes, are nothing to her now, because she cannot be its benefactor. As if the church were the pitiful edifice of wood or stone. which the hands of man have builded, and not that great invisible Temple into which the souls of men enter when they pray.

> So she lives on, a sad, heart-broken woman, eating the bread of dependence, feeding her soul upon the bitter thought that, had she been content with her abundance, this could never have been. A remnant of life, full of remorse.

> The stories of such lives do not "end well," as people like to have stories end. The logic of events is inexorable.

> But what does all this say to us as we look on with a passionate, regretful pity, and see men and women crushed, and torn, and bleeding? Will it teach any of us the sweet lesson of content? Or will the monster be slain this time, or will he only be smothered a little, that some day he may struggle with hideous life again?

> Where is that fortunate "Sailor of the Sea," with knife sharper than any Damascus blade, that shall pierce him in his very vital centre?

We wait to see; and while we wait, we sadly watch the surging waters covered with the drifting wrecks of life-boats, which could not save life; and water and land are strewn with the dead and wounded everywhere. And while we wait, the accusing cry of the widow and the orphan, the bright, cheery, happy woman, there moved who cry for bread, goes up to a listening Heaven.

EVER ONWARD.

LUTHER G. RIGGS.

Doubting always makes men weaker; Fear makes cowards of us all; But the true and earnest seeker Knows no terror or no fall.

Life was never meant for dreaming; Quest'ning how, or asking when; Now resolves, and now mere seeming-Duty calls for earnest men! Gird yourselves with strong endeaver;

Ever onward while you may! Keep your trust, and hope forever God's own finger points the way!



OUT OF DUST AND ASHES.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

HELEN GRAYLE leaned on the long window-sill, and looked out into the gathering darkness with a dreary look in her face, and a dreamy shadow in her eyes.

It was a cheerless scene. A low, level stretch of land, with here and there a clump of stunted pines, showing black and gloomy against a lone-some sky. The air was hot and dry, and full of murky odors, A cricket chirped shrilly among the withering yellow grass, and made the night seem more lonesome and desolate by its monotonous cry.

"I wonder if life is worth living for?" she thought, looking away across the dreary land-scape, that lost itself in shadow. "I begin to think it isn't."

This girl, with shadows in her eyes and on her face, who had begun to think life wasn't worth living for, sighed as you and I have heard people sigh who have a heavy burden to bear, and whose shoulders are getting weary under it. The burden that Helen Grayle bore was that of a life that has no aim and purpose in it; that is full of a sameness and monotony from day to day. Since she could remember, she had looked out every morning across that same bleak landscape, dreary enough in summer, but inexpressibly drearier in its wintry cover. Sometimes she felt as if she was going crazy. It seemed to her that she was shut up in prison. Outside the circle of the horizon which girt the scene about, lay freedom, and all things glad and beautiful, of which she had read and dreamed, but had never seen. If she could only get away! But it was useless to think of that. Aunt Rachel would never leave the house where she was born, and she could not leave the woman who had been a mother to her. She was not selfish and ungrateful enough for that. Aunt Rachel had often urged her to go away for awhile, and see something of the world, but always the hungry look in the woman's eyes had pleaded stronger than her words; and so, knowing how much she was to the woman who had loved her as her own child, she had lingered here in her little lonesome world. It was kind and unselfish in Aunt Rachel to urge her to go away when she should miss her so much, and Helen appreciated it fully; but duty would not allow her to accept. Perhaps the thought of doing what duty told her she

ought to do, made life a little less dreary; but it could not take away all the dreariness.

The cricket chirped on shrilly among the grass, and the hot wind blew across the plain, bringing the sound of the pines' lonesome whispers to Helen. She shivered at the sound. Somehow it made her think of her life. It was bleak as the scene before her, and there were always such vague, longing thoughts haunting it as came to her ears to-night in the whispers of the pinetrees. She wondered if they were longing for the places where the mountain airs were, full of a sense of freedom and strength that they had never felt on that low plain. It might be. They must feel how dwarfed and stunted their life was.

She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs down the road, and presently some one stopped at the gate.

"Helen," called Aunt Rachel, from the room in which she passed her days, "has Dr. Trevor come?"

"Yes," answered Helen, as a man came up the path.

"Good evening, Helen," he said, catching sight of the face in the window, his voice grave and tender, and sweet. "How is Miss Grayle to-night?"

"She is quite restless," Helen answered. "She did not get much sleep last night, and you know she is always sick if she don't sleep well."

Dr. Trevor went in and left the girl there. Half an hour later he came back and stopped beside the window. The moon had risen, and it lit up his face in a soft brilliance, and Helen noticed as she often had before, what a noble, earnest face it was. It was almost womanly in its tenderness, but there was nothing weak and effeminate about it.

"You are in one of your restless moods tonight, I see," he said, in his grave, sweet way.

"I think I am," Helen answered, with a faint little smile. "I don't think you see me very often when I am not."

"If you could only overcome that feeling, and be content, life would not seem so dreary a thing to you as it does now."

"But I never shall be content in this dull, humdrum kind of existence," she said, passion-

ately. "Never! I want to see the world; it must be so beautiful."

"Poor child!" he said, gravely, with his eyes on the girl's face. "You don't comprehend what a hollow thing the life is you are dreaming about so much. It is all a mockery from beginning to end. It would never satisfy you. You have a soul that cares for something more than folly and show. You are better off here."

"I can't believe that," she said, looking away toward the woods she knew so little of. "There must be true hearts and happiness there."

"There are hollow hearts and restlessness there, child," he answered. "I know, for I came from it. If you could only be content."

"Ah! that's it," she cried, with a touch of bitterness in her tone. "I can't, you see. If I could only see a little of this life you tell me is such an unsatisfactory thing, why, then, I might come back here and be glad to stay; but I think not."

"One true heart is worth all the summer friends you could find, Helen," he said, softly.

There was something in his tone now that she had sometimes heard in it before, and which thrilled her strangely.

"Yes, I know that," she answered, slowly. "Perhaps I can find that 'one true heart' there: who knows?"

"There may be hearts as true nearer at home," he answered. "Have you never thought of that, Helen?"

"I never thought much about it," she replied.
"Hark! Aunt Rachel is calling me. I must
go in."

"Good-night; Helen," he said, tenderly.

She gave him her hand, wondering if it could be possible that this grave, thoughtful man, whose years were nearly twice her own, did care for her other than as a friend. She had thought so sometimes.

He left her then, and she went in to Aunt Rachel.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, going up to the bed where her aunt lay. "Are you feeling any better?"

"I don't think I am," she answered, in a weak, tired way. "Do you know, Helen," rousing up a little suddenly, "I believe I am going to die before long."

"Don't say that, Aunt Rachel," Helen cried, with a quiver in her voice.

She had never heard her aunt talk like this before, and the thought of death held something terrible in it. And when Aunt Rachel was dead, who would care for her? She would be alone in the world.

"I can't help feeling so," Aunt Rachel answered. "I never felt so before; but all the afternoon it has seemed just as if I was getting ready to go on a long journey."

Aunt Rachel was right. She was going away on a journey so far, that her footsteps would never come back to earth again.

The summer days went by slowly, and Helen watched the white, patient face upon the pillow fade as the snow does in spring. Spring was coming for Aunt Rachel.

Dr. Trevor was with them a great deal. Helen had no other friend in whom she felt so much confidence, and Aunt Rachel liked to have him by her. He insisted on taking Helen's place often, and sent her away to rest herself, telling her that she was wearing herself out. He had a good deal of leisure, and could stay with the sick woman while Helen got back a little color and vigor by a long walk, or a ride on the horse he placed at her disposal.

Aunt Rachel set out on her journey. Helen never will forget that night. The moon was like a great ball of fire in the east, and the air was full of a solemn hush that was like awe. Looking out of the window, she saw the stunted pines standing out against the moonlit background like spectral giants, with outstretched arms, pointing toward the land to which Aunt Rachel was going.

Presently Aunt Rachel stirred. She had seemed to be asleep for a long time. Dr. Trevor got up and went to the bed.

"I-I think I'm going now," whispered the woman, faintly. "Where's Helen?"

"Here I am, Aunt Rachel," Helen said, kneeling down beside her. "What is it?"

"It's death!" answered Aunt Rachel.

"You'll be lonesome when I'm gone, Helenbut Dr. Trevor will be your friend, I'm sure," with a glance into the man's face, as if she wanted some assurance from him.

"Always," he answered, simply; and Aunt Rachel was satisfied.

Then a little silence fell. Far off Helen heard the ceaseless murmur of the pines, low and full of restless longing for something they would never find.

By-and-by Aunt Rachel opened her eyes again. "Kiss me, Helen," she said, faintly. "It's for the last time, I think."

Helen kissed the poor, pale face, while tears blinded her. Dear Aunt Rachel! It was so hard to let her go!

And then the footsteps of the pilgrim crossed the threshold, and went out into the silence of the night.

"She is dead," Dr. Trevor said, gently. "She ! is well now."

Aunt Rachel looked almost young again when Helen gazed on her face for the last time, as she lay in the coffin, with a few late flowers clasped in her hands.

It was a strangely-silent, lonesome house to which Helen came back after the funeral. wonder if there is any feeling in the world which holds so much of desolation as that which comes to us when we recross the threshold over which we have borne our dead.

"You must come to us for awhile," Dr. Trevor said, that evening. "Mother told me to bring you home with me. It will be a change for you, and you can rest there; and change and rest are what you need."

And Helen, trusting him as a true friend, went to his pleasant home, to stay until she could make up her mind what to do.

Those were pleasant days that she spent there; she found much that she had longed for, but had never known. There were books, and pictures, and beautiful things, for which she seemed to have a natural taste; and this taste she gratified in those long and dreamy autumn days. atmosphere of peace was all about the place. Mrs. Trevor was a kind-faced, gentle-hearted woman, like "her boy," as she always called Dr. Trevor; and Helen loved her from the first.

"I think your son is one of the best men I ever knew," Helen said, one day. "He has been kind to me as any brother. I don't know what I should have done, through Aunt Rachel's sickness, if it had not been for his kindness to us. I wish I could repay it in some way."

"Some day Robert may tell you how you can," Mrs. Trevor answered, with a gentle smile into Helen's face.

Helen understood her. She had seen how much Dr. Trevor cared for her. She had begun to question herself on the matter. Could she give this man, who was so much older than herself, a wife's love, if he asked it of her? She hardly thought she could. She liked him, as a friend, and wanted to prove her gratitude; but- And there her arguments would come to an abrupt stand-still

One day a letter came for Helen. It was from her father's half-sister, in the city, who had just heard of Rachel Grayle's death, and now wrote, urging Helen to come and spend the winter with them.

Helen read the letter to Dr. Trevor.

"Shall I go?" she asked, something of her old eagerness to see the world showing in her face.

for you to do," he said, thoughtfully, with a grave look in his eyes.

She had expected that he would try to discourage her.

- "I believe I will try it," she said, at last. "If -if I don't like it, I can come back, you know."
- "Yes, you can come back," he said, tenderly, his eyes smiling softly down into hers. "Whenever you grow tired and sick of the hollowness and deceit, the glitter and tinsel of the life you will find there, remember that there is a place you can come back to, and find a welcome. Remember that. Helen."
 - "I will remember it," she answered.

"Do not forget your promise, my dear," said good Mrs. Trevor, as she bade good-by to Helen. "It is dull and lonely up at your own house, and if you get tired of a city life, you must be sure to come back to us, here. You shall always have a welcome. Indeed," and the tears rose to her eyes, "I have learned to love you as if you were my own child. I do not know what I shall do without you."

It was hard for Dr. Trevor to let the woman he loved go away from him without telling her how much he loved her. But it would not be right to say anything of that kind now, he argued. She didn't understand her own heart well enough.

Helen went away with some misgivings, after When she found that she was really going into the world she had longed to know, she began to have doubts of herself. Everything would be new and strange to her, and she wondered if she could assimilate with those she met? Would they smile at her country ways, and vote her stupid and uncultivated, and then proceed to patronize her? She could stand anything else better than that. A decided snub would be much preferable.

Helen's fears on that score were idle ones. She was apt to learn, and no one had occasion to smile at awkward ways, or to call her stupid. There was a peculiar freshness and originality which gave her a more decided individuality than most young women in the circle to which her aunt introduced her possessed, and it was not long before she became a favorite.

"I want to introduce a young gentleman," her aunt said, one evening. at a party, "who wishes to know you. He is a great favorite. I am sure you will like him."

Helen did like Harry Harrell very much. There was something about him that fascinated her. His handsome face, perhaps, or his easy, graceful manners.

That night, as she sat in her room alone, after the last carriage had driven away, she thought of "I don't know, but it would be the best thing { Harry Darrell, with a strange little thrill at her

heart. He had charmed her, as he was apt to charm women. He had talked to her in that tender, graceful way of his, and smiled into her eyes until her cheeks were red as any wild roses ever were, and she had liked him so much. No one had ever interested her so before; and he had evidently taken some interest in her, because he had asked if he might call next day, and she had smiled consent.

And the next day he called. She went down to meet him with a glad look in her eyes. She had not yet learned to hide her heart from the sight of those she met.

He rose to meet her, with a smile that was like sunshine. He had a beautiful face, this man of the world, and he knew it as well as any one. A man with a handsome face, no matter if a devil looks out from behind it once in awhile, will make sad havoc with women's hearts. Helen had seen so little of the world, that she could not read Harry Darrell's face, as well as other people could. She saw only its beauty, while others, who were skilled in reading from such books, saw how cold, and cruel, and false it really was.

Helen saw much of Harry Darrelt after that. Ite always sought her out, and lingered by her side, his voice low and tender, and his words like a lover's. And Helen believed that he loved her, and her heart was all a-flutter at his smile. If he had asked her to go to the end of the world with him, she would have gone gladly, and counted her life blessed because she could walk beside him.

"You had better be careful," her auft said, one day, after Harry Darrell had called. "People have begun to notice your flirtation with him. Don't go too far, Helen."

"I don't understand you," Helen said, really at a loss to comprehend her aunt's meaning.

"I meant to warn you about allowing yourself to get too much interested in him," her aunt replied. "Of course you began your flirtation with him for the mere amusement of the thing. But people sometimes forget what a thing was begun for, and get in earnest."

"I have not flirted with Mr. Darrell," Helen said. "I never flirted with any one."

Her aunt looked at her questioningly.

"You don't pretend to say that you are in earnest, Helen?"

A little rose-flush came into Helen's cheeks, and she did not answer.

"Why, Helen," exclaimed Mrs. Dane, "I never dreamed that you could be foolish enough to let your heart get entangled in any way with Harry Darrell. You must have been wild! Why didn't you stop before it had gone so far?"

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"I don't know what you mean," Helen said.
"I like Mr. Darrell very much. Is there anything wrong in that?"

"No," was her aunt's reply. "But I'm afraid you've got beyond liking him. You've let his handsome face and fine ways serve you as they have served a score of girls like you before. You've fallen in leve with him, Helen."

"Well, and if I have?" said Helen, with a little dignity.

"Why, nothing," answered Mrs. Dane, "only it may trouble you a good deal to get over your fancy for him. It isn't easy for a woman to forget a face like Harry Darrell's, and the thousand little things such men are apt to say, and make women think they mean a great deal, when they don't mean anything."

"Is Mr. Darrell a man who will trifle with a woman's heart?" Helen asked, growing pale.

"He is just that kind of a man," answered Mrs. Dane. "He is a male flirt, and his chief amusement is in winning a woman's heart, when he cares no more for it than I do for that leaf falling there. If you have ever cherished the thought that he was in earnest—that he really cared for you—get rid of it as soon as possible. I was really in hope that the matter had not got to that yet, and thought I would speak to you about it in time."

Helen got up, and went out of the room, without making any reply. Her face was very white, and her lips quivered, as if some pain tortured her. It was that hardest, fiercest pain of all—a pain in the heart.

"I don't believe it!" she cried, passionately. as she shut herself into her room. "I won't believe it!" The memory of his words, spoken tenderly and low, came floating in upon her brain, until they almost overwhelmed her. Such sweet, happy words to listen to! She would never forget them—never! It could not be that they had been hollow and meaningless ones. Her heart would have told her, if they had been. Harry Darrell might have trifled with the hearts of other women, but he was not trifling with hers.

If any doubts had disturbed her, he put them all to flight when she met him next. It was at a brilliant party. They had been dancing. When the waltz was over, he led her into the conservatory. It was like a scene from some enchanted land there. The air was full of tropical odors. A fountain plashed softly among a group of ferns and gorgeous blossoming plants. The music sounded faint and sweet, like an echo of the world they had left behind them.

She looked up suddenly, as if compelled to do

so by some subtle power, and met his passionate glance. A soft color surged up to her face, and she dropped her eyes, with a wild, sweet tumult in her breast.

He bent down suddenly, and kissed her on her lips; a swift, passionate kiss, that sent fire tingling through her veins like electric currents. She was sure, then, that he loved her. Could a man give a woman such a kiss as that unless he loved her? Her heart answered no.

There was the sound of voices near them, and presently a couple joined them, thus preventing anything being said by Darrell.

Helen went home that night with a wild tumult of happiness in her heart. She had learned the gweetest lesson of life.

But she was soon to learn the saddest one. was not long before it came to her.

She was at a concert one evening. Her aunt had a bad headache, and so she went alone. She had a passion for studying faces, and that she might do so unobserved, she closed the curtains of the private box she occupied. Through a slight opening in them, she could see all that she cared to without being seen herself.

She heard some one come into the box adjoining.

"Mrs. Dane and her niece are not here, it seems," said a voice that she recognized as belonging to an intimate friend of Harry Darrell.

"No, they are not here," answered the voice of Harry Darrell himself. "I expected to see Miss Grayle. She told me she was coming."

"You are rather sweet on that young lady, it seems to me," laughed his friend. "You are not getting caught at last, are you?"

"Not at all," answered Darrell, lightly. "I find the flirtation very amusing, because she is such a terribly earnest creature. She has all the faith in me imaginable, and is one of the most original specimens of womankind I ever came a ross. Nothing artificial about her, I assure you. When she says a thing, she means it, and she takes other people to be like herself in that respect."

"It's too bad for you to trifle with her so," responded his friend. "She's so unused to our ways, that she's no match for you. Let her go, and look out for some one who knows what to look out for, from men of your stamp."

"No fun in that," answered Darrell. "I prefer Miss Grayle. She will expect me to ask the important question before long."

He laughed lightly at the idea; little dreaming that not half a dozen feet away a woman was sitting, with a face as white as the face of the dead, a look of wild despair in her eyes.

Helen sat there, stirless, silent, till the last song was sung. Then she got up in a kind of mechanical way, wrapped her cloak about her, and went out. In the hall she passed Darrell, but her face was hidden in a veil, and he did net recognize her.

Her head did not touch a pillow that night. She sat before the fire, thinking, thinking, till the gray dawn broke in the east. It was all true, then. He had deceived her, as he had deceived women before. He cared nothing for the heart he had won. Over and over she said these bitter words to herself, as if she could not get beyond the thought they held.

"The dream is ended," she said, at last, getting up, as the pink flushes in the east told that another sun was shining afar off. She wondered, in a vague way, how the sun could shine with se much woe and heartache in the world. "Yes, the dream is ended," she repeated, wearily. "Everything is turned to dust and ashes."

She went to the window and looked out. She swung the sash wide open, and let the cool wind blow upon her fevered brain. The touch of it seemed to soothe her.

"It's just as he told me I would find it," she said by-and-by. "It's all falseness and deceit. There's nothing true about it."

How grand, and strong, and noble, Dr. Trevor seemed, compared with Harry Darrell. He was a man true and steadfast. There was none of that base clay about him of which the man who had been her idol was made.

"He said I must remember that a welcome was waiting for me there," she said, and the thought brought something like peace to her sorely wounded, aching heart. "I am going back."

Mrs. Dane was astonished when Helen announced her intention of going away.

". Have you and Harry Darrell quarreled?" she asked.

"I have not seen Mr. Darrell, to speak to him, for several days," she answered. "We have not quarreled. I am tired of this kind of life. I want something earnest, something true, something that has soul in it. I am going to-morrow, and nothing can change my mind; so don't urge me to stay."

Mr. Darrell called that evening. Helen wondered if she could endure to meet him once more. She wanted to make him feel that she had not been in earnest; that she had not compromised her heart. She knew that she must act a part that had no foundation of truth if she succeeded in doing that; but, woman-like, she wanted to have a little revenge for the wrong he had done her, and so rob him of the satisfaction of being not sure of it yet. Perhaps she was hoping to able to say that she had been his dupe. { lure him on, loving him, and feeling so sure of

She went down to meet him with sparkling eyes, and cheeks crimson with excitement.

She would have made a splendid actress, I think, judging from the way in which she played her part that night. Never had she been in gayer spirits. She fairly fascinated him.

- "You are radiant," he said, wonderingly. "What has come over you all at once?"
- "I am going home to-morrow," she answered.

 "The thought of that puts me in better spirits,
 perhaps."
- "Going away?" Harry Darrell repeated the words, thinking that he must finish his sport with this woman's heart to-night. He must make his victory complete. It would be an easy thing to do. So he said, "I shall miss you very much. I wish I were sure you would miss me."
- "Oh! I dare say I shall miss you, and Aunt Laura, and all my friends; but I have got so tired of this kind of life, that the old one will seem so peaceful and full of rest that I shan't want to remember this. It has been very pleasant here, but I couldn't linger always; you know."

"It has been very pleasant to me," he replied, smiling into her face with that tender passion in his eyes which had thrilled her so once, but was powerless to do so now, because she knew how little it meant. "If I could keep you here always!"

She looked at him keenly. Even now she almost believed that he meant what he was saying; but a moment's thought satisfied her.

"I hope that you have taken no steps you would wish to retrace," she said, smiling, while her heart was sching bitterly. "That you havn't 'gone too far,' as Aunt Laura warned me of doing. You know some people have talked a good deal because we have been such good friends. They seemed to think that we could not be friends without going farther, showing how little they understood us. I think you knew how far to go with safety, and that your words just now were spoken out of force of habit. You have probably had practice in similar cases before."

He looked at her sharply. Could it be that he had been the dupe? That this girl, whom he had thought so trusting, had, after all, cared nothing for him, but had been playing a game as deep as his own was shallow? It seemed so. Surely she cared nothing for him, if he could judge her heart by her smiling face, and her brilliant mood.

He began to feel a sense of defeat; but he was

not sure of it yet. Perhaps she was hoping to lure him on, loving him, and feeling so sure of his love for her that she had no doubts as to how the matter would terminate. Such a conclusion was more flattering to him than the other, and he accepted it, in his self-conceit, as the right one. He would go on, and make his conquest complete.

"You don't want me to believe that you think that of me," he said, half reproachfully. "It can't be that you have mistaken me all this time, nor that I have been mistaken in thinking that you cared a little for me."

"Don't!" she said, getting up, and coming close beside him, while her shining eyes mocked the pain in her heart. "I understand you, and I hope you understand me. There is no use in trying to carry our—amusement, shall we call it?—farther. I hope your heart has suffered as little as mine has." She said this laughingly, but she was bitterly in earnest.

He did understand her now. She had taken his own weapons and conquered him.

"I shall start quite early, and therefore shall have to beg to be excused," she said. "Goodby, Mr. Darrell."

She gave him her hard, and then, with a few empty words, he left her, overcome with his utter defeat. If he could only have known!

"There!" she cried, as the door closed upon her. "He has gone, and I fancy his satisfaction is rather small. Helen Grayle, I command you to forget one so utterly unworthy as he is." She made a gesture as she was throwing away her memory of what had been.

But she could not do that. She had loved him, and it was an easier thing to bid herself forget him than to do it.

Old Mrs. Trevor was sitting quietly knitting the next day, in her own room, at the back of the house, and did not hear the coach drive up to the gate. Suddenly there was a timid tap at the door.

"Come in," she said, wondering who it could be, for she had few visitors.

The door opened, and Helen entered.

"My dear, dear child!" cried the old lady, rising joyfully from her seat. "How glad I am!"

Then she took Helen into her arms and kissed her, the tears coming into her eyes. But she asked no questions. Her woman's instinct told her that the girl was suffering, and she sacredly respected the sorrow of her guest.

- "You will take me in for awhile—till—till I get my own house in order," said Helen.
 - "My dear, it is your home as long as you will



honor us by staying," was the warm answer.
"Why should you go up to that lonely house?
I have missed you so much my child."

Dr. Trevor came in later in the day.

"Helen!" he cried, "where have you dropped from?"

"Not from the skies," she answered, with a wistful look in her eyes, as he took her hands in his in a warm grasp of welcome. "You and your mother told me to come back when I got tired of the world. You told me the truth about it. It was a hollow, heartless life that I found there, and I have grown sick of it—oh! so tired of it!" she said, wearily. "I want rest and peace. I want to forget."

Her heart spoke in that last cry. The grave, tender eyes of the man before her read something of the truth in her face. She could not hide the truth from him.

"My poor child!" he said, gently, "I knew you would come back some time. I felt sure of it, and I have kept a welcome ready for you."

He bent and kissed her. The touch of his lips stung her with the remembrance of another kiss-

From that hour, Helen set herself to the task grown, and the man to whom of casting out the last vestige of love for Harry unworthy of it. She is a harrell from her heart. It was an easier thing to do than she had thought it, because he had give her heart a single pain.

preved so utterly unworthy of her regard; and yet, women have had tasks that were easier to perform than Helen Grayle's was.

Another summer came and went. In the happy harvest time Dr. Trevor told her that he loved her. He had waited, that she might be sure of her own heart.

"I want to tell you something, before I give you an answer," she said. And then she told him the whole story of her love for Harry Darrell.

"But I have no love for him now." she said, when she had gone over the story. "I have only contempt and pity for the man who could triffe with the hearts of women, as he did. If you will take me, knowing all, why, I am yours!"

"But I want to feel sure that you love me," he said, tenderly. "I don't want you unless you can love me."

"I do love you," she said, and looking in her face, he could not doubt her.

"God bless you, my darling," he cried, and caught her to his breast.

And Melen was content. Out of the dust and ashes of her old love a purer, stronger love had grown, and the man to whom she gave it was not unworthy of it. She is a happy woman to-day, and the memory of Harry Darrell is powerless to give her heart a single pain.

THE LIVING PAST.

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

In the far-away past there's a golden light, It reflects on the shade of the day; And as brightly it gleams, It evermore seems, To drive all the shadows away.

Though the day may be dark, and the clouds overhead Cast shadows our pathway along, Yet the soft golden light

Yet the soft golden light
Is still in our sight,
And we hear the faint echo of song.

Oh, the beautiful past! Not eadly we muse On the time that forever has fled; For its light, calm, serone Will ever be seen

Till we rest with the quiet and dead.

And 'tis ours alone; no rude hand can e'er take
The treasure away from our sight;
For the beautiful past
Will evermore last
"Till we pass into happier light.

COURAGE.

BY MARY BENTHAM.

Courage, friend, the world is wide Life is all before thee; Clouds that hid thy path at dawn, Break in beauty o'er thee.

Out of evil cometh good—
Joy is born of sorrow;
Griefs that rend the heart to-day
Die in bliss to-morrow.

Nothing on the earth is ours— All things are of Heaven; As we labor, so to us Shall the fruit be given.

First the child, and then the man, Life, and then the story; First the dark, and then the light— Pain, and then the glory.



PAID MY HOW DEBTS. T

BY ELLA BODMAN CHURCH.

Oak Lawn, Jan. 12,-

"OAR LAWN," indeed! One frightened-looking oak-tree trying to hide in a corner, and the remainder of the "lawn" a flat yard, in plain prose, sparsely settled by some unsociable tufts of grass, and given up to the raids of predatory chickens and disreputable dogs. The house, well enough for all matters of prose, but utterly lacking in poetical requirements.

The proper title of the establishment is "Oak Lawn Military Academy." Think of it, will you, and ask me if I am not slightly out of my "spear." I have nothing to do with the military part of it, however.

The nearest approach to military evolutions is a daily drill, in which the boys are taught to stand with their toes at right angles, and their arms flat at their sides, like wooden soldiers. There are girls here as well as boys, nominally under the charge of Mrs. Barber-Bar-bay, the professor, her husband, calls it-but actually under mine.

January 25.—There is an element here of which, or I should rather say, of whom, I have yet made no mention. This is the gentleman assistant; or, in other words, the individual who supplies brains to the Professor.

For it is palpably evident that Professor and Madame Barber, the so-called principals of "Oak Lawn Military Academy," are a couple of incompetents; and the assistants, Monsieur Thorne and Mademoiselle Dilford, do all the work; in fact, we are the faculty. We certainly have faculty, which our employers have not.

I have not at all made up my mind that I like Mr. Thorne; it always makes me feel aggressive to see a person with an expression that says plainly, "I can if I choose." He is quite a young man, too, which makes it all the more provoking. He is a very quiet personage, seldom speaking to the boys, over whom he has perfect control, and very gentlemanly and reserved at the table. Mrs. Barber, who is both cook and chambermaid, says that he is as nice as any lady in his room. I hope he is much nicer than one or two with whom I have had the infelicity of rooming.

I never saw an establishment of this size conducted with so small a staff of workers. There is no servant, besides Mrs. B., except a porpoiseshaped woman, of a gnome-like nature, who had anything in them when she was on this Con-

seems to haunt the underground kitchen; and there are no teachers but Mr. Thorne and myself.

January 26 .- I remember very well that, the first day I came here, when I was conducted to the school-room, I met the full gaze of Mr. Thorne's eyes. I mention this as an unusual circumstance, for the man seems too indifferent to look full at any body or anything.

I was in a state of smothered rage at the whole establishment, the "Oak Lawn" part of it, my room, Mrs. B., whom I supposed, from the Professor's representations, to have bloomed, under his culture, into an elegant matron, and the Professor himself, who had lured me there under such false pretences. I do not suppose I looked amiable. I know that my head was an inch or two higher than usual, and very likely I was scowling, though struggling with a disposition to cry, when I noticed the wide-opened eyes with a smile in them, whose evidently critical observation sent the warm blood surging over my face.

I inwardly pronounced the gentleman teacher disagreeable, and resolved to avoid him: but Mrs. Barber sounds his praises in my ears continually. Poor little woman! her husband neglects her, or flies into a passion with her, while Mr. Thorne constantly pays her little, unobtrusive attentions, and never seems to lose an opportunity of doing a kindness. The poor little ignoramus is very pretty, with the richest complexion of milk and roses, and eyes like those great blue violets that grow by woodland brooks; but, although I do not like Mr. Thorne particularly, I fully believe that, if she were middle-aged and ugly, he would treat her just the same.

It seems foolish to say this of a person whom I know so little; but women discover, by a sort of intuition, that chivalrous feeling for women as women that raises some few rare spirits a head and shoulders above their fellows.

February 1.-Just now, I am quite provoked with Mr. Thorne, and I do not exactly see my way out of the scrape. It is such a very little matter, that it is particularly awkward to say anything about it; and there is no one here to settle it for me.

I owe Mr. Thorne ten cents, and I am troubled how to pay him. It all arose from Sophie Master's absurd way of writing. Her letters never tinent, and even a sojourn in the Old World fails to furnish her with any ideas. Her penmanship is in the running style, so much so that a dozen words will fill a page of letter-paper, and a whole sheet contains nothing worth reading. There is always a superfluity of paper in her envelopes, and one of these blank documents has just arrived, with ten cents postage due en it.

Mr. Thorne, who usually gets the mail, for the sake of the walk, he says, brought me this letter, but when I ventured an inquiry about it, he declared that there was nothing to pay on it. Of course, there was not, as he had already paid it, but I do not choose to be indebted to Mr. Thorne, or any one, even for the sum of ten cents.

February 2.—Well, I have "been and gone and done it," and I sit here tingling with anger and shame to my finger ends. Such a wretched bungler as I has no right to call herself a woman.

A device of Satan, which I considered, at the moment, a happy inspiration, impelled me to put the ten cents in an envelope, on which I wrote, "Owe no man anything." This I placed between the leaves of a book which Mr. Thorne and I use in common at our recitations.

Back came the volume to me in due time, and in it a slip of paper containing the remainder of the verse, "but to love one another."

"How dared he?" I thought, in a rage, as I nevertheless admired the bold, finely-executed penmanship. Then I took myself to task for using words of Scripture so lightly, and it would have been a great comfort to administer a scolding to Mr. Thorne.

He had not returned the ten cents, however, and this showed that he was a gentleman—in some things, I added, with a mental reservation. But I never wish to see him again; and it is quite time for me to fold up my tent and be an Arab.

February 3.—Walking over the snow at sunset, and walking very fast, I, nevertheless, lost not a rosy cloud, but gazed thirstily at the gorgeous mass of violet, crimson, and gold, piled up in the west, but dimming, sinking, disappearing, almost with every breath. I say thirstily, for, from early childhood, I had longingly watched the golden sunsets. Suddenly rapid footsteps, that had approached closer and closer, were accompanied by Mr-Thorne's voice.

"Are you in a very great hurry, l"'s Dilford?"

I could not conscientiously say that I was, but I kept my head very much elevated.

- "I owe you an apology."
- I bowed stiffly.
- "Pray, forgive me; the opportunity was irre-

sistible. But the book was no sooner gone beyond recall, than I heartily wished I could get is back again."

Here was my chance for a homily.

"It is such an easy kind of wit," said I, severely; "a play upon the words of Scripture, that people are not slow to avail themselves of it; but it is a practice that I despise."

Again, I saw Mr. Thorne's eyes open wide, and I felt silly enough. So I said,

"Yes, I know that I began it, and I feel heartily ashamed of myself; but I was so annoyed with that wretched ten cents."

My companion smiled, and, perhaps, pitying my confusion, he said,

"Had you any previous knowledge of the Professor when you engaged to teach for him?"

"No," I replied, wondering why he asked the question.

"I am sorry," continued Mr. Thorne, gravely, "for I am told on every side that the man never pays his debts."

"Never pays his debts!" I repeated, blankly.

"No; I do not think he would have been in the least troubled about ten cents; and as you are so punctiliously honest, I feel concerned at the prospect of your losing your salary. I hope it will not make any material difference to you?"

"But it will, though," I replied, shortly. "I had promised myself a new silk dress, with all proper accompaniments, as the price of my bondage here, and now I shall have to make over the old one."

"That's bad, I admit; but my case is even worse. I had counted on some new law books, and I haven't any old ones that can supply their place."

"Then, you are studying law?" I asked, with a sudden interest in my new acquaintance.

"Yes," was the reply, "in the odd hours; but the Professor will put me back for a time."

February 13.—Somehow or other I cannot help liking Mr. Thorne, in spite of his indifference; and he is very kind to poor little Mrs. Barber. She is not always so stupid, either; she has just been spending an hour with me, and she told me a great deal about her friend, Mr. Thorne. I let her talk of him because it seems to be a comfort to her.

She says that '' she had not married the Professor, she should certainly fall in love with Dexter Thorne. I am sorry his name is Dexter, it seems so inseparable from a race-horse. But, after all, what affair is it of mine?

It appears to me that, for the little woman's peace of mind, either she or Mr. Thorne had bet-

ter leave the premises. The present position of things tends to danger.

Murch 10.—Something startling has happened, and the establishment is in confusion.

Mrs. Barber has run away.

The Professor is savage. Mr. Thorne is white and resolute-looking, and I am folding my tent. This is apparently a very uneventful spot for so much to happen in.

Oh, that wretch! He has actually charged Mr. Thorne with being his wife's lover, and the instigator of her flight; and I know, from the sounds I heard in the next room, that Mr. Thorne knocked him down.

But first, he talked to him splendidly.

"Ask your own hard, selfish heart," said he, sternly, "what sort of a home you have made for the gentle, innocent woman who was bound to you by the holiest of ties? Such a man as you is beneath contempt; and the wonder is, not that your wife has left you now, but that she did not leave you long ago."

There was a great deal more, besides; and I found myself taking a pride in Mr. Thorne's cloquence, just as though he were anything to me!

March 12.—But I was destined to receive a little attention from the Professor myself. He wished to see me, he said, in the school-room; and as I thought he naturally purposed to pay me my salary, and dismiss me, I accepted the interview.

Of what was said, I have no very definite idea; I only remember that it took some time to make me understand that I was invited to fill Mrs. Barber's vacant place. The wretch actually had the effrontery to assure me that he had sufficient grounds for a legal separation—that he had regretted his shackled condition ever since he first beheld me, and that, with such a mistress of the household, "Oak Lawn Military Academy" would hold a prouder place than ever among the educational establishments of the country.

There was a pile of books at my right hand; but resisting the inclination to throw them at the man's head, I turned my back upon him without a word, packed up my possessions, and took my seat in the cars, almost before I had time to think.

Then, I began to cry, under my veil; and I quite resolved, for the future, to be satisfied with old dresses rather than run the risk of encountering any more "Oak Lawn" experiences.

Some one had come into the seat behind me; and a familiar voice said, "I think you will want this blind drawn, Miss Dilford."

Yes, the sun was streaming into my eyes; and { certificate.

that and the excitement had given me a headache. Mr. Thorne seemed like an old friend, and I welcomed him quite cordially. But I could not stop my tears all at once; and, by degrees, my companion understood the whole story.

"The Professor has gained his object," said he, very quietly.

I looked at him in some surprise.

"He meant that we should both leave the house just as we did. It is not likely that he will hear from either of us again."

This was a new and bewildering aspect of the subject, and a decidedly original way of getting rid of one's debts.

"For myself," continued Mr. Thorne, "I have hadenough of teaching; this is my first, and it will be my last experience."

"It is not my first experience," I said; "but I hope it will be my last."

We became very well acquainted, on that short journey; and I found that my fellow-sufferer, instead of being the poor teacher I had supposed, was the favorite nephew of a rich uncle, with whom he had had a light misunderstanding. Mr. Thorne, senior, was devoted to mercantile pursuits, and violently opposed to the study of the law; but as Mr. Thorne, junior, had a will of his own, the result had been a temporary separation.

Before many months, however, the old gentleman came to his senses, as our elders always have to do in these days; and wrote a penitent letter full of admiration for his nephew's spirit. And now Dexter Thorne saw his way to the law paved with roses, and a comfortable fortune in perspective hanging over him, in case of a dearth of

"I hope," said I, as we parted at the depot, "that the very first thing you do will be to get a law passed that will reach the wretch who has cheated us both so outrageously."

He smiled, as we went our several ways; and I pondered over this curious "Oak Lawn" episode that had come into my life.

June 18.—Dexter Thorne and I have had a number of partings; and at one of them lately he said,

- "Do you know that you are still in my debt?"
- "I do not think you can prove it," I replied, trying to look unconcerned.
- "Nothing easier. You have not fulfilled the last clause of the requirement you quoted, while I have faithfully done my part ever since. Are you not then in my debt?"
- "Here is your receipt," said my husband, a few months later, as he handed me my marriage certificate.



MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE. THE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147.

CHAPTER IV.

Across one of the moonlit paths of the park lay the form of a man, with his face turned upward, white and still as the moonbeams that fell upon it. A little way farther on, where the great boughs of a cedar of Lebanon flung mighty shadows on the forest sward, another figure lay, scarcely perceptible in the darkness, of which it seemed only a denser part. Between the two, some rays of light struck obliquely on the lock of a gun, which was half buried in dewy fernleaves.

One sharp crack of that rifle had rung through the stillness of the night. Two men had fallen. and then the same sweet, calm repose settled for a minute or two on the Park. But it was only for a minute.

Scarcely had the sound reached the gardener's cottage, when the door flew open, and dashing out through the honeysuckle porch came a young girl, white with fear, and wild with a terrible desire to know the worst. She had given one look behind the entrance-door as she fled through it, and saw that the gun which Dick Storms had left there was gone. She had seen it since he went, and its absence turned her fears to a panic.

Through a window of the drawing-room, up at the Hall, another figure rushed in wild haste. She ran blindly against one of the great marble vases on the terrace, and shook the great masses of dew-laden foliage till it rained a storm of drops upon her bare arms and soft floating garments.

For a moment Lady Rose, for it was she, leaned against the marble, stunned and bewildered. The shot she had heard seemed to have pierced her heart with a terrible fear.

Then she knew that, for a time, the dancing within had ceased, and that the company would be swarming that way, to irritate her by homage that would be a cruel annoyance while the sound of that shot was ringing in her cars.

Swift as lightning, wild as a night-hawk, the girl darted away from the vase, leaving a handfull of frosty lace among the thorns of the roses, and fled down the steps. She took no path, but,

flower-beds, heedless that her satin boots sunk into the moist mould, wetting her feet through and through; heedless that her cloud-like dress trailed over grass and ferns, gathering up dew like rain; heedless of everything but that one fearful thought-some one was killed! Was it Walton Hurst?

Lady Rose was in the woods, rushing forward blindly, but jealous distrust had taught her the way to the cottage, and she went in that direction straight as an arrow from the bow, and wild as the bird it strikes. Coming out from the shadow of some great spreading cedar trees, she saw lying there in the path, a white, still face-his

It seemed to her that the shriek which tore her heart rang fearfully through the woods, but it had died on her lips, and gave forth no sound, only freezing them to ice as she crept toward the prostrate man, and laid her face to his.

"Oh, Walton! Oh, my beloved, speak to me! Only breathe once, that I may hear. Move only a little. Stir your hand. Don't-don't let the moonlight look into your eyes so!"

She laid her cold, white hand over the wideopen eyes of the man as he lay there, so stiff and ghastly, in the moonlight. She turned his head aside, and hid those eyes in her bosom, in which the ice seemed to melt and cast off tears. She looked around for help, yet was afraid that some one might come and rob him. She had found him; he was there in her arms. If one life could save another, she would save him. Was she not armed with the mightiest of all earthly power-great human love?

Wild, half frightened by the impulse that was upon her, the girl looked to the right and left as if she feared the very moonlight would scoff at her. Then, with timid hesitation, her lips sought the white mouth of the prostrate man, but her breath was checked with a shrinking sob. The cold touch terrified her.

Was he dead?

No, no! She would not believe that. There was no sign of violence upon his face; a still guided by that one sound, dashed through the whiteness, like death, a fixed look in the open



eyes; but the moisture that lay around him was only dew. She bathed her hand in it and held the trembling fingers up to the light, to make sure of that; and with the conviction came a great sob of relief, which broke into a wild, glad cry, for a flicker of shade seemed to tremble over that face, and the eyes slowly closed.

"Oh, my God be thanked! he is alive! My darling! Oh, my darling!"

"Hush!" cried another voice, at her side.

A shadow had fallen athwart the kneeling girl, and another face, more wildly pale, more keenly disturbed with anguish, looked down upon the prostrate man and the young creature who crouched and trembled by his side.

"Look up, woman, and let me see your face," said Ruth Jessup, in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper, though it was strong in command.

Lady Rose drew herself up, and lifted her piteous face as if appealing for pity.

"You!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Yes, Ruth Jessup, it is I, Lady Rose. We will not be angry with each other, now that he is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Ruth, "and you the first by his side? Dead? Oh, my God! my God! Has my sin blasted us both?"

Down upon the earth this poor girl sunk, wringing her hands in an agony of distress. Still Lady Rose looked at her with touching appeal. She had not comprehended the full force of Ruth's speech, though the words rested in her brain long after.

"Lay your hand on his heart," she said.

Ruth smiled a ghastly, wan smile, colder than tears; still there was a faint gleam of triumph in it."

"No!" she said. "You should not dare."

Then the girl thrust her trembling hand down to the bosom her head had so lately rested upon, and leaning forward, held her breath, while Lady Rose eagerly searched her features in the moonlight.

"Is-is there nothing?" she whispered.

Ruth could not answer. Her hand shook so fearfully, that its sense of touch was overwhelmed.

"Oh, speak to me!"

"Hush! I shake so! I shake so!"

Lady Rose bent her head and waited. At last a deep, long breath broke from Ruth, and a flash of fire shot from her eyes.

"Give me your hand; I dare not trust myself," she whispered.

Seizing the hand which lay helplessly in Lady saw Sir Noel Hurst coming toward them more

Rose's lap, she pressed it over the heart her own had been searching, and fixed her eager eyes on the lady's face for an answer.

As a faint fire kindles slowly, that fair face brightened till it shone like a lily in the moonlight. As Buth looked, she saw a scarcely perceptible smile stealing over it. Then the lips parted, and a heavy, deep sigh broke through.

"Is it life?" whispered Ruth. "Tell me, is it life?"

Lady Rose withdrew her hand.

"Yes, faint. Oh! so faint. but life."

Then both these girls broke into a swift passion of tears, and clung together, uttering soft, broken words of thanksgiving. Ruth was the first to start from this sweet trance of gratitude.

"What can we do? He must be carried to the house. Ho, father! father!"

She ran up and down the path crying out wildly, but no answer came. The stillness struck her with new dread. Where was her father, that he could not hear her cries? Who had done this thing? Could it be he?

"No, no!—a thousand times, no! But then——"

She went back to Lady Rose, whose hand had nestled back to that poor, struggling heart.

"Couldn't we carry him, you and I? We must have help," Ruth said, a little sharply, for the position of the lady stung her.

The question surprised Lady Rose; for never in her life had she been called upon to make an exertion. But she started to her feet and flung back the draperies from her arms.

"Yes, he might die here. Let us save him. The Rest is not so far off,"

"The Rest? No, no; our cottage is nearest. He might die before we could get him to the Rest. My father will be there. Oh! I am sure my father will be there!"

Ruth spoke eagerly, as if some, one had disputed her.

"He will be coming this way," she added, "and so help us. Come, come, let us try!"

Before the two girls could test their strength, footsteps were heard coming along the path.

"It is my father. Oh, now he can be carried to the cottage in safety."

The two girls stood up and listened. The footsteps came forward swiftly, and with a light touch of the ground; too light, Ruth felt, with a sinking heart, for the heavy tread of her father. She had not the courage to cry out now. It seemed as if some one were coming to take that precious charge from her forever. This fear broke from her in a faint exclamation when she saw Sir Noel Hurst coming toward them more swiftly than she had ever seen him walk before. Without uttering a word, he came up to where the young man was lying, and bent over him in dead silence, as if unconscious that any other human being was near.

"He is not dead. Oh, Sir Noel, his heart beats.
Don't—don't look so! He is not dead!"

"Lady Rose," said the baronet, "You here before me—you!"

The lady shrunk back, and faltered out.

"I heard a shot, and it frightened me."

The baronet made no answer, but bent over his son. The faint signs of life that Lady Rose had discovered were imperceptible to him. But habitual self-command kept his anguish down, and in a low, grave voice, he bade Ruth, whose presence he had not otherwise noticed, run to the mansion, and call help at once.

Ruth obeyed. Her nearest path led under the great cedar-trees, where the blackest ahadows fell, and she darted that way with a swiftness that soon lost her in the darkness. But all at once, out from the gloom, came a cry so sharp, so full of agony, that Sir Noel started up, and turned to learn the cause.

It came in an instant, out from the blackness of the cedars; for there Ruth appeared on the edge of the moonlight, pallid, dumb, shivering, with her face half averted, and her hand waving back to the shadow.

"What is it? What has frightened you so?" he said.

"Look! look! I cannot see his face; but I know—I know!"she gasped, retreating into the darkness.

Sir Noel followed her, and there, lying as it seemed on a pall flung downward by the huge trees, lay the body of a man perfectly motionless.

"My father! Oh, my poor father!" cried the girl, falling down among the shadows, as if she had engulfed herself in mourning.

"Be quiet child. It may not be your father," said the baronet, still controlling himself into comparative calmness.

Ruth arose in the darkness, and crept toward the body. Her hand touched a hard, open palm that lay upon the moss where it had fallen. She knew the touch, and clung to it, sobbing piteously.

"Let me go and call help," said Lady Rose, coming toward the cedars.

"No," answered Sir Noel. "That must not be. This is no place for Lady Rose Houston. The poor girl yonder has lost all her strength; it is her father, I greatly fear. Stay by him until you see lights, or know that help is coming. Then retire, if possible, unseen, to the gardener's cot-

tage. We must have no careless tongues busy with your name, Lady Rose."

Sir Noel strove to speak calmly; but a shiver ran through his voice. He broke off abruptly, and, turning down the nearest path, walked swiftly toward the Rest.

Meantime, there was bitter sorrow under the great cedar-trees; low, pitiful moaning, and the murmurs of a poor young creature, smitten to the heart with a consciousness that the awful scene, with its consequences, had been her own work. She crept close to the stout old man, afraid to touch him with her guilty fingers, but, urged on by a faint hope that he was not quite dead, she felt, with horror, that there was something heavier than dew on the bed of moss where he lay, and that for every drop of her father's blood she was responsible. Still she drew close to him, and at last laid both hands upon his shoulder. There was a vague motion under her hands, as if a wince of pain made the flesh quiver.

"Oh, if some one would help me. What can I do! What can I do!" she moaned, striving to pierce the darkness with her eyes. "Oh, father! father!"

" Ruth !"

The sound of that name was not louder than a breath of summer wind; but the girl heard it, and fell upon her face, thrilled with a great joy. She had not killed him; he was alive. He had spoken her name.

Directly the sound of voices swept that way, and the great, grim trees were reddened with a glare of torches, and a streaming light from lanterns. Then Lady Rose, who had been sitting upon the ground with Walton Hurst's head resting on her lap, bent down softly, kissed the white forehead, and stole away from all traces of light. Sir Hugh had been thoughtful for her. She could not have borne that the eyes of those menial helpers, or their masters either, should see her ministering to a man who, perhaps, would hold her care, as he might her love, in careless indifference.

Yes, Sir Noel was right. She must not be found there.

Down through the trees she went, looking wistfully back at the figure left alone in the moonlight, tempted to go back and brave everything, rather than leave him alone. But the torches came up fast and redly, hushed voices broke the stillness that had seemed so deathlike, and, envying that other girl, who was permitted to remain, the lady stole toward the cottage, and sinking down upon the porch, listened to the far-off tumult with a dull pain of the heart, which death itself could hardly have intensified.

It was well Lady Rose had fied from the path along which some thirty men were coming—gen-tlemen in evening dress, gamekeepers and grooms, all moving under the torch-light, like a funeral procession.

With the tenderness of women, and the strength of men, they lifted Walton Hurst from the ground, and bore him toward the house. Ruth rose up in the darkness of the cedars, and saw him drifting away from her, with the red light of the torches streaming over the whiteness of his face, and then fell down by her father, moaning piteously.

By-and-by, the torch-lights flashed and flamed under the cedars, lighting up their great, drooping branches, like a tent under which a wounded, or perchance, dead man was lying prone upon his back, with his strong arms flung out, and a slow ripple of blood flowing from his chest.

The torch-bearers took little heed of the poor girl, who had crept so close to her father that her garments were red with his blood, but lifted the body up with less reverential care than had marked the removal of the young master; but still not unkindly, and bore it away toward the house. Ruth arose, worn out with anguish, and followed in silence, wondering at herself that she was alive to bear all this sorrow.

It seemed to Lady Rose that hours and hours had passed since she had sheltered her misery in that low porch, and so it was, if time can be measured by feeling. It even seemed a relief when she saw that little group of menials bearing the form of the gardener along the forest-path, which was slowly reddened by lanterns and half-extinguished torches. In the midst of this weird scene came Ruth Jessup, holding fast to her father's hand, with her pallid face bowed down, creeping, as it were, along the way, as if all life had been smitten from her.

A sort of painful pity seized upon Lady Rose, as she saw this procession bearing down upon the cottage. She could not look upon that poor girl without a sensation of shrinking dislike. Had not Hurst been on his way to her when he met with this evil fate? Had he not almost fled from her own presence to visit this beautiful rustic, whose desolation seemed so complete! Yes, she pitied the poor young thing; what woman could help it; but, underlying the pity, was a feeling of subdued triumph, that only one wounded man was coming that way.

All at once the girl started from her seat.

"They must not find me," she thought. "Sir Noel did not think of this when he bade me seek shelter here. I will go! I will go!"

Just as the lights crept up to the front paling, arm. You never felt it so heavy before and began to cast a glow on the flowers inside, you now? Can you guess what it means?"

Lady Rose stole out from the porch, threaded a lilac thicket, which led to a back gate, and let herself into a portion of the park which was strange to her. For awhile she stood bewildered, not knowing the direction she ought to take; then a flash of distant lights, shooting through the trees, revealed the position in which the Rest lay from the cottage: and taking the very path Ruth had sought in the morning, she hurried along it, so sheltered by the overhanging trees, that she might have passed unobserved, but for the flutter of her garments, and the glint of her jewels, as the moonbeam struck them now and then, in her progress.

"Does he breathe yet? Will the motion put out that one spark of life, before he reaches home? Shall I never see him again?"

The thought gave a wild, abnormal strength to the girl. She no longer felt fatigue. The faint dread at her heart was swept away with a more powerful force of suffering. She must know for herself.

Swiftly as these thoughts swept through her brain, they scarcely matched the speed of her movements. Gathering up the long skirts that encumbered her feet, she fairly flew along the path, panting with impatience rather than fear, as each step drew her closer to those lighted windows. All at once she sprang aside with a sharp cry, and turned, like an animal at bay, for, in a dark hollow, into which the path dipped, the figure of a man stopped her.

The shrick of a woman seemed to exasperate the black shadow, which had a man's form, that moved heavily. This was all the frightened girl could see; but, in an instant, a low, hoarse chuckle broke from it, and Lady Rose felt her hand seized with a fierce grasp.

"So you have found it out. So much the better. Both down, and one answerable for the other. Famous end to a day's sweethearting. Ha, lass!"

"What is this? What do you mean? Take your hand from my wrist," cried the lady, in sharp alarm.

"Not so easy. my 'ady, that would be. Some things are sweeter than revenge, though that tastes rarely, when one gets a full sup. I thought you would be coming this way, and waited to meet you."

"Meet me? For what?" faltered the lady, shivering.

"Oh, no wonder your voice shakes, till one hardly knows it again," answered the man. "If anything can drive the heart back from your throat, it might be the grip of my hand on your arm. You never felt it so heavy before, did you now? Can you guess what it means?"

- "It means that you are a ruffian—a robber, perhaps, no matter which. Only let me go!"
- "A ruffian! Oh, yes; I think you said that once before; but let me warn you. Such words cut deep, and work themselves out in an ugly way. Don't attempt to use them again, especially here. It isn't a safe spot; and just now I ain't a safe man to sneer at."
- "Why do you threaten me? What have I done to earn your ill-will?" faltered the lady, shuddering; for the man had drawn so close to her as he spoke, that his hot breath swept with sickening volume across her face, and his hand clinched her wrist like a vice.
- "What have you done! Ha! ha! How innocent she is! How daintily she speaks to the ruffian—the robber!"
- "I was rash to call you so; but—but you frightened me."
- "Oh, yes, I am always frightening you, poor lass. A kiss from me is worse than a bullet from some one we know of."
 - "Hush, sir! I cannot bear this!"
- "Don't I know that you could bear me well enough, till he came along with his silky beard and soft speech. Then I became a ruffian—a robber. Well, now, what you wouldn't give at any price, I mean to take."
- "There is no need. I give them to you freely. Unclasp the bracelet. It is heavy with jewels. Then free my hand, and I will take the locket from my neck. Trust me; I will keep nothing back."
- "Bracelets, lockets, jewels! What are you thinking of. Has a kiss from—from—— Dash me, but I think you have gone crazy. Undo your bracelet, indeed. When did you come by one, I should like to know?"
- "It is on my wrist. Oh, if there could only a ray of moonlight strike down here."
- "On your wrist? What, this heavy shackle? Stay, stay! How soft your hand is. Your dress rustles like silk. Your voice has changed. Woman, who are you?"
- "Take the jewels. Oh, for pity's sake, unlock them, and let me go."

The hand that had held that delicate wrist so firmly dropped it, the dark body before Lady Rose swerved aside, and plunged down the path. She was free to go. Swift as a lapwing she sped up the hill through the shrubberies, nearest the Rest, and, at last, stood panting within the shadows of the terrace, where a solitary man was walking up and down with mournful slowness.

"It is Sir Noel," she said, as the moonlight fell on his face, so pale and troubled, too. "God help us! It is all over!"

- Gliding noiselessly up the steps, Lady Rose met the baronet as he turned in his walk.
- "Tell me! oh, tell me!" she faltered, coming close to him, and breaking off in her speech.
 - "He is alive, my child."
 - " Ah!"
 - "The doctors are with him now."
- "So soon—so soon!" exclaimed the lady, seizing upon a desperate hope from the doctor's pre-
- "I came out here for breath. It was so close in the rooms," said the baronet, gently.

Lady Rose glanced at the house. It was still brilliantly lighted. The windows were all open, and a soft breeze was playing with the frost-like curtains, just as it had when she heard that shot, and fied down the terrace. The music was hushed, and the rooms were almost empty; that was all the change that appeared to her. Yet it seemed as if years had passed since she had stood on that terrace.

- "But we shall hear soon. Oh, tell me!"
- "Yes, my child. They know that I am waiting."

The baronet strove to speak calmly, for the suppression of strong feeling had been the education of his life; but his voice shook, and he turned his head aside, to avoid the piteous glance of those great, blue eyes that were full of tears.

- "Go—go up to your room, Lady Rose," said the baronet, after a moment's severe struggle with himself. "In my selfish grief I had forgotten everything. Was Jessup alive when he reached the cottage?"
- "I-I think so; but there came so many with him that I escaped through the shrubberies."
- "And came here alone. That was brave; that was wise. At least, we must save you from the horrors of to-night, let the result be what it may."

Lady Rose uttered a faint moan, and the tears swelled under her drooping eyelids.

"If it goes iil with him, I do not wish to be spared. Pain will seem natural to me then," she said, shivering.

The baronet took her hand in his own; both were cold as ice; so were the lips that touched her fingers.

"You will let me stay until we hear something?" she pleaded.

Just then she stood within the light which fell from one of the tall windows, and all the disarray of her dress was clearly betrayed, the trailing blue of her train soiled with earth and wet with dew; the gossamer lace torn in shreds, the ringlets of her thick, rich hair falling in damp masses around her. Surely that was no figure to present before his critical guests. They must not

know how this fair girl suffered. be no wounds to her maidenly pride that he could spare her.

These thoughts drew the baronet partially from himself. It was a relief to have something to care for. At this moment, when all his nerves were quivering with dread, the sweet, sad sympathy of this fair girl was a support to him. He did not wish to part with her now, that she so completely shared the misery of his suspense.

- "You are shivering; you are cold!" he said."
- "No, no; it is not that."
- "I know-I know!"

He dropped her hand and went into the great, open hall, where bronze statues in armor, lifesized, held lights on the points of their spears, as if on guard. Some lady had flung her shawl across the arm of one of these noble ornaments, where it fell in waves of rich coloring to the marble floor. Sir Noel seized upon this and wrapped the Lady Rose in its loose folds from head to foot. Then he drew her to a side of the terrace, where the two stood, minute after minute, waiting in silence. Once the baronet spoke.

- "The windows of his room are just above us," he said. "I thought perhaps we might hear something."
- "Ah me! How still they are!" sighed the girl, looking upward.
- "We could not hear. No, no we could not hear. The sashes are all closed," answered the man, sharply, for he felt the fear her words implied.

Rose drew close to her companion.

- "I did not mean that. I only thought."
- "They are coming."

The baronet spoke in a whisper, but did not move. He shrunk now from hearing news he so impatiently waited for a moment before.

A servant came through the hall, and rushed toward his master.

"Sir Noel, they are waiting for you in the small drawing-room."

The baronet hesitated. His lips were striving to frame a question which the man read in the wild eyes fixed on his.

"He is alive, Sir Noel. I know that."

The father drew a deep, deep breath. The claw of some fierce bird of prey seemed loosened from his heart; a flood of gentle pity for the fair girl, who dared not even look her anxiety, detained him another moment.

"Go into the library. I will bring you news," he said.

Lady Rose watched the master and servant as they went into the hall; then, gliding through It is long after midnight," said the baronet, as one of the open windows, stole into the library, he opened a door leading to the hall.

There should \ where she walked up and down, up and down, until it seemed as if she had traveled leagues on leagues, but could not stop.

> The baronet came at last, looking calmer and more self-possessed, but still very pale.

Lady Rose came up to him at once, looking the question she could not ask.

- "It is not death as yet," he said.
- "But tell me—oh! tell me! is there danger?"
- "Great danger, the doctors think; all the more because they can find no wound."
 - "No wound! But that shot! that shot!" The baronet shook his head.
 - "It is all a mystery as yet."
 - "But if he is not wounded?"
- "There has been a fall-a blow; something which threatens congestion of the brain."
- "But if the other, that gardener, is shot. I heard the report from the terrace."
- "And I from the woods. But let us say nothing of this-think nothing, if we can help it," said the baronet.
 - "If we can help it! Ah me!"
- "The surgeons have gone over to Jessup's cottage. He may be able to speak. I will go with them."

Lady Rose looked up eagerly.

- "And he?"
- "Must be kept perfectly quiet. My man is with him."
- "Have you seen him? Is it certain that he breathes?"
- "I have seen him only for a moment. He was breathing, but very pale," answered the
- "Ah! that poor white face! I shall never forget it," answered Rose, covering her eyes with both hands. "His eyes so wide open! Oh, how they frightened me!"
- "They are closed now, and he lies there quiet as a child. There is some burden upon the brain."
- "But the doctors, how can they leave him? He might die."
- "It is only long enough to visit Jessup. He is wounded badly, the people say who took him home."
- "Yes, I know. I heard them speaking of blood on the grass as they came up. Of-of course, the doctors must go to him-and you; it is but right."

A strange light had suddenly flashed into those beautiful eyes, and a flush swept the white cheek.

"You will go to your room now, Lady Rose.

"No, Sir Noel; I could not sleep; I could not breathe under all this uncertainty. You will find me here, with your news, good or bad. It would be like shutting myself in a prison cell if I went to my room now."

"As you wish. I will not be gone long," answered the baronet.

Lady Rose stood in the middle of the library, listening, until Sir Noel's footsteps died out on the terrace; then she stole into the hall and mounted the stairs, holding her breath as she went.

In her dressing room she found a woman leaning back in an easy-chair, who had fallen into a restless sleep.

"Hipple, Hipple!" said Lady Rose, under her breath. "Do wake up, Hipple!"

The thin little shadow of a woman opened two black eyes, and thrust up her shoulders with a sleepy protest.

"Hipple, Hipple! always Hipple, sleeping or waking. Well, what is it now, my lady?"

"Get up, that is a good soul. I know that you have been kept up out of your bed cruelly, but I want you so much."

"Well, well, lady-bird, what is it all about? Of course, you want me. So did your lady mother before you; only I was a girlythen, and——Oh, well, something older now, and that makes a difference."

While the maid was uttering this half-protest, Lady Rose was straightening the dainty little cap, that had been crushed on one side as she slept, and gently shaking off the sleep which threatened to renew itself in soft grumbles.

"There, now, everything is set to rights, and you look wide awake."

"Of course, I am wide awake; I, who never sleep, though you dance away the hours till morning," answered the woman, testily.

"But I have not been dancing to-night, Hipple; fir from it. Something dreadful has happened."

"Dreadful! Lady Rose, do speak out. My heart is rising into my mouth."

"Mr. Walton Hurst has been hurt."

"Hurt! My poor, dear child. Oh, now I know why you came to me gasping for breath."

"He is very ill—quite insensible, in his room over yonder, with no one to take care of him but Sir Noel's man."

"Who knows nothing," interposed Hipple.

"Who might let him die, you know, while the doctors are away. I am so troubled about it."

"Well, what shall I do? Of course, Webb isn't to be trusted."

"Just go in, Hipple, and offer to take his place, while he goes down to the gardener's cottage, and inquires about Jessup, who is hurt also."

"Jessup hurt! What right had he to take the same sight of the young gentleman's misfortune, for his poor trouble, I should like to know," exclaimed Hipple, resentfully. "It is taking a great liberty, I can tell him."

"Still, he is hurt, and I want to hear about it, if you can only get Webb to go."

"Can! He shall!"

"He will trust Mr. Hurst with you!"

"Of course. Who doubts that?"

"And then-"

Lady Rose faltered, and a faint streak of carmine shot across her forehead.

"Well, what then, lady-hird; something chokes in your throat. What am I to do then?"

"Perhaps, you would let me come in, just for a moment."

"Oh-h! But don't—don't. I hate to see your pretty lip quivering so! There—there. I understand it all now!"

"And you will?"

"When did Hipple ever say no? Is she likely to begin now, when rain is getting under those eye-lids. Sit down a minute, and take comfort. Things must be amiss indeed if Hipple can't set them right."

Gently forcing her young mistress into the easychair, the maid left the room, swift as a bird, and noiseless as a mouse. Directly she came back, and backoned with her finger through the open door.

"He has gone. I frightened him about his master. Come!"

Lady Rose was at the door in an instant. The next she stood in the midst of a large chamber, in the center of which was a huge high-posted bedstead of carved ebony, adown which fell a rich torrent of crimson damask, on which the shaded light fell like the glow on rubies. Shrinking behind these curtains, which were drawn back at the head in gorgeous masses, Lady Rose looked timidly upon the form that lay prostrate there, afraid of the death signs which might be written upon it.

He was deadly pale yet; but the locked features had relaxed a little, the limbs were outlined less rigidly under that snow-white counterpane than they had been upon the forest-path. There was a faint stir of breath about the chest also; but for this the intense stillness in which he lay would have been horrible.

As she gazed, holding her own breath that she might listen for his, her hand was touched softly by lips that seemed to be whispering a prayer or blessing, and Hipple stole from the room.

Lady Rose was alone with the man she loved better than anything on earth, and the solitude made her tremble, as if she were committing a orime. She dared not move, or scarcely breathe. What if he were to open his eyes and discover her. Then she could only wish to die of the shame she had brought upon herself.

Still the girl was fascinated. The way of retreat was before her, but she would not take it. Perhaps this was the only time she might hope to see him upon earth. Was she to cast this precious opportunity away? He stirred a little. It was nothing but a faint shiver of the limbs; but that was enough to startle her. Then a shadow seemed to flit across his features. His eyes opened, and were fixed upon her with a blank, unquestioning look.

Lady Rose could not help the words that sprang to her lips.

"Are you better? Ah, tell me that you are better."

A faint gleam of intelligence came into the eyes she no longer sought to evade, and the lips moved a little, as if something heavier than a breath were disturbing them.

"Can you speak? Do you know me?"

Some unintelligible words were broken on the invalid's lips.

"Do you want anything?"

" No. I-I-"

Here the man's feeble speech broke off, and his head moved restlessly on the pillow. Lady Rose leaned over him. Her soul was craving one word of recognition.

- "Try and say if you know me," she whispered, too eager for any thought of the fear that had possessed her.
- "Oh, yes, I know. Only the name. I never mention that—never!"
 - "But why? Is it hateful to you?"
- "Hateful! No, no! We do not bury hateful things so deep in the heart. Don't you know that?"

Rose could not resist the temptation, but touched his forehead with her hand. A ghostly little smile crept over his mouth, which was half-concealed by a wave of the silken beard that had drifted over it. She longed to know if it was a smile or a tremor of light from the shaded light, and softly smoothed the beard away. As she did so, a faint kiss was left upon her hand. She drew the hand away with a sob of delight so exquisite that it made her feel faint.

"He knows me. With his poor, feeble breath he has kissed my hand." This thought was like rare old wine to the girl; she felt its glow in every pulse of her being. With that precious kiss on her palm, she drew back among the curtains, and gathered it into her heart, pressing her lips where his had been, as children hide away to eat their stolen fruit.

Then she grew ashamed of her own happiness, and came into sight again. Hurst was apparently asleep then. His eyes were closed; but low murmurs broke from him, now and then, as if he were toiling through some dream. The girl bent her head to listen. The hunger of a loving heart made her insatiable.

"Here—here with me! Then all is well! Dreams haunt one: but what are dreams. Her hand was on my mouth. I felt her breath. No harm has come to her. Yet, and yet—dreams all!"

Here the young man fell into deeper unconsciousness, and his murmurs ceased almost entirely.

Some minutes passed, and then the door was swiftly opened, and Hipple glided through.

"My lady! my lady! They are here, mounting the terrace."

Lady Rose heard the whisper, and fled from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MEMORY.

BY E. M. WITHROWS.

Twas a Winter scene, and the silvery meen Of the frust-king glittered around; And the moon that night, with its glorious light, Was truly a queen all crowned.

Than jewels more fair, than treasures more rare, The stars in their shyness peeped forth; And the breeze with a sigh, went shivering by, To its home in the far-away north.

The beautiful brook, in its shadowy nook,

'Neath the weight of its beauty was stilled;'
And the banks of the stream, like an acquisite dream,

With sweet, fleeting fairies, was filled.

The tinkling of bells, with their musical swells,
With the low-spoken voice at my side;
Seem so fraught with pain, that I listen again,
And weep for my sorrowful ride.

Ah! the hours that have flown, in the years that are gone, Remain with the sad buried Past; And the blies of an hour, like a delicate flower, Was too fragile and fragrant to last.

When friends have grown cold, then the leaves I unfold, In the beautiful book at my heart; With its sweet sacred love, and the bright days of yore, Which with Present, nor Future, have part.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS,

BY RHILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a riding-habit. All riding-habits are now made short, and as

narrow as can be worn, so as not to "hoop" when seated on the saddle. The skirt, for a person of ordinary height, should be about one 220

right side: sloping gradually to one yard and three-eighths on the front and left side. The cloth should be slightly gored, and laid in deep box-plaits at the back. For a riding-habit, cut at home, the surest way to have the skirt fit, is to slope it at the bottom of the skirt as we have described, (so as to have the part taken up by sitting on the saddle as long as the left side) then gore the widths slightly, and plait the cloth on the band in hollow box-plaits. The English tailors, who make the best-fitting habits in the world, gore the skirts in such a way that there are no plaits at all, except one or two large, hollow ones at the back, and one of the gored widths is fulled



into the next width, to give room for the knee: yard and five-eighths in the back, and on the but only a very superior tailor can make such a

habit fit. All habits have plain, tight waists, with coat basques, not very long at the back, lying quite flat, and close coat-sleeves, with cuffs.

On the preceding page, we give a spring waterproof costume, made of light-gray water-proof cloth. It consists of a plain, short skirt, just



long enough to cover the dress, and simply trimmed with three bands of wide worsted braid, one and a half inches in breadth, laid on lengthwise, and ornamenting the apron of the skirt. It is buttoned underneath the middle row of braid, on a concealed hem. The jacket is cut loose in the back, and belted in, as may be seen in the design. The front is cut with darts, to fit the figure, but not tight. Open sleeves. The hood is cut after the old-fashioned milkmaid hood, so popular, the only difference being in the ornamenting, which consists of a heavy looping of cord, terminating in tassels at the back. The hood is lined with black silk, edged with the worsted braid, as is also the edge of the jacket, sleeves, etc. It is fastened across the front by two rows of buttons,

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with loops of cord. Four and a half to five yards of cloth will be required.

Opposite, we give a very tasteful design for making up a costume for a miss from twelve to fourteen years. It is of a light gray cashmere. The skirt has a deep kilting of ten inches; the plaits made very fine, and ironed flat on the wrong side before being put upon the skirt, but not tacked down. The style now is to let the plaiting fan out at the bottom. This kilting is headed by a scallopedout band, two inches deep. The scallops are bound, and there is one row of embroidery braid put on in the simple pattern seen in the engrav-The Polonaise is trimmed in the same manner. It is cut slightly loose, and belted in at the waist with a sash, tied at the left side. Twelve yards of cashmere, at one dollar, or one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard, will make this costume. A less expensive one may be made of alpaca or mohair, in light gray or brown.



Above is a walking or house stit for a miss from

eight to ten years. The skirt is made plain, and trimmed with bands of belt velvet, silk, or alpaca, put on with a narrow, white embroidery braid, and each band turned-in and fastened at the top with a button; these bands are put on diagonally. The Polonaise is cut double-breasted, buttoning over on to the left side, and trimmed with one band, one and a half inches wide. Coatsleeve ornamented with three bands, forming the cuff. A belt confinos the Polonaise at the waist; a butterfly-bow, with buckle, is placed far on the left side, where the skirt is looped. A pocket is placed on the right side. The dress may be of any solid color, and ten yards of twenty-seven inch material should be sufficient.

Next is two simple aprons, made of plain Hol-



land, and of dotted percale. Pretty and useful.



Next we give a walking-costume of blue serge. The skirt is made short, to escape the ground, as are all walking-costumes now. It is trimmed with a side plaiting, nine inches deep, including the heading. There is a second heading two inches deep. The hem and edges are piped with a lighter shade—a sky-blue. The second plaiting is seven inches deep, including the heading. The Polonaise is double-breasted, buttoning quite over to the left side, looped at the sides, and

slightly at the back. When it is looped at the sides, strings should be placed to tie the Polonaise back, so that it may fit tightly over the front. The buttons are large, and the button-holes are cut and bound with the sky-blue; and on



the opposite side, pipings of the same are placed to simulate button-holes. The back of the Polonaise is simply turned up and hemmed. The cuffs and front are piped with the sky-blue, to match the rest of the trimming. Sixteen to eighteen yards of serge will be required, and two yards of sky-blue for binding, double fold.

We finish with a pretty little dress, for a boy of three or four years, of white pique, ruffled



with plain nainsook. Above the ruffles, and down the side, where it fastens, is stitched a bias band of pique. The whole is tied in at the waist with a broad sash ribbon.

SMOKING-CAP IN BRAIDING.

In the front of the number we give a design, ; black, gold, or otherwise, according to the maprinted in colors, for a smoking-cap in braiding. { terial, or the taste of the lady working the cap, or The material may be either velvet, cloth, or cash- the gentleman who is to wear it. The design repre-

mere, and of any color; and the braid may be sents the crown of the cap, and band for the side.

CASHMERE JACKET.

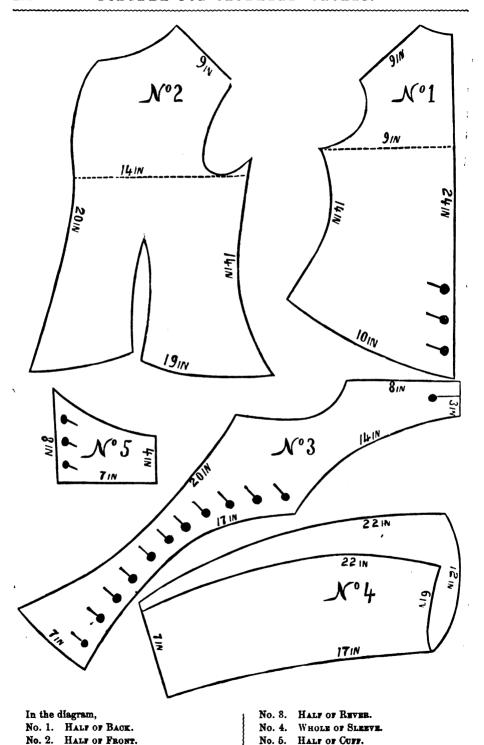
RMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an elegant jacket of black cash a half dozen buttons, three and a half yards of mere, or drap c'ete, with cuffs and revers of the Trimmings are fringe, ribbon, and lace. Handsome buttons are also introduced, and narrow pipings are laid to simulate button-holes. The jacket is edged with a narrow binding of inches deep by seven inches wide, also trimmed corded silk. Materials required, three yards of with buttons. On the next page we give a discashmere, four yards of silk, for lining, two and gram by which to cut the jacket out.

ribbon, five yards of lace, two and a half yards of fringe. The buttons may be moulds, covered with the black silk, one yard of which will be required for binding and buttons. Pockets four





NEEDLE-CASE.



separate leaves of the fir-cone sewn upon them. I the covers and flannel, and keeps them together.

The shape will be easily copied from design. The covers are lined with silk. A piece of flannel Pieces of silk or velvet of different colors must or cashmere is button-holed at the edges to pin be fastened upon a cardboard foundation. The the needles on. A crochet cord, made of pursesections are ornamented at the edges with the silk with tassels tied at the ends, is passed through

KNITTED EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

row.

1st Row. Make one, knit two, purl one, knit



one at the back, make one, purl two together, make one, purl two together.

2nd Row. Make one, purl two together, knit

Make a cast on eight stitches, knit a plain (one at the back, knit one, knit one at the back, knit four.

> 3rd Row. Make one, knit four, knit one at the back, make one, purl two together, make one, purl two together.

4th Row. Make one, purl two together, knit one at the back, knit one, knit one at the back, make two, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, slip one; pass the last stitch on the left-hand needle over the stitch next it; knit one, pass the last stitch on the right-hand needle over it, and again pass the second stitch over the last.

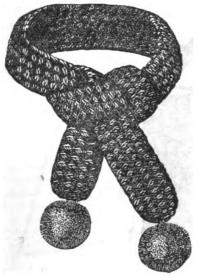


COMFORTER IN TRICOT.

RY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

dozen white Berlin wool.

Make a chain of 166 stitches. Take up a stitch

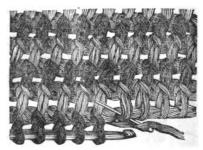


as if for tricot, then draw a loop through it, retaining only this loop on the hook.

Work off all rows as in tricot. For all following rows, insert the hook through the perpen- chain stitches.

Materials: Half a dozen dark-red, half a dicular stitch, and the horizontal lying next it; draw a loop through the two together, then a loop through that loop, and retain it on the hook. Continue to the end of the row. (See No. 2.)

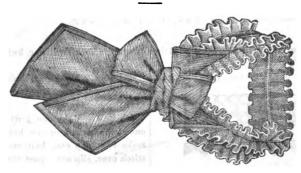
> After working fifteen rows of, alternately, one white and one red, so that the concluding and commencing rows are of the same color, sew the comforter lengthwise together on the wrong side,



then turn it on the right side, and crochet the open ends together with a few chain stitches.

Make the little ball in the usual manner, over card-rings, or twist red and white wool several times loosely over two fingers, hold the bunch of wool firmly together between two fingers, cut the 2 loops open on both sides, and make the balls round. Join them to the comforter with a few

RUFFLE COLLAR.



The ruffle may be made of muslin or net, quilled { turn-down part of the collar, may be of colored according to design. The bows and ends, with the cambric, bound with the same material. 226

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GAITER IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Quarter of a pound of white Berlin | crease one in every row (making the decrease wool, medium-size bone hook.

Begin at the side of the boot with a chain of four stitches; work one row of double, always picking up the back of the stitch. At the beginning of one row and end of the next always increase one stitch (this is to keep the increase at the upper edge) by working two into the same stitch; continue this until you have twenty stitches. The straight side is for the lower edge; then continue twelve rows without increase, after



which decrease one by passing over the second stitch in the beginning of one row and end of the next; continue this until you have only four stitches left to correspond with the beginning.

For the front of gaiter, work twenty double on the sloping part just finished, picking up the back of stitch in returning as before. Increase one at the beginning of second row and end of third row, and continue this increase until you } have twenty-four stitches. In the next rows de- one double all round.

at the lower edge) until you have twenty stitches left; join to the other side slope.

For the strap, cast on eighteen stitches, work six rows of double backward and forward; join to the gaiter on both sides. Finish the bottom with five chain, pass over one, one double in the next. At the top, work two chain, pass over two, one treble. Repeat.

A chain and tassels are run through here to tighten the ankle. The leg of the gaiter is worked in Point Muscowitze, and is begun at the treble row; the crochet is left open at the back of the leg, and sewn together when finished.

1st Row. Point Muscowitze is worked thus: * one double; put the hook through the next stitch, draw up a loop, and work five chain; fasten through the same stitch with one double, one double in the next stitch. Repeat from *.

2nd Row. Double in every stitch, putting the hook through both threads of the stitch; continue these rows three times more, making the points to come between those of the previous rows. At the end of the 11th row begin the increase by working two double into one at the beginning and end of every row, until you have twenty-two points; then decrease as before until you have eighteen points. Work eight rows without increase, after which work eight rows with the increase; this makes the leg the required length. Finish with

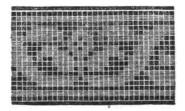
1st Row. Two chain, pass over one, one treble. Repeat.

2nd Row. Double in every stitch.

3rd Row. Five chain, pass over two, one double. Repeat.

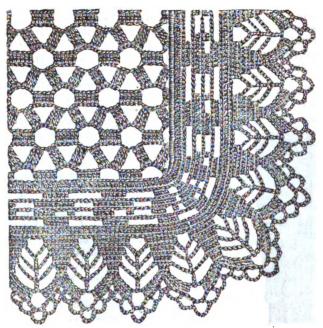
4th Row. Five chain, one double into the center of five chain of the last row. Repeat. Make a chain sufficiently long to run through the treble row to tie. To cover the treble row at the ankle, work five chain, pass over one point,

DARNING. PATTERN



ANTIMACASSAR IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Crochet cotton, No. 24, mediumsize steel hook.

Make a chain the length required.

1 Row. Six treble, * six chain, pass over four, six treble. Repeat from *.

Fasten off at the end of each row.

2nd Row. Six chain, pass over the six treble, one double-treble into each of the three first of the six chain, * six chain, one double-treble into each of the remaining three of six chain, pass over the next six trebles, one double-treble into each of the first three of next six chain. Repeat from last *.

3rd Row. Nine chain, * one treble into each stitch of the first six chain, six chain. Repeat from last *.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately, until the work is sufficiently large. To make the work neat, put the ends of thread in an even line, and work under the spaces of chain five double in each space.

For the 1st row of border, work all round one treble into every stitch, working five trebles into one stitch at the corners. To make the border work out correctly, this treble row must be divisible by fourteen stitches.

2nd Round. Eight chain, pass over seven, six treble in successive stitches. Repeat until you get to the corners, then, after working the six treble, work four chain, pass over four, three treble into one stitch, four chain, pass over four, six treble as before.

3rd Round. Four chain, pass over four, * ten treble in successive stitches, four chain, pass over four. Repeat from * until you get to the corners, then, after the ten trebles, work two chain, pass over two, seven treble, working the fourth treble into the same stitch as third, two chain, pass over two, ton treble as before.

4th Round. Four chain, pass over four, five treble over the first five of ten treble, three chain, pass over three, one treble into each of the two following trebles. Repeat from beginning until you get to the corners; after the two treble, work three chain, five treble, two chain, two treble on the top of the seven treble, three chain, five treble as before.

5th Round. Eight chain, pass over eight, six treble in successive stitches, working the first of these trebles into the third of the last five treble. Repeat all round. At the corners, eight chain, pass over six, six treble, eight chain as before.

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6th Round. One treble into every stitch at the } corners, work two trebles into the third and fourth of the six treble.

7th Round. * Nine treble, six chain, pass over three. Repeat from *. At the corners, work the nine treble, six chain, nine treble without passing over three.

8th Round. * Seven treble, four chain, pass over four, one treble into the center of six chain. four chain, pass over four. Repeat from * all round.

9th Round. * Five treble on the top of seven treble, five chain, pass over five, one treble on the top of last one treble in the previous row, five chain. Repeat from * all round.

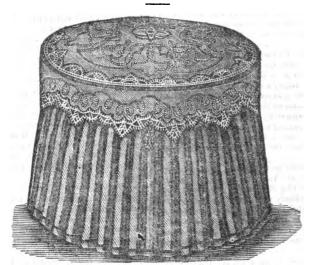
10th Round. * Three treble on the top of last five treble, seven chain, one treble on the top of the treble of last row, seven chain. Repeat from * all round.

11th Round. One double into the center of three treble, seven treble, five chain, pass over three, seven treble. Repeat from * all round.

12th Round. One double into the sixth of the last seven treble, one chain, one double into the second of the seven treble below, four chain, pass over two, one double in the next, five chain, pass over two, one double in the next, five chain, pass over one, one double in the next, five chain, pass over two, one double in the next, four chain, pass over two. Repeat from the beginning.

BONNET-BOX.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



is the foundation. The lower part is covered by { the same pattern. White or colored braid, muslin a plaited valance, made of chintz or glazed calico } and colored silk or cambric, may be used for the of some bright color, covered with plaited muslin. top. When the button-hole work is finished, the

A strong wood box, made in the circular form, , round the upper part. The top is ornamented with The design shows a part of the border falling muslin is cut away according to design.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE RECENT MARRIAGE of the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia to the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of the Queen of England, called forth all the inventive faculty of the French dress makers. Hundreds of new dresses were made for the occasion. Beside all the immense trouseau for the bride, a vast number of costumes were dispatched for the ladies of the Court at St. Petersburg, in which they shone at the various entertainments given in honor of the marriage. Worth, the great "man milliner" of Paris, alone forwarded over one hundred and fifty dresses to Russia. The greater proportion of these dresses are in the style of the sixteenth century. They are splendid, it is true, but they are decidedly stiff, and exactly like the costumes worn by Anne Boleyn and Diana de Poitiers. The sixteenth century, from beginning to end, is ransacked for inspirations, and our leaders of fashion are copying the portraits of Queen Claude of France, and of Marie de Medicis. From Francis I. to Henry IV. all the noted beauties are laid under contribution. Worth appears to have made it an almost absolute rule, in his latest productions, to go back to these far-off days, for his models. He reproduces in this winter's costume, for example, the dress worn in the time of the foppish Henri Trois, of his mother, Catharine de Medicis, and of her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth. Take, for instance, the alteration from the full basques into those worn in Henri III.'s reign; now we have them smooth, shapely, and closely fitting as corsets; again in the newest costumes we see Catharine de Medicis sleeves, that look like armour, close-fitting, with stiffly-plaited poufs; there is the aumonière, or bag, depending low from the universal chatelaine, from which the owner is supposed to dispense her alms; and, lastly, we have the Medici fraise, and the Elizabethian ruff.

Those persons who have been fortunate enough to have seen Christine Nilsson as "Valentine," in the Huguenots. will have an excellent idea of what the newest and most funtustic style is for ordinary wear; and if a picture can be found of Marie de Medici, there will be an evening-dress of the latest fashion. It is quite impossible to explain these new dresses, and it is almost as impossible to understand them after a careful inspection. The lines are all straight and stiff, (an admirable style, however, for short people,) the front of the dress is all in one piece, like the Gabrielle dress of a few years ago, or it opens straight down the front, just showing the perfectly plain piece which may be underneath; the waist is extremely long; the bodies are laced down the back, and the lace around the neck is held upright with a collar of the same material as the dress, and lined with stiff net; even for ball-dresses the shoulders are surrounded with an upright fraise, or frill of lace. The sleeves are close at the hand, and puffed, some all the way up, some only from the elbow, and either round the arm or lengthwise. One of the dresses sent to Russia was in the Anne Boylen style, yet elegant and simple; it was made of turquoiseblue damask, without any ornament save a black velvet chatelaine bag. The front of the dress opened over a plain piece of black velvet; the upright collarette was of Venetian point, and the sleeves were black velvet. A ladder of blue satin bows decorated the outside of the sleeve.

Of course, these fashions are not yet by any means general, and can scarcely ever become so, except among very rich people. For such a style of dress as we have described, very rich material should be used, and these are by no means within the compass of people in general. But equally as a matter of course, the fashions will be so modified that they will come within the reach of all, and in a little while we will find brocades and damasks, and velvets, popular for those who can afford the expense, and figured silks, brocaded woolen materials, etc., for those whose purses are not so full.

The standing collars and ruffs for the neck have for some time heralded these changes in the fashions, and we suppose that the fickle goddess, who for so long a time has allowed her votaries to sacrifice to her much as they pleased, will by-and-by banish all our graceful frills and flounces, and the fluffy, flimsy lady of to-day will be transformed (gradual as the change may be) into the uncompromising wooden woman of a year hence.

Our Clubs are so arranged that the person getting up a club can earn either a premium engraving alone, or an extra copy alone, or both an extra copy and an engraving. Some, copy alone, or both an extra copy and an engraving for a premium: how many subscribers must I get, and at what price? Others say, "I don't wish a picture, but the extra copy: what are your terms for clubs of this character?" Still others say, "I desire both an extra copy and the engraving: what sort of club must I send to earn them?" Hence the arrangement of our clubs in three classes, to suit all these descriptions of persons. See the Prospectus!

How to Purchase Furs.—In purchasing furs, a sure test of what dealers call a "prime" fur, is the length and dealers of the down next the skin; this can readily be determined by blowing a brisk current of air from the mouth "against the set of the fur." If the fibre opens readily, exposing the skin to the view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows but a small portion of skin, the article may be accepted.

BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUETS.—At a recent flower-show, in Loudon, various prizes were offered for Button-Hole Bouquets, with the following result: lst Prize.—Pretty bouquet, consisting of a yellow Rose-bud, mounted with small sprays of Forget-me-not, having amongst it on one side, one pip of Kalosanthes coccinea, and on the other side one pip of a pure white flower, resembling Bouvardia or Jasmine. 2nd Prize.—A small spray of red Coubretum purpuresses, backed with a piece of Maiden-hair Fern.

AHEAD OF OTHERS.—The Jackson (Minn.) Republican says:—"Lively, witty and attractive is 'Peterson' and, as usual, much earlier than all others. We see now why all the ladies prefer it. Because they can get the styles, and have their new dresses made, before any other magazine is published."

THE GEMS OF ART was so popular, last year, as a premium, that we shall continue it for this year. It consists, of twenty-five of the best steel engravings that have appeared in this magazine. We will send it, in place of the premium picture, "Not Lost, But Gone Before," if preferred.

SUBSCRIBERS, whether they buy "Peterson" of new dealers, or subscribe direct to this office, can have any of the premium engravings, by remitting fifty cents to C. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



It Is Never Too Late to make up clubs for this magasine. Additions to clubs may be made, at any time during the year, at the prices puid by the rest of the club; and when anough additional names have been added to fill up a new club, the getter-up is entitled to a new premium or premiums. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied. All clubs must begin with the January number.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE.—Says the Coldwater (Mich.) Reporter; "Peterson's Magazine is the most attractive two-dollar monthly published, and we are not surprised at the large number of subscribers—fifty-five—it has in our city. Its fashion department is unusually reliable, and contains all the latest styles of the season."

If You Wish to Economize, take "Peterson's Magazine." It is only two dollars a year instead of four. "We know of no other periodical," says the Sharon Springs (N. Y.) Gazette, "which gives so much for so little money." It is emphatically the magazine for the times.

In Answer to Numerous Inquiries, we say that we do not send specimens of the promium engravings gratts. We furnish these engravings to subscribers, at cost, merely to oblige them. If we did not own the plates, we could not afford to supply them for less than five dollars.

BLOWING BUBBLES.—This charming steel engraving is from an original picture, painted in Rome by a celebrated artist, and was obtained there, by the editor, expressly for this magazine.

NEVER TO PRAISE anybody to their face, and never to speak ill about them behind their back, was a maxim of good old Bishop Beveridge, and an excellent one it was.

To BE CHEERVIL, as well as good-tempered, not only makes those around you happier, but actually improves your own beauty. A sour disposition means an ugly face.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Personal Recollections of Mary Semerville. By her Daughter. Martha Somerville, 1 vol., crown 8 vo. Boston: Roberts Brothers .- Mrs. Somerville was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Thousands of our readers, we have no doubt, obtained their first knowledge of chemistry, astronomy, and other sciences, at school, from the text-books she wrote. Her proficiency in the studies that have generally been allotted to man, as belonging to his peculiar province, especially the mathematics, is well known. But it is not so well understood that, as a wife and mother, she was thoroughly devoted to her family, or that she was passionately fond of poetry, was a good musician, painted from nature, and in society never paraded her superior knowledge, but was always womanly and modest. Her religious faith also was deep and sincere, and she held to it to the last hour of her life, which attained to the great age of ninety-two. Her achievements in science were the more remarkable, from the fact that, when she began to study, her sex was almost entirely debarred from education. It was not until she had become a widow, and afterward married her second husband, that she found any encouragement, even in her own home, to pursue her studies. The volume before us, in addition to personal recollections, contains selections from the letters of Mrs. Somerville, so that we have, as a result, a very complete picture of her life and character.

Which Shall It Be? By Mrs. Alexander. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston; Loring.—A former novel by this writer, "The Wooing O' It," had much popularity; and we think "Which Shall It Be?" as good, if not better.

Verses. By H. H. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers. There are some charming verses in this unpretending little volume. The author has poetic feeling, a large intellectual culture, and a taste that has been refined by travel and associations. Some of the descriptions of places and scenes abroad are particularly happy. "Poppies on The Wheat," "My Lighthouses," and "The Singer's Hills," are a few of the many poems of this character. In a different vein, but as fine in their way, are "The True Ballad of The King's Singer." "Resurgam." and "A Christmas Symphony." Still different, and turning wholly on the affections, are "Waiting," "Burnt Ships," "Best," "Forgive," and various shorter poems of a like character. "When the Baby Died," and "The Prince is Dead," will be, however, among the most popular in the volume, because they will go home to every mother's heart. 'It must not be thought that we have named all the gems of the book, nor the quarter of them: we have only mentioned a few, here and there, that we have happened to light on. Dainty type and paper, suggestive illustrations, and a flexible binding, make this little collection of poems just the book for the cultivated reader.

Nancy, By Rhoda Broughton. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.-The writer of this novel is favorably known to the reading public as the author of "Cometh Up As a Flower," "Red As A Rose is She." etc., etc. In some respects this is her best work: in others, perhaps, it is the worst. The story opens with a description of the brothers and sisters of a large family making taffy; and nothing can be more natural: nor can the pictures of these young people, all through the book, easily be excelled. Directly there appears on the stage a lover, who finally marries the heroine, "Nancy;" and then begin the complications of the plot, which, in justice to the author and publisher, we refrain from describing. We may say, however, that the causes for the difference, which arises between the married pair, appear to us inconsiderable. The truth is, that, not only in "Nancy," but in most recent novels also, what strikes us as quite remarkable, is the poverty of invention on the part of the authors. The present race of novelists seems to have no constructive power.

The Life of Edwin Forrest. With Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By James Rees. With Portrait and Autograph. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. No American tragedian ever rose so high in his profession, or remained popular so long, as the late Edwin Forrest. Since his death, there have been numerous calls for an authentic biography of him. The task has been undertaken, at last, by Mr. James Rees, who was acquainted with Mr. Forrest intimately, and is himself well known as an able critic of the drama and of actors. The volume abounds with anecdote, reminiscences, and personal recollections.

The Beautiful Fiend. By E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—No American novelist retains her popularity better than Mrs. Southworth, and the reason is that her plots are always full of action. Whatever else may be said of her stories, no one can deny that she keeps the reader's interest alive. This is her last novel.

Aust Jo's Scrap-Bag. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 col. 24 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Miss Alcott writes as charmingly as ever, in this new story, "Cupid and Chow-Chow." The illustrations, by Addie Ledyard, are very graceful.

Europe Viewed Through American Spectacles. By C. C. Fulton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a handsome volume, recording a tour abroad, and is quite superior to ordinary works of travel.

One Year at a Boarding-School. By Agnes Pheips. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—A story of boarding-school life which is evidently drawn from past experience.

Good Luck. By Paul Cobden. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A pleasant story for the young, with the excellent moral, that good-luck is generally good conduct.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE CHENEY AMERICAN SILES.—The progress of American manufactures, especially in the higher branches, is well illustrated by the success of the silks made by the firm of Chency Brothers. The black silks have been known, for some time, as far surpassing any foreign silks at the same price. In durability they have no rivals: we heard a lady complain, "that, if anything, they were too long;" and not having any cotton in them, they do not crumple, or crease, when sat upon. Chency Brothers also manufacture silks of all the new colors. We have a specimen card before us, with six different colors, eight shades to each color, forty-eight in all: and this card is only one of many of its kind: so that the colors they make are, so to speak, countless. Some of the shades of blue, olive, gray, and brown, are unequalled in delicacy. It gives us real pleasure to call attention to these silks, not only because they are so eminently deserving, but also because they can be bought for but little more than half the price that a French silk would cost of the same quality.

A GIFT FOR A LADY .- The West Meriden (Conn.) Morning Call says:-" Nothing can be more appropriate for a gentleman to present to a lady, than a year's subscription to that best, most reliable and complete of all the literary and fashionable periodicals, Peterson's Lady's Maga-ZINE. Peterson's is everywhere pronounced the best ladies' magazine extant, besides being the cheapest literary and fashion publication in the world. Its colored fashionplates are superb: it is the universal favorite among the fair sex; it never had, nor ever will have, a successful rival. It gives more that is entertaining and valuable, and for less money, than any other serial in the country; it is always fresh, sparkling, and brilliant in its contents, replete with matters of interest and usefulness, and is ever an indispensable visitor at the family fire-side."

"BRST IN THE WORLD."-The editor of the Jonesboro' (Tenn.) Union Flag says:—"We do not hesitate to say, that we believe Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine to be the BEST Lady's Magazine in the world. We have seen and read many, and this, above all others, is our choice. It has been our companion from boyhood, and never has failed in superiority either in fine engravings, excellent reading, or ladies' patterns. Mr. J. S. Mathes, of this place, got up a club of twenty-four in Jonesboro', last year, for this valuable monthly, and we now call especial attention to the Prospectus of 'Peterson' in another column. One of the most popular female writers in this country, Miss Fannic Hodgson, of Knoxville, is a constant contributor to this magazine. It is not only the best but the cheapest."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any mouthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You Save Money by subscribing for a good ladies' magazine, for you get invaluable receipts and patterns, to say nothing of the engravings and stories, worth five times as much as you pay.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

NO. III .- TEMPORARY OR MILK TRETH.

Having pointed out the dangers and difficulties, the sympathetic irritations and diseases of teething, it becomes

velopment, and how, by proper regimen and management, previous to the cutting of the teeth, and during the process, much suffering may be prevented.

By ignorance and injudicious management, this has become the most critical period of childhood, as the rate of mortality has been placed as high as one-sixth to one-third of all the children who undergo it.

The symptoms of teething should be cognizant to the mother, lest she be needlessly alarmed. These are, in general terms, increased flow of saliva, swelling and heat of the gums, increased thirst, with a desire to be nursed more frequently; it becomes fretful and restless, with occasional flushings of the cheeks, sudden fits of crying and starting from sleep, with oftimes a tendency to vomit, and looseness of the bowels. During this period the child should be muck exercised in the open air, the bowels be kept freely open, if required, by the mildest means, and the nursing mother should avoid all stimulating food and drinks.

Pressure upon the gums will be found to be very grateful to the child, which, in a measure, benumbs their sensibility, and lessens the pain. For this purpose the ivory or rubber ring is the most suitable, as it is void of danger; while the gentle friction of the gums by the finger of the nurse or mother is also very pleasing to the infant. Some mothers, especially Germans, are accustomed to give their infants a small bag containing sugar to suck, whenever they are fretful and uneasy, especially during teething-a custom which is censurable, for in time it does injury to the digestive organs, and should therefore be discarded.

Children brought up by the hand or by the bottle, or who are feeble and delicate, suffer more or less from difficult dentition. The gums become painfully inflamed and swollen, very hot, deep red or purple, and intolerant of pressure. The cheeks are flushed, eyes red and watery, and the head quite hot. The saliva runs from the mouth most profusely, except in some cases when the fever becomes so great, and the thirst so extreme, that the secretions appear to be dried up for a time.

In those cases lancing the gums is of the first importance, and, secondly, the quantity of nourishment should be diminished; and if fed, instead of being nursed, the only food that is permissable is milk and water. The bowels should not be allowed to become constipated, but kept slightly relaxed, and the head should be kept cool, by being freely sponged with cold water every night and morning, even though it may be deemed advisable to resort to the warm hip-bath daily, which relaxes the skin, abates the fever, and diminishes the determination of blood to the head.

The practice of nurses administering "drops," or opiates, to infants, was condemned months since in these articles, and if continued, or now resorted to by the mother to quiet her infant while teething, will be found to be frought with much danger. It is far more physiological, if the child be restless at night, to take it from its little bed, and carry it about in a well-ventilated room for a short time, sponge its face and hands, and even its body, and refreshing sleep will generally follow.

In the case of the milk teeth, it is not necessary to say that all sweetmeats, candies, pastry, rich cakes, etc., tend to destroy the delicate enamel by local effect, and constitutionally, through the medium of the stomach, which these articles derange, and thus also their injurious effects are manifested upon the teeth, causing them early to decay.

HORTICULTURAL.

PLANTS AS WEATHER GUIDES.—It is well known that certain plants are very sensitive to changes in the atmosphere, and by their behavior, the opening and closing of their leaves and flowers, etc., serve as natural barometers to indiimportant for the mother to know something of their de- cate the coming weather. A Prussian horticulturist-Mr



Hanneman, of Proskau, gives the signs he has found reliable with respect to the following plants. The small bindweed (Convolvalus arvensis,) and the corn pimpernel, or poor man's weatherglass (Anagallis arvensis) expand their flowers at the approach of wet weather, whilst on the other hand the different varieties of clover contract their leaves before rain. If fine, bright weather is in prospect, the leaves of the chickweed (Stellaria media) unfold, and its flowers remain awake and erect up till mid-day. When the plant droops and its flowers do not expand, rain may be expected. The half-opening of the flowers is a sign that the wet will not last long. The Burnet saxifrage (Pimpinella saxifraga) indicates the coming weather in the same manner. As to the small Cape marigold (Calendula pluvialis,) should it open at six or seven, A. M., and not close till four, P. M., we may reckon on settled weather; if the flower continues sleeping after seven, it betokens rain. In the case of the corn and common sow thistle (Sonchus arvensis and oleraceus,) the non-closing of the flower-heads warns us that it will rain next day; whilst the closing of them denotes fine weather. Respecting the weather indications of bladder-ketmir (Hibiscus trionum,) the stemless ground thistle (Carduus acaulis,) marsh marigold (Caltha palustris,) creeping crowfoot (Ranunculus repens,) wood sorrel (Oxalis acetosella,) and other species of the Oxalis genus, rain may confidently be expected when the flowers of the first do not open, when the calyx of the second close, and when the rest fold their leaves. We may also look for wet weather if the lady's bedstraw (Galium verum,) becomes inflated and gives out a strong odor. Finally, the approach of rain is indicated in the case of the yellow wood anemone (Anemone ranunculoides) by the closing of the flowers, and in that of the windflower (Anemone nemorosa) by their drooping.

HOME CIRCLE.

WHAT IS A WIFE FOR?-We do not know who is the author of the following, for we find it floating about unacknowledged. It is so true, however, that we copy it, in order that the half million readers of "Peterson" may have the benefit of it; and in copying it, we endorse every word it says. It does not discourage housewifry knowledge; far from it: but it declares a man wants something more in a wife. "What does a man need a wife for? It is not merely to sweep the house, and make the beds, and darn the socks, and cook the meals. If this is all where young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making, or put a broom into her hands, and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young men will quietly look after them. But what the true man next wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies, and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arm around her, and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart, and impart new inspirations. All through life-through storm and through sunshine, conflict, and victory, through adverse and favoring winds-man needs a woman's love; the heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Tet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a n. bler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy, and love.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FRATER Bade on MATTRESSES.—Many, perhaps, of our readers, who rank "the downy couch" high upon their list of indispensable comforts, will be surprised to learn that writers on the means of preserving health, have almost unanimously, included feather beds among the means calculated to rob the system of its due degree of vigor.

In youth, especially, feather beds, like every other species of laxury, by causing a premature development of the system without strength proportionate to the rapidity of its growth, often lay the foundation for many of those diseases by which multitudes are consigned to an early grave.

Even in persons of maturer years, by the undue degree of heat they accumulate around the body during sleep, and the profuse perspiration then induced, in the milder seasons of the year, their tendency is to enervate the constitution, and lay it open to serious impressions from trifling degrees of cold.

A mattress, composed of some soft and elastic material, as bair or moss, ought, therefore, to be invariably preferred. The latter, with a proper amount of covering, will be found sufficiently warm for health and comfort, during even the severest nights of winter.

Dr. Darwin has advised that young children "should not lie on very kard beds, as it may occasion them to rest on too few parts at a time, which hardens these parts by pressure, and prevents their proportionate growth." A bed, such as is here described, would most undoubtedly be improper at any period of life. There is a very material difference, however, between a soft and elastic mattress, and a bed so hard as to occasion uneasiness to the parts with which it is in contact. From sleeping on the former, even the most delicate need not be deterred by any apprehensions of the injurious consequences to which the doctor alludes.

If ever feather beds be admissible, it is in the case of the aged, who are nearly as susceptible to the influence of cold as infants; to such, therefore, a warm bed is often a matter of indispensable comfort.

FLORICHLTHRE

Plants for Drawing-Room Vases.—At one of the South Kensington Horticultural shows, prizes were offered for the best display of plants in vases; and the following is the arrangement of the best: 1st Prize.—A small trumpet-shaped vase, having three other carved trumpets rising from the same vase; this was nicely decorated with blue coniflowers (Centaurea cyanus,) climbing Fern, (Lygodium japonicum,) and grasses. 2nd Prize.—A dish, out of which rose a trumpet-vase, with two blooms of crimson Cactus, and two of White Water Lily, a few Fern fronds, and some grasses, prettily arranged.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

 $\mbox{\bf App }$ Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS AND FISH.

Stock for Soep.—Take a pot of any sort which will hold about five quarts of water; put in three pounds of beef (the round is the best) with the water; salt to taste; put it on the fire, let it boil, and then take off the fat as soon as it comes to the top; this must be done several times, till it is quite free from grease; then put in a few carrots, one or two turnips, and the heart of a cabbage. In France caronel is always added to color it. Some burnt sugar or burat onion does as well. Then put it on a very slow fire for several hours to simmer.



French Steneed Oysters.—Wash fifty fine large oysters in their own liquor, then strain it into a stew-pan, putting the oysters in a pan of cold water; season the liquor with a large glass of Madeira, the juice of two lemons, six or seven blades of mace, and a small grated nutmeg. Boil the seasoned liquor, and skim and stir it well. When it comes to a boil, put in the oysters. Give them one good stif, and then immediately take them from the fire; transfer them to a deep dish, and send them to table. They should not boil.

Bean Soup.—Put a piece of pickled pork in a pot with two quarts of water. In another pot put one quart of dried beans, after being picked and washed. As soon as the beans begin to boil take them out, put them in a colander to drain, then put them in with the pork, and cover the whole with water. Boil them tili they are quite soft.

Cheap Vegetable Soup.—One pound of potatoes, and one pound of onions, peeled and boiled gently together for an hour in two quarts of water, seasoned with pepper and salt, and two ounces butter, stirred into it just before it is served, will make a very savory dish.

To Boil Sail Fish.—Wash the fish, and put it in soak overnight. Put on in cold water, and let it simmer gently. A fish of five or six pounds will be done in about an hour from the time it is put into the cold water. Serve with parsnips and egg sauce.

VEGETABLES

Purée of Dried Peas.—Soak a quantity of peas in water for twenty-four hours. Throw the water away, and put the peas in a sauce-pan with a couple of onions stuck with cloves, a bunch of thyme and parsley, a couple of bay leaves whole pepper, and salt to tasts. Fill up the sauce-pan with cold water, and set the contents to boil until the peas are thoroughly done. Drain off the water, pass the peas through a hair-sieve, and work them in a sauce-pan on the fire with a piece of butter, until the purée is quite hot, moistening with a little stock if the purée be too stiff. A piece of bacon boiled with the peas is an improvement.

Stewed Carrots.—Scrape and wash five or six good-sized carrots, slice them rather thick, lay them in a sauce-pan, and just cover with cold water; sprinkle in a little salt, and let it simmer until soft; drain off all the water, then pour over them half a pint of good cream, a little piece of mace, a spoonful of butter, and a little finely-chopped parsicy; let this simmer ten minutes, and serve hot. The dark colored, sweet carrot is the best for stewing.

Maccaroni.—Furchase that which is white and clean, as it is liable to insects. Wash it and put it into a sauce-pan; pour over just enough milk and water to cover the quantity cooked, and let it simmer slowly for half an hour; then put it into a baking-dish, sprinkle a little salt and cayenne over it, and a piece of butter; grate old choose and bread crumbs thickly over, and add some cream or new milk, and put it in the oven to brown. Serve hot.

SANITARY AND TOILET.

Hade Restorer.—One ounce of tincture of cantharides, one ounce of spirits of rosemary, four ounces of olive-oil. Well shake every time it is used, and rub a small quantity on the skin of the head every evening before going to bed, and in the morning, after the head has been well washed with cold water, and dried.

Lip-Salve.—Two ounces of virgin wax, two ounces of log's lard, half an ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of oil of sweet almonds, two drachms of balsam of Peru, two drachms of alkanet-root, cut small, six raisins cut small, and a lump of fine sugar. Simmer these ingredients together a little while, then strain it off into little jars.

To Remove a Wart.—Rub sal-ammoniac on the wart twice a day until it disappears.

How to Ours Chapped Hands.—Take three drachms of gum camphor, three drachms of white bees-wax, three drachms of spermaceti, and two ounces of olive oil. Put them together in a cup on the stove, where they will melt slowly, and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them.

A Testal Medicine.—One who knows assures us that repeated doses of a few drops of clove oil, in which camphor has been dissolved, form an excellent cure for incipient bowel complaints. One pennyworth of the oil will dissolve about a pennyworth of the camphor.

Norvous Tracture.—Take three and a half ounces of camphor julep, three and a half ounces of peppermint water, three drachms of syrup of saffron, one drachm of tincture of camphor, well mixed. Three tablespoonfuls to be taken when required.

Silk Dresses, when taken off, should have the dust gently shaken out of them, and afterward they should be rubbed with a clean handkerchief or linen cloth, then carefully folded, and laid by in drawers, and covered with paper.

Pomatum.—Melt half an ounce of spermaceti, and then gradually mixing with it four ounces of sweet almond oil. Perfume it according to taste. Ottar of roses is considered best

Wash for the Complexion.—One ounce of honey, mixed with a pint of lukewarm water, used when cold, is an excellent remedy for sunburns and freckles.

MIRCRILLANGUE

To Clarify Drippings.—Cut up into pieces that will melt easily, either mutton or beef cripping—it is as well to keep each kind separate—put it into a pan with some cold water. When the water comes to a boil, throw in a little salt, and let it boil three minutes, then strain the whole through a hair-sieve into a basin; when cold and ther ughly set take off the cake of dripping, and scrap- any impurities that may remain off the bottom, where they will have settled. It is sometimes necessary to repeat this process two or even three times, but with ordinary dripping once will suffice.

Omelet.—In mixing an omelet, the simplest form consists in beating up two eggs in a basin, with salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of minced parsley. There are people who add pieces of bread-crumb and a few morsels of butter; but the admixture of water or milk with the eggs is much to be deprecated.

FASRIONS FOR MARCH.

Fig. 1.—Walking-Dress of Liout-Green Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with ruffles, headed by puffings, the lower ruffle being much the widest. The tunic is of white cashmere, open in front, trimmed with a broad gimp, and slightly looped up low on the hips. The waist of the tunic has a silk yest. Straw bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon, and a large pearl buckle.

Fig. 11.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED VELVET.— The skirt is perfectly plain. The over-dress is of a soft gray-colored camel's-hair, elaborately braided, and trimmed with a worsted fringe. The deep cuffs, and the corrage around the neck, are also braided. The over-dress is fastened all the way down the front by cord and large buttons. Violet-colored velvet hat.

Fig. 111.—House-Dress of White Grenading.—The under-skirt is made with puffings running lengthwise as far sithe knee, under which is inserted pink silk or ribbon. The upper skirt is a long Polonaise, with a puffing edged on

each side with a ruffle, and pink ribbon is also run under this puffing. The sleeves and half-open waist are trimmed to correspond with the skirts. Lace and pink roses in the hair.

Fig. 1V.—House-Darss of Blue Foulard.—The underskirt is made with four plaited ruffies at the back, and with one deep ruffle, headed by a puffing, in front. The overdress is a Polonaise of the silk, ruffled in front, but plain at the back, and trimmed with a bow and ends of blue ribbon at the sides. A large bow of ribbon, without ends, is placed at the waist at the back. Sleeve nearly tight to the arm, with a full ouff at the top.

Fig. v.—Evening-Dress of White Tulle over White Silk, embroidered in long sprays of roses and morningglories, with leaves. The dress is cut high at the back and on the shoulders, but low in front. Green silk tunic, open in front, to show the under-dress, lined with white silk, and looped back with bows of ribbon.

Fig. vi.—Mourning Costume of Black Cashmere.—The skirt is made with a platted ruffle, headed by a deep bias band of crepé. A plain black cashmere wrap, opening in front, with a cape over it, trimmed with a narrow tape fringe. Black crepé bonnet and veil.

FIG. VII.—MORNING-DRESS OF BLACK AND VIOLET CASH-MERE, fitting the figure half tightly; it is closed on the right side instead of the front, and is trimmed with buttons and an Astrican fur trimming; this trimming also ornaments the neck, the cuffs of the sleeves, and the pockets.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, BACK AND FRONT, OF MICHONOMETTE-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with satin of a much darker shade of the same color; not only the bias folds of the bottom of the skirt are piped with this darker color, but the top of the folds, the sides of the front width, basque, and sleeves are all ornamented with the satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give several new hats in our wood-cuts. The first is of black straw, trimmed with a black wing, a gray gauze veil, tied loosely around the crown, and pink roses. The second hat is of black velvet, trimmed with black silk velvet, crimson roses, and a black feather. The third hat is of dark-brown straw, trimmed with ribbons of the shades of brown and tea-roses. The fourth hat is of gray straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, a gray wing, a branch of pink hawthorn at the back, and a wreath of the pink hawthorn under the brim.

We also give a beautiful and dressy style of a blue waterproof, trimmed with braid.

Although nominally we are writing the spring fashions, in reality nothing is seen but the wraps and old dresses of the winter. The cold, dusty weather makes this a necessity and fashion, somehow, seems to make it obligatory that no new costume shall appear till Easter. But from the peeps that we have had of the new styles, a change, though a slow one, seems to be gradually taking place in the style of dress. Little by little the full, bunched-out tunic will disappear, and yield to skirts almost plain at the back, "a consummation devoutly to be wished for" by short, stout people, but which will make the tall and slender look taller and more slender than before. Pointed waists will take the place of the round ones, with sashes; the bodies are already slightly open, and are ornamented with a high ruff, (in this fashion the long, slender throat has the advantage,) and stiff, rich materials, brocades, and the like, will displace the filmsy silk. Altogether, it will be an older and stiffer fashion than the beruffled, puffy, be-ribboned costume that we have so long worn, making, perhaps, both the young and old look older.

THY RVFF, OR FRAISE, is indispensable to all dresses now, being worn even with morning dresses, or, in its place, is sometimes seen a small upright collar, made of velvet, or of the material of the dress, as the case may be.

A kind of Corsert, fitting like a soldier's cuirass of the olden time, has obtained great favor in Paris; it is made of velvet, buttons up to the throat, has no sleeves, and falls con-

siderably below the waist. Our readers will see how stiff and rigid the slow-coming new fashions will be. But the young belies are by no means willing to resign all the graceful styles of Louis XV., as they have been adapted to more modern use, and but few of the new fashions have as yet appeared on the street.

MOURNING COSTUMES retain the same general style of colored dresses, but are more plainly trimmed. For deep mourning, ruffics are seldom seen, but bias folds of crepé or cashmere take their place; the crepé folds are put on under the cashmere ones, but they are fewer in number. The overdresses, in deep mourning, are frequently only finished with a hem, or at most a narrow bias fold. But the inevitable ruff is put on either in crepé or cashmere. Bombazine has been almost entirely replaced by cashmere, which wears so much better, aud looks equally well.

In order to suit the high ruffs, and general style of dress, the hair is worn higher on the head than it was six months ago. The bulk has changed its position. Instead of being massed as a chignon at the back, it is combed up from the nape of the neck to the top of the head, and there arranged in light puffs and curls. Heavy frizzettes have disappeared, but false hair has by no means followed their example, for there is quite as much, if not more, worn than at this period last year, only it is managed differently. It is prepared in long switches, which are all hair, and can be twisted into a coil and pinned, either as a coronet or as a Josephine knot. into loops, bows, or puffs-in fact, into twenty different styles, and it is infinitely more natural-looking than the stiff. formal chignons which were pinned on in one solid mass at the back of the head. Curls of all sorts and sizes, from the short, frizzy ones to the stiff, round ringlets, are mounted on long hair pins, and studded about the coils and puffs. Thick ropes, made of two tresses of hair twisted together, are newer than plaits. The front hair is usually crepé in long, natural rippling waves, and, where it is becoming, the front parting is made at one side rather than in the center; the side hair is no longer combed straight upward from the temples, any small side locks being turned rather toward the face than away from it. Flowers, when worn, are arranged as aigrettes or as trails, to mingle with the curls, which are now worn to take from the plainness of the nape of the neck when the hair is combed upward to the summit of the head.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Boy's Dress.—Gray trousers, trimmed with black braid down the sides, slightly full at the knee. Gray vest, black-velvet jacket, rounded off in front, and trimmed with wide military braid. Wide collar.

Fig. 11.—GIRL's Dress of Claret-Colored Poplin.—The skirt is trimmed with a full-plaited ruffle, set on under the vandykes, bound with black velvet. Black velvet jacket, trimmed with chinchills fur. Black velvet hat.

Fig. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME OF OLIVE-GREEN CASHMERE.—
The under-skirt is trimmed with ruffles of slik of the color
of the cashmere, and velvet ribbon of a darker shade; the
Polonaise is trimmed with the velvet only. Hat of olivegreen velvet, with very light blue feathers.

Fig. 1v.—Little Child's Dress of White Muslin, trimmed with an Embroider Buffle.—Over this is worn a wadded coat of white merino, the skirt and basque of which are both trimmed with a plating of blue satin ribbon. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and white feathers.

Fig. v.—Girl's Dress of Dark-Brown Poplin, Trimmed with Silk of a much Lighter Shade of Brown.—The over-dress is also of poplin of the lighter shade of brown, and trimmed with silk of the color of the darker shade. Light brown felt hat with trimming; dark-brown velvet and feathers.

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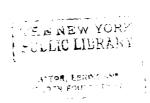
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THE PORTRAIT.

[See the Story, "Lenu's Temptation."]

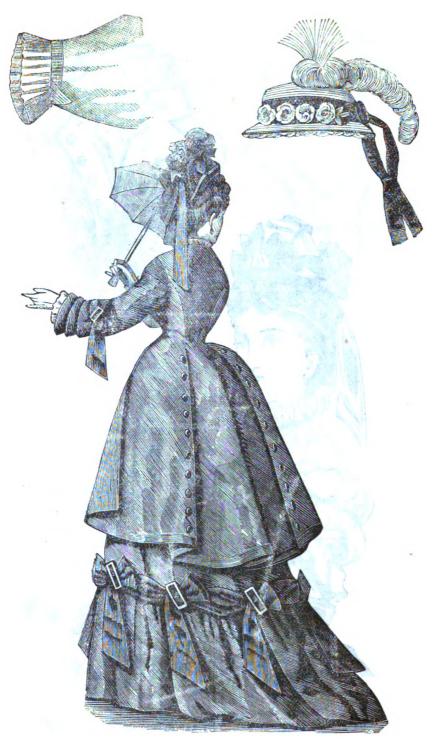




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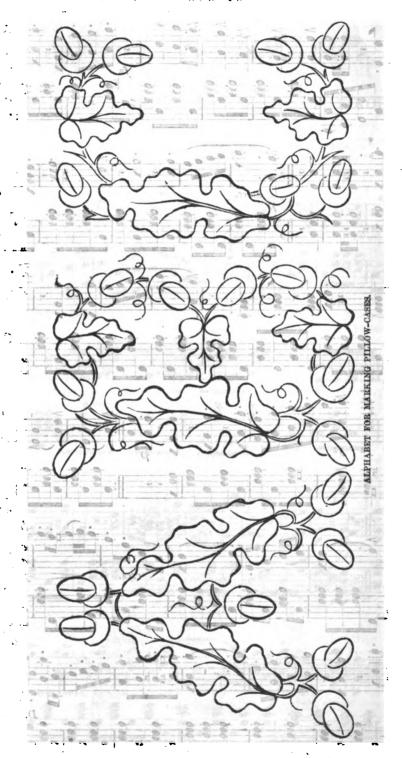
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F. ZIKOFF.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

LENA'S TEMPTATION.

BY FLOYD BENTLEY.

Into the coziest and prettiest of breakfastrooms stole the bright rays of the October sun. There were beautiful pictures upon the walls; choice flowers abloom in graceful vases; and the breakfast-table, with its rich array of china and silver, was itself the perfect picture which the artistic housewife knows how to evoke from chaos; but not a face amid the group gathered there but wore a shade of care and annoyance. The father, leaning back in his chair, toyed nervously with his teaspoon; the mother, a slender, delicate lady, with pensive face and gentle, brown eyes, now dim with tears, pushed aside the hardlytasted food, and passing to the window, stood lost in thought; while the daughter, the cause, as usual, of the family trouble, tapped the carpet impatiently with her daintily-slippered foot.

"Indeed, I must have it, papa!" she exclaimed, drawing a wordy argument to a close; and Mr. Lyell, succumbing at last to the inevitable, drew a plethoric purse from his pocket, and placed a roll of bills in the tiny, outstretched hand; when, with a kiss on his furrowed brow, and a gay song rising to her lips, Lena danced out of the room.

As the echo of her footsteps died away, the mother crossed to her husband's side, and smoothing the gray hair back from his brow, said, tremulously, "I am sorry you yielded, Robert, for it will only encourage Lena in new extravagances. It seems to me that she grows more willful, more selfish and heartless, every day. used to think, when we kept the little shop down by the river, and were so poor, so very, very poor, that rich people did not know the meaning of sorrow; but the fortune I so coveted, has proved a curse instead of a blessing; and this sad morning, it really seems to me that I would gladly exchange it for the peace and quiet happiness that were ours in those early days. God answers our prayers sometimes, I think, to show us how little we know our own wants."

__ Vol. LXV.--17 --

"You must not give up so, Lucia," said the husband's calmer voice. "Lena is wild and thoughtless, but she is young; and we will hope for better things. With such a true, wise mother, I cannot despair of her reformation; and He who led us in the day of adversity, will not, I know, forsake us in our time of worldly prosperity."

Meanwhile, Lena stood in her own room before the mirror, trying the effect of various ribbons that lay near; but, whether the setting was of rose, or violet, or snow, the beautiful picture framed therein remained unchanged. It was a lovely face that the mirror reflected, and though a proud, cold look was dawning in the once gentle eyes, and hard, defiant lines settling around-the once yielding mouth, the vivid coloring and perfect outline made it a face, once seen, to be forever kept in memory, a face full of strength and power. Left to her own resources, Lens Lyell would have fought bravely the battle of life; would have proved the strength and support of the weaker natures dependent upon her. But the nature that would have come forth unscorched from the fires of adversity, had not been able to withstand the glow of prosperity; and living a useless, aimless life, with no higher ambition than to outshine her gay companions in the gorgeousness of her apparel, or the acquisition of some new baubles, she was growing, daily, cold and proud, and unwomanly.

Once, indeed, in the menths drifting rapidly by, a change had come over her life. The touch of a master hand, the glance of a dark eye, the persuasive accent of a loved voice, had wakened new aims and ambitions in her worldly heart, had given her a faint glimpse of a possible Eden. But Gordon Grey had passed on his way, and forgotten her; and in the effort to shake off the memories whose tuneful vibrations maddened her, Lena had plunged still deeper into the enguling maelstrom of fashionable life.

A few hours later, robed in rich attire, she

swept down the street on her way to the jeweler's. In the little country town which was her home, there was not her equal for beauty of face, or grace of form a fact of which 'she was groudly conscious; and the looks of admiration that greeted her from the passers-by, were delicious food to her vanity, which was becoming the controlling power of her nature. Passing a lonely residence, on a retired street, her attention was arrested by a rap on the window-pane; and the sweet face of Gordon Grey's sister, Mrs. Alton, an old-time friend and schoolmate, looked out from its framework of vines.

"Can't you come in a moment, Lena, dear?_I have something to show you," she called; and running lightly up the steps, Lena soon found herself in the pleasant parlor, endeared to her by so many happy memories of the past.

· A new painting hung upon the wall, and to this Mrs. Alton directed her friend's attention. It was a simple forest scene. In the foreground a dead deer lay upon the greensward, with a tire l hound resting by his side; overhead a scarlet maple tossed its gorgeous banner on the air; and a little beyond, a monarch oak, just fouched with gold by the fairy, Prost, reared its regal head; on the right a blue river wound its way among the lills; over all hung the soft, tender haze of an October noontide. A simple picture in its way, but, in the depth of coloring, and exquisite grace of the figures in the foreground, holding out a promise of better things.

"It is beautiful," said Lena, with a long-drawn breath of admiration. "Who is the artist?"

"It is the work of one of our townswomen, and it is her story I wish to tell you. Take this easychair by the window," and wheeling forward a cushioned sent, Mrs. Alton placed lierself by her friend's "side," while baby Howard, picking up a letter, which half fallen from the table, amused himself by fulling it to pieces.

"Do you remember the head clerk at Belmont's?" began Mrs. Alton, "the one with the scholarly face, and the dreamy, artist eye? A few years since he was a leading merchant in one of our large cities. Through the treachery of a friend, in whose honor he had confided, he became a bankrupt, and was forced at last to accept the situation he holds at present. Of his five daughters, delicately reared and fashionably educated, only one, the youngest, could do anything to assist herself, or lessen the family burden, while the mother, completely prostrated by the loss of fortune, became a helpless invalid. But my little heroine has proved herself equal to every emergency. Housekeeper, seamstress, nurse, all in one, she has the priceless faculty of making { "By the way, Lena," she said, stooping to pick

the most of their small income. A friend of mine, while examining some of her paintings, praised her talent, and suggested that she might dispose of them at good prices. Acting upon this hint, she has offered some of the best for sale, but has met with very little encouragement, notwithstanding the undisputed merit of her productions. She is anxious, now, to raise funds to enable her to spend the winter in the city, taking lessons of Grange, who is a master in his department. Lilla's experience, as teacher of a small class in drawing, has shown her how superficial her education has been, and she wishes to cultivate her talent, but, unless she receives help from some friend, I fear she will not succeed. While Lloyed is so embarrassed," and a shadow flitted across the speaker's face, "I cannot conscientiously do much to assist her from my own purse; but I hope to interest some friend in her case;" and Mrs. Alton paused, while her eyes sought her friend's face wistfully.

Lena, throwing off a momentary feeling of emharrassment, answered, "Lam sure I should be glad to assist her, Nellie, if it were in my power; but we have already more paintings than I can find room for, and it does cost one so much to dress now-a-days. Why, only this morning, papa was lecturing me on what he was pleased to call my extravagance, because I wanted that levely bracelet at Ball's. Such a beauty! And not another in town like it. I'm sure I don't begin to have as much as most girls with our means; and what's the use of living, I should like to know, if one cannot dress as other people do?"

An old-fashioned quotation, one soldom heard in the bustle and rush of the present worldly age, rose to Mrs. Alton's lips. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you. that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefere, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?"

"Oh, if you intend adding a 'secondly' to papa's sermon, I may as well be going," laughed Lena, rising to her feet and drawing on her gloves. "Can I be of any further service to you, Mrs. Alton ?"

"Will you have the kindness to match this zephyr for me at Brett's? It's for Lloyd's birthday present, and baby isn't feeling well, and I dislike to leave him this afternoon.'

Rescuing a torn bit of paper from baby How ard's fingers, she wrapped it around the fleecy scarf of wool, and placed it in her friend's hand. up the baby to conceal her emourrassment, "I had a letter from Gordon a short time since."

A sudden flush swept into Lona's face, and in a voice which she strove in vain to make careless and unconcerned, she said,

"He is well, I hope."

"Yes; and thinks of going abroad. His firm greatly desire that he should become the resident partner in Paris. He has nothing to keep him at home, excepting myself and Lloyd, and we shall try not to be selfish in a matter so greatly to his advantage."

Five minutes later Lena was on her way down the street. Mrs. Alton, watching her from the window, whispere I to herself, while a look of deep interest settled on her face. "Gordon was right. She is thoroughly selfish and heartless, and not worthy of him. I must give up my pretty dream. Lloyd says that match-making is one of my failings."

Meanwhile, Lena passed on her way, unconscious that on this perfect day of all the year, Nature had turned spendthrift, and with reckless hand was flinging her wealth of beauty on wood and plain. The earth was robed in glory, but Lena, walking like one in a dream, was conscious only of the old, old heartache: the keen pain so long battled with rose in its might and threatened to overcome her.

He was going away! The faint hope which had sustained her these weary months was utterly quenched. He had never cared for her, she whispered, bitterly, and there was nothing left for her but the same weary, aimless, intolerable life she had endured so long. She had deceived herself in these bright, brief days, forever gone by. It was only a friend's glance that had met hers, only a friend's brave, helpful words, that had given her such hope and courage; and in return she had given all the wealth of a young heart's first love. Clasping her hands in sudden agony, the slip of paper fell from her trembling fingers. As she stooped to regain it, her glance fell upon her own name, written in a hand-writing she knew but too well; and without stopping to think, she unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"I do love her, Nellie, as I never expect to love again; but I dare not trust my life's happiness in the hands of one so utterly frivolous and selfish, I had almost said heartless. It gives me keen pain to write this; but the truth stands before me, and I must face it and bear it. There has been a time when I thought she might prove different; that the slumbering better nature in her soul would waken to new life; but the experience of the past year has proved my hopes

false. On every hand I hear of her vanity and folly, her selfishness and hard-heartedness. I am going away! and in the new life opening before me, I shall try to drive the memory of Lena Lyell from my mind."

Pleasant words for a loving, sensitive heart to scan! But in extreme cases harsh remedies are needed, and Nellie Alton never did a wiser decition when, unwittingly, she placed that slip of torn paper in her friend's hand.

After the first glow of indignation had subsided, Lena was conscious of a faint thrill of joy mingling with the keen pain Gordon Gray's words had caused. He had cared for her, then, after all; it was her own hand that had dashed the cup of joy from her lips. If she had only been true to herself, how much pain she might have been spared; and the old child-look came back into Lena's face; and the tears rose in her eyes, as she prayed silently, "God forgive me! and help me to be a better woman!"

The coveted bracelet had lost its charm. She was in no mood for trifles. Turning down a side street, she walked on, and on, beneath the wind-stirred trees, until the slanting rays of the afternoon sun roused her from her reverie. She was on the outskirts of the village, and right before her stood a little house, gray, and unpainted, at whose window a young girl sat before her easel. Mrs. Alton's description had been so vivid that Lena had no difficulty in recognizing in the young artist the heroine of her friend's story. Opportunities for doing good had passed by her one by one unimproved in the olden days; here was one, and she would not neglect it; and in a moment more she was introducing herself to the young artist, and all her old-time pride forgotten, chatting with her like an old friend, winning her confidence, and devising means to assist her without wounding her pride. In the point of the

There was an irresistible charm about Lilla Burton's manner. She was so thoroughly in earnest in the pursuit of her life-work, so wrapped-up in the interests of the dear ones for whose sake she labored, that Lena became deeply interested in her, and when she at last took her departure, the roll of bills was transferred to the artist's hand, and Lena became the happy possessor of one of her finest paintings.

Walking home in the late afternoon, Lena was conscious of a strange sense of self-satisfaction, and almost contentment. For the first time in years she had experienced the joy of making another happy, and the good work so begun she had no intention of leaving unfinished. Before she retired for the night, she had written a long letter to an aunt in the city, whose kind interest.

she felt determined to awaken in behalf of her protegé.

A reply soon came. Aunt Ruth would be glad of a companion, and would do all in her power to assist the young artist: and so it came about that when the first snows fell Lilla Burton became an inmate of Mrs. Cran's home, and began to apply herself with untiring assiduity to her loved art.

As for Lena, once having tasted the sweets of doing good, she had no mind to go back to the 'old selfish life. On the right hand and on the left she found those who needed her help, her sympathy and advice; and becoming interested in her work, the old pain and heartache lost some of its strength. A complete change had passed over her nature, and her parents rejoiced in the result, without inquiring too closely into the cause which had produced it.

Gordon Gray did not go abroad. The ties which bound him to his native land were too strong to be broken; and so it came that, frequenting art galleries and studios, he became familiar with a fair young face which attracted him by the earnestness imprinted on every feature. It grew to be one of his pleasures at last to stand by Lilla Burton's side, and watch her at her beautiful work, giving freely a friend's kindly criticism.

The Christmas time was drawing nigh, and Lilla's heart, overflowing with its debt of gratitude, determined to make a suitable acknowledgment to her kind benefactress. Hour by hour she labored patiently. When the Christmas week dawned the work was completed, and was a portrait of Lena Lyell, dressel in a dark velvet costume, and holding in her hand some crocuses. It friends who throng an had been sketched from memory; for Lilla had once seen her thus; but the tender, truthful look was of a loftier character than had been seen her to labor for othe in the Lena of old: though it was no exaggera-

tion now. A loving heart had dictated, and a loving hand had executed the portrait, and rarely had a more beautiful face beamed forth from a canvas.

As she put the last touch to the picture, and leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction, Gordon Gray, who had been absent from the city, entered. In her absorption, Lilla did not perceive him, till he spoke.

"Heavens, what a likeness!" he exclaimed.
"Only, if possible, even more beautiful. Tell
me, Lilla," he cried, in agitation, "is this only
a fancy piece, or is it a real portrait?"

"It is a real portrait," answered Lilla, regarding him with surprise. "Do you know her? It is the face of Lena Lyell, my dearest friend, the noblest woman I ever knew."

She spoke with enthusiasm, and while her visitor listened, in astonishment and admiration, the whole story came out.

A great revolution had taken place in Gordon Gray's heart. Even to himself he would not before acknowledge that the old love still lingered; but it needed but this breath of praise from a woman's lips to fan the smouldering embers into a brilliant flame. When they parted, it was with a firm resolve in his heart to pay his sister a visit, and see for himself if time had, indeed, wrought such wondrous changes.

What the result of his observations was, may be inferred from the fact, that Lena Lyell is now, and has been for many years, his happy wife. In her sunlit home she hears of the fame and honor which her protegé has acquired; of the wealth that has poured in upon her; of the hosts of friends who throng around her; and she thanks the Giver of Good, who turned her feet from the paths of folly and selfishness, and in teaching her to labor for others, brought true happiness to her worldly heart.

A FRAGMENT.

BY B. D. L. EVANS.

One of a broken vow!

What then?
The days will come and go;
Filling my soul with a sleepless pain,
Thawing my life, as the drikling rain,
Melted the early snow.

Only a rained hope?
Indeed!

Where tander mem'ries dwell;
Like mourners, come to a house of woe,
With the sweet, sweet "songs of long ago"
Chaaged for a toiling bell.

Ohly a hopeless life!
Yet still,
It passeth mortul kan,
How I long for those sweet, tender ways,
And those dear, oh, those beautiful days
That cannot come again.

Only a broken heart!

Ah, me!
A broken heart; what then?
Why, a sleepless pain, a dull despair;
A wreck on the heaving ocean, where
A ship yet might have been:

THE SAAR SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

QUEER pickings for the antiquarian in social matters may be found in the records of Virginia and Kentucky courts, if any such be left unmolested in their dusty niches since the war. There, an old deed will give sudden shape and significance to a vague superstition, which has overhung certain families, or properties, for generations; an oblong bit of parchment will clothe some beggarly, poor white-trash, with ancient lineage and renown—a spectral glimmer, but of far more import in their neighbors' eyes than any present weight of vulgar greenbacks could be.

Curious traces, indeed almost all that we possess, remain in these records, in the western part of these States, of the condition of society, in the border, after the first savage conflict with the Indian and the wilderness was over, and before the finer manners and tastes of a higher civilization began to gain their softer sway. The social intercourse of those days was a strange cross of the rough pioneer habits and the stately courtesy of old Virginia, with a heavy dash of the slangy ruffianism of the frontier west. To this anomalous mixture must I refer the reader for the explanation of whatever may seem improbable in my story.

The incidents, bare as a proces verbal, fell in my way, in one of these old records. The names were familiar; the Saars and Pomeroys yet held places among us—great grandchildren of the old worthies and unworthies, who had borne part in so strange a deed. It was not hard to trace the law-suit back to the right families, and clothe the bare incidents with life from their old traditions. Such a narrative as they furnish, I now offer you, merely premising that the old Saar House, with its sole occupant, was standing a few years back, and indeed may be still.

CHAPTER I.

THE stage-coach, with its four horses, had dragged its lumbering way across the steepest ledges of the river hills all day long, until at evening Miss Pomeroy laid back her head against the snuffy curtains, dispirited and tired. Inside, was the stifling smell of the leather; outside, the hold, gloomy features of a country altogether unfamiliar. They chilled and appalled her. She

listened to the conversation of her companion, a dwarfish man, who sat opposite to her, with careless indifference. Starkey Weir might be, in the eyes of the men of New York, both scholarly and brilliant; but the rarest qualities grow hackneyed in a messmate, and Miss Pomeroy had had the advantage of Major Weir's care and scoldings, and daily cynical scorning of her friends since her infancy. Out in this wild new scenery, and the beginning of a wild, new life, they were stale to her. Besides, she had lately tasted food of a more delicate and personal flavor, and she thought of it now longingly. Mr. Weir suspected her thoughts, and was silent.

An orphan since childhood, and used to think for herself (with as little reason, be it said, as practicable) Lucy Pomeroy was invariably treated more as a woman than her age or character would warrant. When her aunt (whose ward she had been) died two months ago, and she signified to her next friend, Major Weir, her intention of visiting the unknown races of Saar and Pomeroy, in the West, he prepared to escort her hither without question. During the long journey, he had, of course, as she vouchsafed no confidences, maintained the same unbroken silence with regard to these new kinsfolk; but she noted the eager, anxious haste with which he seized the first remark which gave any promise of breaking it.

"You do not know the Saars, of course," she said.

The major gave his peculiar, shrill little chuckle.

"Know the Saars! By reputation? Yes. All the back country has known the Saars by reputation for generations. Wherever there is a tribe wandering up and down on the earth, there is a Saar among them. The visitor who stumbled in among the sons of God, as Job tells us, in such a malapropos fashion, the backwoodsmen say, was the original Saar of all."

- "A coarse joke!" said Miss Pomeroy, quietly.
- "Yes, coarse enough; but it has enough truth to whet the edge of it. They are the Arabs of this country!"
- "I knew," she laughed, "that a good deal of the fire that never was in earth or sky went into the making up of my kinspeople. But they are assuredly not nomadic. The enormous districts of land they hold were won by them in colonial

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times," with concealed exultation. "I have heard they hold a kind of baronial state on it still."

"They were government surveyors," said the major, dryly, "one of whose perquisites was as much land as they could ride about in a given number of hours. When thousands of acres were to be bought for an old penknife, princely estates could be stored away as easily as a housewife does cheese."

"You have a grudge against some of my ancient lineage," said Lucy, good-humoredly. "They have crossed your path in some of your hunting excursions. I have heard they preserve their game vi et armis in some of the lower counties."

Major Weir laughed contemptuously. "They are the races who make good hunters: at least we may say that in their behalf. Did you know, Lucy," hesitating, "that the Saars and Pomeroys are of mixed blood?"

"Oh, yes!" responded Miss Pomeroy, complacently. "It was the habit of those old Indian fighters to intermarry with the chiefs' families. My cousins, I have heard, preserve the Indian names, and dress at times in costume. I shall be disappointed, major, if we do not meet some bright Alfarata, bow in hand, coming to greet us when we enter their estates."

The major lay back in his seat, and was silent. His wisest course, he judged, was to leave such folly to cure itself. Miss Pomeroy ran on, now thoroughly aroused.

"The red blood shows itself to the farthest limit of the family, I have been told. They are a restless race, jealous, unforgiving, with a home-sickness which draws them always back out of cities to nature—a sort of wood calenture. My father was both a Saar and a Pomeroy. He felt it, they tell me, tried to return to the mountain life again and again, and break through with all civilized bonds."

"Yes," said Major Weir, gravely. He watched Lucy closely as she said this. She was in the habit of alluding to the father, whom she had never known, with the fond reverence with which a Catholic child might speak of a saint; but he had never known her touch before on this dark point in his history. She passed on giddily to some other report of the "barbaric Saars," as she called them.

They were drawing near now to their land.

"Must we pass through the town? I fancied our arrival would be through mountain defiles and fastnesses," said Lucy, with a look of chagrin.

"Many of your cousins are citizens of the town," replied the major, quietly; "but I am bound to acknowledge they do none of the work of it."

Lucy shot a keen glance at him, and pursed her lips. Her kinsfolk was a subject on which she was resolved to form her own verdict.

The town was a long, sleepy line of houses along one muddy street, which explored its way up and down a succession of hills. The sole sign of life in it was a boll-wagon team, which ploughed hub-deep through this unending street, to some point on the hopeless horizon. At the present time, one of the large commercial marts of the south-west fills the place of the ancient burgh; but the date of our story lies fifty years ago.

As the red and yellow coach, the driver trumpeting his tin horn lustily, dashed up through the street, scattering the mud up to the board walks and hedges of weeds on either side. Lucy looked from side to side with breathless interest. The major gave one hasty glance ahead at the yillago tavern.

"I see a legion of the 'barbaric Snars' waiting to claim' you, Lucy," he said, leaning forward, and speaking so eagerly as to be almost unintelligible. "I ought to have warned you seriously before; but you are a headstrong girl! Fromise me this much, however: be on your guard with them. Keep your own secrets, and especially let no hint escape you of your relations to Lloyd Champlain."

Miss Pomeroy disengaged her hand, which he had caught. "I am going among my own people," she said, "and I am unable to see the propriety of concealing my betrothal. I am not ashamed of it, nor of them, Major Weir."

"'He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,"
muttered the major, as he opened the coach-door,
in front of the tavern horse-trough, and scrambling out, assisted her in the perilous leap.

"Miss Pomeroy, here is your uncle, Col. Saar. He will receive you from me here, doubtless, and escort you to the Saar House."

Lucy drew back, as a puffy, bloated, purple face was thrust into hers.

"I'm before your uncle, cousin Lu. I'm his oldest, Zachariah. By George, you've a neat ankle of your own. We were looking at it as you got down. Saar blood tells there," holding her by the hand at arm's length, while he inspected her from head to foot. "Your father may not have counted much to you, as a father, but he gave you some fine points. You've not seen the old fellow for years, eh?"

"My father is dead?" said Lucy, under her breath, and turning to cling to Major Weir.

"O-ho! Dead? Why, certainly, he's dead.
What am I thinking of?" with a puzzled face.
Hazy with drink, Lucy thought, disgusted. Col.
Saar, who had been standing back, preventing

Weir from interrupting this colloquy, now stepped { hastily forward.

"And this is Godfrey Pomeroy's child, and Marion Saar's? You have double claim to come to me as 'daughter of my house and heart,' " taking both her hands. "Both father and mother were of my blood."

Miss Pomeroy looked at him as he spoke, flushing and smiling with proud gratification. Her look said to Weir, "Is not this a magnificent headpiece for an ancient house?" Nor was she wrong. Col. Saar was a tall, ruggedly-built man of seventy, with a commanding carriage, and a mane of snowwhite hair, framing a dark, high-featured Indian face. The nose and chin, it is true, Major Weir observed, were a trifle too red, but that was almost a matter of course in these free-living days. The major was almost satisfied with the guardian to whom he must leave Lucy.

Col. Saar led the way to the side of the building, scattering the crowd about him, with an oath, under-breath, as though they had been a pack of A showy, but well-appointed phæton, drawn by two exquisite bay mares, waited.

"We received your letter just in season to drive down to meet you, Major Weir," he said, lifting Lucy in. "Come, my dear sir, the baggage will follow."

Weir hesitated; but the desire to find what difficulties, if any, lay before Lucy, overcame his repugnance to the obnoxious family. "I will go with you to Saar House; but I must push on my journey, to-day," he said.

Col. Saar placed his son with Lucy on the back seat, and dismissed the driver. "Will you sit with me, Major Weir?" he said, significantly, adding, as soon as they were out of hearing on the high scat together, "To be frank, I know so little of my niece, that I am going to catechize you. It is the shortest way to learn how to accommodate her new home to her."

"Miss Pomeroy's tastes-" began Major Weir. But Saar shrugged his shoulders.

"The tastes of schoolgirls are not likely to vary, except between pink and blue dresses. What are her means—her expectations? forget I do not know whether I am receiving into my house an heiress or a beggar."

"As she comes but for a few months, I should not think your brother's daughter should be unwelcome as either," said Weir, irritably. " Miss Pomerov did not receive any legacy from her aunt, as was expected by her friends-"

"Did not receive?" eagerly. "Ah, now we come to the point. She is, in fact, then, penniless?"

are apt to do, without an attested will, and the entire property reverted to her husband's heirs."

Col. Saar flicked his off-horse, contracting his heavy brows into an ominous frown. "Of course," he proceeded, as if finishing a sentence, "my niece is welcome to a shelter under my roof as long as she chooses to claim one. But if she has come with the intention of making any other claim, I warn you as her friend it will be use-

Weir was not easily discomposed by men. He looked coolly at Col. Saar's heated face before

"It was against my will that Miss Pomeroy ventured here in search of her kinsfolk. Blood is a strong tie with her, and she had some girlish fancy of finding a cordial, generous welcome from them. As for any other claim she can make, I do not understand your meaning."

"She had not heard of the death of my uncle? John Saar," he continued, hastily, "has been an imbecile since his birth. He held but a life estate in his property; at his death it was to inhere to the oldest child of Peter Saar, then living. Peter Saar was my father."

"I am at a loss to understand what Miss Pomeroy has to do with this."

"Her mother was Peter Saar's oldest child, and I feared my niece, in her ignorance of the law, might suppose the claim descended to her. But the property," anxiously, "was to belong to the oldest child now living; not to the heirs of the oldest child."

"It would be difficult to misinterpret so plain a sentence," said Weir, "if you have remembered it correctly." But he inwardly determined to look into the matter at the Recorder's office. when he returned to the town. As for Miss Pomeroy, she never should have been suffered to take her own willful way in coming here. Now that she had taken it, nothing could be done, but to leave her to the sharp experience of the next two months. At the end of that time, she was to be married, and the love and happiness of the honeymoon would help her to laugh at her adventures among the savage Saars. "Though what happiness a shrewd, sensible girl can find in the society of a prig like Lloyd Champlain I cannot imagine," thought the old bachelor, testily. "A stingy prig, too, if I am not mistaken. He would scent out this legacy as a hound a hare."

CHAPTER II.

THE day was windy. The heavy embankmer of cloud walling the horizon, and the bold swee "The old buly died, as whimsical old ladies ing shadows over the mountainous landson.



fitted and chorded to it as a grand harmony to noble words. Lucy's eye kindled, and now and again sought Weir's with eager sympathy.

"These mountain effects are new to me," she said, when Col. Saar intercepted one of her delighted glances.

"Mountains? Yes, they're mighty wearing on the horses. Here's the old place. It'll look shabby to your trig Philadelphia notions, Major Weir. Things are tolerably slack about h'yah?"

Major Weir was startled. He had looked for a showy, pretentious house, such as in the East is the background for underbred wealth; tut he saw a mass of solid, gray sandstone rising against a wall of green forest, and flanked by the mountains. He was thoroughly pleased. "Your homestead gives me an idea of endurance and massive strength, such as I never saw in any other building," he said.

"They built for Doomsday in those times," dryly. "Famous hiding-places for rats, human and otherwise," he added, as a swarm of men came lazily out of a sort of decayed porter's lodge at the sound of the wheels. "Can you tell the white from the black, Lucy? Hardly; yet the men who look like light mulatoes are Saars, every one of them. Some of the dark ones too," in a lower voice, for Weir's benefit. "Haugers on at the house? Yes, certainly."

So far, he had spoken with a kind of grandiloquent boastfulness; but his face suddenly changed as one of the poorest and most ragged of the idlers ran forward to open the gate.

"Back, sir!" he cried, reigning in the horses so suddenly as to cover the man with mud. "Stephen!"

A gray-headed black man came out of the house, and stood cringing by the wheel.

"My uncle apparently has a temper to be respected," thought Lucy, amused at the visible dismay and alarm with which the crowd of dependents looked up to their master's angry visage.

The man who had provoked his ire seemed alone unconscious of it, and stood at the horses' heads, stroking them down, and chattering to them as they halted. He was an old man, darkskinned like the others, with a thin, white beard and hair. His eyes, which were singularly light and vague in expression, wandered irresolutely over the occupants of the carriage.

"An imbecile, is he not?" said Lucy, with sorrowful interest, leaning forward.

"An idiot! That's the English of it! A med- found. Col. Saar, too, alighting, and offering dlesome, mischief-making idiot! Why is George welcome on his own threshold, was suddenly loose. Stephen? Did I not give orders that he metamorphosed into the courteous, genial gentle-should be strictly confined during this lady's man, no trace of the bully or greedy miser of an stay. I will not have you annoyed, my dear, hour before remained." His half-drunken son,

while you are with us, by any unpleasant sight or sound." turning to her.

The black fellow had caught George by the arm, and dragged him roughly backward; but the old man fluug him off, and pressed forward to the side of the phæton, attracted by Lucy's voice and smile. She put out her hand kindly; but when he would have touched it, Col. Saar struck him brutally back, muttering a fierce imprecation.

"Stephen!"

The negro wrenched the poor wretch back, and in a moment disappeared with him in the house. They drove on in silence, Lucy too astonished and indignant to speak.

"I would not have had this rencounter for the life of the idiot," said Col. Saar, at last, to Weir, with an oath, but essaying to control himself. "I wish my niece's stay to be unclouded with any trouble."

"She will not be troubled," rejoined the major, suavely. "She will doubtless soon become accustomed to the peculiarities of your western manners." He was discreetly blind to the sharp glance of suspicion with which Col. Suar regarded him. "One of your retainers, this poor fellow, I presume? I think I detect the likeness to the Saars?"

"No! That is—— He is en illegitimate cousin; a poor half-breed. There are too many of such out-branches to the family. A dangerous fellow, at times."

Major Weir made a mental note of his intention to find out the history of this especial halfbreed cousin. "There is some reason why he is a disgrace and dangerous to Col. Saar," he thought, shrewdly.

But at the moment the phæton drew up in front of the heavy stone porch. There were evidences, on every side, to Major Weir's curious eye, of the existence of solid and well-applied Comfortably-clothed slaves were busy wealth. in the house and grounds, and with an air of promptitude and comprehension in their work, which hinted a skillful controller. The dogs, which lay sunning themselves on the stone steps, were of rare foreign breeds. The curtains (too highcolored, it is true) which swept the windows to the floor, were of the costliest texture. There was a certain sense of reassurance to the major in these things. At least the rules and limits of ordinary civilization belonged where they were found. Col. Saar, too, alighting, and offering welcome on his own threshold, was suddenly

who had been half asleep beside Lucy during the { ride, disappeared round by the stables.

"No, I will not enter," said Major Weir, standing beside Lucy on the porch, while the colonel went into the house to summon his daughters. "But I will return in a month, and you must promise, Lucy, to tell me frankly whether these 'barbario Saars' have enough human elements among them to make your life endurable or not, until your marriage. If not, you shall return to Philadelphia, and I will place you under my mother's care, until Lloyd is ready to claim you."

"You are very kind and considerate, cousin Starkey." said Lucy, her eyes filling with tears. She was nervous and depressed for the moment at parting with the only familiar face. Her kinsfolk, the Saars, had wolfish eyes, she thought, looking into Weir's friendly blue ones. But Lucy Pomeroy was not fanciful nor morbid.

"It will be comfortable enough, I dare say," she thought, watching Major Weir's departure. "I cannot but find some dear home-ties among blood relations. And if I should need protection, I will send for Lloyd himself."

Meanwhile, Major Weir, perched upon the boxseat with the stage coachman, rolled on over the rough corduroy road toward the river. He observed the curious and meditative glances with which the driver favored him; but it was near the close of the day before they found voice in words.

"Now I was surprised to find you was actually going to leave that young girl in the clutches of old Saar," said the driver, at last, rousing himself as though this was the result of a profound reverie.

The words chorded strangely with the vague, aimless fears and doubts which had tormented Weir all day.

"What do you know about the Saars?" he said. "They are Miss Pomeroy's nearest kinsfolk, and her rightful guardians." But he watched the fellow, furtively. It was as well to rebuke his impertinence, but it might give a clue to Lucy's danger.

"I know just this about the Saars," gravely flecking his off leader. "They're looked on as the rulers hereabouts—kings, kaisers, what not, with the whole country side. But we all know they've got blood like tigers when it's roused. You may eat the bread and meat of a Saar for years; he'll give it, and welcome. But you can no more reason with him when his blood is up, than with a red Indian."

Weir made no reply, and the man, irritated at the want of encouragement, drove on a few moments in silence. "I'm not given to slander," he began again, after awhile, "though you seem to think it. I say no more of the Saars than is the talk of the country side. When it was told round that Godfrey Pomeroy's daughter was coming here, I tell you, sir, it couldn't be believed. People reckoned she must have some friends who would keep her from running her head into the wolf's mouth in that fashion. But here she is!"

For Lucy's sake, Major Weir would do more than make a confidant of this fellow. "I do not understand," he said, "why Miss Pomeroy should be in especial danger, let the temper of the Saars be what it will. She is unknown to them. They can have no grudge against her."

"Then you really do not know? Nor the girl either? Well now, I reckoned as much!"

As he spoke, he turned full on the major his honest, dull face.

"I do not know, if you mean actual danger to Miss Pomeroy," said Weir, frankly.

"No," cautiously. "I don't mean anything of the kind. You take a man up too quick. Why, Col. Saar's my landlord, and very easy as to terms. I'm hardly goin' to accuse him of being a murderer. No. All I say is this, that there's no man or woman livin' who stands in the way of him and his children, like the Pomeroy girl, and nobody likely to be as unwelcome under his roof. The colonel's kept up to his full income, and this property of old John Saar would have come as convenient as a patch on a hole, if she had not had a claim on it."

"What claim has she on it?"

"Well, now, that I rightly don't understand. There's such a deal of talk goes about it through the neighborhood. John Saar, being a half-wit, had but a life estate in it, and then it went to Peter Saar's oldest child, who was Miss Pomeroy's father."

"Mother, you mean. Her father was a Pomeroy. You forget."

"By George, you're right! And yet——Stop a bit. It was her father," shutting his flabby lips in the strain of thought. "I don't know. There's a hitch in the story somewhere. But if the girl was my daughter, she'd not be brought into a place where Col. Saar had so much reason to put her away."

Major Weir having found how little ground there was for the man's suspicion, would not continue the conversation further. On reaching the county town, however, he went straight to the Recorder's office, and examined the will of old Peter Saar. The estate, which was of far greater value than he had surmised, was devised, on John Saar's death, to the oldest child of Peter then living.

Col. Saar had stated the case correctly. He was? indisputably the legatee; for Marion Saar, Lucy's mother, had been dead for fifteen years.

"Lucy has no more claim upon their property than I have," thought Weir, shutting the great leather covers of the book.

There could be no motive for any other than kind treatment of her at the hands of the Saars. He set forth on his so thward journey, therefore, at once, though still with a qualm of doubt.

CHAPTER III.

"I AM sure that even in the eastern cities you seldom have seen a glimpse of life like this, Miss Pomeroy?"

"I can safely say that I never have," said Lucy, emphatically.

"No, indeed! No, indeed!" Mr. Gill rubbed his hands delightedly. "The Saars, from generation to generation, know how to sip the wine of life at the topmost foam, if one may speak poetically. Just look at your uncle's cellars! Why, that brandy is imperial, Miss Pomeroy! And I know brandy, I assure you. And the play in that card-room!" lowering his voice, mysteriously. "One fourth the land in the State has changed hands in that room, one time or another. As for your cousins' dresses, I have heard it said they were simply miracles of art."

"They are," said Miss Pomeroy, dryly.

"So it goes! So it goes!" waving his pudgy hands, airily. "Balls, champagne-parties, hops in winter; the springs and races in summer. Here you see American aristocratic society in its highest zest and flavor. And that reminds me that I have the salad to season for supper. They victimize me at all the balls, Miss Pomeroy. These anxions matrons come to me! 'Will you take charge of the salad-dressing, Mr. Gill? Then our minds will be at rest,' they say."

"It must be pleasant to feel oneself worthy of so high a trust.'

"It is so." gravely. "But the recipe for that dressing came to me from my father. I never have confided it to a human being."

"Stay one moment," detaining him gently. while she surveyed the ball-room from her quiet corner with keen, amused glances. She knew, by her experience of the last two or three days she would be left alone by her cousins. They had given her, in their lazy, indifferent manner, the freedom of the house, and there their hospitality ended. Life, to them, was so utterly vacant of interest in other people, of ideas, of even ordi- my dear. Your uncle Saar's daughter and slave, nary conversation, that they themselves became Letitia. The colonel favored her mother in many

bachelor, Gill, who was one of the numerou. hangers-on of the house, offered, by contract, an intellectual companion of the Brahmin order.

"Tell me something of these people who crowd here every night. Have they no other business than drinking and dancing? Are they all Saars?"

"Or Pomeroys? Some of them have great wealth, and some, as you may see for yourself, are miserably poor. The men in the family have always been hard drinkers, and the women have had such a bias toward the drama, that no circus or traveling theatrical company has ever visited the county without one of the actors running of with an heiress of the Saars. Fact, upon my honor! That accounts for so many pauper branches in the family. But they hold up their heads with the rest. The men are good shots, and generally hold fine hands at cards; and your cousins furnish the women with cast-off ball-clothes, so that they may appear as thorough-bred ladies on occasions when it is necessary."

"Have they forgotten to furnish this young lady with a dress and breeding?" said Lucy, glancing toward a shabby, tall girl, with yellowish, unclean-looking skin, and large, black eyes. "Who is she? A cousin, too?"

"Very far removed," said Mr. Gill, with evident embarrassment. "I really must go and attend to the salad. Here is your aunt Celia," sotto vocc. "One of the Saar sacrifices to the Married a ventriloquest. Eleven children. She will give you the private history of every man and woman here, without reservation."

Aunt Celia, a lean, gray-eyed woman, in rusty black, pinched him roguishly. "Now, John Gill, what naughty gossip is that about my eleven? I've just married the oldest, my dear. stylishly, too. The family has been very kind. Llive down in rooms over the tailors, you knowwretched shanty. But your uncle loaned me a large house for the wedding, and one cousin loaned carpets, another furniture, another tablelinen, and so forth, and so forth, till really Tilly had as elegant a wedding as a millionaire's daughter. Five hundred guests. It was just a week ago. I've only sent the last article home, and gone back to the tailor-shop to-day. I wish you had been here to see what fashionable life here really is."

"I wish I had. But I am beginning to have some insight into it."

"Now that girl you asked John Gill about," her skinny finger on her arm. "Dreadful lopsus lingua that was of yours. She's a mulatto, to Lucy a wonder and a puzzle. The little old ways more than his wife, as long as she lived So you may be sure Letitia is no favorite with his daughters. Very unpleasant, these family entanglements! Here comes your cousin. Don't mention the matter to her."

She dodged out of sight as Miss Saar came through the crowd toward them.

"Aunt Celia has been giving you a glowing description of Tilly's wedding, I suppose?" she said, languidly.

"But who defrayed the expense of it?" asked Lucy.

"Defray? Oh, aunt Celia went in debt, certainly. Well, it was proper that Tilly should be married as beatted a lady, of course. Her mother has been stealing wine and provisions for the entertainment out of our cellars for some time."

Lucy drew back, indignant. "For shame! She is an old woman, and your father's sister."

"The more reason that she should live," composedly, slowly folding her fan.

For it was an indisputable fact, quite plain to Lucy by this time, that these Saars looked upon stealing as no worse than drunkenness, which ranked with them as one of the minor virtues, peculiarly reserved for affluent people.

"Has their Indian blood anything to do with such moral blindness?" thought Lucy, uneasily.

Despite the vulgarity, and the low grade of thought, and words, and actions about her, there was a certain strength and course magnificence in the scene that moved her, like a spectacle in the Arabian Nights. The high lights, and broad coloring of the gorgeously-appointed rooms; the windows opening into the night; the gloomy mountains circling without; the men and women about her, with their dark, Indiad faces; the scarlet, and purple, and jewels, with which they were extravagantly decked; the flashing, uncertain lights, were all wild, and strange, and impressive to her.

Lucy, too, with her insignificant person, and light hair and eyes, naturally conceived an exaggerated admiration of her cousins' tall, erect figures, swarthy skins, and heavy-browed, dull, black eyes.

They had a barbaric love of ornament: rubies glowed redly in their coarse, black hair, and their necks were hung with chains. "Fit to be princesses of a savage tribe!" Lucy said. Their convent education, or glimpses of fashionable life in cities, had not changed the dark undercurrent of their blood and nature one whit.

Miss Saar stood looking over Lucy's head. "You do not dance?" in the sudden, full bass voice, which always made the hearer start.

- " No."
- "That man, Gill, who knows nothing but gossip and salad-dressing, tells me that you are to be married in the spring to a Mr. Champlain."
 - "It is true."
 - "Is it a good match?"
 - " I do not know."

Poor little Lucy, before she came, had planned a dozen times, the moments of girlish, sweet confidence, when she would tell her dear secret to these tender, new-found friends. But Miss Saar talked of it as of the price of flour, and Lucy answered with just the same amount of feeling. She had a dull sense that Lloyd and herself, and their love, with all its exquisite, delicate remembrances, had grown backneyed and commonplace, after this woman had taken it on her lips.

She went presently to her own room. The strange life about her, with all its coarseness, had but amused her before. Now she was indignant, vehoment in her contempt, and homesick.

"I ought to have asked advice. Starkey Weir ought to have kept me by main force from following my own headlong will, and running my head into such a noose. But now that I have come, I will stay until Major Weir does return. There can no worse evil befall me than to endure their vulgarity, and their pawing over my marriage with talk. A 'good match,' indeed!" And the hot, bitter tears sparkled in her angry eyes. Of any actual danger waiting for her she had no suspicion, beyond an uneasy consciousness that for some unknown reason, she was the object of jealousy and suspicion to her cousins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE.

PY CLARA B. HEATH.

Lire is not all a pleasant dream
To those who walk discreetly:
Its changes, like a wondrons theme,
Tax mind and strength completely.

However meaningless, at times, May seem God's providences; Again, like hidden thoughts in rhymes, They touch our finer senses,

We can but watch the threads that go
To make what we call chances;
So fine we sometimes scarcely know
If they were more than funcies.



"YOUNG LOCHINVAR."

BY FANNIB HODGSON BURNETT.

"And as for the rest," said Miss Bell, energetically, "what absurd nonsense it is, what a climax of weak-mindedness, this dressing ourselves out in our finest feathers, and trailing about like so many peacocks, and pretending to enjoy ourselves, when we know we do not! Do you suppose anybody went to that place last night because they expected to enjoy themselves? No, they did not. They went because other people went; because they were invited; because they have fallen into the habit of going to such places; and they knew they would be bored, and glad when it was over, and that they would hate each other; they were bored, and they were glad when it was over: they did hate each other, and it served them right."

She looked down, as she spoke, from the high window, with such fine soorn in her handsome eyes, that one would have fancied that she saw an offender in every innocent passer-by on the grand, dismal street below.

"Eh, my dear! my dear!" sighed kind Miss Lurkie, shaking her dear old head over her knitting, and secretly feeling a trifle fearful of committing herself. "Eh, Miss Bell, my dear; it's o'er true, I fear, for this is a warld fu' o' iniquities an' savorin' o' vanity an' corruption."

Miss Bell did not laugh, as she would have done a year, or even a few months ago. She was not inclined to laugh at anything that morning; she was in too cynical a mood. She rose from her seat at the window, with a queer little sigh, and coming to the fire, took a foot-stool at her old friend's side, and sat down upon it, knitting her brows and clasping her hands tightly about her knee.

"Is there nothing better than this?" she cried.
"Is life always the same, always like Lady
Drumlie's parties—fine and stupid, and grand?
Is there nothing else for us to do but to be 'finished', and 'come out,' and grow up into beauties? What is the chief end of man, Miss Lurkie?
The chief end of woman is to be handsomer than
the two Miss Lushingtons, or somebody else."

Miss Lurkie looked up at her, over her hornrimmed spectacles and her look was a cautious
one. It would never have done for Miss Bell to
have known that she was being scrutinized. The
look took in the pretty, discontented face, the
delicate, fine lines which had made Miss Bell her belt.

Lowther a beauty; the tall, lithe figure, the slender brows, knitted out of arch; and then it wandered down to the clasped hands, and a certain ring upon one forefinger—a gorgeous ring, whose centre diamond glittered and glared like a baleful eye.

Miss Bell was frowning at the fire, however, and saw nothing else, so went on with a shrug of her shoulder.

"I sometimes wish," she said, "that we had fulfilled all our engagements, and got to the end of the programme, that we might go home and go to bed. I said as much to Lady Drumlie once, in one of my bad humors, and she was horror-stricken. She told me that I was wicked, and did not appreciate my blessings. Wicked! Perhaps it is; but it is no worse than—than things we say and do every day. It was the truth, at least; and one tells the truth so seldom, that even an unorthodox truth is meritorious. I—I wish we might go back to Drumlie, Miss Lurkie. I am tired of Edinburgh, and sick of London," emphatically.

"Ye are no in gude sperits, my dear," said Miss Lurkie.

"I never shall be in good spirits again," with unintentional vehemence. "I wish Lady Drumlie had left me at home."

"I thocht that ye were wishin' for Lunnon, my dear," said Miss Lurkie. "I thocht ye were aye longen for the season."

Miss Bell had no time to make answers. True, she frowned a little more, and was on the point of speaking, but at this moment the door opened. There was a visitor below, and a servant had come to announce him.

Miss Bell rose with an air of no great pleasure.

"I suppose I must go," she said, to Miss Lurkie. "Who did you say?" she asked of the man who had brought the message.

"Mr. Clandarrel," was the answer.

Then Miss Lurkie looked at her beautiful favorite again, over the horn-rimmed spectacles, and this time her glance was even more furtive and cautious than before.

Bell's face had changed all at once. Her cheeks glowed with nervous, palpitating color; her eyes were bright with trouble; she twisted her long, fair fingers unconsciously in the watch-chain at her belt.

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"Is— I suppose Lady Drumlie is with him?" she said, with hesitance.

Lady Drumlie was out, and the gentleman had asked for Miss Lowther.

Bell turned to Miss Lurkie.

"It is my cousin, Hereward," she said, trying to speak with indifference, and succeeding very poorly indeed. "I wish Lady Drumlie had been at home."

But every trace of her confusion had left her, before she reached the bottom of the great staircase. When she entered the grand, gloomy drawing-room, she entered it with the finest of the stately airs, which so often awed her many admirers, and so added to her reputation as a lovely, stately creature.

The dullness of the day, and the heaviness of the window drapery, made the room appear additionally gloomy; but it was quite light enough for her to see, even at its farthest end, the tall, fair young giant, who rose to meet her, with eager, outstretched hand.

But eager as he was, she barely gave him her slight, cold finger-tips.

"Oh, it is you, Hereward!" she said, hypocritically. "I hardly expected to see you. Lady Drumlie is not at home."

The young man's enthusiasm died away in an instant. He was as self-possessed as herself, but he could not keep as cool.

"I will try and bear it," he said. "It was not Lady Drumlie I came to see."

"Then," said Miss Bell, "you ought to have stayed away."

"I know that," he answered, savagely. "But I couldn't stay away; and so I came, like a fool."

"Ah!" said his cousin, letting her beautiful eyes rest on his fair, angered, reproachful face, for a moment. "You are in one of your absurd humors, I see. Go and sit down there," pointing to a chair, on the opposite side of the hearth.

He went and sat down, almost humbly. It was evident that he was used to obeying her, and that they were on very cousinly terms.

Then Bell took the chair, at the other end of the hearth, and sat down too, resting against the cushioned back, and laying a white hand on either arm, and making quite a picture of herself, with her flowing draperies, and statuesque little head, and dangerously pretty face. She regarded her cousin quite severely, perhaps because she felt such strong inward relentings. It was her fate and punishment always to feel these inward relentings, when it was most dangerous to her peace of mind. She might well wish herself safely back at Drumlie, an ung the heath and bracken.

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"How did you enjoy yourself, last night?" she asked, after an awkward pause.

"One should always regard one's enjoyment from a comparative point of view," he replied. "I enjoyed myself less than I might have done; more than Mr. Gregov did, and not near so much as Strathspey."

Miss Bell put on her haughtiest air at once.

"We will let that matter rest," she said. "We will not talk about Mr. Strathspey, if you please."

"No," said her cousin. "We wen't talk about Mr. Strathspey, Bell. We will leave that to Lady Drumlie, who knows how to appreciate his virtues; or we will leave it to Strathspey himself, who is familiar with the subject, and can do it even greater justice than Lady Drumlie. You and I won't discuss Strathspey, for I think we have had enough of him. We will talk about ourselves, which will be a topic at once interesting and improving."

But, struggle as he might to be merely satirical and nonchalent, he could not help failing somewhat. His most cynical tone had a touch of pain. His great, blue eyes were full of boyish reproach and wounded love. Had he not loved Bell all his life, from the time they had been children together, riding their rough penies, and playing boy and girl games at Drumlie? And how was he to ead his love, all at once, merely because her discreet relatives had made a fashionable young lady of her, and helped her to gain a wondrous reputation, and had so far overruled her old, sweet unworldliness as to make her engage herself to this numskull of a Strathspey, simply because he was the richest numskull, and the most aristocratic numskull, and would soon be the most highly titled numskull of their acquaintance?

Hereward was not the only individual who called Strathspey a numskull, though, to be sure, his manner of so designating him was more vehement than that of other people. The young man was a simpleton; even his friends acknowledged it in secret, however reluctantly; but then what prospects lay before him! What a golden calf he was to bew down before and worship! And though he was only Mr. Strathspey now, was he not the only male Strathspey living, besides his relative, the poor young Earl of Dumblane, who was dying of consumption? would you have an almost penniless beauty miss such a chance as this was?.. So Rell was engaged to Strathspey, and matters had even progressed so far that she would be married in a few weeks; and this was what the great diamond meant, and what her discontent meant; and what dear Miss Lurkie's kindly pity meantr and last, but not

least, it was what her cousin Hereward's re- sobbed. "Oh! we shall never be so near heaven proaches signified. Poor "Viking." (Bell had given him the name of Viking, when she was fourteen, and he was the only here in the world to her; he was so big, and strong, and blaceyed, and fair, that it was the only remantic and heroic title that seemed to suit him.) Poor "Viking." How hard it was to sit, at this extreme end of the hearth-rug, and look across at the entrancing face and charming figure, in the other arm-chair, admiring and adoring; but, at the same time, knowing that both were Strathspey's property, and not his own, as he had fondly hoped they would be. Poor "Viking," indeed; and he gave an actual grean, as he thought of it.

"But then, again, why not talk about Strathspey?" he burst forth. "Womay as well. There is nothing left to us to talk about, after all. I suppose I mustn't tell you that I love you, Bell; and you know that is what I always say, when we speak of ourselves. Oh, confound it all ! . To think that simpleton should have come between us, and that you should give your sweet self to him after-after all that has passed-tafter all those dear old, days at Drumlie.".

Bell turned her face away, but she said nothing, and before she had time to conceal it altogether, he saw a little quiver of the pretty, red lips, and a tremulous drooping of her eyelids; so he got up from his chair, and crossed the dreadful space between them, and knelt down upon the hearth-rug, taking hold of her beautiful, To a sold of the nervous hand.

"Oh, Bell!" he eried; holding it so fast that she could not draw it away, though she tried. "How am I to give you up? You haven't been fair to me. ... Was it fair to let me love you so long, that it will tear my heart up by the roots; to let you go; and then to throw me, aside, because I am only the poor Laird of Clandatrel, and another man is to have an earldem? You used to say that you would rather own the craps and hills at Clandarrel, than be the queen of England. Oh, Bell, my dear, remember what happy children we were, when we thought that Dalgarnock Tap was mearer the blue sky and heaven; than any other place in the world!"

It seemed to Bell that she almost felt the fresh, kill-side breeze, blowing upon her checkspand smelt the sun-warmed heather. She forgot her grandmother, Lady Drumlie, and the fact that she was a great beauty and a belle, and was an engaged young lady. The tears slipped from her lashes, and rolled down her face, and fullingupon her hand, sparkled almost as brightly as that baleful diamond.

again, Hereward. I am drifting farther away from it, every day. Are people always wicked and unhappy, when they grow to be men and women ?'

"Why should they be?" he said, the mist rising to his blue eyes, in his great yearning. "And why should we never be so near heaven again? It is love that brings heaven near, Bell; love, and truth, and honest faith. Lady Drumlie must have been more cruck than I have thought. if it is she who has given you such fancies." he bent his great, fair head over the little hand, first almost crushing it in his own, and then kissing it passionately.

"Don't! Oh, you mustn't!" said Bell, crying softly, and trying to take the hand away from him. "You are forgetting, and-and you ought to remember."

"Remember!" he echood, kissing it again. "Do you want me to remember that it is Strathspey's little hand now-that they have made you false to your promise to give it to me? Nay, I should like to forget that.

"But," she faltered, tearfully, "it isn't right."

"Right!" said he, lifting his face, and looking at her. "Is it as wrong as the other, Bell? No; I swear to you, it is more my hand than Strathspey's this minute; and there lies the sin of it. Do you think I would come here, if he had won you from me honestly, heart and soul? Do you think I would utter a word of reproach to you, if I knew you cared for him as you once cared for me? I won't say as you care for me now; for if you loved me, Bell, my dear, you would have strength enough to be true to me, and fight my battles against them all. Why, if you loved him, I should scorn to speak. I should be ashamed to count myself a man, if I could not bear my pain in silence, and be glad that you were happy. But you know he has not the power to stir your heart, for a second: and you know they have sold you to him, and sold you to him for the sake of the dend man's shoes he is waiting to step into."

It was always the way with Hereward. She might begin by being cold and majestic, and by treating him to the regal airs and graces, with which she overpowered her other adorers, but he invariably swept them aside, with his honest vandalism, in the end. He always brought with him such a sweet breath of the hill-sides, tho lochs, and the heather.

"Oh!" she said, desperately, turning her teatwet face toward him, "how I wish I had never come to Edinburgh. How I wish grandmama had left me at home at Drumlie; but you know how . "We shall never be so near heaven again," she | firm and hard she is," pit ously. "You know

what cruel things she has said of poor mamma's love-match, and what a life she has led her, since papa died, and she was obliged to take us all to live at Drumlie Aiks. I wonder, myeslf, how poor mamma has lived to bear it. I should have died. I never remember the time when she was not sneering, in her queer way, at love and poverty; and she has always told us, Marian, Helen, and me, that she would take good care that she had no more love-matches and sentiment. You have no idea what horrible things she can say, and how obstinate she is. Do you know that she told me, only a few weeks ago, that if she saw any symptoms of what she called "nonsense" in my behaviour to Mr. Strathspey, she would actually lock me up on bread and water, until I came to my senses. And I believe-nay, I am surethat she would do it."

Stately and high-handed as this young beauty was, she was dreadfully afraid of her grandmother—this terrible old woman, who was capable of any strong-minded act of vengeance, against those unlucky members of her family who might dare to defy her. There were sumors that her husband, Sir Archibald, had stood in such ave of his rigid and implacable spouse, in his lifetime, that death had been a happy release for him: and it was certain that poor, pretty, gentle Mrs. Lowther had eaten bitter bread, when she had been poor, pretty, gentle Isobel Drumblie; and that she had been driven to her elopement with the poor minister, by her mother's relentless severity.

Hereward himself knew, the old Gorgon's peculiarities too well to smile even at this outrageous story. He was as firmly convinced as Bell herself, that if she fancied there was reason for such a course, Lady Drumlie would keep her word. So he was silent, for a moment, and caresped the little hand, more tenderly than before.

But he was not allowed to coress it long. For a moment or so more, they heard some one coming, and almost before he had time to reseat himself. the door was opened, and a servant announced, "Mr. Stathspey."

Mr. Strathspey entered rather awkwardly, notwithstanding the fact that he ought to have felt sure of his welcome. But, perhaps, after all, he was not so very sure of it. He stered about him, for a moment, and then caught sight of Clandarrel, and glared at him with his little, narrow eyes; and then he caught sight of Bell, and hurrying forward, bowing, almost tumbled over the hearth-rug.

Bell rose slowly, and gave him her slim fingers, even less cordially than she had offered them to lucky follow, to have won so famous a beauty, her cousin.

"So glad-er-to find you-er-at home," stammered the little man, overwhelmed with confusion. "Hope you are well-er after-er dissipation. Delightful, wasn't it? Hope Lady Drumlie's well-er." But he did not condescend to take the slightest notice of Hereward, and, indeed, had turned his back upon him, while speaking.

But Bell would not endurer this. She fixed her large eyes upon him, with a cool significance. "You have met my cousin, Mr. Clandarrel, I

think," she suggested.

He was obliged to see him then, and something in the calm glance of his fair betrothed, made him feel that it would have been better, if he had seen him before.

"Ah-er. Yes, to be sure," he said, as loftily as he dared. "Beg pardon. Believe I have. How de do?" and he vouchsafed Hereward a nod, after the manner of a potentate. Confound the great, clumsy fellow! he said to himself; who was he, that he should be forced to acknowledge his presence? Of course, he knew him well enough. Wasn't he always in his way? Buf that was no reason why he should take any notice of him, him, the future Earl of Dumblane. It was tod bad of Bell, by Jove!

So he made up for his unavoidable concession. by being especially magnificent, during the remainder of Clandarrel's stay, which was not a a long one. He tried to talk very fast, and laugh very often, without admitting the enemy into the circle of his remarks; and he made so many struggles at being brilliantly jocular, and was so often damped by Miss Bell's significant hauteur and indifference, that he made himself appear even more markedly than usual, a vapid, conceited little idiot.

When Clandarrel rose to say good-by to his cousin, there was such an angry flush on her proud face, and such a look of humiliation in her eyes, that he felt himself constrained to wring her hand almost flercely.

"Don't come again," she whispered, hurriedly. "Please stay away. Please do."

He quite crushed her soft fingers, in his passionate, brief pressure; and his boyish face flushed to the roots of his fair hair.

"I can't promise that," he said. "Don't ask me. "Good-by, Bell, and God bless you!"

. She was not very gracious toward her lover when Clandarrel was gone. She re-seated herself, with so cold and grand an air, that Strathspey felt his heart sink into his little, varnished boots. People might envy him, and call him a but now and then, even when basking in the sun-

light of the young lady's presence, he felt his spirits fail him He was vaguely conscious that the look in her expressive eyes was not exactly an affectionate one, and that the curve of her red mouth was hardly significant of unqualified admiration. When he tried to make a brilliant remark, her manner made him uncomfortable; and when he warmed into sentiment, she held him at more than arm's length; so that sometimes he was secretly prompted to ask of himself, whether this was exactly the treatment he ought to expect, as the future Earl of Dumblane.

Bell was so bright-tinted and bright-eyed, this morning, that he would have liked to have said something very tender indeed. But how was he to begin? She sat in her chair, resting her elbow upon its arm, and her cheek upon her hand, her long lashes resting on her cheek, as if she was quite unconscious of his presence for the time; and when he coughed suggestively to attract her attention, she looked up, with an annoyed start, and thereby snared him into making the most idiotic observation a man could have possibly made, under the circumstances.

"I-I beg pardon," he stammered "I hope I did not disturb you!"

"Disturb me?" said Bell. . "If you disturbed me, I should think I englit to ask paidon." -

Feeling it impossible to resist the temptation to do something lover-like, he drew his chair near to her side, and tried to take her hand; but, remembering who had held it last, she drew it away with such a gesture, that he gave it up in con-

"I have written to M'Iwor about the-the diamonds," he ventured; ; if,

"Oh, dear!" she explained, before she had time to check herself. "I hope not."

He looked dumbfounderd.

"Why-why not?", he asked. "Lady Drumlie

She had so far committed herself that she could do nothing but try to make him forget what she had said, by giving him something else to think about. So she interrupted him.

"on you do nothing without consulting Lady Drumlie?" she said, petulantly. "It . really seems that we cannot."

It was very awkward to be snapped up in this manner, even by a beautiful young women; and it seemed to Strathspey that he was often so snapped up, and left, somehow or other, without any means of redress. What could he say? Was it not the most natural thing in the world that he should refer to Lady Drumlie, when it was Ledy Drumlie who had arranged everything the them?

"If you do not wish it," he began.

But Bell knew better than to allow him to finish. She froze at once, and drew herself up, in quite a regal manner; a favorite mode of selfdefence with her, when she was in a difficulty with an admirer.

"Oh!" she said, "if you are going to be angry, I think we had better let the matter rest, and leave everything to Ludy Drumlie at once."

She looked so lovely, and stately, and indifferent, that she bewildered and baffled him as usual, and even fired him to a new outburst of sentiment.

"How could I be angry with you?" it to her dolefully, wishing in secret that he could gain possession of her hand. "You are too hard on a-a fellow, Bell. You know I'm so awfully in love with you, that I can't help saying the wrong things; and I can't help thinking sometimes that-that you are not as fond of me as I am of you." And having got thus far, he was so inspired to go further, that he did take her hand, and actually bent over her, as if he would have kissed her cheek.

It set Bell on fire. The red blazed out on her cheeks, and she freed herself from her grasp, and stood erect in an instant.

"You must not do that, indeed," she protested, almost angrily. "You-you forget."

"But," faltered her betrothed, abashed again; "but you have promised to be my wife, you know, and you have never allowed me to kiss you yet. I thought, when a fellow was engaged-

"Oh!" said Bell, in terror and desperation. " please do sit down again. Here is Lady Drumlie."

Perhaps her ladyship guessed, with her usual Scotch shrewdness, that all was not quite right. Indeed, it was a conclusion not very difficult to arrive at. Strathspey looked stiff, and flushed, and awkward, and Bell stood near with the nir of a surprised culprit. It was all very well to pretend to appear at wondrous ease. My lady's eves were too sharp to pass snything so patent without taking it all in.

But she was infid enough until the lover had taken his leave. It was not her way to let outsiders into the secret of her amiable home rule. When Strethspey had gone, however, and Bell was about to make her escape from the room, she was called back.

"Come here," said my lady, in a significant "I have something to say to you. I want tone. you."

Bell returned, with open tremor. A fine thing it was to be a beauty, and a despet in a court of He stiffened, consequentially. humble admirers, and then to be obliged to come

at a call at home, and kneel meekly for one's old creature. "Ye must na gie way, dear. Dinna daily scourgings in private.

"Clandarrel has been here," said her ladyship, when her victim stood before her.

"Yes, grandmamn," replied Bell, deprecatingly, most heartily despising herself, in secret, for her cowardice.

Long ago, one of the children at Drumlie Arks -poor little Helen, who was the youngest-had privately compared Lady Drumlie to the dreadful wolf-grandmother in the story of Red Ridinghood; and Boll, to whom she had confided the secret, had never forgotten the simile. Those sharp, white, false teeth of my lady's, and her strong-featured Scotch face, her amiable scowl, and her small, angry eyes, were uncomfortably suggestive, at all times, but they were specially suggestive to Bell this morning. Indeed, she was strongly tempted to break forth, with pathetic terror, into the old childish cry, "What great, large teeth you have, grandmama," in the full expectation of being pounced upon with the answer, "All the better to eat you up with, my dear." She knew, by experience, that she was on the point of being eaten up.

"He was not here very long, grandmama," she faltered, with every evidence of guilt. she could never withstand Hereward's honest tenderness, so she could never withstand her grandmother's grim ferocity.

"Oh!" said her ladyship, with the manner of a savage joker. "So! Ho! He was not here long, was he not? Not long! Only long enough to make a little love, and a few sweet, little speeches, I should like to have heard. Nice boy! Nice boy! Oh, I know him!" And the sharp, white teeth absolutely closed with a snap "that made Bell shudder.

"The next time he comes here," my lady went on, "you won't see him. I'll see him myself. I'll see him myself, and end the matter. He won't come again, I think, after I have had a little talk with him. I'll have no more running away with beggarly parsons, or with beggarly lovers of any sort. I want no more love-matches in my family. I have had enough of them. Miss, you may go up stairs, if you like."

A few minutes later, Miss Lurkie, citting in the private room she enjoyed possession of as the family housekeeper, was roused from her reverie over her knitting, by the entrance of her young mistress, who, coming in, locked the door, and returned to her footstool, in tears and tribulation.

"Oh, Miss Lurkie," she said. "Please let me stay with you for a while, and be quiet. don't-oh, I don't know what to do!"

greet." '' '' ' ' '' '' ''

But Bell was driven to desperation. She was fain to "greet" for a few minutes, in spite of her pride.

"Oh, Miss Lurkie!" she said, piteously. "You do not know what I have to bear! You and poor mamma are the only friends I have in the world." And then, thinking of Hereward, and his goodby, she flung her stately reserve to the winds, and cried openly.

Between Strathspey and her grandmother, she led a pleasant life during the next few weeks. Her lover's visits became more frequent, and Lady Drumlie kept so sharp an eye upon her, that she was obliged to succumb to circumstances, and comport herself toward him in a more lenient manner than she had been wont to indulge in. She was compelled to be civil at least, and under this treatment he became so lover-like, that she was secretly goaded to secret frenzy. And, added to this, was the pleasure of watching the preparations for the marriage. Lady Drumlie would allow of no delay, and certainly the bridegroom was eager enough. The two held confidential consultations together, about jewels and settlements, and Bell looked on. It could not be helped, she was sure. If she had intended to rebel. she ought to have been firm at first; but now it was too late, and she must submit. So, after a week or so of passionate misery, she fell into a dull, cold despair, finding her only consolation in the fact, that she was losing her color, and might be taken ill. As to Hereward, she had managed to write to him a few lines of farewell, begging him not to come to the house again, and asking him to try and forget the dear old days at Drumlie, or only to remember her as his little playmate and cousin, and not as the Bell who had made him unhappy. And there she had thought the matter would end.

But it did not end there. Unfortunately for Lady Drumlie, Clandarrel was a favorite, and manage as she would, she could not always contrive to avoid Bell's seeing him, at the houses of their friends. And though she exercised her power in the matter of preventing their dancing together, or, indeed, doing more than exchanging brief words of greeting, she could not order him out of the room, when he placed himself in a convenient corner, and stood there watching her charge with most objectionably tender reproach in his blue eyes.

And this was not the worst. The preparation of the trousseau, and divers other business arrangements, connected with the approaching man-"Eh, Miss Bell, my bairn?" ctied the friendly riage, occupied her so fully, that she could not

possibly be as watchful as usual, and thence arose { many evil consequences, and among the rest the one following.

Only a few weeks before the day fixed on for the wedding, Bell was sitting in a very disconsolate mood before the drawing-room fire, when a visitor was announced, and, to her terror and amazement, she found this visitor to be no other than her cousin, who, as soon as the door was closed, hurried to meet her, and took both her hands with his usual headlong enthusiasm,

"Hereward," she cried out, "what do you mean? How can you be so cruel? I can't let you stay. Grandmama!"

He tossed his yellow mane back, his eyes kindling.

"I am not afraid of Lady Drumlie," he said. "Let her come. I couldn't stand it any longer, Bell, my dear."

Bell opened her great eyes, actually trembling.

"You must be going mad," she said, almost angrily. "Pray, go away. You-you are as bad as the rest." And then she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

The "Viking" went down upon his knees, at her side, just as he had done before.

"Bell, my dear," he said, "I have been driven desperate, and they are making you desperate, too. Do you think I am going to let that little simpleton marry yeu in spite of yourself? No, I'm not, by-by Heaven!"-flashing fire from hls blue eyes, and looking as strong as a lion, and more like a giant than ever. "I am going to marry you myself, in the face of Lady Drumlie."

"Oh!" Bell pleaded. "Please, don't! I beg of you to go away before it is too late. She may may be here at any moment."

"Very well," said Hereward, bending down to kiss her hand. "As I said before, let her come. Do you remember 'Young Lochinvar,' Bell?"

I should think she did. When they had been children, playing together at Drumlie and Clandarrel, they had admired the legend of Young Lochinvar so much, that Bell had managed to set the words to an old tune, and they had sung it until everybody but Hereward had been tired of hearing it. But Hereward had always been faithful to it, and had promised Bell that if she should ever attempt to marry any one but himself, he would carry her off on her wedding-day, after their hero's valiant fashion,

"It was Strathspey who made me think of it," He is such an awkwa.d fellow, you know, Bell; positively an additional charm.

and as I saw him standing fidgeting before you. trying to look at ease, the old words came back to me all at once.

'The bridegroum stood dangling his bennet and plume,' and then all the rest flashed upon me, and I seemed to hear you singing the gay, old lilting tune, in your clear, high voice, as you used to when we galloped over the heather on or. ponies.

'She is won! We are gone over bank, bush and scaur; They'll have fleet steeds that follow, queth young Lochinvar.'

And then-don't look frightened, Bell-I thought, Why not, since they have left us no alternative? And why not, indeed, Bell, if you will only be a brave girl, and listen to me; and you will, I know. Say you will, my darling, and you shall see how my whole life will prove to you that the honest love of an honest gentleman will go farther towards making you happy than all the earldoms in Christendom;" end he put his strong young arm about her, and drew ber head down on to his shoulder. "Think of Clandarrel." he said, "and of how the sweet wind is blowing on Dalgarnock Tap this very moment, and of how blue the water looks on the loch below, and then ask yourself if you would not be happier there than here, and say you will listen, Bell."

And so he went on in his headlong, boyish fashion, pleading as for dear life; pleading for the old love and its sweet, childish romance: pleading with all his heart, and strength; and bringing back to her mind so many fresh and innocent memories, that in the end she was obliged to give way, and, in spite of her fear, in spite of Lady Drumlie, in spite of the future Earl of Dumberdikes, she did listen, and listened to some purpose.

It was a very grand effair, this party of Lady Drumlie's, 'In fact, all her ladyship's parties were grand affairs. But this particular one. which was to hopor. Miss Lowther's last appearance in society as Miss Lowther, was grander than any that had gone before. On the whole, it was rather a "jam," but then it was such a very brilliant and imposing "jam," that it still might be regarded as a success. Nobody stayed at home who was invited. People wished to see the last of the young lady, whose debut into society had created so great a sensation.

And really, on this occasion, Bell was even more well worth looking at than ever. She had never seemed so great a beauty. Her dazzling red and white time quite startled one; her bright eyes were almost feverish in their brilliance; and more than one guest remarked that the touch of he went on, "at the Lushington's, the other night. | excitement, in her usually stately manner, was

same guests observed, afterward.

"And she might well glance toward the door, every few minutes, as I certainly saw her doing." said the prettiest Miss Lushington.

But Lady Drumlie observed neither the excitement nor the glancing toward the door. She only noted, with grim satisfaction, that Bell was looking her best, and creating a sensation, that people were admiring her, and that she was almost amiable in her manner toward Strathspey.

But about the middle of the evening she, noticed something clse. Glancing across the room, she saw a sight that almost turned her to stune; and this sight was no less a one than the figure of a fair, yellow-haired, young giant, who stood head and shoulders above everybody else, and who was making his way toward herself through the crowd, with an air of the greatest complaisance and good humor.

When he reached her, she was almost motionless with rage at his audacity; but he bowed his head before her as coolly as if he had been her most honored guest.

"Lady Drumlie," he said, in a low voice, "I ask your pardon for being here; but, as a kinsman, I felt that I might dare to come uninvited. I have come to have my last dance with my cousin, and when I have had it, I will go."

For a moment, she almost strangled, but then her hard, old, Scotch face settled back again into grim, cruel triumph. She made a little motion with her fan to bring him nearer to her.

"If it were not for these people, who are listening," she whispered, ferociously, "and for the scandal it would create, I would take you by the choulders myself, and turn you out of my house."

She drew back, nodding her fierce old head, and looked him straight in the eye; and he felt convinced that she would have given a gear or so of her remaining life, to have dared to do it.

"Thank you," he said, as composedly as before Bell, at the opposite end of the room, had seen it all, and had trembled and grown pale with excitement; but in a moment or so more, Hereward had made his way toward her, and was whispering the words of signal in her ear.

"'Now tread we a measure, quoth young Lochinvar,' " he said, and he took her hand, and led her out among the dancers.

How people looked at them as they danced! How Lady Drumlie glared, and Strathspey fumed, as they waltzed past them, Clandarrel's head high above the crowd, his eyes sparkling, his arm around Bell's waist. Even the bystanders caught the spirit of it, and oddly enough, as it seemed afterwerd, a satirical young lady whispered, with ?

"But she might well look excited," these to shrug of hereshoulders, and a glance toward the bridegroom,

> "T were better by far 'Had we matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

But before the waltz was ended, somebody noticed that the two had vanished through the crowd. As it was not unusual, however, for conples to vanish into conservatories, and adjacent rooms, or even into obscure corners, it did not occasion comment, for awhile. But a beauty such as Miss Bell Lowther was, could not fail to be missed in the gourse of time, and by-and-by a curious questioning whisper was going about the rooms. Miss Lowther was not to be found, and nobody had seen Mr. Clandarrel since the waltz. What did it mean? And at last this floated. through the crowd, to Lady Drumlie, and her ladyship glanced at Strathspey and motioned him to her side.

"Where is Bell?" she demanded.

"Wh-where?" he stammered, turning white. "I-I don't know! I-haven't seen her. She was waltzing just now, with that feller er -you .) /-

"Haven't seen her!" almost shricked my lady. if one can shriek in a whisper; and then she rose from her chair, and actually pushed the frightened little craven aside. ... Let me get out of the room," she said. "They must be in the conservatory!''.....

She did get out of the room, and into the conservatory, and into the other parlors, and at last up-stairs to Bell's chamber, where she found a nice, little cream-colored note, laid upon the lacefrilled toilet-cushion; and opening this little note. she felt that all her plans and all her power had been in vain, and that she was a baffled, defeated old weman. For the note read as follows:

"DEAR GRANDMANA .- When I left the room, in the middle of the last walts, I left it to run away with my cousin Hereward. 'I cannot marry Mr. Strathspey, and as you left me no other chance to escape, I was obliged to choose this one, though I would much rather have broken the engagement quietly, instead of breaking it in a manner which I have no doubt will cause a romantic scandal. . I have loved my consin all my life, and would rather be his wife, and nothing but the mistress of pretty Clandarrel, than the Countess of Dumblane, or the Queen Herself. hope you will forgive me for everything else l have done to offend you; but I cannot ask you to forgive me for this, for doing right, instead of wrong, and being true, instead of false. We shall be half way to Clandarrel; before you'read this. perhaps—at alig rate, beyond pursuit, Hereward 58.YS. matter.

In haste,

"BELL."

While Lady Drumlie was reading this guileless safe, for she was her cousin's wife in an hour; ing a Countess of Dumblane.

Mamma knows nothing at all about the ; and there the matter ended; for, terrible as the escapade appeared in her eyes at first, and much as the beautiful Miss Lowther's wild marriage was discussed for a week or so. Miss Lowther herself was rendered happy by it, and made a wife no less sweet and tender for the young Laird epistle, Bell was, as she had predicted, on her way of Clandarrel, because she had been a belle and to Clandarrel; and once at Clandarrel, she was a beauty, and had almost been guilty of becom-

MATIN. - VESPERS.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

THEY stood beneath the laden vines The rosy flush of morning lay On sky, and river, and on them Youths' dawn, which time shall steal away.

Its splendor, spread from smiling skies, Tinged earth and river at their feet; In flower, and vine, and purple fruit, Awakening pulses seemed to beat.

They stood beheath the laden vines. Her face was, oh! so very fair, With crimson lips, and dreamy eyes, And billows of deep, dusky hair.

Her young head lay upon his breast, Over the face he loves so well; Great anguish sweeps, as on the air Their parting knell, the matin bell.

They part this hour; 'tis his to strive Where raining bullets ring and rattle; His country's honor to maintain, Amid the clash and clang of battle.

Hers patiently to watch and wait, Through many a long and weary day; Beside the river's sullen flow, Silent to wait, and watch, and pray;

To feel her sad heart wrung anew. As with the slow, revolving time, Is borne to her, on Summer air, Mellow, and sweet, the matin chime.

Again beneath the laden vines, As twilight shadows fall, they meet; While the slow ebbing pulse of day, Has almost ceased its heavy beat.

Beneath the bloom and beauty there. She kneels beside him where he lies: Death on his brow, and dimming fast, The light within those deep brown eyes.

As the dim earth-light fades and fails, He grows diviner to all time, And twilight wraps them gently round, While softly falls the vesper chime.

LAKE LEBAGO.

BY P. C. DOLE.

The soft certileku sky was flecked With clouds of sliver gray; The fresh, green fields were all bedecked With blossoms bright and gay.

Our path lay through a land of bloom, Bounded by wood and bower; The maple shook its crimson plume, The birch its tassel-flower,

The wild-bird in its downy nest, Swung in the scented air; The bee, with pollen-dusted breast, Went winging here and there,

Before, a lake, half hid from view, Flung out a feathery rim; Beyond, the purple mountains threw Their summits, veiled and dim.

The glory of that happy place, Rippled with joy divine, Made dearer by the gentle face Whose eyes were turned to mine. And sweeter far than song of bird, Or wave, or wandering bee, Her voice attuned each loving word, She whispered unto me.

I marvel as I walk alone The old, familiar ways, If in that land to me unknown, ' She dreams of earlier days.

I marvel if she ever yearns, For earth-born love, or home; If in her radiant spirit burns, A wish for me to come.

Oh, sweet blue eyes, that may not shine, To gild my passing hours! Oh, little hands, that may not twine, For me the Spring-time flowers!

Watch on me lest I go afar, From where your light may be, All glorious as a heaven-lit star, In Eden's canopy.

MR. HASTLE'S LESSON.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It was a very lengthy grace, and Sammy was very hungry. He had made a pretence of covering his eyes, as his mother did, with his left hand; but there was a gleam of blue between the little brown fingers, and that blue spark of intelligence was fixed earnestly, waitingly, upon his father's face, and his right hand was tightly clasping his fork.

"Amen!" sounded sonoriously from Mr. Hastle's lips, and at precisely the same moment Sammy's fork descended into a delicately white and mealy potato.

"Samuel Hastle," said the father, sternly, "you wait till you are helped, or I will know the reason why."

It was a very good dinner, nicely cooked; but still a comfortless air surrounded the table, a chill atmosphere, radiating, I imagine, from the foot of the table, where Mr. Hastle sat.

Mrs. Hastle, behind the tea-tray, was a meek, gentle-faced woman, with the look of a house-plant that had grown in the shade, but was by nature peculiarly dependent upon the sun to give it warmth and color. I imagine Mr. Hastle was the sun she looked to, and he did not give out sunshine and warmth enough to sustain his drooping parasite, for she looked wilted and drooping.

Alice, the daughter, was an energetic-looking young damsel of nineteen. From her father's family, I imagine, she had inherited her straightforward, brown eyes, and the decided contour of her rosy-tinted chin.

Sammy, after his father had helped him, in his turn, which came last, to the roast lamb and vegetables, looked like what he was at this early epoch of his development, a healthy young animal, and no more.

Mr. Hastle's hair was smoothly brushed up and braided across the top of his head. He had because she on an immaculate shirt, and his clean gingham on the table. He wore his second-best suit of clothes, and his to appear e well-brushed hat lay on the side-table. You think, do you not, that Mr. Hastle was going somewhere? You are right. Mr. Hastle was going to the village. A meeting of the trustees had been called, for some church business. He felt that he was one of the pillars, and must be the apoke, there to sustain the weight of the church, lest, cup of tea,

haply, it should fall and tumble into ruin. Mr. Hastle had signified to his wife his desire that dinner should be upon the table at precisely halfpast eleven, and she had, at some inconvenience to herself, gotten it on the table at precisely that moment; and while dinner was progressing, in the very heat of the battle, as we may say, while she was in the greatest hurry of her preparations, he had entered the house and called for his clean shirt. Mrs. Hastle had hurriedly washed her hands; she was making the dressing for the lamb, but she dropped the pepper-box, the sage, and the bread-crumbs, and hied away, as upon the wings of the wind, to obey his commands. And she brought out the snowy linen, with its glossy bosom and cuffs bearing witness to the hard labor she had bestowed upon them. Again she had become engrossed in her preparations for dinner, when the imperious summons came from the bedroom, "Sally, come and button my shirt-sleeves." Again, the willing and the obedient slave ran to do him service. "He couldn't make the confounded thing catch any way!" She worked zealously, but not so deftly as of old, for her fingers, which had been so supple and delicate when they had first commenced to toil for him, were now coarsened and made clumsy by hard labor. But at last, by many turnings and twistings of the farmer's brawny wrists, and much hard breathing on Sally's part, she succeeded in buttoning them, and was rewarded by the mandate, "Hurry up the dinner, Sally." She had gotten it nearly ready, was just putting her tea to steep, when again the summons came. "Sally, come and tie up my cravat! It looks like the Old Scratch, the best way you can fix it." Never did monarch's trustiest slave obey more swiftly. And then his hair must be parted straight, and Sally must part it; and Sally must brush his coat, and his hat, because she always had, I suppose. But take it all together, with the hurry of getting the dinner on the table, and the labor of preparing "father" to appear creditably among the other pillars that afternoon, Sally looked tired out as they sat down to the table. And as the meal drew near to a conclusion, instead of looking rested, she looked more flushed, and worried, and uneasy. Something seemed to be on Sally's mind. Finally, she spoke, as she handed her husband his third "The tea is all gone, father. You will have to get some to-day."

"The tea all gone!"

If Mrs. Hastie had told him that his barn had sunk into the depths of the earth, and a mountain had risen over its ruins, he couldn't have manifested any deeper surprise and dismay. "The tea all gone! How long is it, I would like to knew, since I got half a pound?"

Receiving no solution to this deep conundrum, Mr. Hastle continued, in a sterner, more majestic tone.

"How long is it, I would like to know, since I got half a pound of tea?"

Mrs. Hastle said nothing, but nervously rattled her teaspoon.

"It does beat all how things go here. I believe they are wasted. But I suppose I must get some." As, indeed, he had intended to do all the time. And he evidently smothered his regret as he tasted the sweet cherry pie, his favorite pastry, and which Sally had prepared for the express purpose of propitiating him. Sally had this trait, in common with the heathen: she was wont to try to propitiate her oracle with burnt sacrifices of sweet odor. But now, as in ancient time it often befell the devotee, the oracle gave no signs of relenting or compassion to the abject worshipper. Still more flushed looked Mrs. Hastle; but glancing at Sammy, she evidently plucked up her courage.

"Sammy's shoes are all out at the toes. You will have to get him a pair. And the school picnic is the last of the week; so you had better get them to-day."

"Shoes! Sammy's shoes worn out!" And Mr Hastle laid down his knife and fork, and looked at Mrs. Hastle as if shoes were the one peculiar portion of a boy's wardrobe that were indestructible and everlasting; and the fact of this one pair proving perishable was her guilt, and hers alone.

"Sammy's shoes! I declare!"

Fully five minutes did Mr. Hastle descant on this theme, till Sally's nerves seemed strung upon wire, and she was possessed of a full consciousness that she was the meanest woman in the world. And then he told Sammy to go and measure his foot; and then he proceeded to take the last few mouthfuls of his pie.

But though Mrs. Hastle's nerves were strung and the wire was waving in the wind, was not gifted with any sensitiveness, he failed and her spirit fainted within her, she was a mother, and what mother will not dare all and suffer an offset to his good qualities, he was naturally all for her child's sake? The picnic, so soon to domineering and self-willed, and as Mrs. Hastle come off, was going to be a large affair, and all thad, ever since their marriage, yielded implicitly, the young girls of her ewn age were to wear white blindly to his desires, reasonable or unreasonable.

You will have to muslin dresses, and Alice had none. So the weak voice was raised again.

"Father, guess you will have to---"

"What? Mrs. Hastle, what now?"

This he said in such terrible tones, that meek little Mrs. Hastle dropped the words immediately, as a boy will drop the stolen peaches when the farmer seizes him by the collar.

"Alice wants a new summer dress; a white one."

"A new summer dress! A white one!"

But we will hasten out at once on to the quiet plazza, or stroll round in the door-yard, while Mr. Hastle gives relief to his outraged feelings in regard to "summer dresses." Before the speech was half done, however, Alice left the table with a red flush on her cheek, and a flashing light in her brown eyes, and Mrs. Hastle alone listened to his closing words, which she knew, from long experience, would come after his lecture had concluded.

"I can get her a summer dress, I s'pose, but I shall pick it out myself, and get something that will wear and be durable."

"She picked out the piece she wanted at the corner store," said Sally, pleadingly. "She's got her mind set on a white muslin. All the girls are going to have one."

"Because every other girl is a fool, does it follow that our girl has got to be one? I guess her father's judgment is better than hern. White muslin! Catch her death-cold in it, and no wear to it at all. I shall get her one that I think will be durable, and do her some good."

Mrs. Hastle dared venture no more remarks. But it was with a sinking heart that she helped him into his overcoat, picked up his gloves, and followed him out to the gate with his handkerchief, which, as usual, he had forgotten.

If you think Mr. Hastle is a monster of injustice, you greatly mistake. He was a man with many good qualities; perfectly truthful; honest, that is, he thought he was; strictly just, that is, he entertained the belief that he was any man had told him that he failed in kindness to his family, he would have been tempted, good church member as he was, to knock him down. That is, if his surprise had enabled him to exert himself sufficiently to do so. In fact, Mr. Hastle's mind was not in the least introspective; he haid hold of visible duties vigorously. But, as he was not gifted with any sensitiveness, he failed to discover how a sensitive soul could suffer. As an offset to his good qualities, he was naturally domineering and self-willed, and as Mrs. Hastle had, ever since their marriage, yielded implicitly,

deferred to his wishes, and allowed herself to be and felt deeply an injustice. When Mrs. Hastle controlled completely by him, this discipline had not had a tendency to counteract his natural tendencies.

As we say, he called himself strictly honest and just. If he owed a man a dollar, he rested not till it was paid. But I certainly think he never paused to consider whether he was just toward his wife. When she had labored, side by side with him, since their married life began helped him to accumulate his handsome property -had been prudent and economical, and worked now for their united interests harder than he did. more hours-I don't suppose he had ever questioned himself whether it was really just for him to clutch the family purse in his own right-hand, and dole out every penny she called for, as if it were a gift he was bestowing upon a menial. the household meals, all the children's clothing, for which he was certainly as responsible as she; yet she had to extract it from him by the most painful processes of reasonings and pleadings, and after long arguments, and endless objections, and reproaches, he yielded it up with mental groanings that could scarcely be uttered.

All this was exceedingly painful to Mrs. Hastle's meek, sensitive soul. But she was a natural martyr; she had a born aptitude for that vocation. Had she lived in the days of martyrdom, no human agency could have kept her from the gridiron and blazing fagots. To tell the plain truth, I have no patience with this sort of woman. Don't mistake my meaning! No person can excel me in enthusiastic admiration for deyout souls, who make martyrs of themselves for principle, "not accepting deliverance, hoping for a better resurrection." In reading of these holy souls, does not my heart burn within me. But I have no patience with women, who make martyrs of themselves, simply for the agonizing satisfaction they feel, in realizing themselves, and making others realize, that they are a burnt offering : and where the sacrifice has, no other reason and result than to pamper another human being's seif-love and selfishness.

At the commencement of their married life, when her husband insisted, for instance, on picking out her calico dresses, and selecting the wallpaper, and bewailed the grocery bill, had she very kindly, but firmly, insisted upon his yielding to her her reasonable rights, I think she would have vastly improved Mr. Hastle, and prevented much future suffering to herself and children. Now Alice, the daughter, was not a martyr; she had no vocation in that direction; she was warm-hearted and generous; but a reasonable and reasoning human being, who saw quickly, { like to have him. Suppose we ricked out his

re-entered the house. Alice had not returned to her work up stairs, but was clearing off the table, with an unusually quick movement even for her: while her brown eyes still sparkled with indignant fire, and a red flush burned steadily in each obeek.

"Mother!" she broke forth. "I will not stand it much longer. I will leave home! I will-"

"Leave home!" cried poor Mrs. Hastle, feeling that her back was indeed the back of a camel, and the last straw was being lifted upon it.

"Yes, leave home! Aunt Martha wants me to come and live with her. There she is, as rich as a Jew, and good-hearted, too, as she can be; and now, since Emma is married, and she is alone. you know just how she is urging me, every time she sees me, to come and stay with her; and I will go! I will not endure father's tyranny much longer. He makes home a perfect torment."

"Don't talk so, Alice. Your pa means well. He is dreadful hard to get along with; but he means well."

"Yes, means well! I should think he did. See him dole out every penny to us as if we were beggars! You have never got a penny from him. since my recollection, but what you have had to argue, and urge, and persuale. And didn't you have as much property as he had, when you commenced keeping house?"

"Yes, I put one hundred dollars more in the farm than he did. Your grandpa paid me my portion when I was married.'

"And you have always worked just as hard as he has. And see him dole out the groceries! Whose fault is it, I would like to know, if the tea is gone. He complained this morning because it wasn't strong enough to suit him. He is as much to blame for the family expenses as you. Why don't you grumble every time he asks you to cook the dinner he groans over buying. And the starch. I heard him, the other day, complain over buying it. Why don't you complain over ironing his shirt-bosoms? I love to see justice. And hear him talk about Sammy's shoes."

"He said he'd gim'me some," said Sammy, contentedly, from the door-step. A healthy young animal cares little whether its grass is ripened by thunder-storms or sunshine.

"Yes, get you some! But mother had to hold a debate with him, a perfect lyceum, before she could get them. And my dress! I won't wear it, mother, and you will see that I won't. He will bring home some great sunflower-looking delaine, see if he don't. He may wear it if he does; make it up into pantaloons and vests; I'd clothes, mother, and insisted on his wearing them. } I would, mother, if I were you; see how he would like that! Maybe that would teach him to let our dresses alone. And look at the parlor paper, that he would get; it makes the parlor look like a perfect fright; and the parlor wood-work a bright yellow. Suppose we made him paint his new barn to suit us."

Here a sudden flash of light, as from a new thought, lit up the sparkling, bright, brown eyes. And when her mother put in her voice again, "Father means well, but he don't think," the light grew still brighter, as Alice said, impulsively, standing up in front of her mother, "What do you say to making him think?"

- "What do you mean, Alice?"
- "Mother, you know, don't you, that I generally do what I say I will."
- "Yes, I do," sighed poor Mrs. Hastle. "You took your sot ways from your father, though I won't say but what your ways are generally right ones."

"I must have took that from you, mother," said Alice, laughing. But she grew serious again at once; and went on in a decided voice. "But I am in earnest, mother, and I have wanted to talk with you about it, a good while. You know futher won't let me teach, nor do anything to earn something for myself. He thinks it looks strongminded and mannish for a woman to want any independent means of her own; and then he will granble, and complain, and make me perfectly wretched over everything he buys for me. Now last week, if I had eloped with a pirate, he couldn't have groaned more than he did, when I asked him to buy me a hair-net. Aunt Martha knows just how it is, if she is his own sister; not that I have complained a word to her; but she saw for herself, when she was here last winter, and you know just how much she wants me to live with her. You know she has told me, time and again, that she would do for me just as if I were her own daughter; and she won't treat me as if I were a beggar, and—and an object of charity. And I shall certainly go, mother, unless something can be done to make father different."

"What can be done?" groaned poor, meek Mrs. Hastle. "It won't do to cross him any. I never dared to try to, he is so sot."

"Well, there is one plan we can try, if you will help me, mother. You know father has got to go to grandfather's, pretty soon, to be gone a week, and-"

Well, just as sure as I live, they have gone into the pantry, and shut the door; they are pretending to wash the dinner-dishes; but, in reality,

poor Mrs. Hastle, frightened at the thought of losing her daughter, londs herself to the undertaking 'very much as a ruhning vine might. through much importunity of the company, promise to become a telegraph pole.

Shall we listen at the key-hole, as Sammy is deing, and try to overhear their conversation? No! We scorn the ignoble suggestion! We will wait patiently till 'Alice's plan develops itself, or till she tells us herself. A woman never can keep a secret for any length of time—that we know:

At night, Mr. Hastle returned; bringing Sammy's shoes; thick calf-skin, and that, years hence, in the development of time, might suit him, but which, in the meantime, must be borne as a burden: Alice's dress was, as her boding fears had suggested, a thick delaine, a bright vellow ground-work (a favorite color of Mr. Hastle's,) on which green and red nosegays disported themselves.

"A good, sound piece of cloth," he said, admiringly, as he unrolled it; "one that will last her for years. None of your flimsy white muslin. that will tear to pieces if you touch it. Good for summer or winter, and strong enough for a man's wear."

In fact, it was an uncommonly thick piece of rep delaine, for morning dresses. Its gorgeous coloring had taken his eye, and its fine texture had endeared it to his heart.

Alice said not a word as he held its flaming folds up before her. But her poor mother watched her face anxiously. Had it not been for the mysterious words uttered in the pantry, she would have felt assured that this affair would have ended in the departure of her child. But the anxious mother, watching, saw e flash of light gleam over the pretty face, once during her father's remarks, when he said "it was strong enough for a man's wear."

As we have said, Alice said not a word, but poor Mrs. Hastle gave utterance to the sad, long complaints, that household martyrs are wont to indulge in, as the gridiron heats and the faggots blaze beneath fhem, and that ended with " What will folks say to see her with such a dress on to the picnic?"

"What will folks say?" Never did Sally call down upon her devoted head a longer lecture than she did then. "An old woman like her, old enough to be sensible, if she was ever goin' to be. and a church-member, too, to think of what other folks would say. Why didn't he care for what folks said? He had a mind of his own. cared nothing at all for what folks said about his they are discussing that plan. And I fancy that clothes. And he didn't care nothin' at all about his clothes himself, only to have 'em whole and sound. That was all he wanted. Why couldn't wimmin foller his example?"

Ah! sharp and lengthy, indeed, was the sermon poor Sally had to listen to. And it would have been longer, no doubt, hadn't Mr. Hastle suddenly recollected, with a groan, that he had got a letter, and must start for his father's the next day; for the business that called him could not be postponed a minute longer. And to have to go just as he had got ready to paint his barn, too! Like as not the painters will came next week. And then he was a layin' out to have a new summer vest before he went. But he should have to start in the mornin', whether or no, and Sally would jest have to fix that vest a little; that silk braid wasn't worth sewin' on; it frayed out so; and Sally would have to do this and that.

But we will kindly draw a veil over the suffering Sally's efforts to get Mr. Hastle into his best clothes, and safely started, the next morning; and over all the proceedings of mother and daughter, during the week that followed, we also draw a veil. But on the afternoon of Mr. Hastle's return we will go out and meet him, for he thought he would walk from the depot, and we will walk along by his side, invisibly, of course, like a guardian spirit.

Mr. Hastle had completed the business satisfactorily. He was in a serene state of mind. He had left his valise at the depot, to be sent for, and he was walking along happily, with his hands folded across his respectable back. As he neared his house, he took out his watch. "A little past supper-time," he said; "but, of course they'ill wait for me; they always do." He had been gone nearly a week; of course, they would have something extra good—cherry pie, may be. Wrapped in these pleasant reflections, he entered his dwelling. His wife and daughter met him pleasantly, though, to tell the truth, Sally's eyes wore a somewhat frightened look.

But no well-spread supper-table met his longing vision.

"Why, isn't supper ready, Mrs. Hastle?" he the edge. I it is

Before her mother could speak, Alice said, with an astonished look,

"Supper1 Why, we have eaten supper an hour ago."

"Well, then, get me some as quick as you can, for I am half starved."

Poor Sally, at this, half rese from her chair; but glancing at Alice, she sat down again, and repeated, much as if she were saying a lesson,

"The fire is all out. It would be a sight of trouble to build one."

"Good Heavens! Am I to be starved to death in my own house? Alice, do you start and get me some supper this minute."

"How long is it, I would like to know, since you had your dinner?"

"None of your business!" shouted her father.
"I'd like to know if you are all crazy! You act
as if you was. To think a man has got to
argue and plead for a meal of vittles in his own
house."

Still, neither his wife nor daughter stirred; and Mr. Hastle grew frightened.

- "Are you sick, Sally?"
- "No," said Sally, meekly.
- "Then why don't you get me something to cat?"
- "Because the fire is out," said she, in a weak voice.

Mr. Hastle put his hand to his brow, with a look of helpless weaderment, that was too much even for Alice to endure, and she said,

"I suppose we shall try to get you some."

At this, Sally, with a look of relief, hastened out into the kitchen, to prepare the extra good supper she had cooked expressly for him.

She had just got the white table-cloth in her hand, when a voice came from the bed-room,

"Sally, where is my everyday vest? I can't find it."

"I can't leave off to find it. I am busy setting the table," said Sally, evidently denying this request, with more readiness than she had any of his others. But Alice spoke up at once

"We have made you a new new one, father. We thought you needed one."

"Wall, I didn't need another every-day vest. The idea of your dictating to me about my clothea! Where is my old vest?"

"Just see your new vest, father," said Alice, demurely, as she brought it forward and spread it out before him, with an air of great satisfaction. It was made of that identical cloth that he had bought for Alice's dress. It was made rather long, and had a fold of the same round the edge.

"Because it would wear better," Alice explained. "Braid wears out so quick, and we had heard you say so many times that you cared nothing for fashion at all. You know you said that this cloth was durable; good for summer or winter; strong enough for men's wear. That put it into our heads to surprise you with a nice new vest made of it. You know," she added, sweetly, "that you are always making just such surprises for ma and me."

Mr. Hastle opened his mouth wide enough to give utterance to the largest words in Webster



Unabridged, but no words came at first. Finally | preferences; now it would seem to have his he found voice.

- "Do you suppose I am ever goin' to put that lookin' thing on to me?"
- "Why, yes," said Alice, demurely. "You knew you don't care anything about looks, if it is only good cloth, and wears well."
- "Why, folks would say I was a natural-born fool, or else crazy as a loon."
- "But then, father, you know you don't pay any attention to what folks say or think of your clothes."

Mr. Hastle made no reply, for the good reason that he had, at the time, nothing to say. So he put on his hat, and walked out of the kitchendoor. He evidently wanted to be in the fresh air for a moment. But as he stepped his foot on the platform, a sight met his eyes, that would, I am sure, have made his hair stand perfectly erect upon the top of his head, if he had any to stand up. There steed his new barn, the pride of his eyes, in which he had taken a pride, that we fear was sinful, there it stood, painted entirely yellow on the end, fronting the kitchen; and he supposed, of course, the whole of it was.

"Isn't it pretty, father? There won't be so pretty a barn in the neighborhood. As I told mother, women don't often have their say about such things; but if they did, things would look a sight better."

No sadible words were spoken in reply. But memory was whispering loudly to Mr. Hastle. These were the very self-same words that he had uttered in relation to that bright yellow paint, and the gorgeous wall-paper in the parlor. The tables were turned upon him. For the first time he realized how it seemed, to have his own personal affairs controlled by those who had no business with them; now it would seem to be dictated to, unreasonably, concerning his own outdoor affairs; now it would seem to have his own clething selected for him, regardless of his own \ hold martyrdom.

reasonable househole requests met with grumt!ing, and granted grudgingly.

As we have said, Mr. Hastle was naturally a just man, and a sensible one; one who only needed to have his duty pointed out to him, in order to follow it. He walked into the house, atchis supper, put on his old cost, and proceeded to do his barn-chores. He retired early to bed. And what thoughts visited him, as he lav upon his pillow. I know not. But that he thought deeply and sensibly, I am certain, from the result.

The next merning, old Sorrel stood by the gate. ready to convey Mr. Hastle to the village after his valise, and to transact other needful business.

Mr. Hastle's countenance looked subdued, vet dignified. There is no dignity to be compared to the dignity of a new and nobler purpose. But Sally looked nervous, especially, as Mr. Hastle was about rising from the table, and Sally had to mention some small article that she or Alice wanted at the store. Then did the meditations of Mr. Hastle in the night-watches become manifest.

"Look here, Sally: if you think that I don't understand what all that tom-foolery you and Alice had last night was for, then you take me to be a bigger fool than I am. I haint a goin' to say but what I have been in the wrong on it. But one thing I will say, that in the future, there is goin' to be a new leaf turned over. I calculate to manage my out-door affairs for myself, and you and Alice must manage the in-door affairs to suit yourselves. There is old Sorrel, and you and Alice can be carried to the store, any time you say the word, and what you buy will be paid for: but as for me-I have picked out my last yard of calico."

Which all goes to prove, what I said in the commencement of this story, that Mr. Hastle was reasonable, and disposed toward justice, and that Sally had only herself to blame for her long house-

THE ROSE-BUSH.

BY SAM FRANK SPENCER.

A CHILD sleeps under a rose-bush fair, The buds swell out in the soft May air; Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies, To play with the angels in Paradiso And the years glide by!

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair, The dewy blossoms perfume the air; She presses her hand to her throbbing breast, With love's first wonderful rapture blest-And the years glide by !

A mother kneels by the rose-besh fair, .. Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air; And sorrowing thoughts of the past arise, The tease of woe bedim her eyes-And the years glide by !

Nude and sione stands the rose-bush fair, Whirled are the leaves in the Winter air: Withered and dead they bestrew the ground-And silently cover a new-made mound-And the years glide by !

AUNT. NESBITT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE train stopped; the conductor shouted, "Holmes' Hill." It was an express; there was just time to bid adieu to stiff, old Mrs. Murray. Vera was helped off the car by Mr. Murray, who was as stiff and solemn as his wife. Vera had felt all the way as if she were a criminal under the charge of two wooden juilors, animated by machinery.

There were no other passengers to descend; nobody on the platform but the employees, and a few gaping boys. A single carriage was waiting at a little distance—an old-fashioned ffair, that looked like a small caravan.

"Is that Miss Nesbitt's carriage?" Mr. Murray asked one of the men. There came an affirmative answer.

"Come then, my dear; there's no time to lose," said the old gentleman, "This is the young lady you are to drive to Miss Neshitt's," he added, to the coachman. "Take the checks, please, and get her luggage. Good-by once more, Miss Vera! I hope we shall hear good reports of your health, and—and all the rest."

He was gone before Vera could thank him for his good wishes, if she had desired; but she did not. She was too much vexed at that last hesitating clause. She was sure now that mamma had told him the whole story. This was what made him roll up his eyes at her, and gasp every few moments. This was what made Mr. Murray quote Dr. Watts, and talk vaguely about the horrible sin of disobeying one's pastors and masters.

Well, they were gone anyway. Now for Aunt Nesbitt. Vera got into the ancient chariot, and waited while her luggage was fastened on behind. She heard the men swear about one box, and it was finally decided that it should be left, and sent over later by Jo Cruch. Her consent was not even asked by Miss Nesbitt's old, willful servant. Vera felt this an additional indignity. Perhaps he knew, too. Probably, Miss Nesbitt could no more keep anything to herself than mamma.

The carriage drove off. Vera leaned back in her seat unhappy enough, but just for the moment, more sulky than miserable. Her natural guardians were not content with breaking her heart, they must needs make her ridiculous.

Up hill and down, over a passable road, through }

pretty scenery, a rapid little river, and cultivated fields, and pleasant woodlands in the foreground, with a long sweep of lofty hills beyond. That was what Vera saw as the fat horses trotted leisurely. Many girls in her state of mind would have regretted that the country had not been desolate and bare; but Vera was neither sentimental nor an idiot. Because she could not have what she wanted in the world, she felt to be no reason why she should avoid any chance pleasantness which might come in her way.

At last the driver turned, and pointed out a house, down in a narrow valley they were entering.

"There 'tis," he said, laconically. Thomas seldom honored women by talking to them. He thought the race dangerous and uninteresting.

Vera looked, and saw an eld-fashioned brick house, with wide-spreading wings, half-hidden among fine, old cedars, standing a pleasant distance back from the highway.

Thomas hailed a boy, and persuaded him to open the gates. They drove through; they stopped by the veranda steps. Out of the house came a tall, erect, elderly lady, rather a handsome one, too, with a sufficiently kindly face, had it not been for the satirical expression of the mouth, and the sharp gleam of her gray eyes. Vera had never seen her great-aunt but once, years and years ago. She looked eagerly at this new jailor, as she mentally called her.

"How do you do, Vera?" said Miss Nesbitt, holding out her hand, and helping the young lady to descend, all with as much composure as if her relative lived in the house, and had only been absent for a day. "Drive round to the side door with the luggage, Thomas; have it carried up the back stairs."

As the man obeyed, she turned to Vera again.
"Hum!" said she. "You're eyes are not red.
I expected you to arrive drowned in tears; both
your sisters did."

"I am sorry to disappoint you; but I seldom indulge in tears," replied Vera, with great stateliness.

There was an amused, rather approving look in the old woman's eyes, which Vera did not notice.

"You are the third," she continued. "I have had just one visit in turn from my grand nieces."

Vera was so irritated by the sarcastic smile on

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the thin lips, that she could not resist throwing { putting her head on one side, and eying her the gauntlet down at once.

- "Have you ever had any other prisoners?" demanded she.
- "Oh, no," replied the old lady, perfectly unmoved. "Mine is a very private mad-house, indeed, reserved exclusively for my affectionate relatives."

She laughed; and belligerent as she felt, Vera could not help laughing also.

- "Good!" said Aunt Nesbitt. "Come in now: luncheon is on the table. I must eat at all events."
- "So must I," said Vers. "I'm awfully hungry. The supper on the boat last night was wretched, and I could eat no breakfast, because Mr. Murray sat rolling his eyes at me like a galvanized owl."
- "Come in," said Aunt Nesbitt. She was thinking, "This girl is made of different stuff from her sisters. Veronica Nesbitt, she reminds me of you in the old, old days."

They went into the dining-room. The luncheon was excellent, and Vera ate with an excellent appetite.

- "You're not a bit like a heroine," observed Aunt Nesbitt, at last.
- "I think I should be rather of the Amazon order if I were," replied Vera, coolly.
- "Do you mean that as a threat?" asked her aunt.
- "No," said Vera. "I did mean to be disagreeable; but I made up my mind last night that it would be silly. I should punish myself more than you, so I intend to make the best of life I can."
 - "It's very dull here," said the old lady.
 - "I shan't mind for awhile."
 - "But you are to stay here till you're cured." Vera smiled.
- "I understand. You think you are likely to stay always," said Aunt Nesbitt. "So did Jane: she stayed three months. So did Josephine; she held out five. Imagine what I must be like."
- "I should say it was you who got tired of them," returned Vera. "You found husbands for them both."
- "Yes; rich Mr. Musters happened to come here that season. Jane decided that diamonds and millions were better in hand than love in a cottage in prospective."
- "And Josephine took to good works, and married a parson."
- "I was glad. She tired me after she took so violently to religion. First she thought of being a Romanist and a nun. Then the parson came slong, and she wanted to convert me; she thought I was no better than a heathen. I don't know

grand-niece with an aggravating smile.

- "I suppose I must choose ologies, and isms. and strong-mindedness generally," Vera replied.
- "Oh, dear!" sighed Aunt Nesbitt, with a comical, rueful look. "Perhaps you'd like to go and see your prison cell. Ah, here comes Maria," as a tidy, middle-aged servant appeared. "Maria, show Miss Vera her quarters, please. I must go out, and see Sims about those oxen."

Vera was taken to her apartments, a pleasant bedroom and a dressing-room, handsomely furmished, in an old-fashioned way, with a lovely look-out from the windows. Maria was in ecstasies at Miss Vera's praise of the place, asked for her keys, and began taking the things out of her

Vera sat down by one of the dressing-room windows, leaned her elbows on the sill, and gazed wistfully out over the pretty scene.

Suddenly she felt the half-bitter, half-bewildered composure, which had supported her during the interview, begin to give way. She closed the door into the dressing-room, where Maria was still busy, turned the keys softly in the doors. and let her hysterical passion have its course. She wept for awhile, as if her heart was bursting, careful to restrain her sobs so that no sound could reach the apartment beyond.

"There, I think I've cried enough," she said. at last, with an odd, choking little laugh. "I've kept it back for a whole week. I'll not try it again for some time; it makes me despise myself."

She threw herself on her bed and fell sound asleep. No wonder; she had scarcely slept or eaten for nights and days.

There seemed a fatality in the Raymond family. Before Vera, two sisters had, in turn, been exiled for the same offence which my heroine had committed; a determination to love the wrong man, an unpardonable sin according to Mrs. Raymond's creed.

Vera could remember when the oldest sister, Jane, was sent to Aunt Nesbitt's dwelling. She was thirteen when Josephine went. As she grew up, she always vowed that no such destiny should evertake her. The very rapidity with which her sisters had recovered from their trouhles, and come home calm, forgetful of their dreams, "engaged," had filled Vera with contempt. She got to eighteen, considering herself as worldly as her mother; vowing that a girl's mission was to have riches, and leave herself just heart enough to appreciate the pathetic scenes in a novel. Mrs. Raymond was de ighted with her what you'll take to, I'm sure," said Aunt Nesbitt, { pupil. Vera had always been her favorite child. She grew up much handsomer than her other daughters, and was "so sensible."

It was autumn when Vera came to Aunt Nesbitt's. Late, the winter before, her mother had introduced her into society. Some new and wonderful parti had made his appearance, and Mrs. Raymond determined that he should fall a prey to Vera's charms. The girl made a grand success. She was the belle of the season; had a crowd ef admirers always about her. Her witticisms were quoted; her singing and dancing pronounced adorable; her blonde beauty unsurpassed.

She flirted outrageously, but her mother did not mind that. The millionaire whom Mrs. Raymond meant to attract-for whom Mrs. Raymond launched into extravagances that she could ill afford-struggled awhile against his fate, as eligible men, who have learned to believe themselves hunted by pretty girls and match-making mammas, are wont to do, fell at last a hopeless victim. Mrs. Raymond had no fears; she was sure that when he proposed, Vera would accept him. Mr. Osborne made the mother his confidant. wished, before addressing Vera, to be certain that she had learned to care for him. The foolish man wanted to be loved by his future wife! Mrs. Raymond was not sorry to retain Vera a little longer; to display her at Newport and other desirable places.

But, alas! just as spring came on, a dreadful blow struck the scheming mother. Vera "made a fool of herself." She was discovered secretly to have become engaged to handsome More Rivington, a man of excellent family and all that, but poor as a church mouse. Past experiences had taught Mrs. Raymond wisdom. She did not fly into a rage; she only talked renson, laughed, and carried Vera off on a round of visits, ending in a stay at Newport, where Vera was made a queen of, and enjoyed her sovereignty so much, that the mother believed her victory was to be an easy one.

But toward the closs of the season her shortlived hopes received a second fall. Mr. Osborne proposed to Vera, and was refused. Several other men shared the same fate. Mrs. Raymond almost turned into a Bedlamite, but it was of no avail. Vera did not shrick and moan, as her sisters had done; neither threatened, like them, to go into a convent or kill herself.

"I love More Rivington." she said, with a cold composure that her mother called obstinacy. "It would be a sin to marry another man. I will not do it."

She was impervious to anger, sneers, prayers. She grew gate and thin; but she would not yield. Vol. LXV.—19

"Pack your trunks," cried Mrs. Raymond, at last, in utter despair. "Be off to Aunt Nesbitt's. You're as big a fool as your sisters. You'll get cured fast enough, but it will be too late. Isabel Rush will catch Harry Osborne, and I never will forgive you—never! More Rivington is the greatest flirt in existence. He'll never work at his profession. Before next spring he will marry some heiress. You'll be in a sweetly ridiculous position then."

So the exile to Aunt Nesbitt's came about. She was Vera's great-aunt; a very rich, whimsical, tyrannical old maid, according to the world's verdict. Vera had seen her years before, when she brought Josephine home, and had thought her the most awful woman she ever set eyes on. Both her sisters pronounced her a Gorgon-a fiend; and Vera could easily believe she was both, and several other horrible things added. Miss Nesbitt never visited her niece, and only permitted visits from her at rare intervals. She told Mrs. Raymond, with the charming frankness common to rich relations, that if she (Mrs. R.) were not the most tremendous fool in the world, she would have been the greatest rogue. Still she sent her money sometimes, and Mrs. Raymond bore her cynicism for the sake of the material aid.

So, now, here, in the midst of the beautiful September, Vera was landed under the Gorgon's roof, and the old woman's reception made her hope that, after all, life would be more endurable than exposed to her mother's petty persecutions. Aunt Nesbitt looked as determined as a rock, capable of passing sentence on a guilty person, and hanging the criminal with her own hands; but she evidently would attempt no small tyranny, and Vera felt that she could bear anything better than "nagging." She did not see her aunt again until dinner-time. She appeared in the diningroom as carefully dressed as if she had expected to meet a dozen people.

The old lady talked cheerfully, as she might to any young lady visitor; and Vera thoroughly enjoyed her quaint stories, and sarcastic views of men and women in general.

"Hum!" said the old lady, at last, "I think you must mean mischief, mademoiselle, my niece."

"You said all girls did," said Vera.

"Jane went about in a dressing-gown, with her hair down her back, for a week," pursued the old lady. "She looked very like Juliet. She repeated poetry, and bayed at the moon like a dog. Nothing but a cold in her head, and a swollen nose, made her stop these performances."

"I'm too vain to run such risks, said Vera.



"Josephine had hysterics once in two hours for ten days," continued Aunt Nesbit. "She lived on green tea without any milk in it; tried to poison herself once with red ink. Once my maid woke me in the middle of the night, to say that my niece was raving on the top of the house, trying to throw herself off the roof, with old Thomas and the housekeeper holding her."

"What did you do?" asked Vera, calmly.

"Went up stairs—sent the servants down. 'You shan't stop me, I will die,' shricked the heroine. 'Die,' said I, 'why not? Good-by, my love, I hope we shall meet in Heaven! I'll count, when I get to five, if you haven't jumped over, I'll throw you down with these two hands.'"

Vera fairly shricked with laughter.

- "What did she do?"
- "Fainted away, of course."
- "And you?"
- "I pinched her! 'Get up,' said I. 'One—two—three—make ready—four!' Up she got. down stairs she ran like a lamplighter, and locked herself in her room. She never got me out of bed again, in the middle of the night, I assure you."

"It is plain that I can't do anything in the romantic line," observed Vera. "I will not copy, I must think of something original."

The evening passed well enough; the calm was a relief, after all Vera had gone through with her mother. She made tea for Miss Nesbitt, she played the piano at her request, read aloud, and was sent off to bed early.

She had vowed not to weep for a long time, but she had a bad night, nevertheless.

Two days elapsed before Aunt Nesbitt said anything more about this matter, which had obtained her the companionship of her grand-niece. The letters had come in while they were at breakfast. Miss Nesbitt looked to see if the girl seemed disappointed because there were none for her.

"Vera," said she, "few women can keep a promise--can you?"

A strange smile flitted over Vera's lips. Aunt Nesbitt understood that it meant, "I have made one promise I mean to keep."

Miss Nesbitt considered a little. Was this just girlish obstinacy, or was it a woman's firm resolve?

"Vera," she continued, "I hate to be bored by watching and spying. Will you engage neither to receive or send letters to that young man of yours?"

"I told him I would not write, that I would do nothing underhanded and mean," said Vera, with flashing eyes, though she grew white to the lips that quivered so pitcously, in spite of her selfcontrol.

- "If he finds out where you are, and comes here, will you promise not to take to stolen interviews?"
- "I would see him, if I could," replied Vera, quietly. "But you need not be afraid. He has to go, or has gone, to Australia."
- "Ah, yes!" cried Aunt Nesbitt. "The old story! He is to make a fortune, and come back. Let me see—you may expect to meet him when you are about forty-two."
 - "I can wait " said Vora.
- "Though it is more probable you will hear of his return in about a year and a half, with an Australian heiress for a wife," added Miss Nesbitt, opening her letters.
- "Did any man ever treat you so?" demanded Vera, too angry to think what might be the consequences of rousing the old lady's anger.

Miss Nesbitt laid down her letter, leaned her hands on the table, and looked her niece through and through with her steely gray eyes.

- "Yes," she answered, slowly; "a man did treat me just in that way. Are you satisfied now? Will you admit that I have some right to doubt young men—young women, too?"
- "I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the impulsive girl. "Indeed, indeed, I am sorry!"
- "There's no harm done," said Miss Nesbitt, in an odd tone. "Vera, you are the only human being that ever heard my secret. I don't know why I answered you. I ought to have boxed your ears."
 - "I wish you would-I deserve it," cried Vera.
- "I never box anybody's ears, unless they tread on Seraph's tail," said Aunt Nesbitt, stroking the head of a beautiful Angora cat, that sat on a chair by her side, sleepily staring at Vern, looking a little contemptuous, as if he had seen so much of girl's romances that he was sick of them. "I'd box Queen Victoria's ears for that. But I am sixty-two—women don't have feelings at that age—it is only pretty Juliets of eighteen, who can indulge in such luxuries."

Vera could not decide whether she liked or detested Aunt Nesbitt; at all events, she was suddenly interested in her, and wished she dared ask questions about the long-lost romance, which Vera felt held a profound tragedy under it.

"I was very rude," she said. "I have grown irritable. I—I have had a good deal to make me so."

Aliss Nesbitt was acquainted with Mrs. Raymond's genius in the nagging line, and understood what the girl must have gone through, but she offered no sympathy, nor did she tell Vora that she ought to remember that her mother's tessing came from affection and anxisty.

- "We'll not have quarrels while you stay," was all she said.
- " How long will you keep me?" asked Vera. Miss Nesbitt shrugged her shoulders, and the provoking, ironical expression crossed her face.
- "Till you are cured, was Flora Raymond's order." said she. "But I've neither a Mr. Musters, or a parson, on hand at present."
- "It's rather a gloomy prospect for you," said Vera, copying her relative's sarcastic tone.
 - "I never despair," returned Aunt Nesbitt.
- "I shall be twenty-one in three years." observed Vera.
- "Just so," replied her great-aunt. "What then?''
- "I shall have three thousand dollars. I shall set up a school, and make money."
- "Oh, you are dreadfully prosaic," sighed Aunt Nesbitt. "I shall have to stick to my novels. You'll not let me see you live one. You'd better marry Mr. Osborne, and be done."
- "I can't have two husbands. I mean to marry More Rivington!" Her voice faltered a little over the name.
- "Just so," said her aunt. "Let me see. By the time you are forty-seven, you can write and tell him you are quite rich."
 - "I should do so," replied Vera.
- "He takes the Australian heiress in a year and a half," continued Miss Nesbitt, musingly. "Is she to die, or how do you propose to arrange matters?"
 - "He will wait," said Vera.

Aunt Nesbitt took up a newspaper, and seemed busy with it. She was secretly watching the girl. How the sight of her brought the old woman's youth back! Vera was so like what she had been -it was like watching the ghost of her own girlhood to look at her. Presently, Miss Nesbitt rose and left the room in silence. She wanted to be alone. The iron composure which life had taught her had not been so shaken in years.

"If they could both hold firm," she said to herself. "But that is impossible. Fate never lets such impossibilities come to pass. Flora Rivington, it's my belief there'll be another old maid in the family! But, bah! who knows! She may get sick of this in six months. I'll give her so much time; then she'll marry Osborne, and maybe grow as fat as Jane has."

Three months passed. Aunt and niece got on very well together; at least each had learned to like the other; but there was never any demonstration of affection. I should employ a stronger word where old Veronica Nesbitt was concerned. } Her heart had softened toward the girl as it had {

She took a pleasure in her beauty; she admired her talents, and her resolute character; she fairly wondered at her own fondness, but she made no

And Vera? I think you can imagine what she suffered: but she suffered like a strong woman. not a girl. Indeed, many of her age would have decided she could have no heart, she fought so gallantly and persistently against her pain. She would not give way-she would struggle through! She made for herself every amusement and interest possible. She studied hard, never forgetting her determination of having a school when her majority arrived. She found herself growing thin and pale, unable to eat, passing night after night in sleepless misery. She must keep her beauty; it was dear to her, because he prized it! She would not grow bony, and haggard, and old! He would come to her at last-he should find that the years had no more changed her face than they had her heart.

- "Aunt Nesbitt," she said. "I want bromide of potash, and I want hypophosites of iron and sorla_''
- "God bless my soul!" exclaimed Aunt Nesbitt. "I've no money. Will you buy them? I've no appetite: I can't sleep."
- "That's according to all rules of romance," said the old maid.
- "I told you I was vain," replied Vera. "I will not grow ugly. I mean to stay handsome till I am forty-seven."
- "I'll buy you a ton," cried Aunt. Neslitt. "But, oh, dear! oh, dear! you're such a di.appointment to me. You're not a bit of a heroine."

Her stern soul was so softened, that she was nearer tears than she had got in twenty years. She had to take refuge in the old irony to hide her emotion.

"I'm not a herone: I'm a woman-that's better." retorted Vera-

Miss Nesbitt went on with her crochet in silence for some time. Suddenly she threw her work on the floor, regardless of the havoc Seraph immediately proceeded to make in it. marched up to Vera, looking as if she were about to bite her. She stooped, kissed the girl's forehead, and stalked out of the room. Vers knew now that she had been given a place in that longsealed heart. She let herself try a little. She was glad to be loved. She had no mind to shut her eyes against any gleam of light just because she could not have the sun.

The next day was dreary and windy. Vera drove off several miles to inquire for a sick friend of Aunt Nesbitt's. The old lady had a cold, and hour later, Thomas entered to announce a visitor.

- "Who is it?" she asked, with a snift, not for the visitor, but forced from her by catarrh.
- "He wouldn't give no name, ma'am; said as you didn't know him." replied Thomas.
- "Let him come in. I'll sneese at him. He won't want to stay long," said Thomas's mistress.

She was accustomed to being annoyed by strangers in want of help, or full of some grand philanthropic scheme. She expected such a guest now.

The door opened; she began to sneeze.

"Sixteen times," said she, aloud. "I sneezed thirty-four this morning without stopping."

She looked up, and saw before her a young man with one of the finest, grandest faces she had ever set eyes on. She was so surprised that she thought aloud,

- "You can't be a philanthropist!"
- "On the contrary," said her visitor, with a pleasant laugh (" I am the most selfish man alive."
- "I always wanted to see him," replied the old lady, not in the least abashed. "Pray sit down."
- "I must tell you my mame first. Perhaps when you have heard it you will withdraw your invitation.
- "Dear me, who are you? Mephistopheles, or the-the- It wouldn't be polite to name him."
 - "I am More Rivington," he replied.
 - "The dickens!" said Aunt Nesbitt.
- "I have only lately discovered that Vera was here---'
- "I thought you were safe in Australia," interrupled Aunt Nesbitt.
- "The engagement I hoped for proved a failure," he replied. "When I learned where Vera was I could not keep away. I felt that I must at least see you-hear how she was-how---"
- "You can't see her," Miss Nesbitt interrupted again. "I promised her mother that."

He rose, and began walking excitedly up and down; commenced several sentences, could fixish none.

"Sit down," said the old lady. "You fidget me! Sit down! We'll each hear what the other has to say."

More Rivington spent a long hour with her. When he took his leave, he looked happier, though forced to go without seeing Vers.

The next morning Miss Nesbitt handed Vern

- "Go to your room and read it," she said. "Ask me no questions, for I've nothing to tell." This was what Vera read.
- "My heart's desling, I have only just learned where you are. Your sunt has been persuaded These must always be one heart broken."

As Miss Nesbitt sat alone in the library, an { to give you this letter. I start for California in three days. I did not go to Australia, it was useles. Best and dearest, have courage—the years will pass. Be as certain always of my heart as you are of your own. Oh, my love, my love! it will be made up to us, never doubt that." shall leave the letter here, where Vera was forced to stop, for some moments, because her eyes were so blind with happy tears that she could not see the page.

> Two years passed. Once during that time Mrs Raymond paid them a visit; but as Aunt Nesbitt would not let her worry Vera, she was soon ready

> Two years! Very long to Vera; but she never despaired, and never doubted. More Rivington's name was never mentioned between aunt and niece; but Miss Nesbitt knew that the girl had not changed.

> A month after Mrs. Raymond's departure, (a. very frenzied affair, for she almost cursed Aunt Nesbitt, and Vera, too,) there came a letter from her to the old lady, another to Vera.

> More Rivington was married. She inclosed a notice of the marriage, copied from a Galveston newspaper. The letters were such as only a heartless woman could have written.

> "I hope you will come to your senses now," she wrote to Vera. "I hope you have some gleam of womanly pride left. Mr. Osborne is still free: he asks after you often. I attempt no persuasion; I know your obstinacy too well."

> She wrote to Miss Nesbitt, telling her that she was the only person who could influence Vera, begging he to try to show Vera how wise it would be to take this rich man, and so on.

> Miss Nesbitt received these letters in the morning; at night she told Vera, and Vera listened. white and cold as a marble image.

> "Please to let me alone," was all she said. "Don't be afraid, I shall bear it. I can't believe it; I don't believe it-but it is true. You lived, Aunt Nesbitt; I shall live. Death is very cruel; it will not come to those who want it."

Before she went to bed Miss Nesbitt wrote a letter, which she directed to More Rivington. Maysville, California.

"I shall expect the money to be paid in to my bankers in New York without delay. I congratulate you, and wish you just the happiness you deserve." That was all she wrote.

She was not surprised. When she found that Vera proved faithful to her love, she had known, she said now, that the man would fail.

"Fate likes to arrange matters so," she thought. "Truth and falsehood always are thrown together.

A week later, Miss Nesbitt sailed with her grand-niece for Europe. Mrs. Raymond was too glad to be rid of the expense of keeping Vera to expostulate, and consoled herself for the disappointment in regard to Mr. Osborne by visions of muttered Vera. "I dreamed he had come." the girl's marrying a title. She was so proud; she showed so little trace of suffering, that Mrs. Raymond was encouraged to think she would soon marry, if only the more effectually to prove that she did not feel her lover's desertion.

Miss Nesbitt took Vera straight on to Italy. cannot describe to you the six months that followed. Vera had not even the comfort of being ill—there are crises in life where physical pain and weakness become a blessing-no such relief reached Vera. She kept utter silence in regard to herself. Even Aunt Nesbitt dared not intrude upon her secret. She never looked in the girl's face without a pang at the change. It was not that Vera grew thin, or pale, or ugly. She had never been so beautiful. But, oh! the utter hopelessness, the lack of purpose, the terrible want. Aunt Nesbitt read them all. She knew this was a wound which would never heal: Vera might live to have a sort of stony crust grow over her broken heart, but the wound would burn and ache under. No confidence took place between What could be said? Now and then, in the middle of the night, Miss Nesbitt would be roused from sleep by Vera's entrance into the room.

"Tell me it is true," she would whisper. "Let me hear you say it, for I can't believe-I can't believe."

What passed during these night-watches made no difference in their lives. Such conversations were never alluded to after. Miss Nesbitt felt as if she were living her own awful grief over again, old as she was.

From Rome to Naples, on to Sicily, with a pleasant party; up by steamer to Genoa; by the Corniche road to Nice-that was their route. It was June. They were in beautiful Florence for awhile. They went over the St. Gothard into Switzerland.

They had been at Interlachen for a week, when one day Miss Nesbitt received a telegram from London.

"Come to me. They think I must die. " MORE RIVINGTON."

She must tell Vera; Vera must decide. man's punishment had already overtaken him. But the wife; would she let Vera see him? But it is useless to speculate. She went to her niece.

"You have some awful news," Vers said. house.

"I see it in your face. Don't try to spare me. You know now that I can bear anything."

Miss Nesbitt put the telegram in her hands.

"I dreamed last night that he had come."

Some blessed vision, in which he came to claim her; to prove that he had been always faithful! Aunt Nesbitt knew such dreams; she knew what the wakening was, too. Great God! what we live through, we men and women."

Vera was past tears. She looked like a ghost; but she could think and act.

"We can go to-night," she said. "We can go to-night."

She worked constantly-did half the packing, in spite of Maria's expostulations. At six o'clock they were speeding away.

It was like a horrible nightmare, that journey, to Aunt Nesbitt. What must it have been to Vera? On—on—Strasburg—Paris—down to Calais as fast as steam could carry them. Vera ate when Aunt Nesbitt bade, or tried to: lav down at her request; but never once did the weary eyes close. Oh, those eyes! Aunt Nesbitt knew their glazed awfulness would haunt her into eternity!

They were across the Channel, whirling away teward London. Old as she was, Miss Nesbitt was conscious of no sensation of fatigue; her whole being was swallowed up in this girl's suffering. They spoke little; sometimes Aunt Nesbitt held her hand or stroked back her hair, but what words were possible?

"London!"

"We will go to the Westminster Hotel," Miss Nesbitt said, when the train halted in Charing Cross Station, and Thomas appeared at the door.

Vera pulled her back.

"To him first," she gasped.

"I am afraid-you are so tired-I-

"To him first," repeated Vera.

She motioned her aunt away when she would have aided her; walked on toward the entrance.

"Get us a cab," Miss Nesbitt said to Thomas. "You and Maria will go to the hotel with the luggage."

Away the two drove, to the direction given on the telegram—a house near Hyde Park.

It was a beautiful morning; Nature looked as cruel as she usually does when we suffer.

The carriage stopped at last.

"You must wait here while I go in," Aunt Nesbitt said. "I must see-we can't tell; you might be sent back; she may be here."

"I will see him ... I will!" whispered Vera. But she sat quiet white her swat went into the "Mr. Rivington's better, ma'am," the woman said, who met her in the hall as the servant opened the door. "You are expected."

"Is—is— Who is with him?" asked Miss Nesbitt.

- "Only the nurse."
- "No one else?"

"There is nobody else to come. The poor gentleman is quite alone. He had my address. He stayed here once years ago."

Miss Nesbitt went back and helped Vera out of the carriage.

- "Go prepare him," she said, to the woman.
- "He expects you," called a voice from the stairs. "He heard the wheels."

They met the nurse on the upper landing; followed her into a shadowy room. On the bed lay a gaunt, wasted form.

"Vera, Vera—at last!" moaned a feeble voice.
"It was all a lie! I tried to follow—I——"

Vera was beside the bed, her arms about his neck, his head sunk on her bosom. He had fainted; but Vera's ever-haunting dream was realized. He had come back to her.

When Rizington received Miss Nesbitt's inex- hearts, whose happiness wa plicable letter, he sailed for the East. He resched life to the desolate old maid.

New York; was stricken down by fever, and lay for months between life and death. He learned where Vera had gone. As soon as he was able, he set sail for England. He had been seized with a relapse. When he grew better, he found Miss Nesbitt's address in Switzerland.

It was ended—the waiting, the suspense. They were together at last.

The next news Mrs. Raymond heard, was that Miss Nesbitt had given Vera a hundred thousand dollars, and she was to be married at once to More Rivington.

Miss Nesbitt's compact with Rivington, when she assisted him into business in California, was that if at the end of three years he and Vera were both of the same mind still, she would aid their marriage.

Veronica Nesbitt learned that the announcement of Rivington's marriage had been the work of Mrs. Raymond, in one of those moments when the knave always struggling with the idiot in her soul, got the upper hand. But she kept the wretched woman's secret. She would bring no shadow over the contentment of those two young hearts, whose happiness was like a renewal of life to the desolate old maid.

WE WILL NOT CALL HER DEAD.

BY M. M. JOHNSON.

Am! she was very beautiful,
Though Death his seal had set
Upon that brow, whose lashes swept
Her cheek with fringe of jet.
He had not yet her beauty stole,
Though the cheek's rich bloom had fled
We almost fancied that she slept—
We could not think her dead.

And she was sleeping! Twas a sleep
That know no restless dream;
That saw again no waking light,
Save Heaven's unclouded beam.

The morning dawned—and o'er her brow
The sunlight radiance shed,
Ah! she was very beautiful—
We could not think her dead.

So lovely in her life—e'en Death
Bade but one bright charm flee;
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
Whose light no more we see.
A soft smile rests on lip and brow,
And though earth's charms have fled,
She dwells 'mid Heaveu's fadeless bowers—
We will not call her dead.

A MATIN SONG.

BY MRS. MORDAUNT.

OPEN the casement, love, Summer is coming, is coming, is coming! I hear her glad voice; here in the woodland the partridge is drumming, The brooklet is dancing, the wild bee is humming; All Nature is singing—rejoice, aye, rejoice!

Fling wide the portals, love, welcome the rover; Drive out the usurer, heavy-eyed Care; With daisies, and panelos, and sweet-conted clover. We'll crown the bright nymph, 'till her smiles, brimming over,

Drive the icy old winter-king quite to despair.

Come, come, for the sunlight, all goldenly glowing,
Thrills the glad earth, 'till her warm pulses leap.
Fair blossoms are springing, the south wind is blowing,
Each bird-haunted tree, with wild music o'erflowing,
Is calling, awake, love, awake from thy sleep!



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 219.

CHAPTER V.

A FIGURE crouched low in the darkness of that narrow passage, listening at the door, and shrinking with shudders when a groan broke through the ill-fitted panels. There was some confusion in the room beyond, voices, and guarded footsteps, quick orders given, then dull, dead silence, and a sharp scream of agony.

"They are killing him! they are killing him!" cried that poor girl, springing to her feet. "Was that his last cry? Oh! was it?"

Ruth opened the door in rash haste, and her pale face looked in.

"Back! Go back, child!"

It was the impatient voice and white hand of the surgeon that warned Ruth Jessup back; and she shrunk into the darkness again, appalled by what she had seen—her father's gray hair, scattered on the pillow, his face writhing, and his eyes hot and wild with anguish.

This was what she had seen; and while it wrung her heart, there was hope in the agony it brought. Anything was better than the deathly stillness that had terrified her under the cedar trees. It was something that her father could feel pain.

"Now," said the kind surgeon, looking through the door, "you can come in. The bullet is extracted."

In his white palm lay a bit of bent lead, which he looked upon lovingly, for it was a proof of his own professional skill; but Ruth turned from it with a shiver, and creeping up to her father's bed, knelt down by it, brushing back her tears, and burying her face in the bed-clothes, afraid to meet the wild eyes turned upon her.

The wounded man moved his hand a little toward her. She seized upon it with tender eagerness, and laid her wet cheek upon it in penitent humility.

"Oh, father!"

The hard fingers stirred in her grasp.

"Did it hurt you so? Has it almost killed you?"

The old man turned a little, and bent his eyes upon her.

"It isn't that hurt," he struggled to say. "Not that."

Ruth began to tremble. She understood him. "Oh, father!" she faltered, "who did it? How could you have been hurt?"

A stern glance shot from the sick man's eye.

"You! oh, you!"

"Oh, father! I did not know. How could I?"

The old man drew away his hand, and shook
off the tears she had left upon it, with more
strength than he seemed to possess.

"Hush!" he said. "You trouble me."

Ruth shrunk away, and once more rested her head on the quilt, that was soon wet with her tears. After a little she crept close to him again, and timidly touched his hand.

"Father!"

"Poor child! Poor, foolish child!"

"Father, forgive me!"

The sick man's face quivered all over, and, spite of an effort to restrain it, his poor hand rose tremblingly, and fell on that bowed head.

"Oh, my child! if we had both died before this thing happened"

"I wish we had. Oh, how I wish we had!"

"It was all my fault," murmured the sick

"No, no! It was mine. I am to blame, and I alone."

"I might have known it; poor, lost lamb, I might have known it."

Ruth lifted her head suddenly.

"Lost lamb! Oh, father! what do these words mean?"

The gardener shook his head faintly, closed his eyes, and two great tears rolled from under the lids.

"Oh! tell me-tell me! I-I cannot bear it, father!"

That moment the surgeons, who had gone out for consultation, came back and rather sternly reprimanded Ruth for talking with their patient.

Ruth rose obediently, and turned away from the bed. The surgeons saw that a scarlet heat had driven away the pallor of her countenance, but took no heed of that. She had evidently

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agitated their patient, and this was sufficient excuse for some degree of severity. So she went forth, relieved of her former awful dread, but wounded with new anxieties.

Two days followed of intense suffering to that wounded man and the broken-hearted girl. Fever and delirium set in with him, terror and dread with her. The power of reason had come out of that great shock. In trembling and awe she had asked herself questions.

Who had fired that murderous shot? How had the gun disappeared from behind the passage door, where Dick Storms had surely left it? Had there been a quarrel between the father she loved and the husband she adored? If so, which was the aggressor?

The poor girl remembered with dread the questions with which her father had startled her so; the sharp gleam of his usually kind eyes, and the set firmness of his mouth, while he waited for her answer. Did he guess at the deception she had practiced, or were his suspicions such as made the blood turn in her veins?

With these thoughts harassing her mind, the young creature watched over that sick man until her own strength began to droop. In his delirium, he had talked wildly, and uttered at random many a broken fancy that cut her to the soul; but soon, in his helpless state, there had seemed to be an undercurrent of caution curbing his tongue. He raved of the man who had shot him, but mentioned no names; spoke of his daughter with hushed tenderness, but still with a sort of reserve, as if he were keeping some painful thought back in his heart. Sometimes he recognized her, and then his eyes, lurid with fever, would fill with hot tears.

After awhile this fever of the brain passed off, and left the strong man weak as a child. It seemed as if he had lost all force, even for suffering, or even continued thought; but Ruth felt that some painful thing, that he never spoke of or hinted at, haunted him. He was strangely wakeful, and at times she felt his great eyes looking out at her from their deepening caverns, with an expression that made her heart sink.

One day he spoke to her with a suddenness that made her breath stand still.

- · · Ruth !"
- "Father, did you speak to me?"
- "Where is he?"
- "Who, father?"
- "You know. Is he safe out of the way?"
- "Do you mean-"

The girl broke off. She could not utter Walton Hurst's name. The sick man also seemed to shrink from it.

- "Is he safe?"
- "Oh, father! he was hurt like yourself."
- "Hurt!—he? I am speaking of Walton Hurst, girl."

The man spoke out plainly now, and a wild questioning look came into his eyes.

- "Oh, father! he was found, like yourself, lying on the ground, like dead. I thought that he was dead."
- "Lying across the path like dead! Who hurt him? Not I—not I!"

Ruth flung herself on her knees by the bed; a flush of coming tears rushed over her face.

- "Oh, father! oh, thank God! father, dear father!"
- "Did you think that?" whispered the sick man, overwhelmed by this swift outburst of feeling.
- "I did not know—I could not tell. It was all so strange, so terrible! Oh, father, I have been so troubled!"

The sick man looked at her earnestly.

- " Ruth!"
- "Yes, father!"
- "Was he shot like me?"
- "I do not know. They say not. Some terrible blow on the head, but no blood."
- "A blow on the head! But how? As God is my witness, I struck no one."

Ruth fell to kissing that large, helpless hand, as if some awful stain had just been removed from it. In all her father's sickness she had never touched him with her sweet lips till now. Then all at once she drew back as if an arrow had struck her. It was something keener than that—one of the thoughts that almost kill as they strike. After a struggle for breath, she spoke.

- "But who? Oh, father, you were shot. Was it—was it—"
- "Hush, child! Not a word! I—I will not hear a word. Never let that question pass your lips again so long as you live. I charge you—I charge you!"

The sick man fell back exhausted, and gasping for breath. The question put so naturally by his daughter seemed to have given him a dangerous shock.

"But how is he now?"

The question was asked in a hoarse whisper, and more by the bright eyes than those trembling lips.

- "I—I have not dared to ask. I—I could not leave you here alone," answered Ruth, with a fitful quiver of the lips.
 - "How long is it?"
 - "Two days, father."



- "Two days, and no news of him."
- "They would not keep it from us if he had been worse," said Ruth, who had listened with sickening dread to every footstep that approached the cottage, fearing the news she dreaded, and gathering hopes because it did not come.
 - "Has Sir Noel been here?"
- "He was here that night," answered Ruth, shuddering, as she thought of the awful scene, when her father was brought home so death-like.
 - "Not since? He knew that I was hurt, too."
 - "He has sent the doctors here."
 - "What news did they bring?"
 - "I—I did not dare to ask."

A look of deep compassion broke into those sunken eyes, and, turning on his pillow, the old man murmered in a painful whisper,

"Poor child! Poor child!"

Then Ruth fell to kissing his great han I again, murmuring.

- "Oh, father! you are so good to me-so good!"
- "I am weak—so weak," he answered, as if excusing something to himself. "But how could he—— Well, well, when I am stronger—when I am stronger!"

The cottage was small, and the jar of an opening door could be felt through the whole little building. Some one was trying at the latch then, and a step was heard in the passage.

"Go. It may be news," said the sick man.

Before Ruth could reach the door, she met Dick Storms coming toward her father's room. His manner was less audacious than usual, and his face clouded.

- "I have come to ssk after your father," he said, with a dogged look, as if he expected some rebuff. "They say that he has been shot in the back by some lurking (hief. Maybe, lass, I could help ferret out who it is if the old man'll tell me all about it."
- "Father is too ill for talking," answered Ruth, shrinking out of her visitor's path. "He must be kept quiet."
- "Aye; but not from his near neighbors. The old man at the farm sent me over to hear all about it."
- "There is nothing to hear. Everybody knows how my poor father was found bleeding in the park. He has been very ill since, and only now has come to himself."
- "Oh! ah! Then he has come to his senses. That was what we most wanted to know; for, of course, he can tell who shot at him. I'll be bound it is guessed at rightly enough. Still knowing is knowing."
- As he spoke, Storms moved forward, as if determined to enter the sick man's chamber.

Ruth had no power to stop him. She retreated backward, step by step, shrinking from his approach, but without the least power of resistance. When she reached the door, Storms put forth his rough hand, and attempted to push her aside, not rudely; but she so loathed his touch, that a faint cry broke from her.

A look of fiendish malics broke over the young man's face as he bent it close to her.

- "You didn't yell so when the young master took my place you night, when all this trouble came up. Happen, I could tell something of what chanced between the old man and your sweetheart, after the old man went out with my gun in his hand."
- "You know—you can tell? You saw?" whispered the poor girl, rendered hoarse by fear.
- "Ah, that makes you whimper, does it? That starts the blood from your white face. Yes, I saw—I saw; and when the courts want to know what I saw happen, they will hear about it. Kicked dogs bite now and then. So don't gather your comely little self into a heap, when I come by again, or my tongue may be loosened. I have kept it between my teeth till now, all for the sake of old times, when you were fain to smile on Dick Storms, no matter when he came."
 - "But we were children then."
- "Aye; but when he came with his dainty wooing, some one forgot that she had ever been a child."
- "No, no! As a playmate, I liked you. It was when—when—"
- "When, having the feelings of a man, I spoke them out, and was treated like a dog. Do not think Dick Storms will ever forget that. No, never—never, to his dying day."
- "Why are you so harsh with me, Richard," oried the poor girl, now thoroughly terrified. "I never in my whole life have done you any harm."

The young man laughed a low, disagreeable laugh.

- "Any harm! Oh, no! Such milk-faced doves as you never harm anything. They only fire a man's heart with love, then torment him with it, like witches, as they be—soft-spoken, smiling witches, that make us devils with their jibes, and babies with their tears. Oh, I hardly know which is most enticing, love or hate, for such creatures."
- "Don't! don't! You frighten me!" pleaded the girl.
- "Aye, there it is. Faint at a plain word; but work out murder and bloodshed with the witch-oraft of your false smiles and lying tears. That is what you have done, Ruth Jessup, let me tell you."

- "No! no!" cried the girl, putting up her hands.
- "Who was it that sent out her own father and sweet-heart?"
- "Hush! I will not hear this. It is false—it is cruel. There was no quarrel between them—
 no evil blood."
- "No quarrel—no evil blood! She says that, looking meek as a spring lamb chewing the lie in her mouth as that does clover. But what if I tell you that the old man in yonder knew just all that happened after I was turned out of the kitchen that night."
- "It was you who told him that which might have brought great trouble on him and me; only good men are slow to believe evil of those they love. I know from his own lips that you had waylaid him in the park with a wicked falsehood."
- "It was the truth, every word of it," exclaimed Storms, stamping his foot on the floor. "I saw it with my own eyes."
- "Saw what?" faltered the girl, sick with apprehension.
- "Saw! But I need not tell you. Only the next time Sir Noel's heir comes here, with his orders for flowers, and his wanting to know all about growing roses, have a curtain to the kitchen window, or train the ivy thicker over it. Now do you understand?"
- "It is you who cannot understand," said Ruth, feeling a glow of courage, which the coarse youth mistook for shame. "The thing you did was a mean act, and if I had never hated you before, that would be cause enough."
- "Hoity toity! This is brass. After all, I did think to see some sign of shame."

Ruth turned away, faint with terror and disgust.

- "You may thank me that I told no one but the old man in yonder. Had I gone to Sir Noel---"
 - "No, no-you could not; you dare not!"
- "Dare not! Well, now, I like that. Some day you will know how much I can dare."
 - "But why-why do you wish to injure me?"
- "Why does a kicked bound wish to bite? Why does a hound snap when you mock him with a dainty bit of beef, and while his mouth waters, and his eyes gloat, toss it beyond his reach? You know something of the kennels, Ruth Jessup, and should know that men and hounds are alike in this."

Ruth could hardly suppress the scorn that crept through her into silence. But sho felt that this rude man held an awful power over everything she loved, and gave no expression to her bitter loathing.

"Do you mean to let me in?" said Dick, almost coaxingly. "I want to have a word with the old man."

Ruth stood aside. She dared not oppose him; but when free to pass, he hesitated, and a look of nervous anxiety came over his features.

- "The old man doesn't speak much; hasn't said how it all happened, ha?"
- "He has said nothing about it," answered Ruth, struck with new terror.

The old look of rough nudacity came back to Dick's face, and, without more ceremony, he pushed his way into the wounded man's room.

Jessup was lying with his eyes closed, and his mouth firmly compressed, as if in pain. But the tread of heavy feet on the floor aroused him, and he opened his eyes in languid wonder. The sight of Storms brought a slow fever to his eyes.

- "Is it you-you?" he whispered, sharply.
- "Yes, neighbor Jessup, it is me," answered Dick, with a furtive look at the sick man. "Father is sadly put about, and wants to know how it all happened. He means to have justice done, if no one clse stirs in the matter—does my father."
- A look of keen, almost ferocious anxiety, darkened the young man's face as he said this.
- "That is kind and neighborly," answered the sick man, moving restlessly in his bed. "But there is nothing to tell."

Dick looked at the old man in dumb amazement an instant. Up to this time his manner had been anxious, and his voice hurried. Now a dark red glow rose to his face, and it blazed up into a glare of relief.

"Nothing to tell, and you shot through the shoulder, in a way that has set the whole country side agog? This is a pretty tale to go home with."

The young man spoke cheerfully, and with a sort of chuckle in his voice.

- "It is the truth," said Jessup, closing his eyes.
 - "But some one shot you."
- "It was an accident," whispered the sick
 - "An accident? Oh! was it an accident?"
 - "Nothing worse."
 - "Are you in carnest, Jessup?"
- "Do I look like a man who jokes?" said the gardener, with a slow smile.
 - "And you are willing to swear to this?"
- "No one will want me to swear. No harm worth speaking of has been done."
- "Don't you be sure of that," answered Dick, roughly. "The peace has been broken, and two



two men have been badly hurt. This is work for a magistrate."

Jessup shook his pale head on the pillow, and spoke with some energy.

- "I tell you it was an accident; my gun went off."
- "And I tell you it was no accident. I saw it all with my own eyes."
- "You—you saw it all?" exclaimed Jessup, rising on his elbow. "You!"
- "Just as plain as a bright moon and stars could show it to me."
 - "How? How--"

Jessup had struggled up from his pillow, but now fell back almost fainting, but with his wild eyes fixed steadily on the young man's face.

- "I had just passed under the cedar-trees, when you came in sight, walking fast, as if you were in a hurry to find some one."
- "It was you I was looking for. I was on my way to find you," whispered Jessup, so hoarsely that Dick had to bend low to catch his words.
 - "Me! What for, I should like to know?"
- "Because I thought you had lied to me," antwered the old man, turning his face from the tight. "Oh, if it had been so—if it had been to!"

A sob shook that strong frame, and from under the wrinklod eyelids two great tears forced their way.

- A flash of intelligence gleamed across Dick Storm's face. He was gaining more intelligence than he had dared to hope for. But craft is the refuge of knaves, and the wisdom of fools. He had self-command enough for deception, and pretended not to observe the anguish of that proud old man, for proud he was, in the best sense of the word.
- "I was hanging about the grounds, too savage for home or anything else," he went on to say. "I had seen enough to drive a man mad, and was almost that, when you came up. There was another man under the cedar-trees. I had been watching for him all the evening. You know who that was."

Jessup gave a faint groan.

- "I knew that he was skulking there in hopes of seeing her again."
- "It is a mistake!" exclaimed Jessup, with more force in his voice than he had as yet shown. Dick Storms laughed mockingly.
- "So you mean to shield him? You mean that? deadly Maybe you will tell me that the young master "Ha wasn't in your house that night; that your lass never met him by the little lake; that he did not shoot you for being in the way? Happen, you a bird will expect me to believe all that; but I saw it!" its life.

As these cruel words were rained over him like blood, the old man settled down in his bed, and seemed hardening into iron. The fire of combat glowed in his deep-set eyes, and his hand clenched a fold of the bed-clothes, as if both had been chisseled out of marble.

"No one shot me. It was my own careless handling of the gun," he said. "No one shot me."

Dick Storms laughed roughly.

- "Oh, no, Jessup, that'll never do! What a man sees he sees."
 - "No one shot me-it was myself."
- "But how did he come to harm, if it was not a kick on the head from the gun he did not know how to manage? I could have told him how to handle it better. My gun, too——"
 - "Your gun!"
- "Yes, my gun. I left it behind the door, in the passage, when he sent me out. He took it when it was dangerous to stay longer. I saw it in his hand before you came up. He was armed —you were not."
 - "I took the gun " said Jessup ...
- "You will swear to that!" said Dick, really amazed. "You believe it?"
- "I took the gun. It went off by chance. That is all I have to say. Now leave me, young man, for so much talk is more than I can bear."

Dick obeyed. He had not on'y gained all the information he wanted, but the material for new mischief had been supplied to a brain that was strong to work out evil. He found Ruth in the passage, walking swiftly up and down, wild and pale with distress. She gave him a look that might have softened a heart of marble, but only increased his self-gratulation.

"Just let me ask this," he said, coming close to her, with a sneer on his face. "Which of'em took out the gun I lest standing behind the door that night—father or sweet-heart? One or the other will have to answer for it. Which would you liefest were hanged?"

The dead'y whiteness which swept over that young face only deepened the cruel sneer that had brought it forth. Bending lower down, the wretch added,

"I saw it all. I know which it was that fired the shot. Now what will you give me to hold my tongue?"

Ruth could not speak; but her eyes, full of deadly fear, were fixed upon him.

"Happen, you would marry me now, rather than see him hung."

Ruth shuddered, and looked wildly around, a bird seeks to flee from a serpent that threater its life.

- "Say, isn't my tongue worth bridling at a fair price?"
- "I—I do not understand you," faltered the poor young creature, drawing back with unconquerable aversion, till the wall supported her.
- "But you will understand what it all means, when he is dragged to the assizes, for all the rabble of the country side to look upon."

Ruth covered her face with both hands.

"Oh, you seem to see it now. That handsome face, looking out of a criminal's box; those white hands held up pleading for mercy. Mind you, his high birth and all his father's gold will only be the worse for him. The laws of old England reach gentlemen as well as us poor working folks. Ha! what is this?"

The cruel wretch might well cry out, for Ruth had fainted at his feet.

CHAPTER VI.

"I MUST see him. I will see him! Oh, Mrs. Mason, if you only knew how important it is!"

The good housekeeper, who sat in her comfortable parlor at the Hall, was surprised and troubled by the sudden appearance of her pretty favorite from the gardener's cottage. She was hard to move, but could not altogether steel herself against the pathetic pleading of that pale, young creature, who had come up from her home through the lonely dusk, to ask a single word with the young heir. Sick or well, she said, that word must be spoken. All she wanted of Mrs. Mason was to let her into his room a single minute—one minute—she would not ask for more. Only if Mrs. Mason did not want to see her die, she would help her to speak that one word.

There is something in passionate earnestness which will awake the most lethargic heart to energy, if that heart is kindly disposed. The stout housekeeper of the Hall had known and petted Ruth Jessup from the time she was old enough to carry her little apron full of fruit or flowers from the gardener's cottage to her room in the great mansion. It went to her heart to refuse anything to the fair young creature, who still seemed to her nothing more than a child; but the wild request, and the tearful energy with which it was urged, startled the good woman into sharp opposition.

"Mr. Walton! You wish to see him, Ruthy? began to tremble, as Who ever heard of such a thing? It quite makes cried out, as if her me tremble to think of it. What can a child like you want with the young master, and he sick in bed, with everybody shut out but the doctor, and wet ice-cloths on his head, night and day. I couldn't think of mentioning it. I wonder you to my own bosom."

could bring yourself to ask me. If it had been anything in my line now!"

"It is! It is! Kindness is always in your line, dear godmother!" pleaded the poor girl, putting one arm over the housekeeper's broad shoulders, and laying her pale cheek against the rosy freshness which bloomed in that of her friend. "I wouldn't ask you, only it is so important."

"But what can it be that you want to say, Ruthy? I cannot begin to understand it," questioned the old woman, faltering a little in her hastily-expressed denial; for the soft-pleading kisses lavished on her face, had their effect. "If you were not such a child now."

"But I am not a child now."

"Hoity toity! Is she setting herself up as a woman? Well, that does make me laugh. Why, it is but yesterday like since your mother came into this very room, such a pale, young thing, with you in her arms. She was weak then, with the consumption, that carried her off, burning like fire in her poor, thin cheeks, while you lay in her arms, plump as a pheasant, with those gipsy, black eyes full of fire, and a crow of joy on your baby mouth. Ah, me! I remember it so well!"

- "My poor young mother asked something of you then, didn't she?" said Ruth.
- "Well, yes, she did. I mind it well. She had something on her heart, and came to me about it."
 - "And that was---"
- "About you, child. She knew that she was going to die, and—and I had always liked her, and been friendly, you know."
 - "Yes, I know that. Father has told me."
- "Being so, it was but natural that she should come to me in her last trouble."
- "She could not have come to a dearer or kinder soul," murmured Ruth.
- "Nonsense, child! She might; but then the truth was she didn't. It was me the poor thing chose to trust. I shall never forget her look that day when she sat down on a stool at my feet, just there by the window, and told me that she knew it was coming death that made her so feeble. She was looking at you then as well as she could, for the great tears that seemed to cool the heat in her eyes; and you lay still as a mouse, looking at her as if there was cause of baby wonderment in her tears. Then all at once your little mouth began to tremble, and lifting up your arms, you cried out, as if her tender grief had hurt you. That brought the tears into my eyes. So we all sat there crying together, though hardly a worl had been spoken up to then. Still I knew what it all meant, and reaching out my arms, took you

- "Bless you for it," murmured Ruth.
- "Another baby had slept in that bosom once, and somewhere in God's great universe I knew that she might find it among the angels, and care for it as I meant to care for you, Ruthy."
- "She did! She does! Only that child is so much happier than I am," sobbed Ruth, tenderly. "She has all the angels; I only you!"

Mrs. Mason lifted her plump hand, with which she patted the young creature's cheek, and said that she was a good child, and always had been; only a little headstrong, now and then, which was not to be wondered at, seeing it was out of the question that she could altogether fill the place of that sweet, dead mother, as she must be at her duties there in the Hall, while Jessup was obstinate, and would keep the child with him.

"And you are all the mother I have now," said Ruth, who had listened with forced patience. "To whom else can Igo?"

"Why, to no one. I should like to see man or woman attempt to cheat me out of my trust? I will say this for Jessup, headstrong as he is about having you with him, he has not interfered. When it was my pleasure to have you taught things that only ladies think of learning, he never thought of having a word to say against it; so I had my own way with my own money, and you will know the good of all the learning when you are old enough to go among people, and think of a husband, which will not be for years yet."

Ruth sighed heavily.

"Meantime, my dear," continued the house-keeper, "we must be looking about for the proper person. With the learning we have given you, and certain prospects, we shall have a right to look high. Not among the gentry, though you will be pretty enough and bright enough for most of them, according to my thinking; but there are genteel tradespeople in the village, and they sometimes creep up among the gentry in these times. So who knows that you will not be made a lady in that way."

"Oh, no! Do not speak of it—do not think of it!" said Ruth, with nervous energy. "I cannot bear that!"

"What a child it is: but I like to see it. Forward young things are my abomination; but you may as well know it first as last, Ruthly. When I promised your dying mother to be a mother to you, it was not in words; but deep down in my heart, I gave you that other child's place. I am an old woman, and have saved money, which would have been hers, and shall be yours some of these days."

Ruth let her head fall on the kind house- quite bewilder keeper's shoulder, and burst into a passion of to Sir Noel?"

tears. Again the old woman patted her upon the cheek.

- "Why, child, what is the matter? I thought this news would make you happy. Remember my savings are heavier than people think."
- "Don't! oh, don't! I cannot bear it," sobbed the girl. "Everybody—that is almost everybody—is far too kind. You above all, only—only it is not money I want just now."
 - "But my dear-"
- "All the money in the world, if you could give it me, could not be so much as the thing I asked just now," Ruth broke in, made desperate as the subject of her wish seemed drifting out of sight. "I want it so much—so much."
- "My child, it is impossible. What would Sir Noel say? What would the Lady Rose say?"
- "She has no right. What is it to her?" cried the girl, stung by a sharp pang of jealousy, which overmastered every other feeling.
 - "Ruth!"
 - "Forgive me. I am so unhappy."
- "Ruth, I do not understand. You do not cry like a child, but as women cry when their hearts are breaking."
 - "My heart is breaking."
 - "Poor child! Is it about your father?"
 - "Yes, oh, yes! My father!"
 - "But the dectors say he is better."
- "He is better; but we fear trouble, great trouble."
 - "Where? How?"
- "Oh, Mrs. Mason, I must tell you, or you will not let me see him. They will try to make out that the young master shot my father."
- "They? Who? I should like to meet the man who dares say it, face to face."

Ruth shuddered. She had met the man, and his evil smile haunted her.

- "It may be that it is only a threat," she said; "but it frightened us, and made my father worse."
- "But he knows—surely he knows? What does your father say?"
- "The man's rude talk threw him into a fever. He was quite wild, and tried to get up and dress himself, that he might come and see Wa——, the young master, at once."
- "Why, the man was crazy," exclaimed Mrs. Mason.
- "He seemed like it. I could not keep him in bed, and only pacified him, by promising to come myself. You see now why it is that I must speak with Mr. Walton."
- "Yes, I see," observed the housekeeper, now quite bewildered. "But had you not better go to Sir Noe!?"

"No! No! My father bade me speak to no } one but the young master."

"Well, well! if he knows about your coming, I don't so much mind. Wait a bit, and I will send for Webb, Sir Noel's own man, who is in the young master's chamber night and day. I will have a nice bit of supper served up here, and that will keep him while you can steal into the room without trouble."

Ruth flung her arms around the good woman's neck, and covered her face with grateful kisses.

"Oh, how good you are-how good you are!"

"Well! well! Remember, dear, if I give you your own way now, it is because of your

"I know-I know; but how soon? It is now after dark !"

The housekeeper rung her bell. Then, as if struck with a new thought, told Ruth to go into her bedroom, and not attempt to enter any other part of the house, till she knew that Webb was safe down at the supper-table. Ruth promised, and stealing into the bedroom, sat down on a couch and waited.

Scarcely had she left the room, when Hiffles, Lady Rose Houston's maid, came in, and heard the orders Mrs. Mason gave regarding Webb. A certain gleam of intelligence shot across that shrewd old face, and after making some trifling errand, she went out, with a smile on her grim

her head bowed and her hands locked. It seemed {

an age to her before she heard the clink of cups, and the soft ring of silver. Then, listening keenly, she heard a man's voice speaking with the housekeeper. This might be Webb. She was resolved to make sure of that, and, walking on tip-toe across the carpet, noiselessly opened the door far enough to see that personage seated by the housekeeper, eating a dainty little supper.

Quick as a bird, Ruth stole through the opposite door, up the servants' stair-case, and along the upper hall, on which the family bed-chambers opened.

Trembling with excitement, which oppressed her to faintness, she turned the lock, and stole into the chamber, but only to pause a step from the door, dumb and cold, as if, then and there, turned into stone

Another person was in the room, standing close by the bed, with the glow of its silken curtains falling over the soft whiteness of her dress, and the rich masses of her golden hair. It was Lady Rose Houston.

A moment this fair vision stood gazing upon the inmate of the bed, then her face drooped downward, and seemed to rest upon the pillow, where another head lay. The night-lamp was dim, but Ruth could see this, and also that the lady sunk slowly to her knees, and rested her cheek against a hand, around which her fingers were enwoven.

Not a word did that young wife utter. Not a For half an hour Ruth sat in the darkness with \ breath did she draw, but, turning swiftly, fled. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY A. HANILTON.

ALL clothed around by the dew-varnished sheen Of thy young leaves, so delicately green, That clasp their darling when the winds are keen; Surely thou art a saint among the flowers, Sweet lily of the valley, hiding low In some dim nook, far from this world of ours,

Where only garish things are glad to grow.

How many gentle hearts would emulate The sweet example of thy life, could they, Hiding from turdy love and ready hate, Find some still spot to meditate and pray; Some little chapel where the wearled soul Might hear the symphonies of Heaven roll. And stainless dwell until exhaled away.

SPRING-TIME.

BY H. J. VERNON.

T'm longing for the Spring-time, To hear the waters run: To see the fruit-trees blossom, To feel the April sun.

To watch the white-clouds drifting, Across the blue, blue sky;

And smell the woodland fragrance That's wafted softly by.

The bleak March winds are blowing. Cold fulls the sleet and rain. Oh! when will come the Spring-time, And I be young again?



THAT OTHER WILLIE.

BY BELLA FRENCH.

"WILLIE, why don't you go and play with the boys, and not be forever stuck at my feet?"

Such was Mrs. Grey's impatient question, one day, when her little son came and seated himself in the parlor, when his mother was conversing with a visitor.

- "I would rather be with you than the boys," he answered, timidly.
 - "Oh, I never saw such a booby!"
- "Is it wrong to wish to be near you, mamma?" said the child, and his nether lip trembled as he spoke.
- "Wrong? Of course not. But you are old enough to have some manliness about you. See yonder are Will and John Gowdy on the ice. Run along and keep them company. I want to talk with Mrs. Brown."

The boy picked up his little cap, and went out without another word. Mrs. Grey turned to her visitor.

"Isn't he a queer child?" she asked.

The other raised her sad eyes, and fixed them with such a pained expression on the mother's face, that for a moment Mrs. Grey felt almost offended. She was a sorrowful-looking woman, this Mrs. Brown.

"I had a son once; but he is gone now," she said, at last, and there were tears in her tones.

Mrs. Grey gazed at her wonderingly. She had not known this before.

"It is a bitter thing to tear open partially-healed wounds," Mrs. Brown continued; "but let me tell you my story.

"Several years ago, I was about to give a party; a grand affair it was to be, and my head was almost turned while making preparations. My Willie (his name was Willie, too,) was about sixteen years old. He had never been to sohool; I had educated him myself. At home, he was all a mother's heart could desire; but he was shy, and when I forced him into company, he appeared so awkward, that I often felt ashamed of him. This was one reason for my deciding to give a pirty. If he was obliged to act the part of host, he would overcome his bashfulness, I thought. But Willie never approved of it.

"'I shall be so glad when that party is over,' he said, one day; 'for since you have got it into your head, I have lost my mother.'

"'Poor little baby!' I responded, slightly pro-

voked at his lack of interest. 'I wonder how many more years I shall have you tied to my apron-strings!'

"I spoke sneeringly, and a proud flush instantly overspread his face.

"'I will be tied there no longer,' he returned.
'I will seek other company in the future.'

"I was frightened at the result of my words. Still I made no response. My boy putting on his coat and hat, went out. It was the first time in his life he had left me without informing me where he was going.

"In good time the party came off. It was a gay affair, and none were gayer than Willie. He was a sort of an extremist, and took no medium stand. After that, his books and work were neglected, and his days as well as his evenings were spent abroad. Fast young men became his constant companions. I was left alone to mourn over the change which I had wrought. At first, he made it a rule to be in at night at ten o'clock : but, after a time, he began to stay out later; and day-break sometimes found him from home. I tried to expostulate, tried to win him back to his old habits, but my efforts were unavailing. He had got a taste of a new life, and it held him by a charm. Well do I remember the first night that he came home in a state of intoxication. was his seventeenth birth-day, just a year from the time that I had given the party. I had seen him under the influence of wine once or twice before: but on this night he had drunk so deeply. that some of his companions had to help him home.

"The hours of that night were dreadful hours of self-reproach and agony. I was so glad when morning came to dispel the gloom—so glad when reason returned to my erring child. He was very much ashamed. He said, again and again, he would do better; but his resolves were worthless. Two nights later he was again brought home into cated. After that it was a common occurrence. He fell lower and lower, squantiered all my ready money, and, when I refused to mortgage my property, that he might have more, he left me with an oath.

"That night a large firm was robbed, and it was soon discovered that Willie was one of the perpetrators of the deed. The next morning the town was wild with excitement, and I was almost crazed with anxiety, for my boy had fied. The

news passed from mouth to mouth; my house was searched, and my son called a villain; but I had no power to prevent either. No one gave me a word of sympathy.

"'You have only yourself to blame,' said a blunt old woman, who called during the day. 'The boy was happy at home, but you drove him into bad company.

"That night, at the hour of twelve, as I sat alone, a window was opened softly, and Willie stepped into the room. With a glad cry I sprang toward him; but he pushed me rudely away.

"'Can you hide me anywhere?' he said. 'The hounds are after me. Had you given me money yesterday, this would not have been.

"'Oh, Willie,' I cried.

"'Yes, mother,' he said, sternly. 'You have made me a criminal. I want to tell you I have secretly married Kate Hastings. God knows what will become of her.

"Kate was a pretty little creature, only sixteen years old, innocent as the violets which grew around her home. My bleeding heart gave a quick, painful throb, as he continued,

"'The world now will not believe we are married. She will be scorned by all. Hark! they are coming. Mother, I am too young, too wicked to die, but I must die. Farewell!'

"I saw his purpose new, for his hand clutched a revolver; and springing to my feet, I threw my arms about him to shield him from himself. But he shook me off. The next moment the loud report of his pistol echoed through the house. One glance showed me his lifeless form, stretched on the floor. Then existence was a blank to me.

"When I awoke to consciousness, the morning sun was shining, and the house was filled with people. But even justice was satisfied, and I was soon left alone with the dead. All day, tearless and motionless, I sat beside the mangled corpse. Some people, kinder than the rest, came in to make preparations for the funeral, and passed silently out; but I did not heed them.

"Katie Hastings came just after dark. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face was so ghastly that it startled me.

"'You, too, have come to reproach me?' I said.
"'No, mether. You suffer enough without my reproaches. I have come to watch with the dead.'

"'I wish to watch alone,' I said.

"It is I who will watch alone,' she returned, 'It is my right. I am his wife.'

"How calm she was! There was not even a tremor of the voice to tell how she suffered.

"'Yes, it is your right, my poor child!' I said. 'It gives me another pang to give him up, even to you, my daughter; still I do it.'

- "She looked up quickly.
- "'He has told you?"
- " 'Yes.'

"'Yet you speak kindly to me, and do not condemn us!

"A sad but beautiful smile for a moment lighted her features. She raised one of my hands, and kissed it reverentially.

"'Thank you!' she said. 'Some time you will be glad for having shown this kindness to one so much in need of it. Now, mother, leave me.'

"I left the apartment; but I did not retire. All night I sat on the floor, outside the door, hoping that Katie would bid me enter; but no such a summons came. Daylight returned, and the busy world again moved; still I heard no movement in the chamber of death. At last, my anxiety became so great, that I opened the door, and glanced in. The girl knelt by the corpse, spperently asleep. Softly I stole forward, and then raised the drooping head. But no sad eyes met my gaze; nothing but the white face, the staring orbs of a corpse. Katie had died by her own hand, as a bettle which she clutched proved.

"The next day, they buried the pair, my erring son and his child-wife, in one grave; and. as the clods fell on the coffin, the brightness of my life went out forever."

Mrs. Brown could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance. Her listener, too, was deeply affected, as her pale face and tearful eyes showed.

Leaving the bereaved mother for a moment, Mrs. Grey stole softly to the door, and called,

"Willie."

The child heard her, and came quickly to her side.

"What is it, mamma?"

"It is lonesome without you, darling," she said, drawing him to her.

A smile lit up his face.

"Then you do love me, mamma?"

"Love you? Oh, Willie!"

Her arms were about him now, and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Did somebody tell you about those bad boys?" he asked, wonderingly. "They have got a flask of whisky, mamma."

"Thank God! you are saved, my darling!" she cried, hysterically.

She drew him closer to her, she clung to him, she showered kisses on his wondering face. But never, until he was a man, with a son of his own, did she tell him the history of that other Willie, whose childhood and his had been so much alike, and how by the knowledge of that other Willie's unfortunate career, he had been saved by her, perhaps, from a like fate.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS,

BY EMILY U. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking or visiting costume, of a very light and a correspondingly



dark shade of blue poplinette, or any other light woolen or combination of wool and silk material, suitable for the season. The skirt, which is made just to touch the ground, and very narrow, is of the lighter shade; upon this foundation is placed a flounce of the darker shade, nine inches deep, cut on the bias, and put on with but little fullness, and that nearly all at the back. Over this is a similar flounce of the lighter shade; both flounces being headed by a double puff, and ruffle of the dark color. The over-skirt is of the dark-blue, simply trimmed with a bias fold of the same, corded on the upper edge with the light-blue. The sleeves and under-waist are of the same, with a sleeveless jacket of the dark-blue. On the left made of light-gray cashmere. The trimming of Vol. LXV. -20

fringed out of the light-blue. As may be seen, the trimmings for the sleeves are made to correspond with the under-skirt. A box-plaited frill, made of the darker blue, lined with the light, completes the jacket at the throat, with the addition of an inside ruff of plaited tulle, or clear muslin. Ten yards of the lighter shade, and eight yards of the dark color will make this costume. Any other pretty contrasting color may be substituted in place of the blue. Nice goods of this kind may be bought from forty up to seventy-five cents a yard.

Next is another walking-costume, particularly suited to the season, as it has the addition of a mantle to match the dress, the whole of which is



side the over-skirt is looped with a sash, the ends the skirt consists of a box-plaited frilling of the

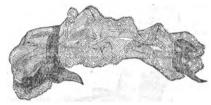
the material, corded with a darker shade of gray silks. The over-skirt and mantle are simply } trimmed with a bias fold of the cashmere, same as on the front of the skirt. The mantle is cut in the shawl shape, with square ends in front, and the addition of a small, pointed hood at the back, ornamented with bows of taffetas. slightly-open sleeve is here substituted for the coat-sleeve, so indispensable for a walking-costume. Fifteen yards of cashmere, and two yards of silk will be required. This would look very nice made in alpaca, and be less expensive. Quite a good alpaca can now be had for thirty-seven cents per yard, and so on up to seventy-five cents or one dollar.

Next we give a lovely morning toilet of white muslin or tarletan. The skirt is ornamented with nine narrow flounces, simply hemmed, put on quite full upon a narrow foundation. The waist is high, and the sleeves are trimmed with two

bows of Valencienne, or Duchess lace in imitation. The bedice is of colored silk, and trimmed

same material, and bands on the apron-front of ; with the same kind of lace as are the braces and also the sash. The bodice and sleeves may be trimmed with goffered frills, if economy is desired, and will look very pretty; or puffing of the muslin or tarletan over ribbon of the same color. One piece of tarletan will be required, and two yards of ribbon for the bodice. The bodice, sash, and braces, may be fashioned out of the best part of some half-worn dress of pink or or blue taffetas.

> Next we give a cap of clear Swiss muslin, or tulle, edged with a narrow Valencian lace, and



trimmed with bows of any colored ribbon, or black velvet, suitable for a rather elderly lady.

Next we give, for a little girl of five or six years, a frock of blue and white checked material, with plain, high waist and coat-sleeves, with a



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turned-back cuff of blue cashmere. There is a band of blue cashmere ornamenting the bottom of the skirt. The apron-shaped Polonaise is of blue cashmere, trimmed with a narrow band of the same, and pearl buttons; it is cut to open on the left side, where it buttons from the shoulder down to the bottom of the skirt. The opposite side is ornamented with false button-holes, and buttons to match. Three and a half yards of checked material, and one and a half yards of blue cashmere, will make this dress.

Another little costume consists of white pique, trimmed with bias bands of blue percale. little Polonaise is cut to fit the back, and loose in front, and is confined at the waist with a belt of the percale, finished at the back with a bow and box-plaited postillion, which is attached to the belt. The trimming at the neck is put on in the shape of a sailor collar, and the coat-sleeves have a small turned-back cuff. Instead of trimming with percale, wide and narrow braid may be used, either white or black. These pique dresses have been worn all winter by such little misses, but for the spring months are even more suitable

These costumes are all selected from the very latest and most stylish that have appeared. We wish our subscribers to notice, particularly, how superior they are to those that appear elsewhere, and which, if followed, make women and children look like frights.



TABLE NAPKIN-RING, IN BEAD WORK.

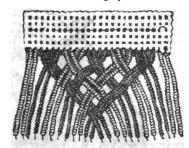
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The ring is plaited with steel and crystal beads, } and ornamented with a square of perforated cardboard, as shown in illustration on which initials are worked in beads. For the ring fasten threads in the center of the square, and let the ends hang



down in equal lengths; then thread the beads as embroidery on another square of the same size, cessary in the course of the work, fasten a new surrounded by large steel beads.

thread on the old one, and lastly tie the end of each thread round the last bead. When the plaiting is finished make it into a round by fastening the threaded beads carefully on to the wrong side of the cardboard; then cover a square of cardboard on both sides with gray taffetas, work the

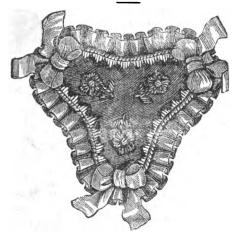


shown in the illustration, and begin the plaiting. sew both squares on to the canvas on which the If it happen that one thread is shorter than ne-threaded beads are fastened. The square is then



SCENT SATCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



white silk in satin-stitch, overcast, and point ribbon.

This cushion of perfumed wadding is covered russe. Round the outside is a ruching of pink with pink gros-grain, embroidered with pink and silk, with pink silk cord, and three bows of pink

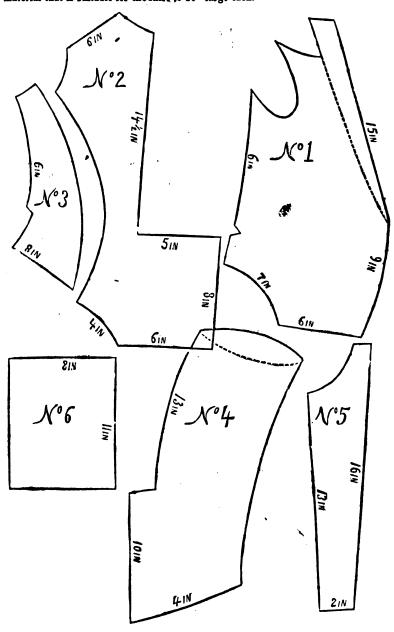
WAISTCOAT-BODICE FOR DEMI-TOILET.

BY ENILY H. MAY.



of a waistcoat-bodice for demi-toilet. It is a new which to cut it out. The inches marked in the and exceedingly pretty affair. It may be made sides of each pattern, show to what size to enof any material that is suitable for the skirt to be large each.

We give, on the preceding page, an engraving (wern with it. We add, here, a diagram from



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.

No. 5. HALF OF WAISTOOAT.

No. 6. HALF OF BOX-PLAIT BACK OF BODICE. The dotted lines on No. 1 shows where the bodice is turned back.

No. 3. HALF OF SIDE BODY.

INFANT'S BOOT IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Two ounces each of pink and white } Berlin wool, four steel needles, No. 14 bell gauge.

With white wool, cast ninefeen stitches on first needle, nineteen on second, eighteen on third.

Knit two, purl two twenty-eight rows.



29th Row. Make one, slip one, knit one, pass the slip-stitch over the knit one.

30th Row. The same as the 1st row.

Continue for seven more rows the same, then join on the pink wool. Knit and purl each alternate row for eight rows. Divide twenty-six } stitches for the front, leaving the other stitches i on neatly to the top.

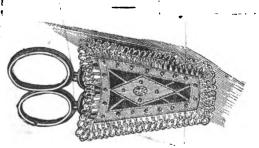
on the two other needles for the sole. On the needle with the twenty-six stitches, knit in rows backward and forward in stripes of three rows, in pink and white wool. In the beginning of the fourth white stripe the decrease is begun, and is made by slipping the second stitch, and passing it over the knitted one (at the beginning of each row the first stitch is to be purled to make a ridge in picking up the stitches for the sole;) continue the decrease until you have six stitches on the needle; then pick up the side stitches to meet those on the other needles; knit and purl alternately, six rows, then decrease at the back of heel by knitting two together twice, and at the toe by slipping the second stitch over the first at the beginning of each knitted row. Continue tis for nine more rows, then cast off the stitches on both needless together. A chain is run through the holes of the boot, and finished with a small tassel.

For the top, cast on seventy-five stitches with the pink wool.

Make one, slip one, (as if for purling,) knit two together. Repeat.

The next row is the same; then join on the white wool, and work, alternately, two rows, pink and white, for thirteen rows. Cast off, and sew

SCISSOR-SHEATH.

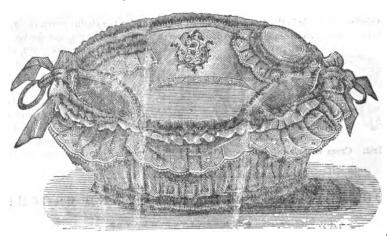


neatly covered inside and out with silk of a bright mented with steel beads. The edge of hair-pin color. The simple design in Roman embroidery, work is made in purse-silk. This is too well which ornaments it, may be readily enlarged to known to our readers to need description.

The foundation is of stiff cardboard, which is any required size from the design. It is orns-

INFANT'S BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

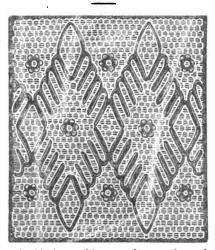


is edged with Valenciennes lace. Above this is ! the basket.

The basket is circular, and is neatly covered a frill of hemmed muslin, and a ruche of ribbon, with glazed muslin, and over this is book-muslin, { gathered with a cord run in the middle. A ruche plain in the inside, and puffed outside. The of the same description is placed round the pin-scalloped flounce, at the upper part of the basket, curhion and pocket; also round the bottom of

TULLE EMBROIDERED.

MRS. JANE WEAVER.



or black tulle dress. There are much worn, and markably well, worked in red silk on black when, worked in bright colors, have a very good } net. with dots of blue, gold, and green, aleffect, and save expense, as they are costly to { ternately.

The above is a design for embroidering a white { purchase ready worked. This pattern looks re-

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CROCHETED EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

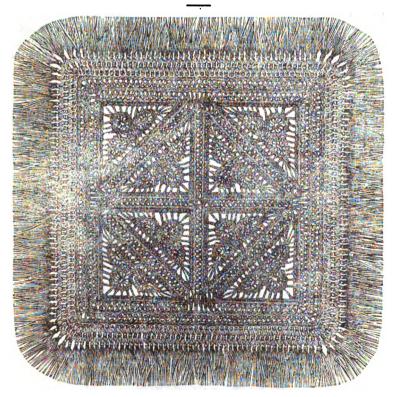
* Nine chain, one single in the first; nine chain, } one single in the first; Fourteen chain, one double



double under the chain; seven chain, one doube, seven treble, five chain, one double treble, five chain, one double treble, five chain, seven treble, one double, seven chain, three double-the last double to be worked into the first of fourtcen chain, to make it near; nine chain, one double in the first; nine chain, one double in the first; one double into the first picot of nine chain, nine chain. Repeat from *. In working the next pattern, join the side picots to the last pattern by in the first. Cross the chain, and work three pulling one through the other. See design.

DOYLEY, IN WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

JANE



of the braid; join it. Join two points of braid point of braid from one side to the other. For together at each 11 inches, to form a square. the inner half-squares, take 18 inches of braid, Take another length of braid, and crochet to the 'joining the corners as before. Take another 18

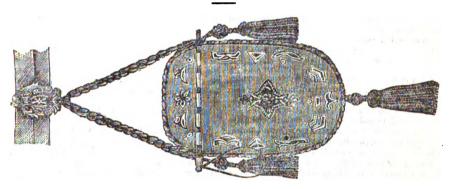
For the outer square, take I yard and 8 inches | first length with three chain, one double into each

inches of braid, and join with three chain, one onext points, one treble into the next three points, double into each point on both sides of the braid. At the edge of the braid, work two chain, one double into each point of braid. For the trefoil patterns, take twenty-nine points of braid for each trefoil, and sew them together. (See design.) For the inside of trefoil, begin with one double in the first point, one treble in the three next points, one double-treble in each of the five next } points, one triple-treble in each of the three next ont meet. The outer edge is finished with a points, one quadruble-treble in each of the five knotted fringe, 4 inches long. A row of three next points, one triple-treble in each of the next chain, one double, is worked into every point of three points, one double-treble in each of the five braid to tie the fringe into.

one double into the next. Work the inside of the other trefoil to correspond. Work one double under the line of stitches just worked. The trefoils are joined to the half-squares with twisted lace bars. The squares are also joined to the border with twisted bars, with the exception of the four sides, which require five long loops of chain to fill in the space where the cornors do

LADY'S SATCHEL.

MRS. JANE WEAVER.



worn by ladies in the morning. It is attached are sewn between the velvet and the lining of

This useful little bag is new very frequently { It is worked with purse-silk. Some ribbon loops to the waist by an ornamental hook. The bag the bag. At a very little cost, in this way, a may be of velvet or of the material of the dress. handsome bag can be made.

INSERTION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Five chain, * three chain, one treble into first } of three chain, three chain into same stitch. Re-



peat from * three times more. One single through the last stitch of first five chain, one chain crossing the centre of the little four-loaved pattern,

five chain, two pigots (of six chain, one single) lying opposite each other, one chain to cross them. Repeat from the beginning for the required length.

2nd Row. One double into the first leaf; five chain, one double into the next, five chain, two double into next picot. Repeat from *.

3rd Row. One double into the centre of first five chain, three chain, one double into the next five chain. Repeat.

4th Row. Three double into each of the three chains of last row. The other side is worked to correspond.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST .- That influential journal, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, which always weighs every word it says, writes thus of the "Life of Edwin Forrest, recently published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers: "A handsomely printed volume of 524 pages, by James Rees, who is perhaps better known under his nom de plume of 'Colley Cibber.' Mr. Rees enjoyed peculiar facilities in his long and intimate personal intercourse with Mr. Forrest to qualify himself as Mr. F.'s biographer. The 'Life,' however, is something different from a biography, as it embraces a large collection of reminiscences and anecdote, not alone of Mr. Forrest, but of the drama in this country, and of the principal histrionic artists that have graced the American stage. The volume is embellished by a finely engraved portrait, on steel, from a photograph, by Gutekunst, which elicited the emphatic approval of Mr. Forrest himself, and which they who were intimate with the great actor will agree with him in pronouncing his best likeness." We may add that the book is handsomely bound in gilt cloth, and will be gent, postage paid, to any address, on the receipt of \$2.00. Address the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN SILES.—The New York Observer says:—" It is now well established, by thorough trial, that the silks manufactured in this country by the Messrs. Chency Bros., are in most respects equal, and in some superior, to those manufacturers, but of the weavers, and are satisfied of their great excellence. The lustre is not as high as that of Italian or French silks. In this respect they resemble more the Japanese; but for continued wear, for durability, they have no superior; and they continue to preserve their good appearance. We are informed they will wash like muslins, and be improved by the operation, after having been worn for a length of time."

The Messrs. Chency, of Hartford, Conn., are now producing silks of various shades. A fine assortment was exhibited at the late Fair of the American Institute.

Brilliant Success.—It is permitted to few men or companies to achieve acknowledged superiority in any important position or business. The present generation has witnessed stupendous rivalry in several branches of industry, and notably the Sewing-Machine business. Amid a multitude of competitors, steadily and surely the Wheeler & Wilson Company held their way from the beginning, upon fixed and honorable principles. Long since, their leading position in America was established. Abroad, at London, in 1862, they won the highest premiums; at Paris, in 1867, they distanced eighty-two competitors, and were awarded the highest premium, the only Gold Medal for Sewing-Machines exhibited; and lastly, amid unparalleled competition, followed the splendid triumphs at Vienna, noted in our advertising columns.

ALL SAY THE SAME.—The Camden (N. J.) Republic says:—
"Peterson for February is decidedly the best magazine of
the sort published. It affords the ladies fuller, later, and
more authentic fashion news, with better plates and patterns,
than any other ladies' publication. The February number
is a marvel of beauty. The steel plate engraving of 'Little
Red Riding-Hood,' is very beautiful. The wood-cut of 'The
Haunted Mill,' which illustrates a weird and absorbing story,
is also fine. The literary contents are excellent."

BEST AND CHEAPEST.—The Middletown Transcript says:—
"Peterson spends no money on 'outside issues,' (viz: chronos, and other premiums to subscribers,) but devotes all his funds and taste to his magazine, and, in consequence, he makes it the best and observes Fashiog-book published."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertiling medium in the United States; for it has the largest electricity of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chostnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV.—THE PERMANENT TEETH.

It is generally known that the infant at birth has, in either jaw, the rudiments of two sets of teeth, the first commencing to protrude between the fifth and eight months, and answering every purpose of its well-being till the fifth or eighth year, when their structure (even if preserved,) becomes too weak, and their power of mastication consequently not sufficiently strong to answer the purposes of mature childhood. Now, if the first, or temporary teeth, are not carefully preserved, but allowed to be ruined by confections, pastry, and want of cleanliness at an early age, the mother perceives that here is quite a long interval of time which must supervene before they are replaced, and that with the untimely loss of the milk-teeth, insufficient mastication, derangement of digestion, and consequent loss of leadth follow.

Since it is apparent in every community that mothers or parents generally are inattentive to their children during the period of second dentition—the obtainment of their permanent teeth—and manifestly careless as to the comfort, personal appearance, and even future health of the child, all of which so much depends upon their proper condition whilst forming, that the family physician should feel it his duty to impress it upon the minds of parents, the necessity of giving more heed to this important period of childhood, and thus avoid the many distressing effects which result from neglect in this respect.

The first teeth of the permanent set are usually pairs of large double teeth, protruding from the gum, immediately back of the last of the first or milk teeth. Next follow the two front teeth of the lower jaw, and when they are replaced, the two corresponding teeth of the upper jaw fall out, and are followed by two others of larger size. Shortly after permanent teeth take the place of those to the right and left of these, until twenty-eight in all make their appearance, occupying a period generally of seven years. Finally, the "wisdom teeth" four in number, put in an appearance usually between the eighteenth and twenty-first year, and then the set is complete.

When it is considered that the beauty and expression of countenance, and the perfection of utterance and articulation depend upon the right position and arrangement of the teeth, the paramount importance of due attention being paid to their development by parents is at once acknowledged.

And yet how often do we find young persons coming up to maturity with irregular or distorted teeth, who are mortified with their appearance, and pardonably censure their parents for a dereliction of duty toward them in their childhood. The articulation of speech will also be abrupt and imperfect if supernumerary or irregular teeth be allowed to remain; thus plainly showing to the mother the importance of the perfection of the set—the necessity of regularity in their position and arrangement.

Now every mother has this grave matter under her notice continually, and, at the same time, under her control, with the aid of an intelligent dentist, who should be timely consulted, and at once have corrected any defect of the kind mentioned.



Lastly, the teeth are still more important in relation to healthy digestion. Without due mastication, and proper admixture with the saliva, the digestion of the food will be returded; for the gastric juice cannot penetrate unmasticated portions of food, but only acts superficially upon the mass, and if it be not ejected by vomiting, it at length passes from the stomach into the bowels, giving rise to colic, diarrhoes, aistressing flatulence, and not unfrequently, in impressible children, to convulsions.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CARE FOR THE EYES.—Multitudes of men and women have made their cyes weak for life by the two free use of the eye-sight, readilig small print, and doing fine sewing. In doing these things, it will be well for all readers of Peterson to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:—

Avoid, as much as possible, all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use the eyes by light so scant that it requires an offert to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare and pain, and confuses the sight. The moment that you are sensible of an effort to distinguish things, that moment stop and talk, walk, or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth is green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment that you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that is the moment you should cease using them.

FLORICULTURE.

PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.—A correspondent of the Gar dener's Chronicle relates how successful he was in keeping fresh flowers for a long time. "About six weeks ago," he says, "my wife had some choice green-house flowers, which she was anxious to preserve, and she adopted the following plan, which proved to be a great success: She arranged them in a vase with a little water, and placed them under a glass shade; after an absence from home of eight days, she was delighted to find them as fresh and as beautiful as when she left them. By this method the beauty of the flower is preserved for a very long time, opportunities are afforded for a display of taste in their arrangement, and the result is always gratifying. I have now on my table two vases under glass shades, which are really elegant ornaments, and which, beautiful as many of the wax flowers are, puts them quite in the shade. One vase contains crimson and white Azaleas, dark-blue Cineraria, and Maiden-hair Fern; the other contains three roses, viz., Gloire de Dijon, Priveer's Mary of Cambridge, and Triomph d'Alencon, with Maiden-hair Fern, and they are the admiration of every one. The Maidenhair Fern is as fresh, at the end of a fortnight, thus preserved, as when it was first put in." The Horticulturalist, quoting this, says that the idea is a good one, and perhaps the duration of blooming might be still further prolonged by putting the stem of the flowers in white sand, wet, instead of water only.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

49 Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEAT AND POULTRY.

Croquettes.—The most acceptable way of serving up cold meat we have found to be in the shape of croquettes. Mince as fine as possible; if it is mutton leave out the fat and skin, and whatever else might injure the taste; season and make up with the gravy into little oval balls, dip in egg and then in bread-crumbs, and fry brown. Consult the taste of the family as to putting in herbs and onions, also whether they should be fried dry, or have gravy poured round them. Veal-and-chicken croquettes are particularly good; a beaten egg is mixed with these in making them up.

Beef Rolls.—The remains of cold roast or boiled beef, scasoning to taste of salt, pepper, and minced herbs; puff pasto. Mince the beef tolerably fine, with a small amount of its own fat; add a scasoning of pepper, salt, and chopped herbs; put the whole into a roll of puff paste, and bake for half an hour, or rather longer, should the roll be very large. Beef patties may be made of cold meat, by mincing and seasoning beef as directed above, and baking in a rich puff paste in patty-tins.

Miroton of Beef.—A few slices of cold roast beef, three ounces of butter, salt and pepper to taste, three onions, half a pint of gravy. Slice the onions, and put them into a frying-pan with the cold beef and butter; place it over the fire, and keep turning and stirring the ingredients to prevent them burning. When of a pale brown, add the gravy and seasoning; let it simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot. This dish is excellent and economical,

Chicken and Ham Pie.—Cut two chickens into joints, season them with salt, pepper, and cayenne, a little powdered mace, and a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms; then make balls of forcemeat and the hard-boiled yolks of eggs, and lay them in the dish between the joints of chicken, with a few slices of lean ham in between, and add a little water with a mushroom boiled in it, cover with puff-paste, and lake.

DESSERTS.

Lemon Sponge.—Two ounces of isinglass, one pint and threequarters of water, three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice of five lemons, the rind of one, and the whites of three eggs. Dissolve the isinglass in the waterstrain it into a sauce-pan, and add the sugar, lemon-rind, and juice. Boil the whole from ten to fifteen minutes, strain it again, and let it stand till it is cold, and begins to stiffen. Beat the whites of the eggs, put them to it, and whisk the mixture till it is quite white; put it into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it remain until perfectly set; then turn it out, and garnish it according to taste.

Bread Pudding.—To one pint of milk add three ounces of pounded sugar, and a very little salt; pour it boiling on half a pound of bread-crumbs; add one ounce of fresh butter and cover with a plate; let them remain for half an hour or more, and then stir to them four well-whisked eggs, and a flavoring of nutmeg, or of lemon-rind; pour into a buttered basin, tie a paper and cloth over, and boil for one hour and a quarter. Half a pound of currants is generally considered an improvement.

Bock Creers.—Boll a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft, in new milk, sweeten with powdered white sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay all over it lumps of jelly or preserved fruit of any kind. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add a little sugar, flavor with what you please; add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a tablespoonful of rich cream. Drop it over the rice, giving it the appearance of a rock of snow.

CAKES

Caracay Cake.—Sift half a pound of rice-flour into a dish. In a deep pan cut up half a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Having warmed them slightly, stir together the butter and sugar till very light and creamy. Break five eggs, and beat them in a shallow pan till thick and smooth. Then stir them gradually into the pan of beaten sugar and butter, alternately with the flour, a little of each at a time. Add by degrees a transpoonful of powdered cinnamon, and nutmen mixed, a wineglassful of rose-water, or of rose brandy, and half an ounce or more of caraway seeds, thrown in a few at a time, stirring hard all the while. Butter a square iron-pan, put in the mixture, set it in a rather brisk oven, and bake it well. When done, sift powdered sugar over it; and when cool. cut it into long squares.

Eponge Cake.—The weight of five eggs in sifted sugar, and three in flour. Choose the three largest to weigh the flour, as it is not so sweet. Break the eggs, and separate the yolk from the white, well beat the yolk, then whisk the whites to a very stiff froth, so that you can move it about the basin without it sticking, then mix it with the yolks; mix very gradually the sugar, beating all the time. The flour should always be put in last very slowly. Do not let it stand long before it is put in the oven, which should be rather a quick one. Bake one hour and ten minutes. Put a knife in to see if it is done; the Rnite will be clear if it is.

Arrow-Root Biscuit.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, whisk six eggs to a strong froth, add them to the butter, stir in half a pound of flour, a little at a time, and beat the mixture well; break down all the lumps from six ounces of arrow-root, and add that with half a pound of pounded lump sugar to the other ingredients. Mix all well together, and drop the dough on a buttered tin in pieces the size of a shilling. Bake the biscuits about a quarter of an hour in a slow oven.

Rice Buns.—Three-quarters of a pound of good rice, threequarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and three eggs. Mix all well together, adding a little carbonate of soda drop the mixture on a tin, in the shape of buns, and bake in a quick oven.

Potato Cakes.—Take one dozen large potatoes, fresh boiled, and mashed very fine, one quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs beaten, and half a pound of flour, mix all together with a fork (do not handle it,) roll into thin cakes, and bake quickly in a hot oven.

Plain Loaf Cake.—To a quartern of dough put half a pound of moist sugar, half a pound of pure dripping, one egg, (this is optional,) and three quarters of a pound of raisins, or carraway seeds to the taste.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Remore Spots from Carpets.—Mix well half an ox's gall with one quart of water; wet and rub the spot with this. Then with a clean scrubbing-brush, warm water and soap, well scrub the spot, and wet and half-wring a clean floor-cloth in clean cold water, and rub well out the soap and gall from the carpet; rub the spot with a dry, coarse cloth, until it is nearly dry, then pin a piece of thin brown paper over the spot to prevent dust from settling on it while wet, and leave it to become perfectly dry. If the spot occurs near the side or end of the carpet, undo a few tacks, and slip under the spot a thickly-folded coarse towel to absorb the water which runs through, and to prevent the wet carpet from lying in the dust; after washing the spot, remove the folded cloth, and slip in its place a piece of brown paper, which leave till the carpet is dry.

Treatment of Gold-fish.—In cases where gold-fish are kept in vessels in rooms, etc., they should be kept in spring-water. The water will require to be changed, according to the size

of the vessel, or the number of fish kept therein, but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common-sized pail of water, two fish may be kept in by changing the water once a fortnight, and so on in proportion. If any food is supplied them, it should be a few crumbs of bread dropped in the water once or twice a week.

To Clean Marble.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed, wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

To Clean Brushes.—Half an ounce of ammonia to a quart of warm water. Stand the bristle side of the brush in the water for three minutes; then rub the brush dry with a towel. Be careful that the water does not reach the back of the brush. Stand the brush bristles downward until perfectly dry.

To Recive Withered Flowers.—Plunge the stems into boiling water, and by the time the water is cold, the flowers will revive. The ends of the stalks should then be cut off; and the flowers should be put to stand in cold water, and they will keep fresh for soveral days.

To Destroy Auts.—Half a pound of flour of brimstone, and four ounces of potash, placed over the fire in an iron or earthen pan, until dissolved and united, then beaten into powder, and a little of it infused in water. Wherever this is sprinkled the ants will die, or leave the place.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK ASHES OF ROSE POPLIE, WITH ONE BEEP PLAITED FLOUNCE.—Sleeves nearly tight to the wrist. Sleeveless over-dress of delicate gray poplin, buttoned down the front, and looped high up on the right side with a sash and pearl buckle of the color of the under-dress; this sash extends from the waistband, which is of the same color. High ruff around the neck. Straw hat, with white plumes, trimmed with gros-grain ribbon of the color of the under-dress.

Fig. 11.—Walking-Dress.—Under-skirt of black silk, with four full flounces. Over-dress of cashmere of golden-fawn color; it is buttoned down the left side, and looped high up at the back, and worn with a broad, black sash. Close-fitting basque of the cashmere, buttoned far over on the left side. Coat-sleeves, with deep cuffs. Rlack velvet bonnet.

Fig. III.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-dress is of black silk, without trimming, made with a very deep vest, which buttons down the front. Close-fitting over-dress of dark steel-blue cashmere, embroidered in black silk, looped up very simply at the back. Black struw hat, trimmed with a feather and ribbon of the color of the dress. Large, white collar, square at the back, sailor fashion.

Fig. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The lower part of the dress is embroidered with silk of a darker shade. The three flounces which follow the shape of the demi-train, are simply hemmed, and have but little fullness. The waist is embroidered to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves tight to the elbow, with two flounces. Bonnet of green silk, with pinkish-gray feathers, and black lace veil.

Fig. v.—Carriage-Dress of Petunia-Colored Sile.—The under-skirt has a demi-train, and is trimmed with one deep plaited flounce, which has a heading of a bias band of the silk, and vandyke trimming of the same above. Overdress open in front, and trimmed with a band of the silk, ambroidered, in the same color. Hussar cords and tassels on the front of the body and shoulders. Bonnet of black lace, with pearl buckle and lace veil.

FIG. VI.-BRIDEMAID'S EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE OR-

ANDY, SPOTTED WITH BLUE.—The under-dress is trimmed with a quilling of blue ribbon, f-stooned here and there with bows of bluck velvet and forget-me-nots. Over-dress with the skirt and body cut in one. The skirt is rounded in front, and square at the back, and trimmed like the under-dress. The waist is high on the shoulders, and square back and front. The trimming stands up over the shoulders, and a knot of black velvet and forget-me-nots is on the bosom in front. The same ornament for the hair.

Fig. VII.—BRIDE'S TRAVELING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.— The under-dress has one deep flounce, trimmed with a festion of gray watered ribbon, with bows and ends of the same, and large pearl buckles. Very deep loops of gray poplin, trimmed with buttons, and faced with gray watered silk. Sleeves to correspond with the skirt. Gray silk bonnet, ornamented with roses and blue and gray feathers, and gray watered ribbon.

Fig. viii.—Gabrielle Waist of Black Silk, with high, full ruff; full, puffed sleeve at the hand. Black straw hat, trimmed with black ribbon and velvet and pink roses.

Fig. 1x.—Dress of Gray Striped Foulard, with Blue Silk Vest.—Over-dress of the striped foulard, with platting of the same. Gray straw hat, with gray wing, and blue and white silk scarf, tied in a bow at the back.

Fig. x.—Medici Waist of Black Silk, trimmed with black lace and bows. The skirt corresponds.

Fig. xi.—Cuirass Waist of Pink Silk, to be worn over a black silk skirt. Sleeves of pink silk, striped with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give two new hats beside those already described. The first is of soft, white straw, turned up at the side, trimmed with white feathers, blue velvet, and large tea roses. The other is of a flatter shape, trimmed with black velvet, pink roses, and a pink feather. We also give collars, and sleeves, and two outside vests, one of pink silk, trimmed with black velvet and white lace; and the other of white silk trimmed with blue and white lace; and several new styles of dressing the hair.

The variety of shades of silk is astonishing; and if one did not see on the sample cards the slow gradations from almost black to almost white in grays, blue, brown, etc., one could not realize the ingenuity of the dyer. Gray is probably the greatest favorite among the spring silks. It combines so prettily with almost any other color. We saw a dress from Worth, the other day, of pale-gray, with the sash and bows lined with the palest straw color, and it was exquisite. The all wool and wool and silk mixtures for spring, are of the new shades, though there is a tendency to rather deeper tints than those lately worn. This fashion will probably be more becoming than the half tints which have been lately worn, but they are not so beautiful, and combine with other colors much less artistically than the more faded looking hues.

GRENADINES, BAREGE, DE BEGE, and all the plain worsted and silk goods for summer, come in the half tints, but black, &cru, or buff, and gray, are the favorite colors. The percales are as beautitul, when new, as foulards, and, of course, immeasurably less expensive, though equally, of course, they rumple very soon, and look somewhat shabby.

Fashion is lenient; almost any style of costume may be adopted that suits the style of the wearer, if only a few rules are observed: one is that the dress must fall flat, close in front; another, that a ruffle, in the same shape, must be worn at the neck, and that the hair is worn close to the sides of the head, and high on top.

The waist is worn longer than last year, and the low bodices are moderated, and generally square at the back as well as in front, with epaulets at the top of the arms. Dresses are trimmed at the back, but frequently quite plain in front, or trimmed with ornaments that lie as flat as lace, which is sewn on without fullness, such as embroidery upon

the material, longitudinal lines of gimp fringes, or bands of velvet sewn on in horizontal lines. Several dresses are trimmed with scanty bouillonnés of the same material. Bows down the front of the dress are only to be seen on indoor costumes, and then they are quite simple, merely the pompadour bow, with two loops and two ends.

THE CUIRASS BODICE, that fits the figure closely, is very high, with long basque, and has the effect of being moulded to the body, is always made of a different material from the dress. This cuirass bodice is frequently worn over the bodice of the dress. When the eleeves are of one material the bodice is of another. The sleeves match the trimming. When a ruff is not worn, a straight, upright collar, with a ruch of tulle or white crepé lisse around the throat, is worn. We give an engraving of one of these bodies.

BONNETS AND HATS have undergone no material change, but the variety of shapes is wonderful, all styles for all faces.

SACQUES AND MANTLES are of as great a variety, but many are trimmed with metal buttons, and most are short. These metal buttons should be of the finest quality and most artistic make, or they look common.

THE HAIR is still worn close to the sides of the face, but higher than ever on the top of the head. For evening dress, clusters of curls are popular, but not flowing too loose.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—LITTLE CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.—Sacque of white cashmere, trimmed with blue silk. White straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon and blue forget-me-nots, and a pink rose.

FIG. 11.—Young Girl's Dress of Tobacco-Brown Cash-MERE.—The skirt is made in full kilt plattings at the back, quite plain, and buttoned down the front, which is in the Gabrielle style, and forms the body in front. The jacket is very much cut away, and is trimmed with black velvet Black velvet pockets and collar. High, white ruff. Straw hat, with a pink ruching in front, and a trimming of black velvet, and a yellow rose.

Fig. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE AND GRAY POPLIN—Blue water-proof cloak. Gray felt hat, with dark-blue velvet trimmings.

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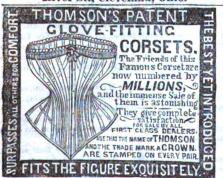
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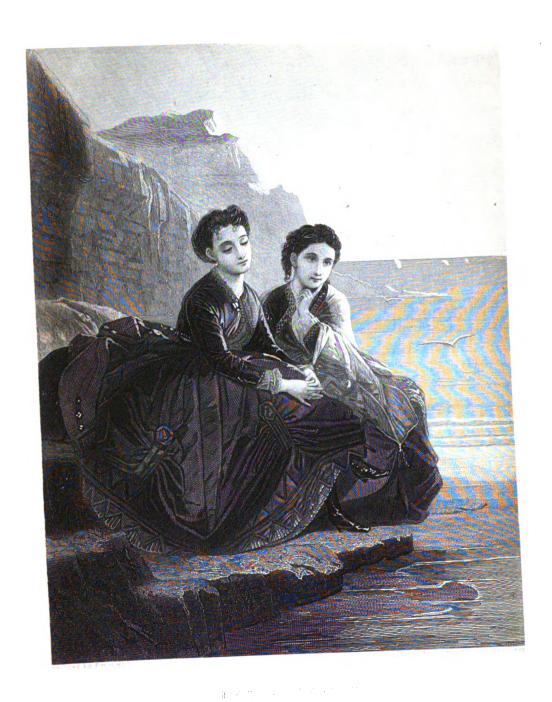




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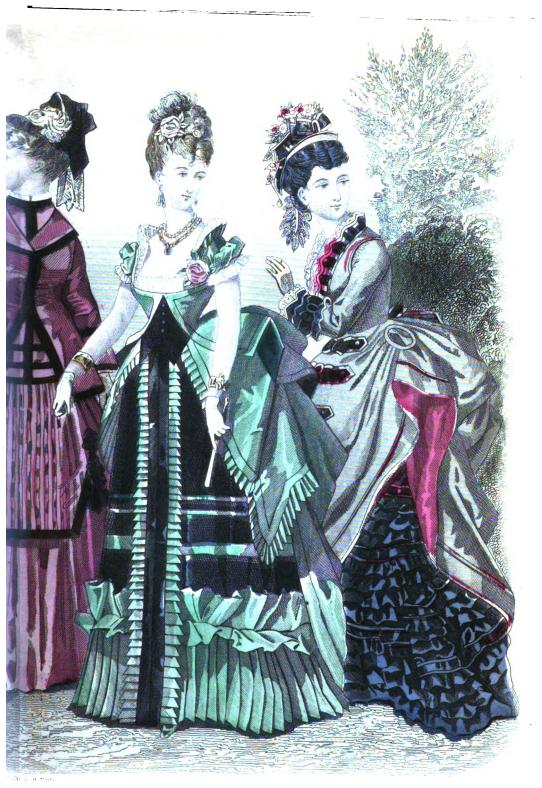
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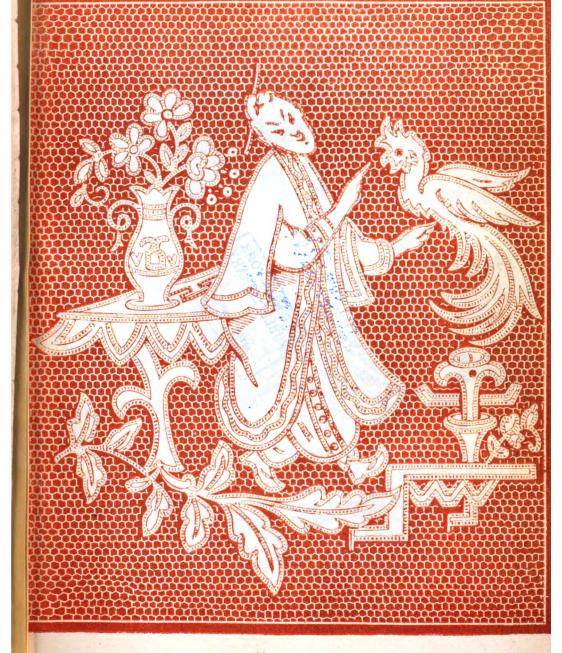
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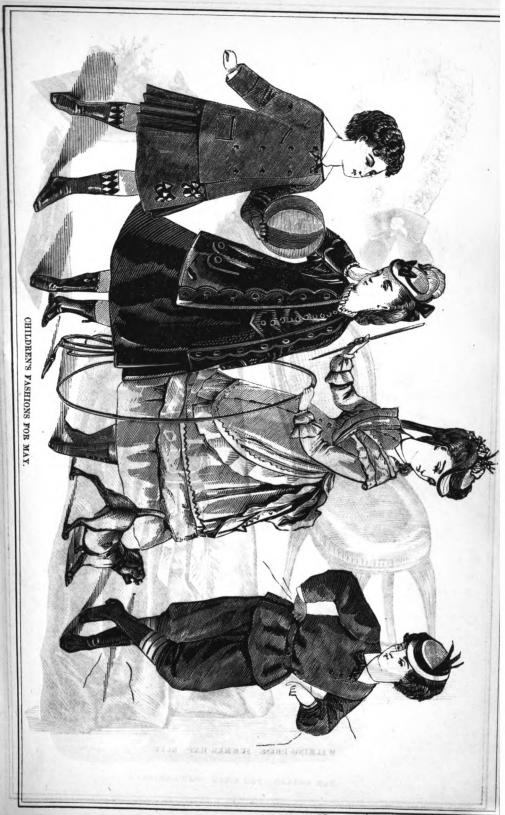
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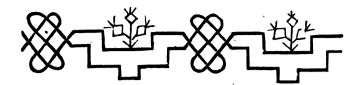


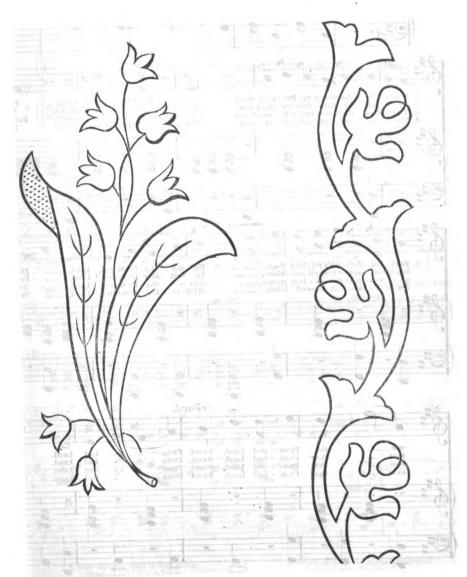




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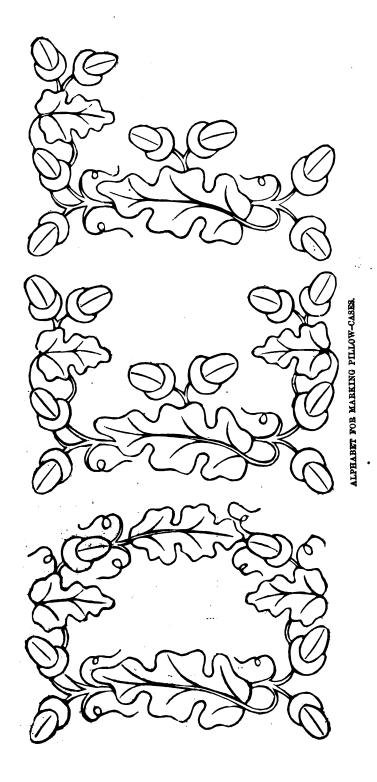
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXV.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1874.

No. 5:

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

BY EMMA F. M. WHITCOMB.

EVERYBODY knows that when a young minister is unmarried, and unengaged even, he needs to have a great deal more done for him than a middle-aged man, with a large family, could expect to have. The ladies of the Rev. Paul Bloomsbury's church, otherwise St. John's, had unanimously concluded that the study must be refurnished, and the minister be presented with an elaborate dressing-gown. After much talk upon the subject, a committee of young ladies was appointed to prepare some kind of an entertainment.

This committee duly organized, and proceeded to business. But there was some difference of opinion, strange to say, among the young ladies-Ellen Eaton, who did make a magnificent Cleopatra, or Minerva, with her beautiful eyes, gracefully-poised head, and perfect hand and arm, would hear of nothing but tableaux. Kate Harris, who had spent a winter in Boston, and had been introduced to Emerson, and, consequently, was authority in all matters pertaining to literature, thought the community should be educated up to enjoying a literary entertainment. Mabel Langley, who had taken a half term of vocal lessons of a see ly Frenchman, said that a musical soirée would be just the thing.

There was only one other member of the committee, and as she did not know how to do anything in particular, they did not consider her of much importance. She was willing to do anything to help, however; "anything that she could do," she said.

It was after nine o'clock, and nothing decided. It was dark, too, and Dulcie Heywood, the last-mentioned young lady, said she must run home that very moment, which she did, the other girls going in the opposite direction.

The next morning as Dulcie was busy bringing in her pots of geraniums and roses, for fear of frost, Mabel Langley called out from the walk, to tell her that the committee were to meet at her house, and ask the minister in, and leave the decision to him.

Dulcie laughed in her little ruffled sleeve that evening, when she found that each of the girls expected that her plan would be most pleasing to the minister. They chatted some time before he came in: a tall, handsome young man of about twenty-nine; gray eyes, that were deep and tender, sometimes they were almost blue; and a pleasant mouth, which not even the almost unclerical, abundant, blonde mustache could conceal.

The young ladies laid their plans before him. He saw at once where the difficulty lay, and that a compromise must be made. He proposed that Miss Eaton should prepare a tableau, Miss Kate write an essay, and Miss Langley furnish the music.

"But," he said, turning to Dulcie, who sat demurely listening and approving, "what will you do, Miss Heywood?"

Dulcie thought for a moment. "Oh, I can help the girls somehow."

"Yes," said Kate, "I know I'll not have time to copy my essay, and you can do that for me, Dulcie, and help Mary dress for the tableau."

"And you can turn the leaves for me," cried Mabel, condescendingly. "He that cannot paint must grind the colors," quoted Mabel, in a low tone, to the minister, whom she saw clearly was struck with Dulcie's inefficiency.

The matter was thus satisfactorily arranged, and the girls arose to go. Now Mabel wished she had not been so thoughtless as to have the committee meet at her house, for it was evident Mr. Bloomsbury was pleased with her, and would, of course, have walked home with her. She would ask him to stay awhile, but she did so wish to know whether he'a go home with Kate or Mary; they had their hats and shawls on already, and Dulcie was swinging her coquettish little nubia in her hand, as she stood on tiptoe, looking at Mabel's canary—an absurd little ball

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of yellow feathers. Perhaps, too, she was waiting for the girls to go.

They were at the door, when Mr. Bloomsbury sain, 'I'll go your way, Miss Dulcie, if you will allow me."

"Thank you," said Dulcie, blushing a good deal, "but I'm not very much afraid; I never am when I can see the stars. I run home Sabbath nights, and they seem like kind eyes looking at me, and I forget about being afraid."

Dulcie paused, surprised and ashamed at having said all that.

"If Mr. Bloomsbury doesn't wish to go your way, Dulcie, I'll send little Job over with you," said Mabel.

"But I do wish to go," replied that gentleman; and he offered his arm to Dulcie.

"The idea of his going with that little simpleton," said Kate, after he had left.

"He thought he must, of course, as she was alone," said Mary.

"It's my opinion," added Mabel, "that, with all her innocent ways, Dulcie Heywood is a good deal deeper than we think."

The two girls went their way then, wondering what the minister could find to say to his silly little companion.

As for that young person, she felt directly at ease with him, in fact she forgot all about herself; telling him, in answer to his question, how she interested her Sabbath-school class. "Why," said she, "I have longed to tell you, and ask you if you approve. They are too little to be taught much, and so sometimes I take an autumn leaf, or a pansy, or a stem of lilies of the valley, and tell them all I can about it. and show them how wonderful it is, and beautiful; and then it is easy to speak to them of the Maker, and it is a reality to them then, and I know they enjoy it. I don't mean to have them get such vague, ridiculous ideas as I used to have."

The minister smiled encouragingly at Dulcie, and said he thought it a charming way of teaching nearness to God, and love for Him.

"Father has been teaching me botany," added Dulcie, "and one day I had the children come over and look at seeds through the microscope. Oh, how wonderful it is! We looked at some particular seeds; they are the tiniest ones I ever saw. They look like sea-shells, tinted, and with a tracery like ivy-leaves around them. I felt as though I had seen something God did not intend any eye to see but His own; and it gave me such a solemn feeling all the day."

"I suppose," said Paul, smiling again, "that He knew you were going to see them some day when he made them."

How short the walk seemed, and how the evening star shone down on them; and something in their hearts seemed to answer back to its brightness.

"I thought that tree was a man last night," said Dulcie, when they reached the door; and Paul accepted her timid invitation to come in, as it was not late, and talk to her mother.

Mrs. Heywood was one of the rare women whom physical weakness only rendered more lovely; all the gentler graces of womanhood were developed; somehow it gave one the quiet of a twilight walk, to sit beside her, while Dulcie impressed one as a June morning.

"What a sweet little girl she is!" thought the minister, on his way home. And though not at all sentimentally inclined, he found himself recalling, the next day, as he sat alone in his study, the brown eyes lifted to meet his own, and the light touch of her hand on his arm. The next Sabbath, as one clear voice thrilled him, he looked almost instinctively toward Dulcie's seat in church, and saw her pouring her heart out in the grand old "gloria," perfectly self-forgetful; and he thought "surely of such is the kingdom," so like a little child in purity and simplicity of faith was she.

The days went hurriedly on, and the time for the entertainment drew near; but Kate had found time to copy her essay. Mabel had decided to turn her leaves, and Mary said Kate would help her about her dress; so Dulcie, without being at all jealous, saw that her services were not required, and that she was at liberty to accept Mr. Bloomsbury's invitation to accompany him to the Hall.

Now it cannot be denied that Dulcie's heart was a woman's heart, and it did beat a good deal more rapidly than usual when she entered the Hall, and felt rather than saw Mabe!, Kate, and Mary looking through their holes, which their envious fingers had torn in the green cambric curtain before the stage; and as Dulcie had a trick of blushing at all times, and on all occasions, her face was a perfect resebud; so thought the minister, and, indeed, so occupied was he with this same face, that he did not see Miss Harris in her really lovely personation of Cleopatra; and when Dulcie whispered, simply, "Oh, isn't she beautiful!" he gave a very expressive glance into her eyes, and said, "Yes, she is beautiful!" The white lids fell, for in that moment those soft, gray eyes had looked down into her very soul, and read her dimmest thought; so Dulcie felt.

At the close of the exercises, Mr. Bloomsbury was called upon for a speech. He spoke of the

object of the entertainment, which, as he understood it, was to improve the appearance of the chapel; he thought it right that the house of the Lord should be adorned. Then he spoke of His dwelling-place in the hearts of men; and Dulcie, as she sat with folded hands, listening, felt much as a violet feels growing at the foot of an oak tree, so noble, so exalted did he seem to her; and she forgot what she had been made to feel so keenly a few minutes before, that she was a target for at least six jealous eyes; she forgot, that she had heard Sue Langley say to Alice Harris, "To think of Dulcie Heywood thrusting herself upon the minister! Kate heard her tell him she goes from church alone Sunday nights; if that wasn't a hint---" Dulcie looked involuntarily at Paul, but his expression did not change; he could not have heard the malicious whisper, and she leaned back with a sigh of relief, and did not connect with this his stopping for her the next Sabbath evening, and opening the pew door for her in full view of the girls.

From this time Dulcie was the object for every sort of spiteful female attentions; and the eyes which, where she was concerned, were becoming as tender and watchful as a woman's, were not slow to note how often her gentle heart was wounded by coldness, if not by downright unkindness.

"If I thought the little girl loved me," Paul paused to say, in the middle of a sermon he was writing, and he balanced the pen in his finger, and dipped it into the ink a dozen times, and made absurd, unmeaning lines and dots all round the margin of the page.

Dulcie was not his ideal woman; he had decided long ago, away back in his sophomore days, just what style of woman he should enthrone. He remembered how he used to talk to his chum about it; how he objected to the orthodox oak and vine sort of union; his ideal was to be rather a graceful elm, growing richly at the oak's side, not hiding its rugged bark, or with her upward creeping drawing his branches down. But, somehow, the thought of this delicate, clinging girl, even of her dainty foot on the fender, the lightest touch of her hand—that weak little hand; or glove, into her husband's, and said, "I will."

the upward glance of those trustful eyes, stirred his heart with a rapture the ideal one had never given; and the question he was puzzling over, "Does she care for me?" seemed to be the only one in all the world worth answering. Of what avail were all his metaphysics; his knowledge, or the knowledge he thought he had, of human nature? The simple, true heart of a young girl defied all his power of insight. As he thought this, he made a furious dash at the sermon, and quite effaced his text, which was Pilate's: "What is truth?"

He pushed it away, and presently took his hat and went out for a walk. During his walk he met Mr. Heywood. And Mary Eaton peeping out of the parlor blinds (though why she shouldn't have looked out of the door if she wanted to, nobody knows,) saw him run up the Heywood's front steps, very unlike a discouraged suitor, and disappear in the hall.

Dulcie was standing in the library alone, looking out, but seeing nothing, with a far-away expression in her eyes, and an unaccountable ache in her heart. She gave a surprised "oh!" as her brown head was drawn down to some one's shoulder, while that some one (how should she have known so well who?) whispered, "Dulcie, darling, I love you;" and then, after a little while of perfect quiet, came the question, "Do you love me, Dulcie?" nor did the speaker seem to breathe again till the answer came, whispered low, "I love you, Paul."

When it was known that Dulcie was going to the Rectory to live, and everybody was invited to the wedding, she was forgiven for being loved and chosen by the minister.

Kate Harris, who was flirting desperately with a West Point cadet, was sincere in her congratu-Mabel Langley, in the name of the Aid Society, presented a great silver something, which looked as though it might be a realization of De Quincey's "eternal ten-pot;" and even Mary said, "It is a good match," when, in answer to the sweetest and most solemn question . that is asked in a woman's life, Dulcie laid her little hand, which trembled in its snug white

TREACHEROUS

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

THE tiger, treacherons sea, That lies in wait for its prey, And smiles, and seems to be As mild as a Summer day.

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And then, with a bound and roar, It makes its terrible spring-And the wrecks they strew the shore, And death is on everything.



BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The scene was the sea-side, near a well-known watering-place in New England, it is not necessary for us to say exactly which. There had been a dance at one of the cottages, and now two young ladies, stealing away from the company and their cavaliers, went off, across the lawn, in the moonlight, and down to the foot of the cliffs.

Cora Wynne and Julia Seymour had been at school together, and still retained their girlish anthusiasm for each other. They made a charming picture, as they sat watching the sea that lay at their very feet: the sea, so fierce and terrible at times, but now as quiet as some secluded, inland lake. All was still around. The young moon hung in the western sky, like an Arab scimitar, to use the simile of the Persian poet. A few gulls skimmed the surface of the water, or rose into the quiet air. Here and there white sails skimmed in the distance.

The change, from the heated rooms to the soft, cool air of the sea-side, was deligitful. For awhile, the two girls yielded themselves up, in silence, to the charm of the hour: Julia, with her hands clasped across her knee, pensively regarding the water at her feet; Cora holding her finger to her chin, and gazing off into the distance dreamily. Julia was the first to speak.

"Come, now, confess," she said, turning suddenly on her companion, and catching the bright, happy look of Cora. "You were not thinking of the ocean at all. Your face betrayes you. You were thinking of——"

"Of what?" said Cora, boldly, when the other stopped thus abruptly.

"Shall I speak out?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Why shouldn't you?" But the tell-tale color, notwithstanding all her efforts to appear indifferent, surged up over her face.

"Ah! now I know it," cried Julia, clapping her hands. "You were thinking of George Fielding."

"Pshaw!" retorted Cora; but she blushed again, and this time more violently even than before. "Don't be silly!"

"Do you think people have no eyes?" answered Julia, laughing. "Oh, my dear! Mr. Fielding hasn't been here, two months nearly, for nothing. But see, there he comes. He has found us out

after all, or rather you. And there's some one with him. A stranger! Who can it be?"

Corn Wynne was one of those bewitching little creatures, born to be petted and spoiled by relatives, and worshiped by unfortunate males all ages. She was just eighteen, with the momnarvelous complexion, the softest eyes, that were hazel and blue by turn; quantities of rippling wavy dark hair; the sunniest of faces; the sweetest voice; altogether as mischievous and tantalizing a creature as ever vexed the heart of man.

George Fielding had lived to be past six and twenty without giving much thought to love, except to wonder what the sensation would be like, when reading a novel or poem, or to be divided between envy and contempt at the folly of some friend wounded to the quick.

He decided at length that there could be no possibility now of his becoming any woman's slave, regarding himself as too ancient to be affectd by bright eyes or rosy lips. Up to his age men are as fond of seeming old, as they are of appearing young after thirty-five has sounded. He rather felt that he had been cheated by Fate in not having had at least a touch of the bewitching malady, love.

So this summer, George took his wisdom and his advanced years to the watering-place we spoke of, which was near Bolton, a country-seat where his favorite aunt resided.

You are not to imagine, from what I have said, that the young man was either priggish or old fog ish. He was fond of society, and was generally liked, though not looked on by his friends as a "marrying man"—odious word. Perhaps women were pleased with his attentions for this very reason. It would be a triumph to subdue this stony-hearted hero, they said to themselves. Besides, he was rich, and his position an enviable one; and we must get very near to the millenium, before such trifles shall cease to be of importance. So he became a pet in more circles than one.

Fate had not forgotten him. She had only reserved his happiness or misery for reasons best known to herself. At first he drove out daily to Bolton to see his aunt. Very soon he went to see somebody else.

hasn't been here, two months nearly, for nothing. Old Miss Dillon always spent seven or eight But see, there he comes. He has found us out, months of each year at this country-seat of hers,

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and Cora Wynne was her half-sister and ward. almost a quarter of a century younger than her spectacled, kind-hearted relative. Miss Dillon was an easy, placid, cushiony sort of woman. She adored Cora, and yielded to her whims in a way that would have disgusted the stern and rigid among the band of spinsters, or matrons, fond of doing their duty till everybody hates them.

Almost two months had elapsed since George Fielding's arrival. Such a season as it had been! He fell a hopeless victim the first time he looked in Cora Wynne's eyes. There had been days when he walked on air, fed on ambrosia, and drank That was when she treated him kindly. There were other days, when he went down into the depths of despair, and vowed that the world had come to an end. Of course, at such seasons she had teased him out of his seven senses.

It was all new, and strange, and bewildering to George. You could not have made him believe that any other man had ever felt the same, or could comprehend his feelings. We always think our own neuralgia, or heartache, worse than anybody else's, and persuade ourselves that our seasons of happiness are greater!

Fielding possessed strong self-control. None of his acquaintance, therefore, discovered his secret. Only Julia suspected it. Indeed, his grave, composed manners piqued Cora herself. She wondered sometimes if he could be indifferent, when -when-even to her own thoughts, Cora could not finish the question. She was astonished at herself, often inclined to be angry at the influence this man had over her, and grew always more willful when some slight event forced upon her the knowledge, that he was more to her than any member of his sex had ever been.

Often he had been on the point of revenling his love. But Cora was not only doubtful of his sincerity, as we have said, but she was willful herself. This very evening he had intended to speak, and had been hurt to see the marked way in which she had avoided him. He would have remained angry to the end, if his cousin, Herbert Knowles, whom he supposed to be in New York, had not suddenly made his appearance; and then, after this surprise was over, there being no other young ladies without cavaliers, and Knowles having asked to be introduced to some, he resolved to follow the truants, for he suspected in which direction they had gone.

Cora and Julia, as the two young men approached, noticed that this companion of Fielding's was a very handsome fellow. He did not look? over twenty-two. There was a certain air of delicacy about him, as if he were not strong; but Fielding came back, and asked Knowles to sing. his figure was so well developed, so willowy and The latter complied without hesitation. His clear

graceful, that one could not say he appeared effeminate, though his complexion was almost like a girl's.

The two came toward Cora and Julia.

"Miss Wynne," Fielding said, "let me present my cousin, Herbert Knowles. Miss Seymour, Mr. Knowles."

The young man bowed, and made some courteous speech to each: then turned and gazed at Cora so eagerly, that she colored a little. She He was looking grave, glanced at Fielding. almost annoyed. Could he be jealous of the new comer's sudden, evident admiration?

"I have taken this old fellow by surprise, Miss Wynne," said Knowles. "I heard by chance that he was here, and as I wanted a little journey, I thought I would come."

"You know nothing could give me greater pleasure." said Fielding, laving his hand on his cousin's shoulder, "than to see you."

"Well, I hope not!" returned Knowles, gayly. "But I'm afraid I have done an impertinent thing, Miss Wynne. You must excuse me to the visitors. They told me at the hotel that George was off at a dance, so I followed."

"Which was a kindness to us all, our hostess, as well as ourselves," laughed Cora. "You know a new face is always a blessing. Let us go back to the house, Mr. Fielding, and join the rest of the party. You will bring Julia," she added, to Fielding, as Knowles sprang forward, and tendered his arm.

The new comer received a warm welcome at the house, and speedily became the life of the whole party, most of whom were now out on the lawn, in the moonlight, with the hostess and Miss Dillon. Everybody was gay. But Herbert Knowles, even while devoting himself to Cora, managed, as we have said, to be the life of the whole party. Cora alone noticed that every now and then Fielding watched him with a singular intentness, which she could not comprehend. What was it she saw in his face-annoyance, dislike, envy? feelings were widely at variance with her conception of Fielding's character, and they annoyed her: yet what other interpretation could she give?

She grew inattentive, cold when he addressed her, so he left her, at last, and talked quietly with Miss Dillon.

"The good o'd boy is jealous," Knowles said to Cora, in a low voice, laughing, though his eyes sparkled with anger. "He is a capital fellow; but he always wants to be first."

As if to contradict this assertion, presently

tenor voice rang over the moonlit landscape, with almost unearthly sweetness. The breeze had died away completely. All was still. The moonlight fell full on the singer's face. He looked so perfect in his beauty that one could but marvel. The countenance was like that the ancient Greek sculptors might have chosen to depict the god of music. Perhaps a pang of envy disturbed the enjoyment of more than one of the young girls, his admiration for Cora was so evident. It was always the way, however: Cora invariably monopolized every new comer.

They broke up at last. The two cousins walked to Bolton with Cora and her aunt, for the distance was not much over a mile.

Herbert Knowles appeared a very restless creature. Beginning with the next day, he had always some plan of amusement on foot. Everybody was fascinated by him, though people declared that he was very odd and capricious. Perhaps that gave a greater charm to his manners. But he never showed these variations of spirit to Cora. She liked him greatly. He seemed to her so young, such a mere boy, that she soon grew to treat him almost as she might have done a youthful brother.

A certain restraint grew up between herself and Fielding. He was kind and attentive as ever, but Cora could not get over the feeling, which hal beset her on the evening of Knowles' arrival. He was apparently fond of his cousin. He kept with him constantly. But often and often Cora discovered in his face that same odd look, which had surprised her when the cousins came to her on that first evening. If Herbert was in unusually gay spirits, Cora noticed this most. could not help believing he was jealous of the young fellow's beauty, his wonderful voice, his charming manners, and witty talk. It was a terrible blow and disappointment to her. These were precisely the faults it was hardest for her to pardon. More than once, Herbert said to her,

"George is an odd compound! I think he likes me. He's a splendid fellow; but I suppose he fancies I must always be a boy. He irritates me very often by his airs of superiority, but I am sure he does not mean it."

Almost two weeks went by. Fielding began to speak openly of his intention to go away. He seemed to take it for granted that Knowles wou'd accompany him. He was speaking of the matter one night at Miss Dillon's, and Herbert suddenly turned upon him with a passion that startled them all. He controlled himself very soon, apologized for his bad temper, admitted that he had suffered the whole day from a dreadful headache; but though he grew pleasant and gay again, even

to reckless high spirits, there was a certain defiance in every word and look he addressed to his cousin, which made Cora fear the two were on the verge of a quarrel.

She blamed Fielding entirely. Perhaps some unacknowledged vexation at the idea of his departure rendered her still more severe in her judgment. Julia, too, now began to tease her about hielding's desertion, as her friend called it.

Alone in her room, that night, poor Cora cried very bitterly. She knew now that she loved George Fielding. She loved him; but she had discovered taults in his character which she could not overlook. He was envious, mean, tyrannical! She had mistaken him utterly. Her heart had gone out toward an ideal, to which she had given this man's name; but he bore no resemblance thereto. She felt bitter humiliation into the bargain. He did not care for her-Julia was right. It is attentions had been those of idle gallantry. He already wearied of them, and was going away. Cora thought the world had come to an end, and wondered how her crushed pride was to bear her up-how she was to pass this dismal strait.

It was Cora's custom, often, of a morning, to take an eary walk by the sea. Usually Miss Dillon's maid accompanied her. But, this morning, the maid was busy with a dress that had to be thished by night, and Cora set out alone. She had no idea that any peril would come of it; she only thought she was violating les convenunces; and about this, at least in so small a matter, she cared very little.

There is, at the watering-place where these incidents occurred, a range of rocks, that rises from the water precipitously, and at certain points these cliffs attain a dangerous height. The walk along these high bluffs was a favorite one with Cora, and thither she now directed her steps. She was looking down a vast chasm, where the rock is split in two, and watching the waves thunder and break below, with a sort of shuddering fascination, when she was suddenly accosted by Herbert Knowles.

All the preceding night, he had been awake. He got up, once or twice, lit the gas, and tried to read. He wandered restlessly up and down the room. His head ached frightfully. As soon as dawn broke, he went to the nearest druggist, got a prescription which he carried with him, and when he was out of sight, drank it down. Then he started for a walk, mechanically taking the direction of Bolton, across the fields, and by the coast-line. Thus it was that he met Corn

suffered the whole day from a dreadful headache; Cora would have preferred not to have been but though he grew pleasant and gay again, even disturbed. But when she saw how radiant his

face became at sight of her, when he took off his hat and extended his hand, she could not, in common courtesy, pass without recognition.

"I have found you, at last," he said. "I have been thinking of you all night."

Cora looked at him with a vague alarm. There was something restless about him, something inexplicable, something she had never seen before. She grew suddenly alarmed, and stepped back from the precipice,

But he caught her hands, saying, wildly,

"Do not go. I love you, Cora—I love you!"

She was so astounded that, for a few seconds, she could not speak, while he hurried on, with words of passionate eloquence.

"Hush! hush!" she said, at length. "Let go my hands, Mr. Knowles—you hurt me! I shall be very angry if you go on talking in this way."

"I tell you I love you!" he exclaimed. "I have waited so long for this chance. I will speak new."

"You must not," she replied, firmly. "You are spoiling our pleasant acquaintance, utterly! You have known me so short a time—you are very rude, I think."

She was thoroughly frightened by this time; but she could not get away; he held her too firmly. She looked around for help. But no one was in sight.

"How can you speak like that?" he cried. "Does time count where the heart is concerned? I seem always to have loved you! Oh, Cora, Cora! you must have known it; you cannot have been trifling with me."

"I assure you, Mr. Knowles," she answered, "such a thought never entered my mind—not for an instant."

His face was deathly pale, save for two hectic spots, that blazed on his cheeks. His eyes glowed like flame.

"It is not true!" he exclaimed, passionately.
"You did know! You care for me, too! You must! By heaven, you shall! Don't speak! Why you don't know what you are doing, Cora!"

She had grown very angry while he spoke. Yet the sight of his suffering made her pity him, notwithstanding.

"Indeed, indeed, I never dreamed of it," she said, gently. "Oh, I am very, very sorry!"

"Sorry!" he repeated, lifting his face with a wild laugh. "That is what women always sny, when they have done all the mischief they can."

"You must not speak to me like that," returned she, her anger now mastering her pity. "I cannot permit it. Let go my hands, I say again, Mr. Knowles."

He paid no attention to her command.

- "You don't mean it," he cried. "I know you don't! You are only coquetting! Cora, Cora! you do care for me! Ah, don't be cruel! I can't bear it. Say that you have not been deceiving me, during these heavenly days."
- "I have not meant to," she replied. "Heaven knows I have not!"
- "What do you mean now?" he exclaimed, in an altered voice. "Speak out. What do you mean? Are you going to refuse me? I cannot let you break my heart without a struggle. Why, Cora, you would ruin my life—my soul! Oh, you don't know! Don't play with me. Say that you care--that you will try to love me."
- "I cannot! I like you. I have learned to think of you almost as a brother; but I cannot go beyond that."
 - "You are in earnest. You are not teasing me?"
- "I should be a very miserable creature if I could do that," she said.
 - "You called me Herbert. You promised to-"
- "I will now, my friend—my brother—if you will only be like yourself," she said, "and let me go." She shuddered as she glanced down into the abyss, and saw how wild and incoherent he was becoming.

"Let me hear you say it once more. You don't love me?" he gasped.

Even now she could not answer angrily. The mortal anguish in his face prevented that.

"Not as you wish," she replied. "That can never be."

"As a friend, a brother?" he answered. "Perhaps you mean a cousin—as Fielding's cousin. I understand now."

This last insult was too much.

"Let me go this instant," she exclaimed. "This instant, Mr. Knowles. I will endure nothing more."

Knowles made no answer, except to laugh aloud—a laugh so horrible, that it chilled the blood in Cora's veins. She looked up into his face. It was convulsed, the eyes were scarcely human. Cora Wynne knew then that she was in the power of a madman.

She could not cry out, for this conviction paralyzed her tongue. But in the midst of her terror she tried to lift a voiceless prayer to God for help. It was her only hope.

"Now I think you will hear me!" he exclaimed; and again that laugh broke from his lips "Look down yonder."

He pointed to the abyss below, and Cora saw murder in his glance. He was mad—mad! and she was alone with him.

Cora Wynne was a brave girl, physically and mentally Half dead as she was with fright, she



could think, could comprehend that her one hope of escape lay in soothing him. But still her tongue refused to speak. She looked eagerly in every direction; but not a human being was in sight. No aid. No escape.

"She doesn't love me! She doesn't love me!" he moaned. "It is coming back! The night the dreadful night! Oh, my God!"

"Herbert," she said, softly, at last, regaining her speech. "Let us go, my aunt will be expecting me. She is fond of you. She will want to see you. Let us go."

He looked at her with a vacant stare. The light had died out of his eyes, the fierceness out of his face.

"How soft your voice is," he murmured. "Oh, my darling, my darling! I must have been dreaming. How did we get here? How hot the air is! How my head throbs!"

"If you will go to the house with me, I will get you some cologne and bathe your forehead," she said, as a wild hope sprang up in her heart at his sudden gentleness, though every word showed how astray his mind was.

"Yes," he answered, "that would do me good. Why I thought we had had a quarrel—that you did not love me."

"You are my good Herbert," she said.

"Your dearest! Say that!" he cried, with new agitation. "You love me. Say you love me—that you will be my wife."

Her first impulse was to soothe him by responding as he wished. But even then she remembered, that if she freed herself from danger by uttering that falsehood, she might ruin all possibility of his ever recovering his reason. The shock of finding that she had deceived him would wreck his brain utterly. Such conduct on her part would be worse than murder Yet if she hesitated, she might lose her life. But, merciful God! if it must be, she could die easier than to consign him to a living death.

She could not speak.

"Did you hear?" he repeated. "You love me! You are to be my wife—at once! No waiting! No coquetry!".

Just a word, and she should be safe! She could not utter it. She felt as if it would be her own sentence of eternal miscry if she trifled now, though she should do it to save her life.

"Herbert! Herbert!" she cried; and she made another effort to get free.

He held her hands as in a vice.

"You love him!" he shricked. "The devils have just told me! He shan't have you! He shan't have you! We can die together! I'll not lose you! No, no, I will not!"

He dragged her toward the precipice. It was but a step, and then—death. The sunlight danced before her eyes. She could see the distant beach, a group of people there—houses far off. The breeze brought mockingly to her ear the sound of childish voices, faint, distant: shouts and merry laughter, as the little ones played by the surf, attended by their nurses. But if she had had strength to cry out, her voice could not have reached the other shore; the wind would have beaten it back on this side; and there was nobody near.

To see, hear, realize all this, in that awful instant, which seemed eternity; to know there was not a possibility of human aid—not if the distant beach were lined with strong men eager to help—death close upon her—death!

His burning eyes were staring into hers. His fevered breath smote her cheek. His awful laugh wrung in her ear.

"I dreamed of this once," he whispered. "Yes, I did! Together! We are going together! My dream has come true! Such a beautiful dream! Kiss me, beloved! Up among the stars, we shall wander forever! Mine, mine! Nobody can take you from me now—nobody! George, I have won her—forever, forever!"

The girl's blinded eyes wandered once more to the sky, to the distant beach. Dizzy, half-unconscious as she was, she yet struggled instinctively for life, and, powerful as madness made Knowles, she was, for the moment, as powerful. Thus they swayed, to and fro, on the edge of the terrible precipice.

But it could not last forever. The struggle, indeed, did not last a minute, though it seemed, as we have said, an eternity to Cora. Her strength left her suddenly, as it always leaves one who has overtasked his or her powers; left her as weak as a child.

He seemed to realize it instantaneously. He felt, in fact, her muscles yielding, her form sinking down, limp and helpless. He uttered a mighty cry, seized her more tightly, and turned to make the terrible leap.

Cora gave one despairing shriek; it was all she had strength to do.

At that instant, like the bound of a lion, like a flash of lightning, came George Fielding to the rescue. He had gone to his cousin's room, that morning to awake him, impelled by some strange feeling he could not have explained, for he had never done it before. Finding Knowles missing, the mysterious impulse led him to take the road to Bolton. Suddenly, he heard a shriek of terror. He looked around. The road he was on, traversed, at this point, a deep cut in the side of

a hill, leading down to the beach; and the shrick apparently came from the fields above, which were out of sight. Another and another shrick followed, and now, to his horror, he thought he recognized Cora's voice. It was the work of an instant to leap the fence, by the side of the road, and rush up to the top of the cliffs, where he saw, a few paces off, Cora and Knowles struggling on the side of the well-known chasm, the latter evidently on the point of precipitating his victim into the frightful abyss below. With one blow, aimed well and truly, he sent Knowles reeling back, stunned, from the precipice. Then he caught the fainting Cora in his arms, and bore her away from the scene of danger, to a green, mossy bank close by.

"You are safe! Oh, my darling! my darling!" he was crying.

He needed no explanation to understand the position, save except to guess how Cora had come there. About his cousin he knew everything. Eighteen months previous, Herbert Knowles had been seized with brain fever, the result of overstudy. There was insanity in the father's family. For many weeks after his recovery, Knowles had been mad, but his cure had been pronounced perfect at length—the physicians had declared that no return of the malady was to be feared.

But when Knowles had followed Fielding, the even when death shall utter his statter thought he seemed excitable, and had writ- God will let them go forth together.

ten to the doctors. They replied that he was perfectly to be trusted—that George need apprehend no danger. Still he had been anxious, and had watched Herbert constantly. Fielding had seen the growing passion for Cora; had feared that it might endanger the newly re-established reason; yet he could not betray his fears to any human being; it would have seemed like blasting the young man's whole future, thus to expose that secret; and the wise doctors were so sure of their patient's cure!

Knowles was ill for weeks. In the wreck of bodily health, his senses returned. He had no recollection of the nearly-fatal catastrophe. He scarcely remembered Cora even. He lived for nine months, dying at last of consumption, watched over by George Fielding to the end with brotherly care.

So they buried Herbert Knowles, thankful that God had called him away from the trouble, which must always have menaced him here. It was not possible that Cora could ever forget that terrible day; but she is very happy now as Fielding's wife.

Julia was her bridemaid, and afterward married her partner, another cousin of George.

Cora has developed into a noble woman, and the love of her and her husband is so perfect, their souls so closely knit, that I often think, even when death shall utter his summons, that God will let them go forth together.

THE CASCINE AT FLORENCE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THROUGH leafy aisles, the checquered sunshine sifting
Its golden sands below;

With scent of fern, and thousand blossoms drifting
Across the air—we go.

Or where the turbid Arno, swiftly flowing,
Brings tidings of the pines,
The chestnut forests, the white oxen lowing,
In Tuscan Appenines.

By sunny glades, with patriarch oaks primeval, Hoary with age and rime; By tangled brakes, 'neath ivied woods coeval With satyrs and Old Time.

By dewy meadows, o'er which, far-off gleaming,
The opal hills arise:

Their summits, blazing in the sunset, seeming Like gates to Paradise.

Or when the dusk leads forth her starry seven.

And not a leaf is stirred.

Sudden, across the silence, as from heaven,

The nightingale is heard.

WEAVING THE DAISY-CHAIN.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The Summer is coming, to-day we will go Out to the fields where the daisies blow; Where the fresh wind plays in the grass so high, And the white clouds sail in the agure sky.

We will weave a chain of the daisies gay, And sing as we plait the live-long day; And the birds will come, and listen, and fly, To answer back from the woodland nigh.

Oh! simple pleasures of childhood sweet, What bliss you give us, how fast you fleet! Though life brings riches, though fame we earn, Those simple pleasures, they never return.



THE SAAR SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 259.

CHAPTER IV.

Colonel Saar was seated in his study, an unpainted, unfurnished room, where two or three guns, pistols, brushes, and boot-jacks supplied the place of books. His oldest daughter, Urna, stood before him. It was Miss Saar's habit to stand when serious business claimed her attention. She had taken the place of a son to her father, and in many respects had acquired the manners and habits of a man.

"You think the girl lacking in shrewdness then, Urna? Now, she seemed to me, to be sharper than the women about hyar."

"She may be sharp enough; but she knows nothing of our affairs, and asks no questions. Who is to tell her anything that would make her dangerous? I cannot understand why you fear the girl. What hold has she on us?"

Col. Saar lighted a segar and puffed away vigorously, looking over it attentively into his daughter's face, as if scanning and testing her. She returned the look with heavy gravity. Breadth or acuteness of intellect Urna Saar assuredly had not, but instead, great breadth and acuteness of self-conceit. Whatever might be the secret, she knew well her own ability to carry it, and to solve any knotty point far more quickly than her father.

"Your better plan would be to be frank with me," she said, calmly.

Her calmness, and slow, bass voice decided him.

- "Cursed if you're not right, Urna. Set a woman agen a woman. That's the best rule always. Since that girl came I've lived in dread of her."
 - "What does she know?"
- "Nothing. But hyar's what she might know. Sit down, and I'll tell you the story."
 - "I would rather stand."
- "I must begin far back," he said, throwing away the segar.
- "There were three brothers of us Saars," he said, "George, Nicholas, and myself. We lived on tother side of the mountain, whar there was but little communication with this valley. Hence it comes that so little is known hyar about us, as boys."
 - "Marion Saar was your sister, Lucy's mother?"
 - "No. Marion was an adopted daughter of my from me during my lifetime." 330

father. No kin to the Saars. I see her blood in this Lucy—not ours. Now George, when he was about fifteen, quarreled with his father and mother, and ran off, first to the hunting-grounds of the Ohio, and then to Philadelphia, taking his mother's name, and calling himself Godfrey Pomeroy. Two or three years after, he came back, and married Marion, carrying her off to Philadelphia. There, it seems, this Lucy was born. I give you may word," he continued, earnestly, "I knew nothing of her birth. I want you to keep that in mind, and not set me down as a swindler."

- "Oh, no!" said Urna, so composedly, that any blind man could have seen that, to her, a swindler was no term of reproach.
- "What has Lucy told you of her parents?" said the colonel.
 - "Nothing, except that both died in her infancy."
- "That is where they have deceived her. George Saar soon tired of work and his tame wife. He started to the backwoods again, and came to me, just after the death of my brother Nicholas."
- Miss Saar waited, attentive. Then she asked. "When did he die?"

Her father stood up, glancing over the low window-curtain, and outside of the door, before he answered.

"Listen to me, Urna," he said. "No other human being knows what I am about to tell you. A few days after my brother George came to me. (not here, but to the farm in the next county,) while we were out hunting in the mountains together, he had a fall, being chased by a hungry wolf, whom he had attacked after night-fall, and going headlong into a ravine. He was taken up insensible, and lay for days between life and death in the camp. When he recovered, it was with some hurt to his brain-never of the best! But the end of the story was, that it left him an idiot. Now here was the case. The property. which John Saar had held during half my lifetime, would have made me and you children clear of debt. George was the heir. It seemed to me, Urna, sitting up there, night after night, in the camp, with two or three negroes about me, and this poor wretch gibbering in the hammock, infernally hard that another idiot should keep it

- "Could not the will have been set aside, under such circumstances?"
- "Not according to its terms, or the condition of Virginia law then."

Miss Saar was silent for a moment.

- "Better then the heir had been set aside," she said, in a low voice.
- "I—I—— Well," in a loud, bluff voice, "I really used to think, poor fellow, it would have been better for himself if he had made an end of it. But he did not, and I——"
 - "What did you do?"
- "I made an end of him without murder," in a whisper. "The temptation was great. I blotted him out of men's knowledge, as best I could, and wrote to his wife that he had died in a wolf's hunt. When I came to the farm here, I brought with me a half-witted cousin, George Pomeroy."
- "The poor wretch who is under Stephen's care?"
 - " Yes."
 - "I understand."

The father and daughter stood looking at each other in silence.

Miss Saar said at last.

- "I do not see where your difficulty lies then?"
- "This, child—are you blind? I did not know for years afterward that George Saar had a child, and the difficulty of removing my deception was great; besides, it was not called for. John Saar was still living, and might outlive his imbecile heir. Now he is dead—died three months ago; and here is this girl. It seems different to me to keep back property from poor George, and from a bright, whole-witted woman."
- "It was a very unfair will," said Miss Saar, coldly, "The estate ought to have been yours. I have no especial sympathy for this Pomeroy girl, or any other who plays the part of a spy."
- "Do you think she came here to pry into this business?" hotly. "If I believed that—" He paused a moment, then went on,
- "I blocked her inquiry by misleading her and that man Weir, the first day. Told him Marion Saar was the oldest child, and, consequently heir. George's change of name helped me there. No one hyar knows the truth as to that. Back among the hills, in our old home, they do know it; and the danger is, that if Lucy Pomeroy is found to be here, somebody will give her a hint. She has push and energy enough about her to force the whole matter to the light."
- "She has a lover, too, who is keen enough in business, Gill says. He has seen the man in Balthnore. He has a nose like a hound for money."

 "It's a preconcerted plan! They are going to

make this money off of me before they are married! Go to housekeeping on poor John Saar's funds!"

Miss Saur nodded. As long as her father remained in a blind heat of passion, he was not likely to be troubled, or held back by any of the qualms of conscience, which, a few moments before, had seemed to her so trivial and weak. It should not be her business to open his eyes to the folly of his suspicions.

"I will think over the matter, and discover what she knows or suspects," she said, gathering up her sweeping skirts, as she went out.

"The girl knows and suspects nothing," she thought, as she left the room. "But she shall not stay here."

She had felt the unconquerable aversion to Lucy common to a coarse nature for one finer than itself. Now there was added to it the hate toward one whom we have wronged.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE, the secret, which seemed buried impenetrably out of sight, was already dragged open, and bared to Lucy by a mere chance.

The kindness of the girl's heart led her down, every morning, to the rooms over the tailor's shop, where Aunt Celia and her eleven dwelt. Lucy, with her Saar blood, her new, pretty face, and her dress of the latest Parisian fashion, was the object of such admiration and wonder as only the lower classes of village society can pay to its blue blood. Aunt Celia, who was, on the contrary, the object of universal scoffing and contempt, was proportionately pleased and grateful for these visits from the stranger whom all men delighted to honor. She borrowed money from Lucy, to furnish delectable little suppers, to which she cordially invited her to remain. And Celia was a famous cook.

"There is not a game supper given, within twenty miles, which I do not superintend, my dear. Of course, they do not offer me money; no poverty could drive me to that meanness. No. The way it is managed is this. My daughters are invited; and then a casual hint is dropped that, of course, mamma will come for chaperon. We know what that means. So the girls have their ball, or dance, and I have my good supper. Oh! of course, you manage things differently in the cities, with your restaurants and caterers, But here --- And as for weddings. and so on. Lucy! Why, it's a common saying that nobody can dress a bride like Aunt Celia. All these little, useful accomplishments help us to breadand-butter. I couldn't have brought up my family without them."

"It must be a comfort to be able to do anything for them. Women are usually so helpless," said Lucy, gently.

"Yes. Women in my class of life. But, bless you, my dear, what with gambling and drinking, the men of our family are of no more account in the world than so many bell-clappers, all noise and no work. The practical ability belongs to the women."

Lucy looked about the dreary room, with its gaudy-painted Brussel's carpet, and hair-cloth furniture, the hair and rags gaping at every joint, and then at the lean, sallow woman, in rusty black, with her untiring tongue, and still more untiring fingers, at work, making over some dirty, spangled finery of Miss Saar's for her daughter. It was all dreary and miserable together, and brought the tears to Lucy's eyes, against her will.

But Aunt Celia gossiped on, delighted with her attentive listener. Her feats in nursing next claimed her attention.

"I have been said to have peculiar skill in taking care of the insane. I've no doubt I'd be invaluable in any institution, such as they are starting in Europe for the cure of mad people. But when any patient is out of his head, 'send for Aunt Celia' is the word. Partly because of my skill, and then my discretion! Just consider what trouble might be caused by placing an indiscreet person in such a position? The revelations that are made!" She stopped here, abruptly, staring at Lucy. "Why, my dear! I heard the strangest story once, of which you were the heroine! It certainly must have been you, Lucy Pomeroy! That is, not the heroine exactly, but very nearly interested."

"What was the story?" said Lucy, trying to rouse herself to interest in what she supposed was but another of Aunt Celia's flighty fancies.

But the woman was in earnest now, apparently; she looked at Lucy with a grave, frightened face, began to speak three or four times, and stopped, uncertainly.

"What was your mother's maiden name, my dear?" she said, at last.

- "Saar-Marion Saar."
- "You never saw her?"
- "She died when I was a baby; but I have seen her portrait, often."

Aunt Celia rose, and after first locking the door, opened the drawer of a writing-table, and took out a poorly-executed, water-color drawing of a young woman, and held it before Lucy.

"This is my mother. I did not know you knew her," said Lucy, in surprise, looking at it with her face suddenly saddened.

"I did not know her. But there can be no doubt in the matter. The likeness to you is strong, and here are the initials, M. S. P., on the back. You do not think there is any doubt?" anxiously.

"Why should it be so important? The face is copied from a portrait which I have seen a thousand times. But what does it matter?"

Aunt Celia took the faded square of paper, and turned it about irresolutely in her hands. Prudence certainly warned her to be silent; to speak was to offend Col. Saar, very probably for life, and thereby to cut off half of her resources. But it was such an amazing discovery! The secret involved such tragedies, past and to come; and she had it in her own mouth, to keep or hold, as she pleased. Aunt Celia was, first of all, a gossip. She could not resist the temptation to see hew Lucy would receive her story, let the result be what it might.

"About a year ago, your uncle Saar employed me," she began, abruptly, "to go out to a farm called 'The Clearings,' and take charge of a poor fellow whom you may have met on the place, who is known as George Pomeroy."

"I saw him once," Lucy said, touching her forehead.

"Yes. Oh, indisputably! From a fall. Whether incurably, or not, you shall judge for yourself. when you hear my story. He is subject to violent attacks of fever, in which his memory seems to return, though only in a deranged and morbid It was in one of these attacks of fever, condition. that I was taken out to The Clearings to nurse him. I acknowledge my suspicions were aroused, by Col. Saar's treatment of the man. He generally lounges about the farm, ragged and filthy. But when he was nigh to death, Col. Saar showed a strange tenderness toward him, at times; and the next day, perhaps, I could have sworn he would be glad of his death. During one of his sane intervals, however, George Pomeroy told me he was Col. Saar's eldest brother, George, who had taken the name of Godfrey Pomeroy, when a boy; that Marion Saar was his wife, and that he had one child, Lucy, whom he had never seen since she was a babe in her mother's arms. He gave me this likeness, which he had kept hidden all these years, for fear that, while he was il', it might fall into his brother's hands. After he recovered, he never reclaimed it from me. Now what do you think of his story?"

If she expected any outburst of filial devotion, or any other emotion from Lucy, she was disappointed. That young lady sat with her hands calmly folded, and her blue eyes steadily fixed on the speaker's face. She was not an especially

shrewd nor practical person, and she had a warm ? heart and credulous temper; but it must be remembered how very vague, and like Aunt Celia, the whole story was, and how distasteful any emotion was likely to be to which Aunt Celia officiated as sponsor. During her whole life, her dead father had been to Lucy the sad, ideal memory which a parent always is to a child who has never known him. Now to be asked to substitute this idiotic beggar for this cherished dream, seemed to her simply ludicrous. The whole story, the manner of detailing it, the Saars, who formed its background, reminded her of the plot of some vulgar play in a cheap theatre.

"It is a very strange tale," she said; "so strange that it does not impress me as credible. This poor creature, doubtless, had many other such fancies in his madness.'

"But how do you account for his possession of your mother's picture? How do y for his giving me your name, when . did not know then, nor indeed until you came, tast week, that there was such a person as Lucy Pomeroy in existence? Why," putting her hand out, when Lucy would have spoken, "Why should Col. Saar have had this man removed out of the neighborhood when you arrived? I have every respect for your uncle Saar; he has given me liberal presents for years. As for pork, I don't know what it is to buy a pound. But I must say his conduct in this matter is suspicious-very suspicious.'

"I have no doubt," said Lucy, pettishly, "his conduct, in all his relations of life, is as admirable as it has been to you concerning pork. the story of this poor lunatic, I find nothing in it-nothing whatever."

She rose, a moment after, an I hade Aunt Celia. a cold good-by, the colder and more reserved, because she begin to feel certain uneasy twinges of mind regarding the probabilities of the story.

Once alone, an lout in the fresh, cool air, the matter grew on Lucy, and as she clambered up the mountain-path to the Saar House, it oppressed her like a nightmare. Life was different here from that of the commonplace, jog-trot existence to which she had been used. Great passions and great emotions were not hid decorously out of sight, but stalked abroad to be seen of all men. The face of the poor imbecile haunted her with its piteous craving for compassion. If it should be her father! If he had borne this tyranny for her whole lifetime. After all, God might have sent her here to rescue him, before it was yet too

Drive these thoughts from her as she would, they returned again. Lucy grew nervous and course, she reflected, at first. Turning from the Vol. LXV.-23

irritable, as she pursued her homeward way. The day was overcast; heavy clouds, rising from the rim of the cup-like circle of hills about the Saar estates, and hanging across the heavens, ominous and black. A sharp, soughing wind sighed at times through the defiles, rustling a few dead leaves to her feet.

"It is a time and place for iniquity," muttered illogical, inconsequent Lucy. "I have no doubt some deed of guilt is below this mystery, though not that which she hints at."

She happened, at that moment, to be passing the cottage, where the man Stephen lived. Now Lucy, from head to foot, in her thinking, speaking, even walking, was prompt and decided. In a moment she was tapping at the negro's door. When it opened, she stood in a clean, comfortably-furnished hut, Stephen, a dogged, honestlooking fellow, its sole occupant.

"I came to see my father, George Pomeroy," she said, quietly.

The negro stared over his pipe, then remembered to take it from his lips, as he began to chuckle good-humoredly. He had noticed the quaver underneath the assumed quiet.

"Is you the Miss 'Lucy,' dat he talks of so frequent?" he said.

"Yes, I am Lucy. But where is he?"

Stephen's face began to gather alarm, slowly, as it did any other symptom of intelligence. If anything was to be made out of him, the tide of his stupidity, Lucy saw, must be taken before the

"Why, you is de young lady who wasn't to see George! Dem was de cunnel's orders."

"The colonel can change his mind, can he not? The orders were given, I heard him tell you myself, to protect me from annoyance. But if I choose to see George Pomeroy, what then? You wish to oblige the colonel's guest?"

"Certainly, certainly. Put up your purse, missus. I isn't hyur to be bought and paid for, like so many pounds of wool. But you must excuse poor old Stephen, missus. He kent break dem dar words, which he giv to masse, de cunnel. I tell you what you do, Missy Lucy," persuasively. "Just you ask de cunnel, and he'll tell you all about dat poor wretch George."

Lucy stood, angry and silent, for a moment. Then she laughed, at finding herself so neatly bafiled. The whole affair, as yet, was outside of herself: a matter to whet her curiosity, rather than to rouse any real feeling.

"Very well, Stephen," she said. "I shall ask the colonel.'

That would have been the direct, honorable

hut, she took the straight path to the house. As she entered the woods, she noticed that a light mulatto woman came out from the side of the hut, and followed her. As soon as they were hidden by the trees, the woman quickened her pace and joined Lucy. The latter stopped.

"You wish to speak to me, my good girl?" she said.

"Yes, misses. I is old Stephen's daughter; and I knows all about dat pore, stupid mars, George Pemeroy, 's well 's he does. I hearn whar dey kerry him in de mountains: up to Fermoe's sugar-camp. He's dah now."

"You can take me there? I will pay you as I would have done your father," cried Lucy, eagerly.

"Oh, it wasn't foh de money," slowly, but greedily watching the purse in Lucy's hand. "It's a rough job, goin' up de mountain; and dah's de riber to cross. I kin row us ober after dark. A man ud charge high foh dat ar."

Miss Pomeroy walked on in silence. After all, this was a headlong, sentimental adventure, hardly fit for any woman but the heroine of one of those aforesaid cheap plays.

"I do not know that it will be necessary for me to employ you," she said, hesitating. "Come up this evening at dusk to this gate; two hours from now," glancing at her watch.

The girl nodded, and turned back to the hut.

"Now for Col. Saar," said Lucy. "I will keep nothing in the dark."

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL SAAR, smoking a segar at one end of the long, dimly-lighted drawing-room, saw Miss Pomeroy coming toward him, up the long, open porch. Her pleasant face, and light-colored eyes and hair, labeled her to him as of another order of intellect from the Saars. "There's but little in her," was his verdict to himselt. "Neither penetration, nor passion, nor will. There's no fear of her; she's both blind and deaf by nature."

"Well, my dear," he said aloud, in an unusually cordial tone. "I have been looking at you, with a critic's eye, as you came up. You're your mother's child. You've somehow missed the hot Sarr drop in your blood."

Lucy laughed and nodded, untying her hat, as she drew a long breath, to find courage.

"You bring me directly to the subject which I came to talk to you about. I have wished to speak to you of her ever since I came. She died, I have been told, uneasy and disappointed, after years of watching and hoping."

"Hoping for what?"

He took the segar out of his mouth, and sat upright, as he spoke.

" For some definite tidings of my father. He died, as you know, here, in the backwoods. The report given her was vague. She hoped, until the day of her death, that it might prove untrue. or, at least, that some details might be sent to her. Women care a great deal for the last words, for some message, however trifling, from those they love. I heard so much of this disappointed hope of my mother, when I was a child, that I determined, if ever I came to the people who knew my father, to find out whether she heard the truth, or if there was in reality any tidings which it would have comforted her to know. A strange story, which I heard to-day, put me in mind of that old intention, Col. Saar; so I came directly to you, to ask for the truth."

Col. Saar's face was impassive. He could wear the Indian mask when he pleased.

"I sent to your mother, my dear," he answered, calmly, "ail the details which it was proper she should receive. Your father's death was violent: hardly the scene to describe to his wife then, or now to his daughter."

Again Lucy was baffled. She suddenly lost all desire or courage to proceed. Further question, she said to herself, would be unwomanly, unfeeling. She stood silent and hesitating, when, suddenly glancing up, she caught a keen look of scrutiny on Col. Saar's face, mingled with cunning triumph. It was gone like a flash. But it had been there long enough to nerve Lucy to sudden energy. For the first time, the probability of the truth of the story she had heard, clutched her heart, with a grip like that of some fierce, ravening beast. It was impossible that this grave, venerable old man could have been guilty of such incredible villainy. And yet if it were so

"There is a man, a half-lunatic, half-imbecile, attached to your family," she said, looking him steadily in the eye, "whe, it appears, claims to be my father."

"Who is the man?" ssked Col. Saar, coolly, relighting his segar.

"George Pomeroy."

"So the poor fool has that fancy, has he, with all the others? But who could have brought it to you, to distress and annoy you?"

Lucy's ingenuous face suddenly was cowed with shame and confusion.

"It was not brought to me, uncle," she replied, "with any intention of paining me. But, sir, consider, if this man's claims are really worth nothing, he is possessed of certain facts in our history, impossible for a stranger to learn: he had my mother's portrait——"

There could be no doubt that the dark face before her changed. Yet how? The colonel remained unvaried, and not a muscle quivered.

"You wish to investigate this story, my dear?" he said, looking her straight in the face. "Very natural—very natural, considering your age. Youth is apt to be dazzled by anything that throws a covering like romance about its history."

"I do wish to investigate it, and I mean to do it, thorough'y," said Lucy, in a quaking treble, that afforded an odd commentary on the value of her words.

"You are aware, then, that this poor wretch has been removed, for safe-keeping, to another part of the country?"

"Yes. But you will have him brought down soon," confidently. "I doubt not that I may meet him."

"Never, while he lives," emphatically. "He and I have taken opposite roads, and nothing can force us to walk in company again!"

Certainly, here was language, for which the apparent relations of a great landholder, and his pauper idiotic dependant, offered no explanation. Lucy was sharp-witted enough to perceive this.

"I shall, therefore, go to him," she said, firmly. "He may not be my father; but he certainly knows of him."

" As you choose."

As she turned to go, she saw Miss Saar standing in the shadow of the porch-pillars, watching her. "Set a woman to catch a woman," was Col. Saar's maxim. From the instant that Lucy's eyes rested on her cousin's countenance, she had not a lingering doubt of the story. She went in through the darkening porches, to the already dark and frowning halls, planning her adventure as she went.

"Let her go," said Miss Saar, energetically. "She proposes to trust in that girl of Stephen's, as silly as she is vicious. If they attempt to cross the river, to-night, they will never return alive! By-the-by, does she know that her lover is coming, to-night?"

"No," said her father, sourly, turning his back on her. "The fellow is coming to look into matters, take my word for it. He has heard a whisper of the truth."

"Very likely. But I will contrive to block his plans, before she comes back—if she ever does come back."

She walked to the window, and looked down composedly at the swift, rushing river, over which the heavy shadows were gathering. Any

inhabitant of the hill-sides could have told Miss Pomeroy of the danger of the current, at this season of the year. If she had not chosen to inform herself, surely she only was to blame.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Champlain, approaching the Saar House, for the purpose of visiting Miss Pomeroy, called a halt at the village inn, for the purpose of, as he called it, pluming his wings. Although many years had passed since his college days, there was a flutter of fancy in his talk, a gentle imagery, half-sentimental, half-jocose, which remained with him as a relic of that embryonic season.

Having completed a careful toilet, he descended, to the admiration of all the village loungers, and cautiously ensconsing himself again in the muddy buggy, drove down the river road. It was just after nightfall when he reached the wooden, shackling bridge, on the other side of which, half way up the mountain. lay the gray, imposing pile of Saar House; yet, late as it was, his eye took in all the points of wealth and substantial comfort about the place.

"Well-to-do people! Very well-to-do!" he murmured, tapping the whip handle on his broad, white teeth, and nodding with a pleased, complacent smile. "Little Lucy is better backed than I thought, for matrimony. Of course, there'll be no actual income accruing from these rich relations, except in influence and social position But that counts up quite as fast as money, if properly manipulated."

By which it will be seen, that Mr. Champlain was one of those sentimental lovers of poetical thoughts and language, who have a sound appreciation of solid creature comforts, very much as a shuttle-cock carries the sordid cob beneath its gay feathers.

While crossing the bridge, Mr. Champlain rose slightly in his seat, the better to observe the fron tage of the house in the distant foreground. Suddenly a dark object, among the drifting shadows in the broad stream below, attracted his attention.

"God bless my soul!" he cried, finding, as was his habit, satisfaction in talking to himself. "There's a boat! Or a log, with two branches. No, it is a boat! Overturned!"

He was out of his buggy by this time, and had does hitched the horse to the side of the bridge, climbing on the hand-rail in his excitement. It certainly was a human figure, far below in the rapids, struggling with the stream. He fancied, Any too, that he heard a cry, in a shrill woman's voice

Mr. Champlain's first impulse was to fling himself headlong into the water, and he began dragging off his boots for that purpose. But the figure had drifted rapidly, with the swirling current, in among the ledges far below. Before he could reach it, it would be gone, out of all hope of recovery. He waited a moment, thinking it might reappear, a chill of horror curdling his veins; with, too, a latent underthought, that, as he could not save the woman, it was as well he had not wet

his clothes, the only dinner-suit he had brought with him.

The figure did not reappear. Twice, afterward, he thought he heard a cry; but further and fainter than before. He stood irresolute on the bridge for some time, looking down into the heavy turbid current, up into the threatening sky, and again beyond to the precipitous hills. Then he mounted slowly into the buggy, and drove off.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD-NIGHT.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

THE portrait of my darling, More beautiful than all The children God has left me. Hangs on my study wall. In the open drawer beside me I keep his broken toys, And one bright curl—'tis all I have Of what was once my boy's. And, through my tears, that portrait Still smiling down I see; And, oh! I try so hard to feel My child is still with me. And then my other darlings, With faces beaming bright, And boisterous shouts of merriment Troop in to say, "Good-night." And one whose claim is foremost, A tiny girl of three, Pouts her red lips, to gain the kiss, And climbs upon my knee. And she, too, sees that portrait Shine in its mellewed light,

And to her angel brother She ever bids good-night. And, as she leaves my study, She still cries, "Brother, dear-Good-night, dear little brother!" She feels that he is near It is a holy lesson That infant teaches me: Believing, though not seeing, How truly blest is she! No thought of separation Her little mind has crossed: She speaks to him as present-Dare I believe him lost? She never thinks, as I do, Of his grave beneath the sod : She never speaks of him as dead Only as "gone to God." Grand truth of revelation, All worldly lore above We must be as little children Ere we can believe or love.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY BELLA BREMER.

THERE'S a shimmer of silks and laces, And a glitter of jewels rare, And a scent of orange blossoms Filling the perfumed air. There are white-robed figures flitting, About through parlor and hall, And whispering on the stair-way; And bird-like voices call. And within a taboord chamber. Ablaze with a flood of light; 'Mid flowers and dainty raiment. They are decking a bride to-night. What cares she for the jewels, They weave in her shining hair? She listens, with wild heart beating, For a step upon the stair. His step, the one they have chosen, To whom she has been sold, Like a slave in an Eastern harem,

And all for his yellow gold.

Oh! he has a lordly beauty, With a face so proudly fair; And the glittering sunlight dancing, In the mesh of his golden hair. She thinks of a dark-eyed poet, Away in a southern land; Of a walk by the winding river, And a little stretch of sand. And her pulse is wildly throbbing. With the rapture and the bliss, And her cheek again is crimson. With her dusk-eyed lover's kim. Away, away these funcies, There's a step upon the stair, And her cheek again is paling, As she breathes a sudden prayer, The veil is thrown around her. And wrapped in its misty fold The sacrifice is ready. To the yellow demon, gold,

A BEAUTIFUL VOICE.

BY MRS. J. M. F. LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

ţ

"I no not think there has ever been a woman who has striven as I have. I have fought against a relentless tide, that has often threatened to overwhelm me. It has seemed as if everything has combined to render my life intolerable Do not believe you are the only woman who has drained the goblet, and found it bitter to the taste." The speaker's voice was low and musical, and thrilled me with its delicious cadences. "The world is full of just such sufferers. We smile, we tinge or pale cheeks with a dash of carmine, we clothe ourselves in the most ravishing costumes; but when the four walls of our chamber shut us in, and the gas is turned down, and the rich dress is tossed aside, then we no longer have to dissemble, and no one ever dreams of the scene which the moonlight alone is witness to."

"I have always felt that there was a past which you never cared to recall," replied another voice, a woman's also.

"Well, every life has harvested its dead sea fruit, however much or little that may be."

I was sitting alone in my room at the Congress, indolently smoking a segar, and ruminating upon the all-important subject of supper, thinking, indeed, that the inner-man required a little sustenance, and I would be obliged to leave my favorite Havana for a more substantial repast, when the above conversation drifted in to me through the open window. The voices were not familiar. I imagined they must be new arrivals, as the New York train was just in.

It is inexplicable to me, but I was immediately interested in the first speaker. It seemed as if a woman with such a voice must be an angel. As I brushed my hair, and gave my mustache a last, fond, lingering twirl, before I left my mirror, I was imagining what exquisitely-tinted blue eyes she had, and what a wealth of golden hair, and, old bachelor as I was, (only thirty-five, but gouty already,) I felt a desire to see the owner of that rich, melodious voice.

As I took my seat at the table, I scanned the crowd before me intently. There were the everlasting Montgomerys, faultlessly attired as usual; Miss Scranton, as simpering as ever; fussy old Mrs. Fitzgerald, glittering with diamonds, and all the other ladies to whom I had systematically bowed, and mentioned that "it was a fine day"

for the past three weeks. Near me were a number of strangers, but none of them possessed the voice, I was sure. After awhile two ladies came in, and took seats not far removed from mine. One of them was tall and angular, yet attractive, with a broad, intellectual brow, and a pale, sad face. A little boy clung tightly to the hand of the other, and his large, timid eyes sought hers constantly, as if his only happiness lay in their loving depths. There was an indescribable charm in the curve of the slender neck, and the haughty bend of the delicately-poised head, that caused me to forget all about the beautiful blonde angel with the voice, and now, as I sipped my Seltzer, I glanced alternately from mother to child.

"Twenty-six, I should judge," I mentally ejaculated, "and deuced fine-looking. Gray eyes, (well, I don't object to the color, when they are so charmingly shaded.) brown hair, a colorless face, a perfect form, and—a widow! What more could be desired?"

Here she suddenly looked up, and I, ashamed to see she had caught me staring at her so mercilessly, arose from the table, and sauntered away to my favorite game of billiards.

From that evening, I watched the fair, stately young mother, and her pretty boy, with a warm, true, fatherly sort of an interest, that never once wearied. Little Forrest and I became firm friends, and I trotted around in a gay harness. many a time, in the seclusion of my own apartment, playing the fiery steed to perfection, to the intense delight of the child, in spite of my gouty feet. If I am an old bachelor, I am not one of the grumpy sort, that detest children's voices. and are in perpetual terror as regards their im-Many a faultless shirt-bosom maculate linen. was martyrized for the curly-head that went to sleep upon it during the long, hot summer days. No matter what my thoughts were as I held that lovely woman's boy within my arms, "for a dream brings back from the ashes of the past, joys sweet dead rose, and love's lost violet."

In all these days, wherein the little one and I became so familiarly acquainted, I had never spoken to his mother. We bowed whenever we met, on the stair-way, or in the dining-salon; but it was rather a haughty bow that passed between us. There seemed to be a certain reserve, an imperviousness about her that no one cared to tres-

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The lady who had accompanied her { to Saratoga had remained but a week, and Mrs. Wallace appeared averse to forming any new acquaintances. Who she was, and whence she came, her antecedants or her intentions, none appeared to know.

One day, as Forrest and I, both flushed from a game of romps we had been indulging in, sat down in the window to rest, my curiosity got the better of my judgement, and I said to him, "Do you remember your father, little one?"

"Why, Dod's dot him, I beive. I never had him," was the reply.

"Well, where are your aunties and uncles; surely God hasn't them too?"

"I don't know what 'oo mean. I hasn't any but dest mamma. Don't want any untles. Untles are awful bad. One toot a pitty boy and dirl, and pit 'em in the woods, and the wobbins had to tover 'em with leabes. I dest hate untles," and the child's face was scarlet with indignation at the very idea.

He must have told his mother the questions I had asked him, for he was not allowed to visit my room for several days, at the end of which time an incident occurred that again brought us together. I was going slowly up the stairs one day, when little Forrest appeared at the top, leaning over the bannisters, and shouting to his mother to "hurry and tome." Seeing me, he gave a sudden bound to reach me, and, losing his balance, came with great velocity head foremost down the stairs. Fortunately, I caught him before he was much injured, and placed him in his mother's arms. She could on'y utter a low "thank Heaven," as she clasped him to her bosom, and hurried away, crushing his lips with her warm, fond kisses.

The very voice! My blonde had disappeared forever. This haughty woman, with the cold, apparently unmoved exterior, was the one who had "drained the goblet, and found it bitter to the taste." I had never held any conversation with her, and it had so happened that I had not heard her speak until now. She was so impenetrable, with a queenly air of sang froid that became her so well, that few ventured to form her acquaintance, so she lived in the midst of this whirl of excitement, in a little world of her own. as far above all the bustle, and confusion, and gayety, as the moon, and seemed to be as pure.

One day I had a dispatch from my friend Melborne, stating that he would reach Saratoga that evening, and to meet him at the depot. He was an old college chum of mine, in the royal days when our lives were like one long, blissful dream, and with no heavy cares weighing upon us. Many { through the long lashes like two radiant stars.

were the bottles of rare old Rhenish we had sipped together, and the boyish larks we had enjoyed, and the girls we had flirted with, and the breakneck rides we had taken over the bright meadows, with the crisp, country air full in our faces, and the happy thoughts of youth in our hearts. Arm-in-arm we had wandered through the dusky green of the odorous woods, and laid our plans for an improbable future; or sailed down the river with gay laughter, and merry rapartce, the silvery water rushing beneath the keel, the waves rippling in the sunshine, while the waving alders and tasseled willows on either side nodded their graceful boughs, as we swept on to the music of our oars. How well I can remember him as he was then, the admiration of women, the envy of He had (and has still) more of the "grand air" about him, than any other man I have ever His figure was splendidly proportioned, the muscles strongly developed, the chest broad, the limbs elegantly moulded, while upon his exquisite features the stamp of an untried life was imprinted-a life, probably, full of strong pleasures, and grand, heroic deeds, and deep excitements. His sea-blue eyes glowed with the fire and passion of a man whose spirit has as yet all the wild vehemence of youth, and to whom life offers sweet and rare attractions. His whole face, with its finely-chiseled profile, clear-cut, proud, and yet sensitive withal, was flushed with an ardor that had never been chilled. God bless him! I never think of the man, as he was then, without feeling my heart throb with thoughts of the happy olden time, when life lay stretched before our feet, apparently one long, bright sunny path for us to walk in.

There were years wherein I had lost sight of him. He vanished from my knowledge entirely. and for a long time I heard never a word from At last he had returned home, older, more careworn, and yet handsome as ever, but with all the fire and gayety departed. I had urged him to tell me his history since we had parted.

"Don't ask me, Winfield," he replied, dashing his hand across his gloomy eyes. "It is so sorrowful a past-a past so replete with everything that is horrible. I cannot speak of it even to you," and after that it never again was mentioned.

Now he was coming, and I found by consulting my watch, that I just had time to drive over to the depot, before the train should be in. As Pluto was brought up, and I hurried out to take my seat, I noticed that Mrs. Wallace was sitting out on the veranda, alone as usual. Her cheeks wore a delicate rose-tint, and her gray eyes shone

I thought then how levely she was; and all the { way down town, with Pluto prancing and gnawing at the bit, I held before me, as a beauteous picture, that fair, young face, and the stately form I had left out under the trailing vines.

A shrill whistle, long, curling wreaths of smoke, and a noisy commotion, warned me that the train was in.

"Ilow are you, old fellow?"

"I'm glad to see you, my boy."

These were our salutations. We did not rush into each other's arms, as women do, and kiss, and squeeze one another, and between each breath gasp out, "Oh, you dear, darling, delicious creature, I'm so charmed that you are come!" we were warm, true friends, and were heartily pleased to grasp each other's hand. As we rode hotelward, and through the slowly-gathering twilight, I observed with sadness that he looked more careworn than I had ever seen him.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" I exclaimed, interrupting him in the midst of a sentence, "What's been the matter with you, Melborne? You look wofully cut up about something! I thought you'd been recruiting this summer, and instead of that, you look as if you had been cruising around in the desert of Sahara, for the past century. An Egyptian munmy wears as cheerful an expression as you do. What's up, old boy?"

A smile, half bitter, half gloomy moved his lips.

"Am I looking so wretchedly, then? Well, I have been rushing about all the season, hurrying from one place to another, never giving myself a moment's rest. I have visited all the watering places; taken a dip in the brine at Newport, danced the German at Cape May, driven on the beach at Long Branch, registered my distinguished name at Swamscott. One night I devoted to gazing, like a madman, down into the thundering waters of Niagara. I say 'a night,' for through all the moonlighted hours, I never slept. Away up on Mount Washington I have watched the sunrise. New, behold me! Do I look, then, like Banquo's ghost? It is not strange. I am haunted by a memory, the most bitter and the most unendurable that it was ever a man's cruel destiny to be tortured with. But for Heaven's sake, Winfield, let us be careful. , have looked forward to you as a sort of Gilead's balm. You are always so cheery and happy; I would to God you would teach me the secret."

"Oh, it's only the effects of a clear conscience and good digestive powers," I replied.

looked for Mrs. Wallace. Yes, she was there ing the boy tenderly in his arms, and endeavor-

still. She saw us as we came up the stairs. was watching her, for, old bachelor as I am, I never could pass her by without an admiring glance. She shivered suddenly, as if the evening was too chill, and turning away, she walked in at the low, French window behind her, and I saw her no more that evening.

CHAPTER II.

Or course, we all knew at the hotel that Mrs. Wallace was a widow. Ever since she arrived in Saratoga she had dressed in dark, rich robes, that became her well, but were totally devoid of any brightness or color. She seemed a woman of intellect, rather than of heart. Every one spoke of her as cold and impenetrable; but I had heard those calm, rose-hued lips utter words that betrayed a woman's suffering soul under the frosty exterior.

To my surprise, the morning following my friend's arrival, I heard Mrs. Wallace's maid giving orders for her mistress's trunks to be removed in time for the early train. Little Forrest was with her at the time, but as he saw me, he came up, laughing and tossing his curls, shouting, "We're doing, mamma and I is, and Marta; we're doing away off in the tuntry, where intle calves go mooing, and ittle sheep go calling their ma's; and there's the tunningest ittle kids."

As he was completing his excited account of the charms of the country into which they were undoubtedly about to bury themselves, Melborne came out of my room, and looked down upon the little fellow with smiling lips. Suddenly he caught the child in his arms, and looking into his eyes, cried, "gray, by Jove!" and then kissed them until the boy struggled to get free.

"What's your name?" inquired Melborne.

"My name's Forrest Wallace. What's oor's?"

"Lewis Melborne," was the amused reply. "But where's your papa and mamma, and what makes you go away just as I've come? We'd have had such jolly times together."

"Well, I dess has to go, 'cause mamma's got tired here. She kied last night dreffel bad, and kissed me awful yots of times, and said, 'Poor boy, without a papa!' I told her not to ky, I'd dit another papa; but she won't never have another papa, she says."

Here the little fellow started to run toward his mother's room, but tripping his foot in the carpet, he fell heavily. Melborne stooped before I had an opportunity, and raising the weeping child. asked me where he should find Mrs. Wallace. As we drew up in front of the "Congress," I } We walked toward her door, Melborne still holding to soothe him with caressing words. She suddenly appeared, seeming to have heard the cries, and came toward us. I observed her excitement, and hastened to assure her that her boy was not seriously hurt. Her face was like chiseled marble, and her eyebrows contracted fearfully, as if from intense pain. I introduced my friend, Mr. Melborne, and she bowed haughtily, merely giving him a cold 'thank you,' with white lips, as she hurriedly took the hoy from his arms. Melborne seemed changed into stone. I supposed her beauty must have touched his callous old heart, and told him so. He gave a low, scornful laugh, and said,

"You forget that I have seen the most beautiful women of almost every country, and it's too late now to fall in love with a pair of gray eyes;" then, taking my arm, he added, "let us walk until dinner-time."

We went out under the great old trees to Congress Springs, where innumerable men, women, and children were standing, impatient for their morning draught. Pretty girls were there, with various types of beauty; but I could not but compare them with the fair, young mother we had just left, with her lovely boy pressed upon her bosom, and I found they all lost infinitely from the contrast.

A woman must be tempered by affliction and cares, and maternity, before her real beauty is fully developed.

Melborne and I wandered about until our hour to dine. He was gloomy and distrait. I never interfered with his moods, and so we were both comparatively silent, each busy with his own thoughts. I had been thinking we had seen the last of Mrs. Wallace, and regretted that I had not bidden her a "fareweil, and God bless you!" when, as we took our seats at the table, I saw her, greatly to my surprise, with little Forrest beside her. She had thrown aside her sombre garments, and now, in an exquisite mauve dress of some gossamer fabric, she seemed completely metamorphosed. I looked up and nodded pleasantly, delighted to see she had changed her mind. She returned my salutation with one of her rare smiles, and stooping a little, that I might hear what she was saying, she told me that the heat was so great, and Forrest not feeling we l, she dreaded starting on a journey, and so, at the eleventh hour, had changed her determination.

From that hour she appeared totally change!. I was bewildered. The silent woman, who had refused all overtures of friendship, now became eminently social herself. Yet there was a certain reserve about her still. She was versatile in

She conversation, brilliant and witty always. Men began to rave over her strange, coid beauty, and to vie with each other in attentions to her. I asked Melborne, one day, why he did not form like one in the circle of her admirers. He replied with a shrug of the shoulders, and then, after a moment, said, "chacun à son goà". They are all fools, she does not care for them. She is one of those women who are 'faultily faultless, icily results to the shoulders, and then, after a moment, said, "chacun à son goà". They are all fools, she does not care for them. She is one of gular, splendidly nu'll.' Dead perfection—no more!"

"Not so," I exclaimed. "I know that her face is like the salm, grand face of the Sphynx, but I feel that the woman has an impassioned heart, notwithstanding; a heart that has suffered, and this 'splendidly null' mask that she wears conceals a world of bitterness and pain."

Then I told him of the conversation I had heard so long ago, and how the melody of the voice impressed me.

That night there was a grand hop. Melborne and I went in late. Mrs. Wallace appeared for a short time, looking gorgeous as a queen in ravissante, trailing robes, with great, luscious roses on her bosom, and a color like the reflection of their pink hearts burning upon her cheeks. She was smiling when I looked at her, and yet I fancied somehow that there were tears just ready to fall from the dusky lashes.

Some young girl came and asked me to dance. She was a pretty little miss I had taken a fancy to, and now she insisted that I must "walk a quadrille with her."

"What!" I exclaimed, "with my old gouty feet?"

"Oh, never mind," she laughed, "gouty people are so distingué when they dance;" and so she dragged me off.

When I had finally seated my little imperious beauty, I went in search of Melborne, but could not find him, so i walked out into the delicious coclness of the summer night. I passed a myriad couple; ladies languishing on the arms of their attentive gallants; dignified middle-aged matrons fanning themselves vehemently with huge, gaylydecorated fans; and everywhere groups of chattering young people, while across the lawn, in the light that streamed through the open windows, I noticed that some irrepressible croquet players were knocking the balls about to the music of the band. I strolled on across the veranda, and sat down near a tall pillar, where dense shadows threw their dusky length across the floor. While sitting thus, the faint, delicious scent of roses was borne to me, and soon, with her gossamer laces floating about her, Mrs. Wallace came forward, and flung herself down on a chair not far distant. I saw that she was weep- { ing passionately. She buried her face in her hands, but through the darkness I saw, as she lifted it for a moment to toss her dark hair from her eyes, that trouble, anguish, a headache beyond words to depict, were written upon it; and on the quivering lips was imprinted an eternity of bitter thoughts, and more bitter forebodings. I longed to go and comfort her if possible, but while I hesitated. Melborne came forward from under the great maple near, and hurrying to her side, took her hands in both of his. amazed at this act of intimacy, but before I could realize whether I was dreaming, or were actually awake, and in possession of my faculties, I was held spell-bound by the stormy scene that quickly ensued. Taking her hands, he looked down into her eyes, and endeavored to draw her to his bosom, but, with a vehement gesture, indicative of scorn and hatred, she thrust him aside.

"How dare you defile my hands with the palms of yours?" she cried, in a low, strange, suffocated voice. "How dare you, for a moment, clasp my child in your arms, and across that black, false heart of yours? Go away! Let the years press between our lives, as they have done in the past. and let me go on my way, with my boy, unmolested!"

"Oh, Violet!" he said, still clinging to her hands in spite of her efforts to be free, "dear Violet! only wife of my bosom, listen to me, and forgive the wrong I have done you. I was blinded by jealousy, infuriated with the glowing wine, that turns men into wild beasts; mad with the fear that your heart was changing, and that you no longer loved me. I have atoned for it all by the suffering I have undergone."

She interrupted him with a low laugh that made me shiver, it was so hollow, and so full of misery.

"What, you suffer? A man with yellow gold scattered about him freely as the sunshine? A man with loves numerous as the sands upon the sea-shore? You talk of suffering to me?—to me, the woman whose beautiful youth you crushed, and then dropped like a withered flower? To me, whom you took from aloving home and tender mother, only to toss aside, as if, forsooth, I was not cursed with a heart, and would not feel the cruel blow."

"()h, forgive me, my darling!" he cried, with all a strong man's agony. "After you disappeared, leaving no vestige behind, I thought I should go mad. I was frenzied. I went from room to room, and called you to come back. I implored God, upon my knees, to send you to my arms again; but no voice of delicious music ever

answered; no gray eyes softened into mine; no arms threw their tender pressure about me. I found a little garment one day, a tiny garment. I carry it always with me. I wept great tears over it, and oh, how my heart ached for you, because then I knew all. Oh, forgive me, and let me be a father to our child."

"Never! never! He opened his sweet eyes to the sunshine, with only a mother to welcome him. We will go on together, my boy and I, hand-in-hand. I forgive you? Yes, when you restore to me my lost youth, and boom, and happiness. When you call back the awful years of anguish. Never until then."

"Oh, hear me!" he implored. "All these years, wherein you have suffered, I have sought you unceasingly. Wherever I have heard of a fair young mother, and a little child, I have rushed desperately, hoping it would be you; but all in vain. Never have I caught a glimpse of your dear face until that day I placed our boy within your arms. I have thirsted for you, as the dark night thirsts for the day. Oh, return to me, my Violet!"

How could she resist those impassioned tones, and the quivering of those lips, and the lovelight in those brilliant eyes? But she only drew her laces about her, and rising said, "Pray let there be silence evermore between our lives. Know, of a surety, that, if I loved you once with the girlish abandonment of a warm, true, unselfish passion, I despise and scorn you in my maturer years, now that I have drained to the dregs the rich draught of love I dreamed life had in store for me, and have found it bitter, most bitter to the taste."

And so was gone.

I felt like a guilty old villain, sitting there, listening to this strange dialogue, and yet I had been powerless to move. As I was deciding what I had best do, whether to step forward, and let Melborne know I had been an unintentional listener, he solved the enigma for me, by moving away under the shadows of the maple again, with arms folded, and head cast down. I heard a low groan break from his lips, and I knew, poor fellow, what anguish he felt; but I dared not offer any consolation.

"Winfield, I'm off to-day," was Melborne's morning salutation, as we promenaded the long veranda, before breaking our fast. I looked up, surprised and grieved, into his face. It was pale, gloomy, and haggard, as if many sleepless nights had aged it.

- "Where to?" I laconically demanded.
- "The devil!"
- "Oh, that's no place for you," I said, trying



to be cheerful. "His is not the most blissful abode imaginable on such a day as this. If you'd have said, 'Greenland's icy mountains,' I might have been tempted to join you."

He did not reply, and we went into the breakfast-room together, as grave as if we were about to be witnesses in a murder case.

I drove him over to the depot. As we left, I caught a glimpse of a pallid face in an open window, and carelessly said to Melborne, "There's Mrs. Wallace; she's more colorless than usual to-day." He gave a long sigh, but did not turn his head. When we parted, he wrung my hand, and said, "God bless you, old fellow!" in such a hopeless, dreary way, that if I had been a woman I should have cried my eyes out; but, being a man, I drove Pluto so unmercifully that when we reached the hotel, he was dripping with foam and white with dust.

Somehow, that was an intolerable morning. The heat was fearful. I sat out in the shadow of the maple, where poor Melborne had stood the night before, and wondered if it could be true that he had been there and gone, and yet, in that brief infinitude of time, so much had transpired. As I was busy with my thoughts, I heard an exclamation of horror. "What! the New York train?" "Yes, two cars off the track, several killed, many wounded."

"And you say they are bringing them here?"

"No, only one, a gentleman that left this morning."

I sprang to my feet. "My God! what is it?" I shouted, hoursely.

"Why," said one gentleman, "the New York train, that left here this morning, ran into an uptrain, two cars crushed, many killed and wounded—an awful accident."

I did not wait to hear more; but rushed out to meet the sorrowful procession that was coming slowly up the stairs. A man's strong frame borne upon a litter; a linen garment thrown across the stalwart limbs, and a white handker-chief laid reverently over the face; but I saw the broad shoulders and the blonde curls, and I knew then it was as I feared. Poor Mc borne! I was speechless with grief; but I motioned them to bring him to my room, which was large and airy. They came along slowly, while many awe-stricken voices asked, "Is he dead?" And one lovely girl turned away, sobbing, with white lips, "Oh, so grand to die."

A physician followed, and I was at last left alone with him, and the dear form lying so motionless before us. The golden hair was matted with blood, the eyes closed, the lips white and drawn.

Dr. Whitcomb looked grave, but issued his orders immediately. A nurse was sent for; but before she could appear, the door opened, and Mrs. Wallace came in. She looked more like the spirit of a woman than real flesh and blood, with her dilated eyes, and anguished lips, and blanched face. I made way for her without a word. She knelt down before him, took his cold hands tenderly in hers, and with great tears streaming down her face, stooped and kissed the lips passionately, crying softly, but oh! with such love, "My husband! my darling! Oh, my God! my God! Can he be dead?"

He opened his eyes—eyes with the light quenched in them forever, and murmured, "It is Violet." then sank back in a prolonged swoon again, as if at the music of that wondrous voice he had been recalled from the dead, and now drifted back again beyond our reach.

CHAPTER III.

It was Mrs. Wallace and not the hired nurse that held poor Melborne's head while Dr. Whitcomb bound up the fearful wound. Night and day, all through the mad, delirious fever into which he sank, she never left him. It was her cool hands across his forehead that soothed him into comparative quiet, when worn out with dreadful agony, and lost in a labyrinth of confused ideas that crazed his poor brain. The devotion of the woman was wonderful to contemplate. There seemed to be no task so wearisome or difficult that she would not joyfully undertake for the relief of the sufferer.

One day I urged her to go and rest, and that if a shadow of a change should occur, I would hasten to call her. I finally persuaded her to go. I sat down by my friend, and, looking at his pallid face, marveled at the sad havor that these brief weeks had made. The lustrous eyes were sunken and dim, and although Dr. Whitcomb assured us that his ultimate recovery was no longer doubtful, the injury to his brain had been so great, that vision would never return to those beautiful eyes that had once been his greatest charm. The optic nerve was paralyzed, and no human skill could bring back the blessed gift of sight. The lines about the mouth and forehead were deeply marked, as if years had left their impress there, and the ruddy color was all gone, leaving only a ghastly pallor in its place. As I sat intently watching him, the tears ready to fall from my own eyes (for I loved this dear, old fellow,) he moved restlessly about, turning from side to side with scarcely any cessation. At last, he called my name. I bent forward, and gently said,

"Melborne, I am here;" but I soon comprehended that he was delirious, and did not realize anything.

"You know, Winfield," he said, tossing himself to and fro, and constantly clasping and unclasping his wan hands, "you know how it is with us men. We look so much at the froth of life, the shining bubble that floats upon the surface. In our youth we grasp at phantoms, while in old age we are in turn haunted by these ghostly visitors until we feel that the waters of Lethe would be joyfully welcomed. How from infancy we stretch out our puny arms to grasp the unattainable, instead of holding fast that which is within our reach!"

There was a pause. Then he continued. "I was always thirsting for something new and strange, never satisfied with that which I already possessed. I was like a child, gathering buttercups in a sunny meadow. As soon as one fell from its stem, I dropped it to make room for another that I thought more golden. Oh, you do not know the restlessness that kept me, in my young days, wandering from place to place, first watching Italian sunsets from the broad marble balcony of some old baronial castle, then climbing up the snowy heights of Alpine hills; one day in the heart of London, the next in beautiful Paris."

Here he seemed to forget himself entirely, and moaned perpetually, as if in deep pain. I bathed his face, upon which the fever was burning again with a crimson glow, and tried to soothe him in my poor, rough, awkward way, until gradually he seemed to grow better again. After awhile he broke out in a cry of passionate love and entreaty,

"Oh, Violet, wife of my bosom, angel of my life, let me look into your eyes, so soft and gray. Will you return to me again? Oh, come backcome back! It was the red, red wine, the color of your heart's blood, darling one, that drove me mad. In my frenzy I thought you false. I sent 'you from me with bitter reproaches and awful threats, born of my delirium. Oh, the misery when I found you had taken me at my cruel word and fled! Do you see the mark of Cain here?" he asked, turning his haggard, sightless eyes toward me, and laying his hand upon his breast. It is written here, not on my forchead, but on my heart, in letters so terrible, that they have sunk down into my very soul, and nothing will ever wipe them out, until you lay the glory of your brown head down upon my heart, and with your red lips pressed close upon the aching place, tell me that you forgive The anguish and the pain will never cease until then."

Days passed, and from the gloomy brink of the grave Melborne valiantly fought his way back to life again. As soon as he became conscious, and Dr. Whitcomb declared there was no further danger, Mrs. Wallace ceased to visit him. Indeed, she was henceforth invisible.

The first morning my friend appeared out on the pleasant veranda, he came slowly down, leaning upon my arm, looking like the ghost of his former self. It was pitiful to see the anxious, strained look upon his face, born of the darkness through which he ever more must walk. I attentively scanned every fair face, and eagerly looked for the form of the one woman my friend had loved, but it was all in vain. That evening, as we sat together in my room, I, looking out upon the busy, laughing throng of gay promenaders, and Melborne drooping his long lashes over the still beautiful, but sightless eyes, with a look of infinite weariness upon his face, he gave me a brief sketch of his life during those years he was living abroad.

He had lived in a whirl of excitement and gayety; had given himself up to dissipation, and the careless life of a man of the world. Restless in his nature, sensitive and proud in his temperament, he stretched out his hands for the gaudy baubles of life, and felt pained that they did not yield him that happiness which he desired. He roamed from city to city in the old world-cities rich with historic events, grand with ancient ruins, beautiful with marble palaces and costly cathedrals, lovely with the fair faces of women. He had drunk the golden effervescence of life with laughing lips. Women delighted in his vehement nature, and men admired him for his candor, and courage, and generous honor. He lived as if the years were only one long gala day, with no night beyond. Sailing up the Rhine, under a star-lighted sky, with a fond hand clasped in his, what cared he for the realities of a material world, wherein he had as yet realized no sorrow? At his petits soupers, with his favorite premières danseuses cathered about him, sipping Rhenish wines, and smoking cigaretts, what thought did he give at the future? Flirting with pretty maids of hones; looking into dark Spanish faces; flinging bouquets upward to balconies where, from lustrous eyes bent downward to meet the glance of his, two happy years of his bright youth sped away; when at Rome, during the Carnival, he met Violet Percival, a young American girl of Italian descent, who was spending some time abroad with her only surviving parent. Her father had been dead since her childhood, and she had been left in charge of her mother, a woman in every way capable of train-

ing her young heart and guiding her young feet { through the uncertain shoals of a tender and beautiful childhood. Violet Percival had grown to womanhood with the simplicity of a child still clinging to her. Her thoughts were impassioned, fervent, and pure, her mind perfectly cultured, her intellect of the highest order, and her manners as guileless and frank as they were before she had ever been ushered into society, and learned the significance attached to the wordsbon ton!

It was the old, old story, of a handsome man and a charming woman, learning suddenly that life held for them only the image of one another. And so, at last, one day, in Italy, when the earth was gorgeous with the varied hues of the glad, rich, summer-time, the solemn words of the marriage-service were uttered, and Violet, in all the abandon of her lovely youth, became the bride of Lewis Melborne.

Only one fleeting year had passed, when a cloud appeared in the horizon of their sunny home. A little cloud it was at first, but it deepened and darkened, until happiness fled from their hearts, and joy no longer sat enthroned upon their hearthstone. He drank too deeply of the ruby wine, that fires men's blood, and shipwrecks their existence. While under the influence of the intoxicating draught, he misconstrued her every movement, found fault with her every action, until, at last, one dreary day, he came home to find the gilded cage empty, and the bird flown.

"Never, it had seemed to me, Winfield," he said, gloomily, in conclusion, "did I appreciate the woman I had called my own until I found her gone from me forever. The blessing had, indeed, brightened, as it took its flight; the blessing that I shall never again experience, the passionate love of a pure, devoted woman. Her character is firm, and I feel that her determina- a light that will never, never weary of shining!"

tion is, never to place her happiness in my hands again. I would die to serve her. I would move Heaven itself, only to be permitted to show her one tithe of the devotion I feel for her. But it cannot be. I believe she no longer cares for me, and I shall never hold my own boy in my arms, and hear his soft voice call me father. Even if she would take me, now that I am blind, (oh, how bitterly the words dropped from his lips,) I would not be a burden upon her. My God! My God! My punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Have courage, Melborne," I cried, greatly moved. "She loves you yet, I am sure of it."

Then I told him of her devotion during his illness; of the words of passionate emotion she uttered; of her tireless watching by his bed-side. When I had finished speaking, he shook his head sadly, and in the light of a gas-lamp shining up from the street below, I saw great tears roll down his face from under the fair, curling lashes,

Two hours later I gave Melborne my arm, and was guiding him out on the lawn, where the moonlight struggled through the dusky branches of the great elms overhead, and the music of Strauss' waltzes drifted out from the open windows, when suddenly silken robes came trailing over the grasses, and with impetuous haste a woman bounded between us, threw her arms about his neck, and drawing his face down to hers, looked into his wide-open eyes for an instant, then clasping him closer and closer, while great, passionate sobs broke from her lips

"Darling! darling!" she cried, vehemently, in that voice of wondrous pathos and melody that had entranced me weeks before, "forgive me, for I do love you! Oh, God, how I love you! No other hand shall guide you save mine! Let me be a light to your precious feet, my husband!

HOPE.

ARIE L. LADD.

HAVE you spied a bright-eyed maiden, Blossoms in her hand. And her ringlets quite o'erladen, Waving high a wand?

If you saw her, did she tempt you With her winning wiles; You pursuing, she retreating, Beaming e'er her smiles?

Hied she toward the gold of Ophir, Or the Ocean Isles, Wooing, charming and beguiling, Glancing e'er her smiles?

Did she point to Fame's bright beacon. Torched to light the way, Crowned with garlands intermingled Fair with leaves of bay?

I pursued her. Since the morning She has fled my sight, And the darkness closes round me-Who will stay her flight?

I am groping in the shadow On the sunless way, 'Till I find the clear-eyed maiden. It will ne'er be day.

ARIADNE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

ARIADNE St. CLAIR was known among her school-mates as a proud, reserved, but delicately refined creature. Her pale, intellectual countenance, beautiful as the face of a statue, her reticent, yet always lady-like demeanor, and the perfect ease with which she mastered every study, won her universal respect; but I think few, if any, loved her. As a distant relative, younger by some years than herself, she thought it right to be kind to me. Her manner toward me was far from being enthusiastic, yet it was also free from any air of patronage or condescension. I felt grateful to her for her attention, but this was all; I never thought of loving her.

Five years had passed, when circumstances brought about our second meeting. I was an orphan, and Mr. St. Clair, as my nearest relative, became my guardian. It was October when I reached my new home.

I should like to describe to you the first scene in my new life, which is impressed with great distinctness upon my memory. On the morning after my arrival, Ariadne, after breakfast, asked me to her room. Her manner was as of old, politely kind, without being cordial; but I knew she was sincere, and I could not refuse her invitation, if, indeed, I had desired. It was not her sleeping-room, but a pretty little boudoir into which she introduced me. The walls and hangings were of deepest crimson, but with her pale face, and immobile features, they only heightened the statue-like coolness and purity of her appearance. The furniture was rich, and classic in outline; but the marble Psyche in the corner, the priceless and pellucid mantles, the carrara slabs of the table and etagere, toned down any predominant richness of tint, and imparted their own chastness and purity to the room. A mirror, framed in dark wood, rested on the mantle; upon it stood two dark, antique vases. exquisite in form, and of priceless worth, and an elegant bronze clock. A harp occupied one corner of the room, a few rare pictures adorned the walls, and two or three favorite books lay on a stand in the bay-window.

There is left only Ariadne herself to describe. She sat in the bay-window, in the strongest light which the room afforded. I could study her perfect and unvarying features at every advantage. Exquisite and clearly cut they were,

the brow a little too wide to be purely classical, but imparting a nobler expression to her face than any Grecian head I ever saw. Her complexion was faultless. She was too sincere, too proudly truthful, to borrow any aid from art, yet, scan her as I might, I could not detect the slightest wrinkle, not the faintest shade of sallowness upon her face. Not Psyche herseif was more free from blemish.

"I am glad you are come, Lucy," she said, kindly, as we were scated. "I have felt the need of company, recently. I trust we shall entertain each other."

"Is it possible," I said, "that you can ever feel lonely, you, who have a thousand friends?"

"A thousand acquaintances," she replied, with gentle emphasis. "I have few friends, few congenial associates. I hope more from you than from any one else I know."

"I do so fear you will be disappointed," I answered. "You know I am not at all intellectual, not in the least cultivated, as you are."

She smiled faintly. "You are my cousin," she said. "I have great faith in the ties of blood, and I remember at school I liked you."

"You were always kind to me, certainly," I replied, and then I hesitated awkwardly. But she did not seem to notice it. After some farther conversation, she asked,

"Do you like to hear any one read aloud? It is a favorite employment with me. Perhaps you have some trifle of sewing to do, and would listen to this old Greek tragedy with interest?"

"Certainly," I said, and rose to fetch my basket. Ariadne's movements were always slow and graceful; but I have seen her smile leniently upon my girlish impetuosity. In three minutes we were comfortably settled for the reading. I had not anticipated much pleasure from the old heathen author, but her cultivated voice and rich intonations made anything delightful by her rendering. Before I knew it, I was deeply interested. It was a love-story, of course. I had noticed a slight curling of her lip, once or twice, as she read some passionate outburst, and at length she closed the book carefully, and asked,

"Lucy, do you like love-stories?"

One could but be truthful with her, she was so perfectly transparent herself.

"Of course I do," I replied. "Why they are

natural. I suppose we were made to like them, don't you?"

"I am going to make a confession," she said.
"I don't like to be singular, and yet I suppose
I am. I cannot understand why all the poets
should have gone mad in singing the praises of
love. It seems to me both an extravagance and
an impropriety. I see nothing attractive about
it."

"You strange, strange creature!" I replied. "Pray who have you for gentlemen friends?"

"Pray who have you for gentlemen friends?"

She looked for a moment, surprised at the bluntness of the question.

"Oh, of course!" she replied, "I meet the *llité* of the city. The young men appear to me mere buffoons. Their elders, with a few exceptions, are only changed from the types of their youth, as age changes all things."

"And the exceptions?"

"I know one or two gentlemen whom I admire at a distance; but, positively, not one to whom I would voluntarily reveal so much of my inner self, as I should necessarily do, by admitting them to the privacy of this room."

"You man-hater! But how about your father?"

Again there was that same surprised, half-provoked expression in her eye; but she replied earnestly, as before.

"I love my father. All ties of blood are very dear and sacred to me."

"But, unfortunately, you have no brothersno boy-cousins."

She smiled. "No, there is no single connecting link between me and the higher group."

"And you will never marry?"

"I do not see how I can. My father earnestly desires it, and the loneliness of my life, if he should be taken from me, appalls me in the prospect." And an expression of pain shaded her brow for an instant.

"But if love seems to you so utterly distasteful, how do you manage to read fiction, or even history?"

"I read those passages under protest. The absurdest things in the history of the race, from the fall downward, are traceable to the influence of love. As a passion, it is both extravagant and material. I can no way reconcile it with my ideas of dignity or propriety."

It was not prudishness, it was not affectation. It was the bent of her nature, fostered by intense cultivation of her predominant intellectual powers.

I said to her sadly, as the lunch-bell rang,

"Ariadne, remember Theseus! Remember Naxos!"

Her eye took a strange and unnatural expression, and a faint flush rose to her stainless check. Was her soul illumined with some strange forewarning of her fate? Or did consciousness, for the first time, reveal to her the secret and deadly sting?

A few evenings later, Ariadne knocked at my door, and laying a couple of cards upon the table, said, "Do you know who is below? Come down quickly. I want you to see them."

I read the names of Raymond and De Laskie, the latter a new acquaintance, in whom I fancied she took a slight interest-the former an old and tried friend of the family. As I entered the drawing-room by the lower door, they were standing at the head of the room, and directly in front of me. Raymond had paid his respects. De Laskie was at this instant bowing over her hand. I caught just his profile, and its sharp, clear outline, regular and strongly-marked, remains to this day stamped upon my memory. I knew him then for a man of contradictions, of keen and subtle instincts, of wonderful powers to please, yet of reticent and never profound emotions. As I advanced to the introduction, he turned, and I caught the full meaning of his deep-set, dark eye. Its cool penetration, its apparently unconscious power of con:mand startled me. At the same time, I remarked that there was an unwonted light in Aria's eye. A stranger would never have detected it, unless, indeed, he were gifted like Mr. De Laskie. There was no unusual animation in her manner; yet I was aware that she was pleased.

I do not remember the subject of conversation. It could not have been striking; but by some chance, the conservatory was mentioned, and Aria proposed showing the gentlemen a very rare plant, just then in bloom. The conservatory opened from the lower end of the drawing-room, and extended across the whole width of the house. Other plants attracted Mr. De Laskie's attention, and we extended our promenade, for convenience sake, walking in couples.

"Do you know," said Raymond to me, as we fell a little behind the others, "I fancy those two were made for each other?"

"Indeed! Why?" I replied. "It will be by a miracle that any man will succeed in pleasing Aria."

"She is human," said Raymond. "She needs only a skillful touch to respond most melodiously. If any man can read her aright, it is De Laskie."

"May I ask you one question about your friend," I said, with characteristic bluntness. "It would take a Sybil to detect his age. He is youthful in manner and appearance, not well

preserved, but actually and positively youthful; { while the sleighing is so fine, and the moonlight yet I can't fancy him a young man."

"Why not?" asked Raymond, with an amused smile.

"I don't know. If he is young in years, he must be old in experience. There is an air of practice, of assurance, about him, half-concealed, indeed, by the spontaniety of his manners, but which no really young man carries."

"You are the Sybil," replied Raymond, evasively. "It is useless to offer you knowledge. Does he strike Aria in that light?"

"Really I do not know, she talks so little : and, in fact, she thinks very little about most gentlemen. I don't believe she knows any more about the real nature of a masculine, than she does of the rarest specimen in natural history. She is a perfect man-hater!"

Raymond positively laughed. "Well," he said, "she has met her match in De Laskie. He is equally peculiar in his ideas of women. watch their acquaintance with interest."

They made a long call: but as they were leaving, the impressment of De Laskie's manner, and the glow on Aria's cheek, were unmistakable.

"You see," said Raymond, aside, touching my hand, "I'll hazard my reputation as a prophet."

I saw no more of Aria that morning, and when we met again, I looked in vain for any trace of unusual animation; yet there was a gentle, almost imperceptible reserve in her manner, as I alluded to our guests of the morning, which I did not fail to notice.

After that De Laskie's attentions were unremitting. Opera, party, promenade, were each in turn sure to bring us his presence; and not unfrequently he called to talk for an hour or so of books and philosophies, things in which I took not the slightest interest, but which were to them full of fascination. If, as I sometimes suspected, Aria was losing her heart, she certainly was not giving it unsought. Never was cavalier more devoted, in word and deed, than De Laskie. Mr. Et. Clair was evidently pleased. It was his earnest wish that Ariadne should marry, and De Laskie was an unexceptionable match.

Things had progressed in this style for two months. It was December, and a heavy fall of snow had made the sleighing delightful. Laskie had been spending an hour with us, as was his frequent custom, when, just as he was leaving, the sleighing was mentioned, and De Laskie reverted to the delights of an evening drive through Central Park. Aria confessed that she had never seen the Park by moonlight.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed De Laskie. "Now,

transcendant, you certainly will oblige me?"

I looked for a quiet and decided refusal. was surprised at her easy acquiescence.

"Shall it be to-morrow evening?" he asked, with almost tender appreciation. "The moon must be taken at her pleasure, you know, like any other queen."

Again Aria signified her assent, and after a remark or two further, and an impressive goodnight, he left. Aria retired to her room as full of quiet, half-repressed enthusiasm as a schoolgirl; but one little thing troubled me. There had been something in De Laskie's smile, and the curl of his lip, as he spoke of the moon, which had not pleased me. Once or twice before, I had noticed some expressions of covert sarcasm, of incincerity, coupled with Raymond's words concerning him, that awakened a fear, a doubt in my mind, by no means pleasant. Could it be possible that he was playing with her feelings, that after all he was only amusing himself? If Aria had been wholly fancy-free, I should not have cared, but my mind was far from clear on that point.

The following evening I watched them closely. Aria was dressed punctually. Wrapped in her heavy sable robe, the plumes of her velvet hat falling about her noble face, she looked every inch a queen. As she stood in the bay-window of her boudoir, the moonlight streaming over her, adding its own charm, even to her peerless beauty, I thought to myself, it is not possible; no man in his senses could win and not wear a prize like that. It would be worse than useless to seek to guard that noble, unsuspecting nature by any of the petty suspicions and artifices which are necessary to the safety of some girls. She could not love in vain.

De Laskie soon arrived, and I descended with Aria to see her safely deposited in the sleigh. Raymond came up the step at the same instant, and we both watched the departure with extreme interest. It was wonderful to see the pleasure with which she received his tender, solicitous care. for her comfort. He gathered the robes closely about her, lifted her feet to wrap them carefully from all possible cold, and when he was himself seated, passed his arm around her, to make sure that he had not disarranged the robes. And she. did not shrink. On the contrary, the light of the clear, full moon distinctly revealed the pleased smile, and the rosy flush upon her countenance. A pang shot through my heart as they drove away, and Raymond and I turned to enter the house. Raymond, too, looked troubled. We were alone. I caught his eye, and asked eagerly,

"Is he in earnest?"

- "God knows!" he replied. "I do not;" and then, after a pause, "He must be. No man in his senses, would miss such a prize."
 - "She is a noble creature," I said.
- "Noble as truth, and honor, and virtue," he replied, earnestly; and, for the first time, I suspected Raymond of a partiality for her. My eyes must have betrayed the thoughts, for he replied,

"Don't be alarmed; it is only the flashing up of an old fire. I could bear to see her honorably won; but I will not bear to see any man despise her!"

I waited up for Aria. I wanted to see how her face looked as she parted with her cavalier. It was all the satisfaction I should gain, I knew; but it would be a dear one. I enjoyed it to the full, if that could be called enjoyment, which caused me a thrill of heavy foreboding pain. The air, perhaps, had given her an unusual glow; but, besides that, her face was luminous. I could think only of one of those transparent crystal vases, found in heathen temples, of smooth and polished surface, under ordinary circumstances, but when lighted within by the vestal flame, written all over with glowing characters. She evidently felt that she was making an involuntary revelation of herself, for she kept in the shadow as much as possible, and hastily kissed me goodnight-unwonted act of tenderness! I knew by it that the fountain was unlocked, and the stream in full flow.

For an hour after I tormented myself with questions. Had he proposed? Were they already engaged? What was the meaning of this strange, unusual enthusiasm?

Some accident prevented De Laskie from calling the next day, so we did not see him till three days after, at our party. The morning previous Ariadne called me into her dressing-room. I had seidom entered either that or her sleeping-room before; it was one of her sensitive points. Indeed, it was her custom to rise and spend a half hour by herself before ringing for her maid.

"Lulie," she said, condescending in her newfound happiness to a pet name. "Come, tell me what I shall wear to-morrow evening."

"I am the last person in the world capable of suggesting anything to your faultless taste," I said, in surprise, for I had never known her bestow a second thought upon any matter of dress before. "I thought it was to be the black velvet, and diamonds?"

- "No, that is too heavy."
- "There is nothing more becoming than your violet robe, and pearls," I said, not daring to suggest any light dress.

- "Yes, but that does not exactly please me: besides, I wore it last. Everything I have seems too elaborate."
- "Will there be time for anything new?" I asked, this time in positive wonderment.
- "I will see. Fifrice, ring the bell for the horses. That will do. Lucy, I am going out."

She came back an hour later, but there was not a word more said about the dress.

Thursday evening arrived, and I retired to my own room to prepare for the coming festivities. Just as I was ready to go down, and the ring of the bell announced the first guests, Fifrice knocked at my door, and said Miss Aria wished to see me. I crossed the hall and entered the boudoir. There she stood, the radiant and unapproachable queen. A dress of silver tissue, rich and costly. but light as the airiest gossamer, fell in ample folds about her perfect figure. She wore no jewelry, but natural flowers looped up the double skirt, and were fastened upon her bosom and in her hair. Waxen camelias, fragrant cape jasmines, and delicate, graceful sprays of rosy and purple heather, these, with trimmings of costly lace, formed the only ornaments of her plain but bewitchingly beautiful attire.

"A new character," I said, involuntarily. "The Queen of Love."

For an instant she shrank from the appellation, but, rallying, she replied,

- "That from you is equivalent to a compliment. Then you like me, do you?"
- "You are bewitching, bewildering! One looks every moment to see you dissolve in a rainbow or a mist-wreath. This, then, is a tribute to——"
- "Hush! Hush!" she said, laying her finger on my lips, and glided down the stairs.

All the world noticed Aria's extraordinary beauty that night. It was not alone her unique and elegant dress which produced the effect, it was the wonderful and touching charm of the new soul which shone through her countenance. Pure, chaste, refined as vestal flame, it yet pervaded her whole manner, adding a rare, sweet softness, a delicate geniality which touched her character into perfection, as sunlight develops the latent glories of the diamond.

I see her now, assisting at the reception of the guests, the ineffable grace and sweetness of her manner winning all hearts, moving afterward among them, dispensing her smiles and her rare, delicate wit with unlooked-for freedom, and at last joining in the dance with unwonted condescension. As may be imagined, I watched eagerly for De Laskie. He entered late, and I marked the sudden lighting of Aria's eye as it fell upon him. He advanced with his usual listless ele-

gance to pay his respects, but I thought sho seemed disappointed that he lingered but a moment at her side, and then passed on. Soon afterward, however, I saw them dancing together: but I could not disguise it from myself that his manner betrayed nothing whatever of interest in his occupation, beyond the imperative demands of etiquette. Aria felt it too, and the smile was frozen on her lips. The reader must understand that I have spoken of her thus far as she was revealed to my own intuitions. Probably not another one of that gay throng noticed anything further than that Miss St. Clair, as hostess, was surpassing herself. Relieved of her duties, during a quadrille, she ceased also, in part, her efforts to please. At supper De Laskie was all attention to a young Southern heiress, just appearing in society; and here Aria seemed to have consoled herself with thinking that, as hostess, she ought not to expect to absorb the attention of any gentleman, and strove to resume her cheerfulness; but the effort was apparant.

It was late in the evening; the music, the glare, the giddy whirl of the waltzing oppressed me, and I sought a quiet nook in the conservatory, where, sheltered by a spreading azalia, I was secure from observation. Through an open window I could watch the stars circling slowly in their conrses, fulfilling in majesty and beauty the everlasting ordinances of their Maker, and little heeding the paltry stir and merriment of earth; alas! heeding as little the sad, worn hearts, the throbs of anguish and despair which such merriment too often conceals. The cool night-wind blew in, and refreshed my burning brow, and the plants, bending under their weight of blossoms, looked as if they, like me, longed for silence, and dimness, and repose.

Presently, a silvery sheen glittered like a galaxy of stars beyond the azalia, and I knew that Aria was weary, and sought a moment's respite from her cares. At that same instant, voices from within fell on my ear. At the window which separated Aria and myself, two gentlemen stood talking. The amber satin draperies concealed their figures, but I knew their voices. It was De Laskie and a friend of his.

"She is very beautiful to-night," said the latter, "in that robe of silver gauze. She has fine taste."

"Yes," replied his companion. "The beautiful statue has really a soul. I have seen it, touched it, all but felt it."

"I congratulate you. You must then be Prometheus. What do you intend to do with your triumph?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

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"And the beautiful Undine?"

"It will do her good. I wouldn't given fig for the first love of any woman; least of all, of such a woman as she. Spite of all the poets say, it is mere milk and water. Let a woman sigh for a year or two; let her pour out floods of bitter, longing tears, or, better, let them fall inward on her heart, and breed new madness in her voins. A few such experiences, if she have the right mettle, will make her worth the winning. I like ripe fruit; neither a sickly six weeks growth, nor the undue mellowness of the gleanings after harvest, will satisfy me."

"You are hypercritical."

Again that significant shrug of the shoulders.

"Can't help it. It is the combined effect of nature and cultivation."

And this was the end of Ariadne's dream. I saw her half an hour afterward, as her guests were leaving. She was pale as the Psyche up stairs, and as marble-like her aspect. I dared offer her no word of direct consolation, for that would have betrayed my knowledge of her secret. But I whispered,

"You are weary, Aria. Withdraw if you choose, I will supply your place, and excuse your absence."

But she would not shrink from her duty; only, as she saw De Laskie approaching, from the far end of the apartment, she whispered to me,

"I must leave for a moment. I shall return soon."

There were scarcely a dozen guests remaining, and before she re-appeared, I had said farewell to the last. I ran at once to the door of the room, and apprized her. She thanked me, and bade me good-night, without opening the door.

Next morning I was up betimes, and hastened to the boudoir to wait for Aria.

The first and second bells rang, and still no Aria. I would not go down without her. Her father, I knew, would wait for her, if she did not rise till noon. Impatiently, I counted the minutes of the next hour upon the little mantle-clock. To drive away the thoughts which troubled me, I exhausted the almost infinite resources of the room. The Pompeian vases on the mantle, exquisite with antique etchings, conserving in their grace and beauty the rich, abundant life of two thousand years ago, in vine-clad Italy, had now no charm. A Rembrandt on the wall, whose warm, delicious depth, and beauty of light and shade, had always heretefore seemed inexhaustible, wearied me as soon. The Madonna opposite, a genuine Raphael, was lifeless, unreal. I could read no sympathy in her divine, unearthly beauty. The Psyche herself was insipid. The sculptured its unvarying grin, and even while I gazed, the snapping of a string started me with its shrill vibrations.

As if this had been the signal of her coming, the door of her room opened, and she appeared, pale, hollow-eyed, bereft of the outshining graces which had made her, twelve hours before, so unapproachable in beauty, but still her proud and noble self. She received my eager kiss with kindness, inquired how I had rested, expressed a slight sense of fatigue, and then proposed that we should join her father in the breakfast-room. She presided at the table, and with all her accustomed dignity and grace. Only once during the meal, I thought her self-possession would fail Mr. St. Clair was reading the morning her. paper.

"Oh. this is a terrible thing," he said. "The failure of the —— Co. So sudden and unlooked for. It will be the ruin of De Laskie. thirds of his fortune were invested in it. fellow! I am sorry for him!"

Aria, I saw, could not speak, so I hastened to fill the silence with a blundering-made, apropos speech, which, however, passed unnoticed in the general absorption. In another moment Aria had regained her composure, and skillfully turned the conversation. After breakfast, she complained of headache, and passed the remainder of the day in her room.

The next day an event occurred for which I thanked Heaven, though I believe it added a pang to Aria's anguish.

Mr. St. Clair came home as usual, and desired to see his daughter immediately in the library. I learned afterward the import of his communication, and may as well relate it now.

"My daughter," he said, as she seated herself by his side. "I have a most important, and I can but believe welcome announcement, to make to you. Mr. De Laskie has made me, in your behalf, a formal offer of his hand."

It was very sudden. He had thought, after all the incidents of the past two months, which he had witnessed with so much pleasure, that she needed no preparation. She grew deadly pale, and caught her breath with pain.

"Mr. De Laskie!" she said, slowly, and with effort. "Impossible!" adding, to shield herself, "Why, he is a ruined man."

"But that with you, my dear, who have so ample a fortune, need make no difference, and, as he very feelingly remarked to me, since his conduct heretofore, when he had every reason to consider himself your equal in position, must

mask upon the antique harp, mocked me with tions, it would be mere folly to evade his just obligations, and compromise his happiness upon any such pretext."

> Aria was so deeply affected, that her father was alarmed; but she steadily refused to consider the offer.

> "Tell him," she said, " with my thanks for the intended honor, that the union which he seeks, is utterly impossible!"

> Mr. St. Clair was desperate. "My child! my child! do you consider what the world will say of this, after giving him so much encouragement?"

> "Father," she said, "I cannot bear this any Let me go to my room. I have nothing longer. further to say."

> In his despair. Mr. St. Clair appealed to me, and I, as I thought it my duty, revealed to him all that I knew. He was overwhelmed with sorrow and indiguation.

> "I will see the villain!" he said. brand him with his infamy to his face!"

beg you will do nothing of the sort," I "For Aria's sake restrain yourself. It will kill her if the truth is noised abroad. Let her be called a flirt, anything; the world will know that with a man of De Laskie's character, it is but diamond-cut-diamond. Take her abroad. She may recover from the shock, and, in a year's time, the affair will have blown over."

Mr. St. Clair addressed that day a very polite note to Mr. De Laskie, declining most positively, the honor of his proposed alliance, and with the next steamer we all set sail for Europe, to be gone for an indefinite period.

I think Aria must have known that we had somehow penetrated her secret; but she never alluded to it. We hoped that, after the depression of the sea-voyage, she would rally; but our hopes proved vain. We tried the balmy airs of Burgundy, the viny hills of Provence and Languedoc, and thence to Rome; but neither Rome nor Naples held the desired balm. At last we arrived in Florence-beautiful Florence, birthplace of poets and painters-home of the arts and

There, for a time, her spirits seemed to revive; but it was the glow that heralds the sunset.

One balmy June evening she called me to her couch, and spoke gently.

"Lulie, I am glad that it is so!"

"That what is so?" I asked. "I do not understand you, dear."

"That the Lord of Life did not permit me to go down to my grave in my infidelity. That even at this great cost he revealed to me the mystery have convinced all of the sincerity of his inten- and the glory of love. Darling, he who comprehends not the human passion can have no true conception of the Divine It was hardest of all that he whom I loved should be unworthy; but even that was a type. In my pride and my strength I had thought myself entitled to the Divine compassion. I have had a taste of the bitterness of the cross. I know now, since he has revealed it to me, how priceless and pure was the love of Jesus of Nazareth."

Her pious resignation touched my heart, and I wept. She comforted me, and bade me tell her father this when she should be gone.

"In that other life," she said, "all the incompleteness of this will be rounded into perfection. Do not weep for me—do not mourn. It is but exchanging earth for heaven."

As the sun set over the beautiful city, her pale lips parted, and her free spirit took its flight.

We buried her in a secluded spot, just without the walls. A marble Silence guards the head of her grave, the symbol rose dropping in forgetfulness from her fingers. At the foot, a little stone, with her initials and the date, tells all that strangers need to know of the fate of our Aria.

It was many months before Mr. St. Clair could face his old friends again. When we returned, society welcomed us with its usual condolences; but no word was breathed that could be painful to our ears. De Laskie was married to a heartless flirt, who brought him a fortune; and it is some consolation to know that to this day he is ignorant of the reason of Aria's refusal.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

BY MARY A. HOYT.

Erris, shall I tell your fortune?
As you idly stand apart;
I should like to try my power,
In the old-time, school-day art.
See if I have lost the magic,
That could lift the curtain's folds,
See if I can tell the secret
That the future now withholds.

Lay your palm in mine a moment, While its dimpled lines I scan; Under them are hid the tokens, of a blessing or a ban. There are signs of restless sighing For a world of things unknown; There are signs of indecision, When the bud of life has blown.

There are tokens of a battle
With the many foes of life;
There are tokens of a conquest,
Coming after all the strife;

And I see the victor, wearing
On her brow the leaves of fame,
And I hear a glad world shouting
Joyful praises of her name,

Then I see her turning sadly,
From the empty spoils of time,
Looking, tearful, down the pathway
She has had, through years, to climb;
Saying, "I have gained the summit;
Here was my ambition set;
I have come but to discover,
There is something higher yet!"

Effic, do you guess my meaning?
Quivering lips and downcast eyes;
Must I take your silent answers,
In the place of her replice?
Ah! the eyes are lifted slowly,
Looking clearly into mine;
In their depths I see a purpose,
Great, and true, and noble shine.

UNKNOWN.

BY MRS. W. C. BELL.

WE do not know how much of gloom Or sunshine lies along our way; Or if to-morrow there'll be room For us to love, or hope, or pray. The mornings come, the evenings go— Sunshine and shadow, to and fro.

We do not know, in one short year,
What place in all this wide, wide earth
May hold our band of loved ones dear,
Who sit to-night, around our hearth.
The shadows come, the sunheams go,
And friends may die—we do not know.

We do not know, and none can tell
The mystic future's hidden ways;
We do not know, and it is well
We cannot count the coming days.
The frosts may come, the flowers go
From many a life—we do not know.

And who with patience could await
A far-off bliss we knew was ours?
Or e'en if sorrow were our fate—
Next soul can sing when danger lowers?
So, whether joy, or whether wee,
'Tis begier that we do not know.



WHAT. HAPPENED IN THE YOSEMITE.

BY CAROLINE FLEETWOOD.

September 7th, 18—. It is strange that I am here, with no companionship but the broad prairies and their fragrant grasses, for my father, in his strange reticence, is no companion. We are all alone, miles and miles from any other human habitation; yet fear never trou bles us, for Louis Kelly, "the Indian scourge," has placed his seal on our cabin-door, and sooner would the "dusky braves" rush into burning fire than incur his anger.

I somewhere read that woman was capable of no great sacrifice, except for the man she loved. Yes, I remember, it was a New York physician who said it. God forgive him! I'd rather be the weakest weman in all the land than his pompous, self-conceited self. No woman ever clung to a drunken, besotted wretch, long after she had lost every vestige of respect for him, simply because he was her husband. Certainly not, am only one of my sex, merely a woman, no better than thousands of others, and yet I've given up home, and friends, and everything I loved for duty's sake; for a father for whom in ene sense I bear utter loathing. He broke my mother's heart by his infidelity. I learned to hate him then, when I saw her, the best of all women, droop and die like a broken lily, because she found her idol a base, deformed thing instead of the glorious creature she dreamed. But he's my father, and I'll talk of him no more, not even to you, my Journal.

This has been a happy summer. I thought it would be sad and lonely, but I've already reaped my reward in a quiet peace, that makes my life infinitely more beautiful than it ever could have been in the whirl of fashionable society. Everything is so majestic, so grand in its proportions, that we lose sight of ourselves, we wander about filled with thoughts and dreams that would never come to us among human faces. The gurgling streams that wend their way among the grasses, possess a fascination, from their very irregularity, perhaps, that the moss-lined brooks of the East may strive in vain to throw about us. They have more of heaven's glorious sunlight about them. The shadows of the grasses, as they meet and kiss above the waters, and then lie gracefully back in their appointed places, are not dull and thick, as shadows are wont to be, but light and fairy-like, as those of birds across the blue

sky; and the grand old forest, that runs from the back of our cabin to the wonderful Yosemite, has a subtle charm about it that I never found in the forests of the home I've left, perhaps, forever. It may be that my society-life rendered me unfit for their appreciation. It may be that my trip across the great plains made me a truer woman, a more thoughtful observer, a more ardent lover of nature, in all her forms. It may be for one, or perhaps all of these reasons, but true it is. I have found a volume in this far West which, read on and on, as I have read it, has constantly a new chapter quaint and entrancing. Oh, yes! and doubly true it is, I love this beautiful desert; her brooks and her rivers, her prairies and her forests, her birds and her skies, and, reverently be it spoken, her angels and her God. I see one in the glorious handiwork, I hear the other in the music of the air.

September 15th, 186-. Dear old Journal! don't think you are neglected, for kisses and confidence shall ever be yours from Rebecca McDonald. Father went to C- to-day. I went with him as far as the Yosemite, as I so frequently do. The grand old trees, that have stood years, and years, and years before I floated into the sea of life, and will stand years after I've sunk to its bottom, seem to me as the patriarchs of old, and I sit for hours beneath their branches, drinking in their lessons of noble simplicity. Sometimes I read a psalm beneath them, and their leaves catch up the rythm and murmur it forth in notes that I think must be sweet as those of the stringed instruments; and again, as I sit within the hollow of the greatest of those fallen monarchs, and look over the fair scene, and listen to the music of the waterfalls, I fancy the beauteous vale of Yosemite a part of the Holy Land, that has been borne by angel bands away from habitations of man, away from places where traditions would lead him. The feet of the holy Jesus have pressed its sod while angels filled the air with their sweet hosannas. That is very absurd, you'd say, if you were a disagreeable human being; nevertheless, it is a precious thought to me sometimes, for a sense of isolation and loneliness comes over me that nothing else will banish. To-day, after I'd kissed my trees, the ones I've named for the friends away, and fed the birds, I went alone to the gushing, joyous water, and

began my simple good-by, but the words died on my lips, for just then I saw a man watching me. He was standing near the jungle, a little distance from me. For a moment I stood paralyzed with surprise; then I bounded away, never once looking back, although I heard his voice calling me.

I had thought to gather the brown nuts and crimson leaves of October, but now, while the leaves are scarcely flecked with yellow, comes an intruder to steal the anticipated pleasure. I wish his lordship was in Jericho. Well, I've other haunts, and shall not look in vain for beautiful places to rest, for the God of the West was not meagre in his creations.

I wonder who the man could have been. He had a look of power about him, in good keeping with the place. I see him now watching me with a strange look of mystification in his face. He was surprised to see a wood-nymph in this nineteenth century singing its songs and dressed in the drapery of its children.

Perhaps he's from the old home: I wish I knew, for, disguise the fact from myself as I may, there is a strange yearning in my soul for the dear old home that knew my childhood and my mother, and, being a woman, I'm not ashamed to confess it. But what possible good could his coming from home do me? I shall never go to Yosemite again, at least till he is far away. I was to go again to-morrow, but now I shall not. * * *

And, of course, being a woman, she went. Rather an abrupt change, you think? Well, I'm tired copying an old diary, and shall now weave the story my own way, only using the same threads, and in their original color.

Rebecca McDonald slumbered lightly that night. Somehow, that broad, square-looking form flitted through her dreams in very fairy-like manner, and once, when she had fully resolved to dream no more, she saw him in his old position by the jungle; and when she started to leave him, he beckoned to her, and she followed him through brambles, and thorns, and muddy waters; but she smiled when she awoke, for the phantom of her dream left her at last among buttercups and daisies. Ah, who among us shall say that the day of visions and dreams are truly gone? It does seem a little irreverent to speak of visions in connection with ourselves, when we remember the grandeur of those that burst upon the saints and prophets of old: still the sparrows are His care, and may it not be that we sometimes see our future foreshadowed by his love, if we were wise enough to read? I do not know, I only ask. I often think that Richter instead of the third person.

approached very near the character of the Father when he said, "I love God and little children, for He loves the greatest and the least, the strongest and the weakest." But this is not my story.

Strive with herself, clude herself as she might, the face of the stranger kept before Rebecca all through her simple duties. It became the face of a familiar friend, and she began to think her hasty resolution not to visit Yosemite a very foolish one, just as we will persuade ourselves that things pleasant are things right. The end of all her musings was, that the bright September sun cast two human shadows on the road to Yosemite. She had always been her father's companion before, and he would have thought very strange had she remained at home, so she told herself. Woman in the States, and woman in the West, is, in very many respects, a very different creation. No thought of fear crossed the mind of Rebecca M'Donald. She had grown shy of strangers, not afraid of them, unless it be with the fear of the antelope, that of their near approach. crept cautiously into the vale, and looking searchingly around, satisfied herself that no one was yet there. He would come again, beyond all doubt; his arrival was made too late, the evening previous, to enjoy the full beauties of the scene. She looked about for a hiding-place, and finally determined to climb one of the trees, and secrete herself in its thick foliage. She had learned to do all manner of Indian things, since she had been a daughter of the West. Her canoe could shoot as lightly across the stream as the Indian maiden's, and her arrow was as true.

Long did she remain in the old tree, so full of the music of its leaves, as the breeze kissed them good-morning, all unconscious that a pair of mischievous eyes were curiously watching her from a perch above her own. It was almost noontide before she wearied of her vigil; then, a little provoked at her failure, she swung gracefully down, and standing beneath her former throne, she again looked earnestly over the valley, murmuring aloud, "I thought he surely would come today." "He did!" said a voice near her. She turned with a startled look at the words, and stood face to face with him, whom in her own mind she had determined to see without being Neither spoke, for a moment, though a provoking smile kept dancing in his eyes. At last it exasperated her, and she became lefty and disdainful. "I suppose you are one of the workmen on the new road below here; they seldom invade the sanctity of this place; it has no language for them," she said, speaking the last sentence in a tone that made the pronoun the second,

"So my lady of the valley thinks appreciation of beauty cannot dwell in the mind of the common laborer."

"I said it did not."

"Well, it amounts to the same thing. But you are mistaken. Sit down on this rock, while I prove it by a story."

The cool effrontery of the man almost stunned her, but not quite.

She answered, curtly.

"I don't choose to sit down."

"You don't? Well, I do, with your permission," and, without waiting for a reply, he sat down on a rock at her feet. She was too much surprised to speak, and stood watching him as we do some strange phenomenon in nature, vaguely wondering what would come next. "I knew an Irishman once, a rough, ignorant man, who did not know his alphabet, for whom nature was always singing a poem, either grand or sweet. Many a time I've seen him stand, with tear-filled eyes, watching the shadows come and go on the waters. Had he no appreciation of the beautiful? What say you? What do you think now?"

"I think you are the veritable king of impudence. Good-morning, sir," and bowing, she was gone.

But he cried after her,

"Stop, maiden of Yosemite: I've a message for thee."

He could not repress a ripple of fun in his accents, and her haughtiness did not abate, though she stopped to listen. It takes a very good philosopher to enjoy being laughed at.

He said,

"I've read, in a certain good book, that those who give the stranger meat and drink, and kindly words, inherit blessings."

"And I've read, in that same book, that he who adds one jot or title to its words shall inherit curses." Before the merry laugh her answer called forth had died out, she was gone. She went on toward her home, thoroughly vexed with him, yet much pleased, almost liking him. You know she belonged to the same strange, contradictory humanity, that you and I do; and, besides, she had been too long in the far West to be as much shocked at lack of formality, as she would have been a little year ago. If he was "pert, and chipper, and sassy," as they would have said in her old home, so were the very birds; still, it would never do, she thought, to let him suspect that his impudence had impressed her pleasantly, no matter how much in keeping with the great prairies and hills it might be. Therefore, she left him. I would not be bold enough \ part."

to say she thought of meeting him again. She was a woman, and they do not think of these things. It is all beautiful graceful accident with them. Her ride home was a very slow, though not a long one, and the shadows of evening were falling peacefully over her home—her beautiful cabin home, when she neared it. She loved the wild roses of the West, and had trained them all around her cabin, and they rewarded her by binding the rugged legs in their close embrace, as nature always does reward us when we love and pet her.

Rebecca M'Donald was not a beautiful girl; but she was at peace, just then, with all the world, and there's something about a look of peace, which fascinates us like the waters of a calm, still lake. She was very contented, very full of herself, as she entered the door, murmuring a little song. She did not see the man beside the window, until he spoke, saying, with a smile, "The stranger has come for his salt."

She forgot to be haughty, in her surprise, and exclaimed,

"How is it that I left you below in the valley and find you here? You are not a spirit?"

"No, only a son of humanity, a happy one, too, in finding so fair and sweet a flower, where he did not think they grew. Let us be friends, Rebecca McDonald. I will give you letters, proving, at least, my social equality with yourself. I saw your name on this box of pansies, and ask no more; for Jimmie Monare, whose life fluttered out one week age to-day, told me. in his boyish, enthusiastic way, of his cousin Rebecca, who lived somewhere on the prairie. I've been here sometime. I found a nearer path, as I returned, after following you home, last night. I did follow you home, for at first I could scarcely believe you veritable flesh and blood; your face and your song burst upon me so suddenly. You will pardon me? You will be my friend?"

His honest eyes looked straight into hers, as he extended his hand.

"Yes, I'll be your friend," and she gave him her hand.

There's no use in writing a longer story. You all know how they wandered through all the autumn; Rebecca McDonald and Richard Ray, those two, so satisted with solitude; how she wore the wild flowers in her hair; how he guided the little bont over the water; and finally how they stood together beside the waterfall in Yosemite, while the man of God pronounced the awfully beautiful words that joined them together "for better, for worse, till death did them part."

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE. THE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 290,

CHAPTER VII.

RUTH JESSUP stood by her father's bed, white as a ghost, and cold as a stone. Her step, usually so light, had fallen heavily on the floor as she entered the room-so heavily that the sick man started in his bed, afraid of some unwelcome intrusion. The room was darkened, and he did not see how pale his child was, even when she stood close to him.

"Did you see him? Did you tell him to keep a close lip? Does he know that I would be hacked to pieces rather than harm him? Why don't you speak, Ruth!"

"I saw him, father; but that was all," answered the girl, in a low, husky voice, that sounded unnatural to him.

"That was all? Did you not give him my own words?"

"No, father! Another person was with him. I had no power to speak."

The old man groaned, and gave an impatient grip at the bed-clothes.

"I will get up. I will go myself!"

With the words on his lips, the old man halfrose, and fell back upon his pillow with a gasp of pain.

"Oh, father! do not try to move. It hurts you so!" said Ruth, bending over him.

"But he must be told. That young man threatens us. He must be told! So rash-so young. He might- Oh I''

"Father! father! You are killing yourself!"

"No, no, child! I must not do that. Never was a poor old man's life of so much consequence as mine is now."

Ruth bent over him, and he saw that she was silently crying.

"Oh, father! what would I do-what would I do?" she sobbed.

The old man's eyes filled with pity.

"Aye. What would you? But I am not dead yet. There, there! wipe your eyes. We shall live to go away from this dreary place, and take the trouble with us-the trouble and the

She drew her slender figure up-Jessup's face. right.

"Shame! No father! Sick or well, I will not let you say that. No shame has fallen upon us!"

"Ruth! Ruth! You say this?"

"Father, I swear it! I, who tremble at the sound of an oath, knowing how sacred a thing it I swear it by my mother, who is in heaven!"

The old man reached up his arms, and drew the girl down to his bosom, which was heaving with great wave-like sobs.

"My child! my child! my own-own-

He murmured these broken words over her. He patted her shoulder; he smoothed her hair with his great, trembling hand. His sobs shook the bed, and a rain of tears moistened his pillow

"You believe me, father?"

"Would I believe your mother, could she speak from her place by the great white throne? The mother you have sworn by!"

"The mother I have sworn by," repeated Ruth, lifting her eyes to Heaven.

"Thank God! Thank God! Ah, Ruth! my child! my child!"

The locked agony, which was not all physical pain, went out of the old man's face then. His eyes softened, his lips relaxed; a deep, long breath heaved his chest. After this, he lay upon his pillow, weak as a child, and smiling like one

Thus Ruth watched by him for an hour; but her face was contracted with anxiety, that came back upon her after the calm of her father's rest. She had told him the truth, yet how much was kept back. There was no shame to confess; but oh! how much of sorrow to endure. Danger, too, of which Hurst should be warned. But how, with that fair woman by his side-how could any one approach him with counsel or help.

Jessup stirred on his pillow. An hour of refreshing sleep had given him wonderful strength. That surgeon, when he took the bullet from his chest, had not given him half the relief he had found in the words which Ruth had uttered. But out of those words came subjects for reflection, when his brain awoke from its slumbers. If A flash of fire shot through the pallor of Ruth Ruth spoke truly, what object could have led to

his own wounds. Why had young Hurst assaulted him, if there was nothing to conceal—no vengeance to anticipate? Then arose a vague consciousness that all was not clear in his own mind regarding the events of that night. The darkness of midnight lay under those old cedars of Lebanon. He had seen the figure of a man under their branches that night, but not the face. A little after though, when the bullet had struck him, and he was struggling up from the ground, he did see a face on the verge of the moonlight, looking that way. That face was Walton Hurst. Then all was black. He must have fainted.

But how had the young man been wounded? There had been a struggle; Jessun remembered that. Perhaps he had wrested the gun from his assailant, and struck back in the first agony of his wound; but of that he had no certainty—a sharp turn, and one leap upon the dark figure, was all he could remember.

What motive was there for all this? Better than his own life had he loved the family of Sir Noel Hurst—the young heir most of all. What cause of enmity had arisen up against him, where he had been most faithful, and always a favored retainer. Ah, if he could but see the young man.

But that was impossible. Both were stricken down, and Ruth had failed to carry the message of conciliation and caution that had been entrusted to her. Even when writhing under a sense of double wrong, his love for the young man had come uppermost; and in the desperate apprehension inspired by young Storms, he had urged Ruth to go and warn the heir.

In health he might not have done this; for, though anything but a vindictive man, Jessup was proud in his manly way, and would have shrunk from that means of reassuring the man who had hurt him; but there was still occasional riots of fever in his brain, and in the terror brought on him by Storms, he had forgotten all the rest. Indeed he had been incapable of cool reasoning from the first; but his affectionate nature had acted for itself.

Now, when the pressure of doubt regarding his own child was removed from his brain, a quick reaction of the reasoning powers came on, which threatened to excite his nerves into continued restlessness. He was constantly pondering over the subject of that attack, and the morning found him dangerously wakeful.

" My child."

Ruth, who had been resting in an easy chair, was by his side in an instant.

"I am here, father, but you have not slept. How bright your eyes are!"

- "Ruth, have I been out of my head again, or did you say something in the night that lifted the stone from my heart? Is it all or half a dream?"
 - "I told you only the truth, father."
- "Ah, but that truth was everything. It may change everything."
- "Do not talk so eagerly, father, the doctor will scold me when he comes."
- "Let him scold. You have done me more good, child, than he ever can; but you look worn out, your eyes have dark stains under them."
- "I shall be better now," answered the poor girl, turning her face away.
- "Ah, yes, everything will turn out right as soon as I can see him. Anyway, my lips shall never tell a word of it. All the courts in the world could not draw that out of me. He thought I was doubting him—that I meant to harm him, may be. Youth is so quick to act—so quick!"
- "Oh, father, did he—did he do it?" cried Ruth, with a quick, passionate outburst.
- "Have I not said that nothing should make me answer that, lass? No one shall hurt the young master with my he'p."

Ruth questioned her father no more. His words had confirmed her worst fears. It seemed to her as if all the world had arrayed itself against her feeble strength. But one ray of light broke through her troubles. Her father was better. He evidently believed in her. The bitter pain had all gone out from his heart. He smiled upon her when she left the room, and tasted of the breakfast she prepared for him with something like a return of appetite.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nonston's Rest had its village lying within a mile of the park gate, mostly inhabited by the better sort of small tradespeople, with laborers' cottages scattered here and there on the outskirts, with more or less picturesqueness. There was also one or two minor factories in the neighborhood, and among their operatives the public house found its principal support.

One evening, just after the heir of Norston Rest and its gardener were taken up wounded and insensible in the park, a party of these operatives were assembled in the public room, talking over the exciting news. Among them was young Storms, who, as the son of a tenant on the estate, was referred to and called upon for information more frequently than seemed pleasant to him.

"How should I know," he said, "the whole thing happened in the night, and whoever did is was not likely to call on me as a witness. Besides, who says that there was any witness but the young heir and the old man himself, or that it wasn't a chance slip of the trigger?"

A hoarse laugh followed this speech, and the pewter drinking-cups were set down with a dash of derision as one after another took it up.

- "A chance slip of the trigger! Ha, ha, ha! Who ever heard tell of a gun going off of itself and killing two men; one at the muzzle and t'other with the stock," exclaimed one. "Most of us here have handled a gun long enough to know better than that. Come, come, mon, tell us summat about it, for, if any mon knows, it's yoursel'."
- "I," said Dick, lifting both hands in much astonishment, while his face gave sinister confirmation of the charge. "How should I know? What should bring me into that part of the park? Poachers don't creep so near the houses as that."
- "But you were out, some one said, that night, and you never gave the lie to it."
- "Well, and if I was, what should bring me to the cedars, lying straight in the way between the Rest and Jessup's cottage? No poacher was likely to be there."

This was said with a covert smile, well calculated to excite suspicion of some secret knowledge which the young man was keeping back.

"I know."

Dick Storms half leaped from his chair, but sat down again instantly; casting a swift glance at the bar-maid, who was apparently occupied in changing some of the empty pewter cups with others that were full.

Had she really spoken to him? How dull and unconscious her face seemed under the shadow of those long curls that drooped down each side of it.

Dick pushed his empty cup toward her, looking keenly in her face, as he said,

"You forget me."

There was a subtle thrill of persuasion in his voice, some meaning far deeper than his words that turned the girl's averted look to his win.

"No," she answered, almost in a whisper, "it is not me that forgets."

Dick breathed again; a tone of reproach had broken through the hard composure of her first speech. In reaching forth his cup he managed to touch the girl's hand. She drew it back with a jerk, and flashed a startling glance at him.

"What can it mean? What does the girl know? Something, or her face lies more boldly than her tongue ever did," he thought, with growing uneasiness, as the bar-maid disappeared

in the tap-room. Meantime the conversation had been going on among the other occupants of the room.

- "The doctor says that it may go hard with Jessup. One was saying, 'the ball went clear through him.' As for the young master——"
- "Ah, he will be all right in a day or two.

 There was no great hurt; nothing but a blow on
 the head, which laid him out stark awhile, and
 left him crazy as a loon; but that is nothing like
 a hole through the body."
- "If Jessup should die, now," said another.
- "Why, then, there would be a sharp look-out for the murderer. Now Sir Noel will have nothing done."
- "There may be a reason for that," said Storms, coming forward, and speaking in a sinister whisper. "It is an evil bird—you know the rest."

The man, thus addressed, lifted the newlyfilled pewter cup to his mouth and drank deeply, giving Dick a long, significant look over the rim.

- "Least said soonest mended," he answered, in a low voice, wiping the foam from his lips. "At any rate, where the family up there is concerned, Sir Noel is not likely to make a stir in the matter; and as for Jessup——"
- "Jessup is a stubborn fool," said Storms, viciously.
- "Not if Sir Noel makes it worth his while. I would rather have a hundred gold sovereigns in my pocket any day than see a dashing, handsome youngster like that hung: though it would be a rare sight in Old England."
- "Yes, a rare sight. I would go half across England to look on. A rare sight!" said Storms, rubbing his thin hands with horrid glee. "Only, as you say, old Jessup loves gold better than vengeance. If he had died now——"
- "Why, then, there would be no evidence, yen see."
- "Don't you be so sure of that," said Storms; but he may die yet. Men don't get up so readily with bullet-ho'es through them. He may, and then—"

Here the young man took his refilled cup from the bar-maid, and began to sip its contents, drop by drop, as if it had a taste of vengeance he was prolonging to the utmost.

The girl watched him, and a smile crept over her mouth.

- "Here, drink with me. lass," he said, holding the cup toward her. "Drink with me, and fill again; there is enough for us both."
- "No," said the girl, pushing the cup away; "not here or now."

Storms saw that the men around his portion



of the table were occupied, and spoke to her in or spoke, it was gone.
a swift, low voice,
came out, and overwhel

"When and where?"

The girl gave her head a toss, and moved down the table, casting a look of triumph over her shoulder, which made the young man cringe in his sent. Directly she came back, and leaning so close to him that her curls touched his face, casting dark shadows there, whispered sharply,

"To-night, after the house is closed, I want to see you, face to face, just once more."

"That will do, I will be there," whispered Storms, and a nice time I shall have of it, he thought, with some apprehension.

"A fine lass, that," said one of the factory operatives, as the bar-maid moved across the room, with the force and rude grace of a leopardess. "A kin to the mistress here, isn't she—a cousin?"

The man spoke loud enough for others to hear, and followed the girl with bold, admiring eyes.

Storms answered him with sneering sarcasm. He felt this to be imprudent, but could not suppress the venom of his nature, even when his heart was quaking with terror.

"She is akin to no one here, unless---"

He was about to sny, after a coarse fashion, "unless the girl has one among us;" but checked himself, and ended his speech more cautiously—"unless she has kinsfolk that none of us ever heard of."

"But where did she come from?" questioned the man, who was greatly interested in the singular girl. "Such black hair and eyes should be of some strange land. There is nothing English about her but her speech. Look how dark her face is; the color burns through it like wine."

"Now that she looks fierce," said another. "Some one has fired up her temper. Happen will find himself the worse for it. The fellows are shy of angering her, take my word on that. She has a quick hand, and a sharp tongue; but her bright, comely face brings customers to the house. A tidy girl is Martha Hart. Only keep the right side of her, that's all."

Just then the bar-maid came back into the room. There was something in her appearance that might have reminded one of Ruth Jessup, could the soul of a wild animal have harbored in the form of that beautiful girl. The same raven hair, and large brown eyes; the same rich complexion, joined to features coarser, sensuous, and capable of expressing many vile passions that Ruth could not have imagined. As she stood, with a sort of easy grace, the purely physical resemblance was remarkable; but when she moved no thrift? But then we man like him?"

"Hoity-toity! Lies ter," cried one of the of "Suspicion what?

Dick Storms two snaps fully mistaken. There some please of easy grace, the purely physical resemblance was remarkable; but when she moved

or spoke, it was gone. Then the coarse nature came out, and overwhelmed the imagination.

"Where did she come from?" asked Martha's new admirer.

"Better ask her yourself," answered Storms, absolutely jealous that any one should admire the beauty he had begun to loathe.

"I will," said the man, and, leaving the table, he approached Martha with a jaunty exhibition of gallantry, which she received with a lofty stare, and walked back into the bar.

Storms broke into a laugh, and followed the girl into her retreat, where he held a few words with her, and left the house. When he was quite gone, the company fell into more general conversation.

"No wonder," said one, "the young man is put about so. Old Jessup was as good as his father-in-law, and, of course, he feels it. Then there is a story going that the young heir was o'er sweet on pretty Ruth, the daughter, and that, no doubt, has made more bitterness. For my part, I think the young man bears it uncommonly well."

"Uncommonly well," answered another. "This poaching in our cottages, whenever a young face happens to grow comely there, is a shame that no man should put up with. I shouldn't wonder if Jessup had made a stand against it, and got a bullet through him for interfering. Our young lords make nothing of putting an old man aside, when he dares to stand between a pretty daughter and harm. But see how the law waits for them. Had it been Storms, now, he would have been in jail, waiting for the Assizes. Yet who could have blamed him. The girl was his sweetheart, and a winsome lass she is. When Storms is wedded to

"Wedded to her! Who are you talking about?" questioned Martha, coming fiercely up to the table. "Not Dick Storms and old Jessup's girl. They are nothing to each other, I tell you, and never will be—never! Take my word for it, Dick Storms is not for a bit of painted flesh like her. Why she wouldn't know how to draw a pot of beer for his work-people? Think you the lad has no thrift? But then what should you know of a man like him?"

"Hoity-toity! Lies the wind in that quarter," cried one of the oldest customers, laughing. "Well, I had begun to suspicion it."

"Suspicion what? If it is that I cared for Dick Storms two snaps of my finger, you are awfully mistaken. There is your beer, mon; let.it stop your mouth till more sense comes into it. Just let Dick Storms and me alone, if you know what is good for you." This outburst was received with shouts of laughter, and a loud rattling of pewter. This was an ovation Martha expected, and enjoyed to the full. Half her value to the public house lay in her quick wit and saucy expression. Even the fierce passions into which she was sometimes thrown, amused the rude men who frequented that room, and enticed them there quite as much as the beer they drank.

- "Happen," said one of the men, enjoying the scene, "Happen, young Storms may change his mind now. In his case, I should."
- "Thank you, if that is meant for me," answered Martha. "I am not one to take the leavings of a baby like Ruth Jessup. Dick Storms knows as much."
- "It may be that which makes him so anxious to wed the girl off hand."

Martha turned deadly white, and specks of foam flew to her lips. Tossing back the curls from her face, she turned upon the man.

- "Do you mean that?"
- "Of course, I mean it."
- "That Dick Storms and Ruth Jessup are to be wed. Speak out. Is that what you mean?"
- "Mean? Why, lass, there is not a man here who does not know it. Ask him if you can't believe us," was the half-timed answer.
- "I will!" answered the girl, between her white teeth. "That is the very question I mean to put to him before the sun rises."

These words were uttered in a hiss so low and broken that no one heard it. She was silent after that, and went about her work sullenly.

CHAPTER IX.

The park at Norston's Rest was divided by a swift stream, that flowed into it from the distant uplands into a paradise and picturesque wilderness. Jessup's cottage was within the cultivated portion; but its upper windows overlooked a small but deep lake, formed by a ravine, and the hollows of a rocky ledge, into which the mountain stream emptied itself, in a flashing cataract, and after filling this natural reservoir, glided off down the valley, turning some water-wheels in its progress, which gave the operatives I have spoken of employment.

Nothing could be more wild and picturesque, than this little lake, embosomed, as it was, with thrifty evergreens, fine old trees, and rocks, to which the ivy clung in luxuriant draperies. At its outlet, where the sun shone most of the day, wild hyacinths and mats of blue violets empurpled the banks before they appeared in any other place, and a host of summer flowers kept up the

blossom season sometimes long after leaf-fall. Near this spot, the brightest of all the wilderness, stood an old summer-house, built by some former lord of the Rest. Jessup had trained wild roses among the ivy that completely matted the old building together, and around its base had allowed the bush grasses to grow uncut, casting their seed, year by year, until the most thrifty reached to the ballustrades of a wooden balcony that partly overhung the lake in its deepest part.

Nothing could be more picturesque than this old building, when the moon shone down upon it, and kindled up the waters beneath it, with a brightness more luminous than silver. The shivering ivy, the flickering shadows of a great tree, that drooped long, protecting branches over it, formed a picture that any artist would have got up at midnight to look upon, though a more practical man might have pronounced its old timbers unsafe, and its position, half perched on a rock, with its balcony over the water, dangerous as they were picturesque.

Be this as it may, two persons stood within this building, after eleven o'clock, revealed by the same moon that had looked down on those two wounded men on the night this story began. It was curved like the blade of a sickle then. Now, its rounded fullness flooded the whole wilderness, breaking up its darkness into massive shadows, all the blacker from contrast with the struggling light.

The waterfall at the head of the lake was so far off that its noise gave no interruption to the voices of these two persons when they met, for one, the man, had arrived earlier than the other, and lay apparently asleep on one of the fixed seats, when Martha Hart came in, breathless with fast walking, and gave forth sharp expletives of rage when she supposed the summer-house empty.

"Not here. The wretch—the coward! I knew it—I knew it! He never meant to come. This isn't the first time. Does he think I will trapse all this way, and wait for him? If I do, may J—— Ha!"

The girl stopped at the door, through which she was angrily repassing, with the invective cut short on her lips.

- "Hallo! Is it you, Mat, my girl? I began to think you wasn't coming, and lay down for a snoose. But, upon my soul, I was dreaming about you all the time. Come hither, lass."
- "Here you are!" said the girl, coming slowly back. "How was one to know—lying there like a log. That isn't the way one expects to be met after a walk like this!"
 - "Why, what's the matter? The walk is just



nothing. No trouble in getting out though?" questioned Dick, anxiously.

- "I've had trouble in everything; nothing but trouble, since I first knew you, Dick Storms, and I've just come to tell you, that, according to my idea, you are a treasonable, traitorous scoundrel."
 - "Martha Hart!"
- "Cut that off short, Dick. I come here to have my say, and nothing more. From this night out you and I are two. Remember that. I'm not to be taken in a second time."

Dick Storms arose from the bench, and shook himself, as if he had really been asleep.

- "What on earth are you grumbling about, Martha Hart? What has a fellow been doing, that you come down upon him with a crash like this, after keeping him on the wait in this damp hole till his limbs are stiff as ramrods!"
- "They'll be stiffer before I'm fool enough to come here again, you may be sure of that."
- "Hoity-toity! What's the row? Who has forgotten to fee the bar-maid, I wonder? Or is it that the mistress suspects her of stealing out at night—mayhap oftener than I know of."

The young man said this in a half-jeering tone, that drove the girl wild.

"You say that! You dare to say that, Dick Storms!" drawing her wrathful face close to his, till both their evil countenances were defined by the moonlight. "I tell you now that such words are as much as your life is worth."

Dick Storms laughed, sunk both hands into the pockets of his velveteen jacket, and laughed again, leaning against the wall of the old summer-house.

- "There, there, Martha! Enough of that! I don't want to be tempted into doing you a harm; far from it. But neither man nor woman must threaten Dick Storms. No one but a lass he is sweet upon would dare do it."
 - "Dare! I like that!"
- "But I don't like it, Matt. Once for all, tell me what this is all about."
- "I don't like the way you are going on, Dick Storms."
- "You have said that before, more times than I can count."
 - "I don't like the way folks talk about you."
- "As if I could help that. But what do they
- "You know, as well as I do, that it is everywhere about that you are to wed with old Jessup's lass, yonder."
- "But you know that there isn't a word of truth in it."
- "Not true! Not true! Oh, Dick Storms, I have seen with my own eyes."

Martha lifted her finger threateningly, and shook it close to the young man's face.

"Well, what have you seen?" questioned Dick, a little hoarsely; and even in the moonlight the girl could see that a slow palor stole over his face. She laughed aloud, and, leaning forward, whispered something in his ear.

He started back a pace, then turned upon her. The sharp cunning of his nature rose uppermost; he spoke to her low and earnestly.

- "Then you must know that I don't want the lass, and wouldn't take her at any price. That fact comes out of the other, which I deny, root and stock remember."
- "Mayhap you deny going to the gardener's cottage that evening?"
- "No, I don't. Why should I? If you were set on watching me, so much the better. I wish you had listened to every word I said to her; hating her as you do, it would have done you good, and set all this nonsense at rest."
 - "But you went?"
 - "Yes, I went."
 - "And-and-"
- "And told her, then and there, that nothing should force me to wed her. She had set the old man and the young master to nagging me about it. Neither they nor she gave me an hour's peace."
 - "Oh, Dick! Dick! Is this true?"
- "But for my promise to you, lass, I might have given in-"
- "Promise! I don't care that for promises," cried the girl, tearing a leaf of ivy from a spray that had crept through the broken window, and dashing it to the floor, "I want you to love me better than all the world beside. No halving, Dick. I want that, and nothing else."
- "And haven't you got it. When did you see me walking out with her, or meeting her here like this?"
 - "Mayhap she wouldn't come?"
 - "Wouldn't she?"

Dick gave out a chuckling laugh, and repeated the audacious insinuation, "Wouldn't she?"

Martha threw off her defiant attitude, and the sharp edge left her speech, which became almost appealing.

- "Did you now, Dick? Was it for my sake?"
- "I won't answer you, lass; you don't deserve it, suspicioning a fellow like that."
 - "Oh, Dick, I am so sorry."
- "Yes, after pushing me on to—to anything rather than be nagged, at home and up yonder, about wedding with the girl, you come here with your scolding and threats. I tell you, Martha

Hart, its enough to drive a man into marrying { out of hand."

- "No, no, Dick! You wouldn't do that."
- "I don't know."
- "You don't know?"
- "If you ever try this on again, I may. One doesn't stand threats, even from the sweetheart he loves better than everything else-that is, if he is a man worth having.'
 - "But I didn't threaten you, Dick? I only-"
- "Said what you must never say again, if you don't want to see me wedded down in yon church, with a farm of my own, and a fortune of two hundred pounds waiting, which they are willing to pay down, and ask no questions. A pretty lass pining for me too."
- "Pretty! Oh, Dick, now this is too bad! Pretty, when I am the very pattern of her, every one says, with an air of my own that makes me a queen to her. You have told me so a hundred times, to say nothing of the others."
- "And I have told you the truth, else they would have had me fast before this. Both the young master and the old man were threatening me with the law that night. You might have heard them."
 - "No. I was not near enough."
- "Well, they did though, and but for you, I might have given in."
 - "But you never-never will!"
 - "So long as you keep quiet, I'll stand out."
- "Oh, Dick, no mouse was ever so quiet as I will be. Now say, was it all for my sake?"
 - "What else could it be?"
- "I don't know. Only it is so strange, and all for me too. Dick, Dick! I will die before-You understand—I will die first."
- "That is my own brave lass. Now you are like yourself, Matt, and we can part friendsbetter friends than ever."
 - "Part; but it is not so late."
- "But the moon is light, and you will be seen by the village people. They must have no jibes to cast on my wife when you and I are wed."
- . The girl's eyes flashed in the moonlight, which came broadly through a glass door that led upon the old wooden balcony.

A smile crept over Dick's subtle lips. He was rather proud of his victory over this beautiful Amazon. The brilliant loveliness of her face in the softening light, was so like that of Ruth Jessup, that he astonished the handsome virage by taking her head between his hands, and kissing her with passionate suddenness.

His heart recoiled from this caress the next moment, as the prodigal son may have loathed

but Martha sat down upon the hard wooden seat and covering her face with both hands, broke into a passion of delicious tears.

This outbreak of tenderness annoyed the young man, who was hating himself for this apostacy from the only pure feeling that had ever ennobled his heart, and he said, almost roughly.

- "Come, come, lass, there is nothing to cry about; I am sorry, that's all "
- "Sorry," repeated the girl, lifting her happy, tearful face into the moonlight. "Ah, well, I will go home, now. Good-night, Dick, if you will not go with me a little way."
- "We must not be seen together," answered Dick, opening the door for her to pass out; "only remember, I have trusted you."

The girl went to the door, hesitated a moment, and stepped back.

- "Kiss me again, Dick. It shall be the seal of what I promised."
- "Don't be foolish, girl," said Dick, stooping his head that she might kiss him. "You women are all alike; give them an inch and they will take an ell. There, there; good-night."

Dick stood behind the half-open door, and watched the bar-maid as she took the little path which led to the very postern gate which Ruth had used on the morning of her wedding-day. A key to this gate had been entrusted to the young man in his character of amateur gamekeeper, and he had duplicated it for the girl who had just left him.

When Martha was quite beyond his vision, Dick retired back into the summer-house, and seemed to examine it with strange scrutiny. There was but one window, and that was a single sash that opened into the balcony, answering for a second door, and was quite sufficient to light the little apartment within. Through this window the moonlight fell like a square block of marble, barred with shadows. To Dick it took the form of a tombstone lying at his feet, and he stepped back with a sort of horror, as if some evil thought of his had hardened into stone which ho dared not tread upon, and going cautiously around it, and gliding along the wall, but with his eyes turned that way, he escaped from the building

CHAPTER X.

"SIR NORL, old Storms is here, wanting to see you about something important, he says."

Sir Noel Hurst was sitting in his library, looking and feeling more like his old self than he had done for days.

"I will see him presently," he said, almost the husks he eat, when he was famishing for corn; { smiling, "but not quite yet. Tell him to wait."

The servant retired, and Sir Noel began to } walk up and down the room, rubbing his white hands in a gentle, caressing way, as if some joyous feeling at his heart found expression in the movement. The physician had just left him, with an assurance that the son and heir for whose life he had trembted, was now out of danger. He had heard, too, that William Jessup was slowly improving, and the burden of a fearful anxiety was so nearly lifted from his heart that he saw the fair form of Lady Rose coming through the flower-garden, beneath his window, with a smile of absolute pleasure. A flight of stone steps led to the balcony beneath the window, and the young lady lingered near them, looking up occasionally, as if she longed to ascend, but hesitated.

"Sweet girl! Fair, noble girl," thought Sir Noel, as he looked down upon the lovely picture she made, standing there, timid as a child, with a glow of freshly-gathered flowers breaking through the muslin of her over-skirt, which she used as an apron. "God grant that everything may become right between them, now."

Sir Noel stepped to the window with these thoughts in his mind, and beckoned the young lady to come up. She caught a glance of his face, and her own brightened, as if a cloud had been swept from it. She came up the steps swiftly, and paused before the window which Sir Noel flung open.

- "I saw the doctor, but dared not ask him. You will tell me, Sir Noel; but I feel what the news is. You would not have called me had it been more than I—than we could bear."
- "I would not, indeed, dear child. God knows if I could endure all this trouble alone, it would not be so hard."
- "I have been down yonder every day. Sir Noel; so early in the morning, sometimes, that it seemed as if the poor flowers were weeping with me. Oh, how often I have looked up here after the doctors went away, hoping that you would have good news, and notice me."
- "I saw you, child, but had no heart to make you more sorrowful."
- "Did you think him so fearfully dangerous, then?" questioned the young lady, with terror in her blue eyes. "I tried to persuade myself that it was only my fears. Every morning I came out and gathered such quantities of flowers for his room, but he never once noticed them, or me——"
 - "You! Have you seen him, then?"

A flood of crimson swept that fair face, and the white lids drooped over the eyes that sunk beneath his.

- "No—no one else could arrange the flowers as he liked them. Once or twice—but only when his eyes were closed. I never once disturbed him."
 - "Dear child, how he ought to love you."

Sir Noel kissed the crimson forehead, which drooped down to the girl's uplifted hands, and he knew that the flush which had first been one of maiden shame, was deepened by coming tears.

- "There, there, my child, we must not grieve when the doctors give us hope for the first time. He is sleeping, they tell me, a calm, natural sleep. Go, and arrange these flowers after your own dainty fashion, He will notice them when he awakes. Already he has called the doctor by name."
 - "Oh, guardian, dear, dear guardian, is it so?"

The girl fell upon her knees by a great easychair that stood by, and the blossoms, no longer supported by her hand, fell in glowing masses around her as she gave way to such happy sobs as had never shaken her frame before. At last she looked up, smiling through her tears.

- "Is it really, really true?" she questioned, shaking the drops from her face.
 - "Go, and see for yourself, Rose."
 - "But he might awake, he might know."
- "That an angel is in his room? Well, it will do him no harm, nor you either."

Lady Rose looked down at the flowers that lay scattered around her, and gathered them into the muslin of her dress again. She was smiling, now, yet trembling from head to foot. Would he know her? Would the perfume of her flowers awaken some memory in his mind of the days when they had made play-houses in the thickets, and pelted each other with roses, in childish warfare? How cold and distant he had been to her of late. Would he awake to his old self? Would she ever be able to approach him again without that miserable shrinking sensation?

- "Sir Noel," she said, "I think my own father would never have been so kind to me as you are."
- "I am glad you think so, child, for that was what I promised him on his death-bed. That and more, which God grant I may be able to carry out."
- "I cannot remember him," said Lady Rose, shaking her head, as if weary with some mental effort.
- "No; he left us when you were a little child. But we must not talk of this now."
- "I know! I know! Just a moment since I was in such haste. Now I feel like putting it off. Isn't it strange?"

Sir Noel understood better than that fair crea-

ture herself the significance of all these tremors and hesitations. Now that his first fears were at rest, they both touched and amused him, and a smile rose to his lips as she glided from the room, leaving a cloud of sweet odors behind her.

Into this delicate perfume old farmer Storms came a few minutes after, looking stolid, grim, and clumsily awkward. The nails of his heavy shoes sunk into the carpet at every step, and his garments of soiled fustian contrasted coarsely with the rich cushions and sumptuous draperies of the room.

"Well, Sir Noel, I've come about the lease, if you've no objection. It is welly up now, and I want your word upon it; being o'er anxious about the old place, besides repairs, and the like."

"Why, Storms, has there been any disagreement between you and the bailiff? It has always been my orders that the old tenants should have preference."

"Well, as to that, Sir Noel, it isn't so much the lease itself that troubles one; but Dick and I want it at a lighter rent, and we would like a new house on the grounds agin the time when the lad will get wed, and want a roof of his own. That is what we've been thinking of, Sir Noel."

"A new house for Dick?" said Sir Noel, astonished. "Why, man, your cottage is the best on the place. It was built for a dower house."

"Aye, aye! I know that; but as our Dick says, no house is big enough or good enough for two families. The lad is looking up in the world a bit of late. He means to take more land, and do business for himself, or maybe apprentice himself to a lawyer."

ndeed," said Sir Noel. "What has he been

doing to warrant this extraordinary start in the world?"

"Summet that he means to keep to himself yet awhile, he says, but it is sure, if things turn out rightly. So I want a promise of the lease, and all the other things, while the iron is hot. He told me to say nothing about it, only to ask, in a civil way, if the young maister had come to his senses yet, or was likely to. He is awful fond of the young master, is my son Dick, and sends me o'er, or comes himself to the lodge every day to hear about him. He would be put about sorely if he knew that I had let on about the house just yet; but I can see no good in waiting. You will kindly bear it in mind that we shall want a deal more than the lease. Dick says he's sure to have it, one way or another; and a rare lad for getting his own will is our Dick."

There was something strange in the extravagance, almost insolence, of this request, that made the baronet thoughtful. He felt the stolid assumption of the old man, but did not resent it. Some undercurrent of apprehension kept him prudent. He only replied, quietly,

"Well, Storms, the lease is not out yet. There is plenty of time," and, with a wave of the hand, dismissed the old man.

In the hall Storms was astonished to find his son waiting, apparently careless, though his eyes gleamed with suppressed wrath. He followed the old man out, and once under the shelter of the park, turned upon him.

"You old idiot, what were you doing in there?"
"Nothing, Dick! Only asking after the young maister," was the cringing reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY MARTHA BENSON.

DEAR flowers of Spring, To me you bring Bright places far away; Green lanes I see,

Where bird and bee Make music all the day. II.

By wood and stream I muse and dream, And read as in a book The welcome sign Of love divine

In many a fairy nook.

III.

Oh, gentle flowers!
Oh, golden hours!
When Life was in its Spring.

And love's delight Came warm and bright Hope's celestial wing.

IV.

Each tiny grief
Was then as brief
As short-lived, flowers, as you;
As quickly sped
The tears we shed
As trembling drops of dew.

V.
As never more
From Nature's store
Spring's firstlings shall depart,
So still shall blow,
Where'er we go,
The Spring flowers of the heart.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS,

DY EMILY II. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a traveling costume for a young lady, to be made of gray alpaca, mo-



hair, or in linen for the summer months. under-skirt is very narrow, only measuring a trifle over three yards in width; across the front breadth it is simply trimmed with rows of alpaca braid, put on in groups of three rows; the rest of the skirt is ornamented with two ruffles, six inches deep, cut on the bias, gathered on and healed by three rows of the braid to correspond with the front. The Polonaise is cut doublebreasted, and buttons down the left side from the neck, as seen in the design. The front of it is ornamented with bands of the material, one inch wide, bound with braid, and both sides finished with the buttons. The left side buttons, holes. The coat-sleeves has a deep cuff, with this is stitched down by the sewing-machine.

three rows of trimming, and finished with buttons. The back of the Polonaise has one band, same as those on the front, finishing the edge, to which may be added a fringe, two inches deep. Sixteen yards of alpaca, or mohair, one piece. thirty-six yards long, of alpaca braid, and three dozen buttons, will be required. Of linen, twelve to fourteen yards will be sufficient.

Next we give a walking-suit of buff cambric. The under-skirt barely touches, and is further furnished with button and loops near the waist, to shorten it when required; cut very narrow, and trimmed with two plaited flounces, eight inches deep, including the heading; put on with



and the right side is made to simulate button-{ a rarrow band, one inch wide, cut on the bias;

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The over-skirt is rather short and scant, and trimmed with one flounce, six inches deep. There is a plain shirt-waist with coat-sleeves, with plaited ruffle at the wrist. The cape, which is round, comes just a little below the waist, and is trimmed to correspond. A leather belt, with bag, is worn with this costume. Sixteen to eighteen yards of cambric will be necessary. Be careful not to make the plaiting too full, as it will be impossible to iron nicely.

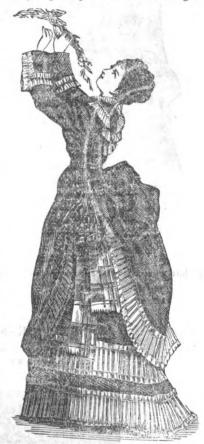
Next is a pretty and simple costume for a young ady for the country, made of light-blue, pink, or buff percale, and trimmed with a darker color, with a white polka dotted pattern, put on as a border and heading to the deep flounce on the skirt proper, and as a finish to the over-skirt. The jacket is exceedingly stylish, cut double-breasted, and finished with revers of the dotted percale around the neck, and turned back upon the skirt of the jacket in front. The jacket is slashed at the sides and at the back. The coat-sleeves are cut very tight, finishing at the hand by an open cuff, and above that there are three



buttons and button-heles. A light-blue percale, trim with navy-blue with the white dots. A pink, Vol. LXV.—25

with a dark-gray, dotted with white or black; buff, with black or chocolate color, with the white dots. Any of these percales can be bought for twenty-five cents per yard. The plain colors are somewhat higher in price. Choice shades cost forty cents per yard. Four yards for the trimming and twelve yards for the dress, will be required.

Another pretty percale costume is made of lilac or pale-green percale. The trimming is of



plaited ruffles of bishop lawn. Two are placed upon the skirt, and one upon the ever-skirt. There is a simple shirt waist, plain on the shoulders, and gathered into a belt at the waist. The waist has a pretty trimming at the back of the neck, forming a collarette, which is made by laying three plaits each way, at the centre of the back, shaping as seen in the design, and trimming with a narrow, plaited ruffle; a still narrower one finishes it at the throat, and also the cuff, and upon the coat-sleeves. A plaid sash, tying up the over-skirt on the left side, completes this charming dress. Twelve yards of cambrie, and six yards of bishop lawn will be required.



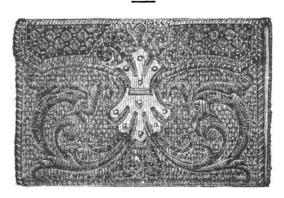
for a white pique dress for a little girl of eight or

We give also a very simple and effective design | ten years old. The under-skirt is perfectly plain. The upper-skirt is attached to the Polonaise front of the waist, which terminates in a tiny-pointed basque at the back. The front of this is cut about one quarter of a yard shorter than the under-skirt, while the back part of the over-skirt is at least an eighth of a yard longer, even after it is puffed, as may be seen. All the trimming for this dress is made by cutting the edge of the pique into deep scallops, and binding them with either black or white braid, as the taste may suggest. The trimming is put on to form a yoke, back and front, on the bodice. A deep cuff, pointed in the centre, and ornamented with one large pearl button, trims the sleeve. A narrow belt of the material is attached at the sides of the basque, fastened with a button to match, and helts in the Polonaise at the waist in front. Six yards of pique, fine corded is the prettiest, and cost from sixty to seventy-five cents per yard.

The newest spring costumes have nainsook waistcoats and aprons covered with open English embroidery, and are ornamented with black velvet bows, and with flounces of batiste. The butcher-blue batistes are trimmed in the same style, with bands of white nainsook, embroidered in open work; the tabliers match the bands, being worked all over; the sashes that drape the poufs are blue velvet, embroidered with white silk. Embroidery will be fashionable; even the white woolen dresses, for the sea-side, are made with white silk.

POSTAGE-STAMP CASE.

MDS. JANE WEAVER.



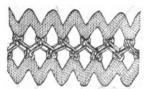
and embroidered in satin stitch with green purse edged with green silk cord, sewn on with gold silk and gold thread. The lining is of brown lute- thread, and fastened with a steel clasp.

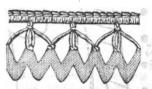
The case and flap are cut out of foru Java canvas, | string, with inner pockets of canvas. The case is



IN WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



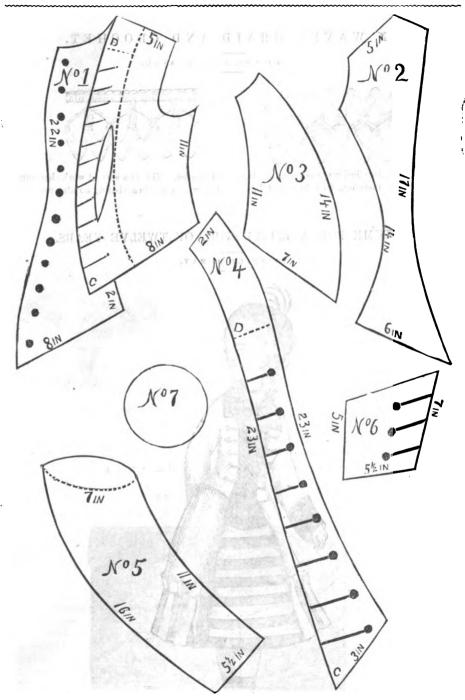


We give, here, two designs, one for an edging, and crochet. This is a sort of work that can be the other for an insertion, both in waved braid taken with you when visiting an afternoon.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.





No. 1. HALF OF FRONT, INCLUDING VEST.

- No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
- No. 3. HALF OF SIDE BODY, BACK.
- No. 4. HALF OF REVERS FOR FRONT.
- No. 5. HALF OF SLEEVE.

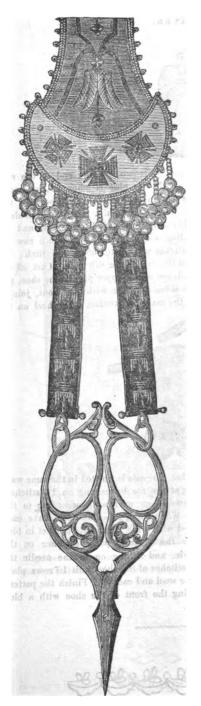
No. 6. HALF OF CUPP.

No. 7. Size of Button for Trimming.

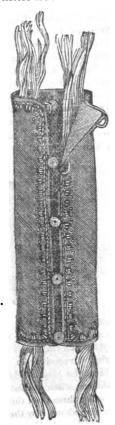
The dotted line in No. 1, shows where the revers are to be placed. The collar begins at D, continuing to the back.

CHATELAINE FOR SCISSORS. THREAD-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The crescent-shaped ornament is made of cardboard, covered with pale-yellow silk, embroidered with brown purse silk and gold beads. Round the outside it is edged with yellow soutache and a fringe of gold and crystal beads. Above the crescent is an embroidered strip of brown gros-grain silk, with double lining of gauze and lutestring, to which is fastened a metal hook. Below the crescent are two strips of emboridered velvet, with little bars and rings of bronze to which the seissors are attached.



These useful cases are made to hold silk, wool, or thread. A piece of silk or cashmere may be used for the outside. Holland is generally employed for the lining, into which runners are made by rows of stitching, to pass the thread through. The case may be made of any convenient size. The edge is bound and ornamented by a line of braid fastened down by fancy buttonhole stitches.

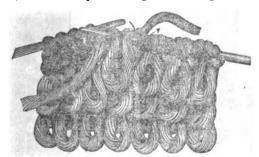
KNITTED SLIPPER, FOR NEGLIGEE TOILET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These pretty slippers are sometimes worn over thin shoes to keep the feet warm. They are worked in blue and white fleecy wool in a loop stitch, and the loops inside are intended to imitate a fur lining. Cut out a stiff paper pattern for the size required, and begin at the end of the toe (front part.) Cast on 16 stitches of blue wool. Along these knit backward and forward rows, increasing at the end of each row to fit the pattern. First and 2nd rows: Blue wool, knitted. 3rd

Cut off the white wool at the end of the row. 4th row: All the blue stitches on the needle which were knitted off in the preceding row are now knitted off plain, and those made of the double white wool are slipped. 5th and 6th rows: Blue wool, knitted. In the 5th row the double stitches are knitted off as one stitch Repeat from the 3rd to the 6th row. Cast off the centre stitches of the upper part of the shoe, and work the sides in union with the front, joining row: Blue wool, knit 2; fasten on a piece of together the marginal stitches at the heel on the



twelve-thread white wool, * pass it under the { right-hand needle and wind it round the same; make a loop nearly an inch long, pass the thread over the needle, wind it round again and bring the wool back, holding the loop steady with the left thumb; pass the last stitch knitted with blue wool over the two white threads on the needlethe arrow in illustration shows how the left-hand needle is to be inserted into the blue stitch—then { knit two stitches with blue wool, draw the white wool across these stitches and repeat from *. satin bow.

wrong side. The sole is knitted in the same way, beginning at the toe by casting on 14 stitches, and increasing or narrowing according to the pattern. When front, sides, and sole have each been edged with a row of double crochet in blue wool, sew the separate parts together on the wrong side, and taking on to the needle the marginal stitches of the shoe, knit 10 rows plain with white wool and cast off. Finish the pattern by trimming the front of the shoe with a blue

EDGING.

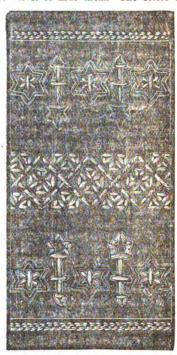


CHAIR BOLSTER.



The foundation is velvet of two colors, joined of the velvet to hide them. The colors of the





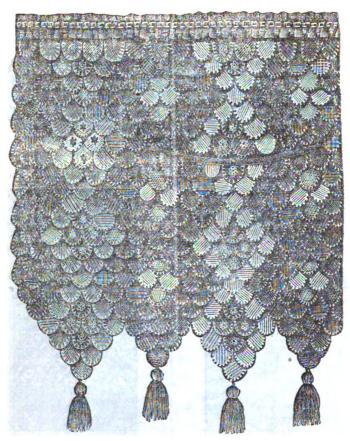
together in stripes. The embroidery is shown silk and braid must be chosen to contrast with in the full size. Rock braid is put over the joins the velvet.

EDGING.



DRAPERY FOR FRONT OF OTTOMAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Cloth of various colors; Berlin wool. This drape is made of different pieces of cloth, cut in tengue shape, button-holed round with Beriin wool, and sewn on to a strong piece of canvas the size required. The top is finished with a plaiting of cloth, with a narrow piece of trimming run along the middle. The points at the bottom are finished with a woolen tassel to match the stripe. The colors for the stripes can be chosen according to taste. A pocket is made in the occupants of the seat.

the canvas back, and buttoned on the outside. The opening of the pocket is bound; some of the tongue-shaped pieces in our design are embroidered with a little star-pattern in wool. A pretty design is formed by arrangement of the different colored pieces (see design.) These drapes are much used abroad for ottomans, which are placed in French windows-or Paris doors, as they are sometimes called-to keep the draught away from

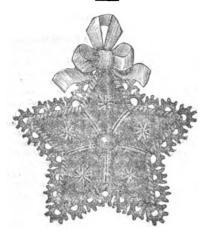
NAME FOR MARKING.

Adelaide

872

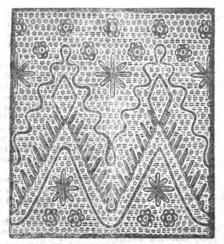
EMERY CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cushion is covered with blue tantents, earliberti, and a bow of blue ribbon. Round the broidered in point russe with two shades of blue outside are a cord and an edging of scallops worksilk. It is also ornamented with one large steel ed in button-hole stitch.

TULLE EMBROIDERY.



silks. The work is very simple and effective. (alternately stars of red, yellow, green, white, etc.

This design is intended for a flounce to a black { The scallop is worked in blue silk, with a line of red or white net dress. It is to be darned in colored above and below; inside each scallop you introduce 878

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.—We saw a very pretty hearth-rug, lately, which had been made in this way. Three strips were taken, that had been intended for fender-stools, all different, and the broadest and prettiest was placed in the centre. Between each piece of work was a strip of dark velvet, the same width as the centre one, and also all round the rug, forming a border. It was finished off by a fringe of the same color as the velvet, and the whole was lined with dark glazed calied; the strips of work, being different in pattern and grounding, did not look at all unpleasing. The lady in whose house we saw this rug had made it up herself, and told us it was quite easy work, that a large needle and very strong thread were all that was wanted.

We have seen small window-seats made in the following way. Have a board cut to the width of the strip of work you wish to cover it with, and to the size of the window recess; then stuff it to make it soft, and nail the work on with a gimp edging and gilt-headed nails. When this is done, fasten the board across the window at the height wished from the ground, (it ought to be rather low down,) and it will be a most comfortable little edge to sit upon. A good plan for utilizing a length of wool or bead-work is to sew it firmly on to cloth or velvet, and fix it on a semi-circular piece of stout board, which should be nailed to the wall by means of supports; thus forming a small half-table or large bracket, very useful for arranging light ornaments on. It is scarcely necessary to say that the work should be lined, before sewing it to the cloth, to make it hang better. Any remnant of twill or rather firm material would answer.

Nothing brightens up a room better than smart little antimacassars, with colored ribbons; and these can be easily and economically made with squares of muslin and broad satin ribbon. There should be four squares, about six inches square, hemmed all round, and on each a pattern-flowers, or stars, or some such design-should be embroidered in colored worsted (any scraps can be used up in this way) in the centre. The ribbon, which should be from four to five inches wide, should be cut, crossed, and sewn together in the centre forming a cross. The squares should then be fitted in at the four corners, and sewn to the ribbon. An edge of common lace, or a frill of muslin, should be tacked on all round, and finished off with little bows of narrow ribbon of the same color as the broad ribbon that forms the cross. One yard of broad ribbon is required, and about the same of the narrow. These muslin squares can be made with figured net or spotted muslin, and sometimes a small one may be inserted in the middle, laid on the ribbon, or by cutting the ribbon into four pieces of the length of the large squares, and the width of the small, you have the centre square transparent like the larger ones. We do not think the muslin would wash, but these squares are so easily and quickly made and fitted to the same ribbon, that they are scarcely worth the trouble of ironing and washing.

We have seen these antimacassars made in lace squares (that kind of lace that is all braid in a zigzag fashion, with only bars and no stitches,) with bright ribbons, such as cherry color, blue, green, pink, etc., to match the prevailing color of the furniture, and the effect was excessively pretty. These lace squares, with alternate squares of satin of the same dimensions, make very pretty table-cover borders, with a narrow edge of coarse lace as a border. Couvrepleds and little children's bedquilts can be arranged in the same way. Squares of guipare l'art also look well. The antima-

cassars should be about sixteen inches square when made up, and it takes two yards and a half of the narrow lace to edge them round, allowing for a little fullness at the corners.

A PRETTY MANTLE-PIECE ORNAMENT may be obtained by suspending an acorn, by a piece of thread tied around it. within half ar, inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler, or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful, glossy, green leaves, will shoot upward and present a very pleasing appearance. Chestnut trees may be grown in the same manner, but their leaves are not so beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, add one drop of ammonia to the utensil which holds the water. and they will renew their luxuriance. Another pretty ornament is made by wetting a sponge and sprinkling it with canary, hemp, grass, and other seeds. The sponge should be refreshed with water daily, so as to be kept moist. In a few days the seeds will germinate, and the sponge will soon be covered with a mass of green foliage.

PLANT ODORS.—" An old subscriber" wishes to know what flowers are the most odorous. Our correspondent will find. as a general thing, those flowers which are most brilliant or decided in color are, in like degree, less fragrant; the degree of fragrancy decreasing from white to yellow, then red, followed by blue, violet, green, orange, etc. It is also noted that among flowers of the same color, certain types of scent are prevalent. In the white, the odor of honey is often found, though greatly varying in strength, or partially neutralized by some scent. The odor of prussic acid. so decided in the flowering almond and hawthorn, is also often met with in white flowers. Among yellow blossoms the scent of the orange prevails in a greater or less degree, while in those of a purple or violet hue, the odor of vanilla is common, the heliotrope and lilac being readily racognized as members of this group.

"IMPROVES EVERT YEAR."—The Marion (Va.) Herald says:—"The March number of Peterson opens with a beautiful steel engraving—"Blowing Bubbles'—and the good impression obtained by looking at this picture is not dispelled by further perusal of the magazine. The story by Frank Lee Benedict, the Trailing Arbutus, which is concluded in this number, is one of the best magazine stories we have read for a long time. 'Peterson' improves every year, and is worth double the subscription price in any family merely for the work department."

DRYING FLOWERS.—After gathering the flowers or leaves on a dry day, lay them carefully and evenly between sheets of soft blotting-paper, and iron them over with a hot flatiron, pressing them well. After this put them quickly in fresh blotting-paper, inside of heavy music books, and leave them so for two or three weeks, turning them occasionally.

THE CHRCULATION of this magazine has averaged, for ten years, 130,000 monthly. No other periodical, similar in character, has ever rivaled this.



Additions to Cluss may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is never too late in the year to add to a club, or to get up a new club. When enough additional subscribers have been added to a club to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number.

A CHINESE PATTERN, one of those of which we spoke last month, as so fashionable, is given, in the front of the present number, printed in color. The pattern is worked in applique on not.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Record of Mr. Alcott's School. Exemplifying the Principles and Methods of Moral Culture. Third Edition. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is the republication of a little book, that was first printed thirty-eight years ago, under the title of the "Record of a School." When Miss Alcott's " Little Men" appeared, the inquiry was often made, if ever there was or could be a school like Plumfield; and the answer is this account of Mr. Alcott's school, as originally written by Miss E. P. Peabody, one of the teachers in that institution. The volume will be of great interest to all who are interested in the subject of education. Miss Peabody says, in a preface to this edition, that she has had occasion to modify some of her earlier opinions as to certain details of Mr. Alcott's method, but she still holds with him that education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, and begin with the very beginning of life.

The Story of a Summer; Or Journal Leaves from Chappaqua. By Cecilia Clereland. 1 vol., 16 no. New York. G. W. Carleton & Co.—The late Horace Greeley was never so happy as when be could leave the bustle and excitement of New York, and spend a few days at a hill-side farm, called Chappaqua, which he owned in West Chester county. The lovers of his memory will welcome this little volume principally because it is the record of a summer spent at this farm. Miss Cleveland, the writer, is a niceo of Mr. Greeley, and the book is dedicated to her cousins, Ida and Gabrielle. It is a desultory, sketchy work, but is full of interest nevertheless. The volume is very neatly printed and bound, and is illustrated with numerous views of Chappaqua.

Therje Regis. By the author of the "Rose-Garden." and "Unwares." I rol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—There is never much plot in the stories of this author: in this respect she is the furthest possible removed from sensationalism; but there is always an atmosphere of refinement, the incidents never violate probabilities, and her characters are generally sketched with delicacy and truth. The scene of "Thorpe Regis" is laid in England, and nothing can be better than its descriptions of rural life there, nothing more charming than the idylic air that hangs around the whole story. The volume is exceptionally well printed. In this respect, "Thorpe Regis," like all the other publications of Roberts Brothers, is a model.

About Women, Lore and Marriage. By F. Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc., etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This little treatise is divided into four parts, named respectively, "Concerning Celibacy," "The Ruling Passion," "Wedded Love," and "Modern Impediments to Marriage." There is a good deal of sentimentality running through its pages, and a liberal sprinkling of poetical quotations, but in spite of these drawbacks, as some might think them, the general tone is sensible, and the advice excellent on the whole.

Sex and Education. A Reply to Dr. E. H. Clarke's "Sex In Education." Edited, with an Introduction, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.-The plan of this work is original, impartial, and effective. Mrs. Howe, instead of relying entirely on her own pen, though none could be more forcible, has collected the views of other eminent writers, such as Col. Higginson, Mrs. Horace Mann, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Professor Bascom, etc., etc. In addition to what these able authors say, she gives the testimony of various colleges-Vassar, Antiech, and Oberlin, as well as that of the Michigan and Lombard Universities. In this way, she has brought together a mass of anthority and evidence, which she fairly regards as unanswerable, in favor of the opinion that there is nothing in sex to justify any difference in education as between man and woman. Mrs. Howe concludes her Introduction with the following sentences, which show how high and noble is her aim. " Educate the future wives with the future husbands. Give the two in common the high test enjoyments and the happiest memories. Then shall the marriage wreath crown the pair in its true human dignity, never to be displaced or lost."

Charles Dickens' Works. People's Duodecimo Edition. 21 vols.. 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers,-The number of editions of Dickens' works is almost legion, for nearly every prominent American publisher has a dozen. The firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers alone issue about twenty, among the most prominent of which are the "Illustrated Octavo Edition," "Illustrated Duodecimo Edition," "Cheap Paper Cover Edition," and "Green Cloth Duodecimo Edition," the one under notice. This edition is so called because it is bound in green morocco cloth, with gilt medallion portrait on the sides; and on the whole is, perhaps, the most desirable of the many editions, because it combines elegance with cheapness in greater degree than any others. The volumes contain no less than two hundred illustrations on tinted paper. The price has recently been reduced to meet the times. No library is complete without an edition of Dickens, and no edition is so desirable, at the price, as this.

The Parisians. By Educard Bulner, Lord Lytton. 1 rol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is the last of Lord Lytton's many novels. The scene is laid in Paris, just be fore, and during, the memorable siege. Apart from the story, the work is interesting for its disquisitions on political and social affairs, disquisitions put into the mouths of the actors, but most of them expressing Lord Lytton's own opinions. A serious defect of the book is its caricature of educated Americans. Col. Morley, for example, talks as no American, with the least pretence to culture, ever talked. When will English authors learn to describe fairly the people on this side of the Atlantic? Of the scores of English novelists, Andrew Trollope is the only one who has not grossly misrepresented Americans, in his books.

Common Sense. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Whoever has read "Kate Kennedy," "Only Temper," and "Married," former novels by this author, will be pleased to hear of this new fiction from her pen. Mrs. Newby always has interesting plots, and the moral of her stories is invariably high and pure.

Lilian Dalsell. By the author of "Unclaimed." 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—The imprint of this publisher is usually a guarantee of excellence, and the present fiction offers no contradiction to the rule. In these balmy Spring days, if you have a moment for leisure in-doors, get "Lilian Dalzell," and read it. A cheap edition.

The Hidden Sin. By Miss Elisa A. Dupny. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Poterson & Brothers.—This is a sequel to "The Dethroned Heiress," by the same author. Miss Dupny, with a large circle of readers, enjoys quite a considerable popularity. The volume is handsomely printed and neatly bound in cloth.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

AMERICAN SILES IN EUROPE.—An American lady writes from Paris to Messrs. Chency Bros., as follows:

Three years ago, or there abouts, I received from you a dress pattern of black "American Silk" from your manufactory, with a letter, in which you wished me to give it "hard usage," and when I got a hole in it, to let you know. Holes have nothing to do with the inditing of this letter, but to tell you how the silk has behaved.

I was exceedingly anxious that it should prove a success, because it was American, and if I have one "bump" bigger than another, it is patriotism. The dress-makers universally denounced American silks as worthless. After several skirmishes with my dress-maker, I, however, got my dress made. and put it on. For the first six months I didn't know whether I liked it or not. Like all gros grains, it caught the dust. But at the end of six months I should not know how to do without it. I wore it everywhere, and kept on wearing it, until now it is "a traveled dress." I crossed the sea with it, wore it throughout England; it was my every-day dress and Sunday go-to-meeting dress for six months in Paris; it protected me from the blasts of the Mediterranean, and went everywhere I did in Italy, from Naples to Venice; it sailed on the Adriatic, was my constant companion during a three months of adventures among the heathens of Vienna, and now that I've worn it back to Paris, and turned it wrong side out, hind side before, and upside, it is still my best gown, and the only friend I have that I have endowed with infallibility. In short, it is the most remarkable silk I ever saw, and because it never wears out is why the dress-makers don't praise it. During these three years I have bought but one dress, for I thought I ought to have two dresses, in case anybody should lay illegal hands upon the American fabric, and that was a French silk of precisely the same value in cost, per yard. I have worn it but little, but already it has taken on a shining complexion, and threatens treason at every turn.

Believe me, Messieurs, your trans-Atlantic well-wishing compatriot.

"Never a Poor Number."—The Rolla (Mo.) Herald says:—"If there is one thing that makes a lady's heart leap forth with pleasure and delight, it is 'Peterson.' There was never a poor number issued of this periodical, and the last number does not deviate from the rule, and it is, if anything, better than all previous ones. The engraving is true as steel to nature. Then we have the brilliant fishion-plates, for which 'Peterson' is so justly noted, and which make it the most popular of ladies' magazines."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. V .- THE PERMANENT TERTH .- (Continued.)

During the coming of the permanent teeth, none of the temporary set should be removed, unnecessarily, before the former are sufficiently advanced to take their place, leat the arch of the jaw contract, which it is prone to do, and insufficient room results when they do come, to arrange themselves evenly over their proper situation. It is evident,

therefore, that judgment should be exercised in removing any one of the milk teeth, whether early or late, to secure regularity in the permanent set.

In the preservation of the teeth, mothers must bear in mind that the teeth are exceedingly apt to suffer from extremes in temperature of fluids taken in the mouth. The rule is, never to allow the child to take into the mouth any liquid sufficiently hot or cold as to produce any pain or decided unpleasant effect. The next important rule is, to cause the child to form the habit of cleansing the teeth thoroughly in the morning upon rising, and before retiring at night, as well as after the midday meal. This should be done by means of a brush and clean, soft water, (medicated, as hereafter mentioned in certain cases,) the hair of the brush not being too hard or too closely set, but sufficiently elastic and fine to cleanse the interstices between the teeth where food and, consequently. *Lartar* is apt first to form.

If cleanliness fails to prevent the tendency to the formation of incrustations upon the teeth, called *tartar*, some harmless *tooth-pooder* may be resorted to. Not a few of those in the market, however, will remove the tartar and whiten the teeth at the expense of irremediable injury to the enamel, on account of their containing tartaric or other acids.

An unobjectionable tooth-powder is either of the following: 1. Prepared chalk, finely pulverized, three onnews; pulverized myrrh and orris-root, each, one ounce; red chalk, one drachm, or powdered cuttle-fish one ounce. A few drops of oil of wintergreen, to perfume, may be incorporated with the powders. 2. Powdered charaoul, (willow,) six druchms, and one drachm each of powdered myrrh and Peruvian tark, constitutes a good powder to stimulate the gums when soft or spongy, as well as to destroy offensive secretions which give rise to bad breath.

Children often become puny and unhealthy; and this condition is manifested more fully by a soft, flabby state of the gums, which incline to bleed from slight eauses. A little medicine of a tonic and laxative character, as tinet, rhubarb, and gentian, conjoined with the local application of either of the powders above to the gums, or a mouth-wash of a few drops of tincture of myrrh in half a wineglassful of water, will generally suffice.

The use of acids to the teeth, or the mineral acids (clixir vitriol, and others,) internally, without proper protection, as well as a profuse supply of sweetments, cheap candies, or calomel, should alike be deprecated.

These all tend to destroy the enamel of the teeth, superinducing a decomposition of their structure, and, consequently a rapid decay. From these various causes arises the fact that we can scarcely find a child at the present day retaining the first set, or milk teeth, in any degree of integrity till they are displaced by the permanent set. A large majority of children's teeth are seen to be dark, decaying, or gone long before the time arrives for their displacement, and thus evil is constantly the result. This should not, and need not be.

HORTICULTURE, ETC.

THE EUPATORIUM AS A GARDEN FLOWER.—All professional gardeners, and we may say amateurs too, are charmed by the introduction of a white flower which combines the qualities of being a profuse bloomer, hardy and effective in masses. With this fact in view, it seems strange that we so seldom see the espatorism ageratoides cultivated in our gardens. It is common in all our shady woods, blooming during the latter part of August and far into September. The only objection that can be brought forward is its rank growth, therefore requiring considerable room. We know of no more effective white flower for bouquets and floral ornaments.

A Good Flower for Garden Borders.—We recommend the old-fashioned double May pink as the best border to beds in which bulbs are planted. Its firm roots keep the margin well defined; its dwarf habit and bright evergreen feliage make it beautiful throughout the year, while its rich profusion of lovely flowers, and its unrivaled fragrance, coming as they do, just as the perfume of the hyacinth, and the radiant glory of the tulip are departing, make it in the highest degree desirable.

PLANTS FOR ROCKWORK.—An interesting plant for rockwork is recommended by the "Gardener's Chronicle," to be "Scabiosa Parasseae." It grows in hammocks, and has heavy foliage and pale flowers, succeeded by a feathery pappus-like calyx, which gives the plant a very distinct aspect.

PARLOR GAMES.

SAILOR'S MUSIC.—A very amusing game, for this season of the year, is known under the above title. It is played by everybody deciding what instrument they will exactly imitate the movements necessary to play upon. For instance, one takes a harp, another a hurdy-gurdy, Jew's harp, piano, bones, clarionet, accordion, etc., while the leader of the gume feigns to play upon the fiddle. All eyes must be kept upon him. As long as he plays the fiddle each one continues with his own instrument; but if he imitates any of the others—harp or piano, or the like—the player of the particular one he selects must at once do the fiddle, or pay a forfeit, and himself become fiddler. If the leader enters into the game with spirit, and makes the changes from one instrument to another rapidly, there is sure to be plenty of fun.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Fire Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

BOUPS.

Juliane.—Take about equal quantities of carrots, turnips, and of leek, onions, and celery together, cut them all in thin strips, not much more than one-eighth of an inch square, and about one and a half inches long. Put them in a sauce-pan, with a lump of fresh butter, a good pinch of powdered lump sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Toss lightly on the firs, until the vegetables begin to color, then add a head of lettuce, shredded fine, and a small handful of sorrel, also finely shredded; and after giving the whole a tossing on the fire for five or ten minutes, moisten with some good stock, and keep the soup hot by the side of the fire for a couple of hours; when wanted, add as much more stock as is necessary, and serve.

Scotch Broth.—Put a pint of Scotch (not pearl) barley into a gallon of cold water, with a large carrot cut into dice, three onions, and three pounds scrag end of a neck of mutton. After a time, add three or four turnips, also cut into dice, and keep it stewing, not boiling, for six hours, skimming it frequently. Should water require to be added, let it be boiling. This is for a small quantity of broth. Before sorving, add some parsley, chopped fine.

Cheep Soup.—Take two turnips, two carrots, two leeks, a quarter of a pound of lean beef chops, and three-quarters of an eunce of black pepper. Fry the whole with two ounces of dripping for a quarter of an hour, then take it off the fire, and stir in half a pound of flour; put all into a boiler, and pour over it six quarts of soft water, boiling; then put in a pint of peas, and boil gently for three hours. Add salt to your taste.

A French Soup made without Meat.—Take a large lump of butter and a tal-lespoonful of flour; brown them in the sauce-pan in which the soup is to be made; then chop up finely some carrots, onions, celery, sorrel, and potatoes, and mix them together, put them into the sauce-pan, with pepper and salt; pour boiling water over them, and let them stew over the fire for three or four hours; they can hardly simmer too long. A little thyme, parsley, cress, and mint, are a great improvement, added to the other ingredients.

FISH.

Lobster or Crab Cudets.—Take out the meat of either a lobster or crab, mince it up, and add two ounces of butter, browned with one tablespoonful of flour, and scasoned with a little pepper, salt, and cayenne. Add about half a pint of strong stock, stir the mixture over the fire until quite hot, and lay it is separate tablespoonfuls on a large dish. When they are cold form them into the shape of cutlets, brush them over with yolk of egg, beaten; dip them in bread-crumbs, fry them of a light-brown color in clarified beef-dripping, and place them round a dish, with a little fried parsley in the center.

Twice Laid.—Take one pound of the remnants of codfish, remove all skin and bone, taking care to leave the fish in nice pieces. Put two ounces of butter into a sauce-pan; when melted, add half a tablespoonful of flour; stir it on the fire two or three minutes, pour in a gill of milk, add salt and pepper to taste, and a little nutmeg; stir until the sauce boils. Take two hard-boiled eggs, cut each into eight pieces, put them into the sauce with the fish, and about one pound of mashed potatoes; mix all lightly together, dish it up high on a plate, put it into the oven to brown, ornament with some slices of hard-boiled egg, and serve.

To Boil Cod Fish.—Crimped cod is preferable to the plain; it is likewise better cut in slices than cooked whole; to boil it well, have the water ready boiling, with one pound of salt to every six quarts; put in your fish, draw your fish-kettle to the corner of the fire, where let it simmer slowly from twenty minutes to half an hour; when done, the bone in the center will draw out easily; if boiled too much, it would eat tough and stringy. Should the fish not be crimped, add more salt to the water; it will cause the fish to eat firmer.

Salt Fish Pie.—The remains of cold salt fish, and egg sauce, mixed well with mashed potatoes, and baked in a pie-dish, with a little pepper and cayenne for seasoning. is very nice.

MEATS.

Rissoles of Cold Meat.—To one pound of cold meat allow three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, salt, and pepper, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a little finely-chopped lemon-peel, and two eggs. Mince the meat very fine; mix all tegether. Divide into balls or cones nicely shaped; put them into a pan of boiling lard; there must be enough lard to cover them. Fry the rissoles till they are a nice light-brown. Serve with parsley for a garnish, or, if preferred, with gravy poured over them. Chicken or rabbit makes very delicious rissoles.

Mutton Chop.—To cook a mutton chop well is a great art. They should not be cut too thin, and should be done over a nice bright coal fire. They will take from eight to ten minutes. When the fat is transparent, and the lean feels hard, the chop is done. It should be served on a very hot plate, and with a nice mealy potato, hot. In dressing a chop never stick a fork into it. Tomato sauce is likewise served with it.

Calf's Heart, Roasted.—Put the heart in luke-warm water for an hour, then wipe it dry; stuff it with a nice and highly-seasoned veal stuffing or forcement, cover it with buttered pape.; and set it down to roast at a good fire from half an hour to an hour, depending on the size; serve it with any good gravy.

SANITARY.

Tincture of Roses.—Take the leaves of the common rose (centifolio,) and place, without pressing them, in a common bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand till required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to ottar of roses; a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

Remedy for a Headache.—Pains in the head arise from such a variety of causes that no one remedy will answer in every case; but the following is an excellent preparation, and from the simple nature of the ingredients, it is worth trying: Put a handful of salt into a quart of water, one ounce of spirits of hartshorn, and half an ounce of spirits of camphor; put them quickly into bottle to prevent the escape of the spirits; seak a piece of cloth with the mixture, and apply it to the head; wet the cloth afresh as soon as it gets heated.

Best Way of making Gum-scater.—Take half an ounce of gum-arabic, put it in a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour upon the gum a gill of hot water; let it stand for a day, frequently stirring it, then add a wineglassful of gin. Shake the mixture well together, and cork the bottle tightly, covering it carefully with leather, Gum made in this manner will keep for a very long time without becoming mildewed. If it should become too stiff, add more gin.

To Cure Gnat Stings.—Take an ounce of camphor, keep it in a covered jug, with a quart of cold water; sponge ever before getting into bed. Or, take a piece of camphor, not larger than a hazel-nut, burnt in the bowl of a spoon, or in a sawcer, will quell myriads of these tortures. Or, place a little powdered camphor in the stockings and other articles of dress, and wipe the face and hands with camphor-water.

Remedy for Bruises or Cuts.—Put the blossom of white lilies, without the stalks, into a bottle, cover them with brandy or gin, and cork the bottle tightly; they will be fit for use in about two months. For dressing a cut or bruise with them, take a leaf from a bottle, place it, wet with the spirit over the cut; bind it on with a rag.

To Remove Sumbura.—A little lemon-juice put into a cup of milk, and then the face washed with the milk, is a complete remedy for sunburn. We would advise its not being applied too frequently, as all things are more or less hurtful to the skin when applied too often.

Another.—Fresh milk, mixed with oatmeal, is very beneficial to a sunburnt complexion. Many use buttermilk with equal success. Sulphur, mixed with fresh milk, is also excellent for washing the skin with.

Bandoline, (Rose.)—Tragacanth, six ounces; rose-water, one gallon; mix, and after standing two days strain, and add otto of roses to perfume. May be colored with a little cochineal. The almond bandoline may be made by substituting the oil of bitter almonds for the otto of roses.

For a Bone-Felon.—Double a piece of cloth once or twice, and wet with coal-oil, and so wrap the finger up; every now and then wet it with the oil, until the finger is blistered.

To Remove Walnut and Fruit Stains from the Fingers.—Dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nalls with it with a nail brush; wash in warm water; the stains come out instantly.

A Lotion for Weak Eyes.—Twenty drops of laudanum and five drops of brandy in a wineglass of water. Apply three times a day as warm as the eyes will bear it.

Rose Water.—Put fresh-gathered roses into a jar with some water; add twelve drops of oil of vitriol, and in a short time the water will assume the color and scent of the roses.

A Gurgle.—A good gargle for inflammatory sore throat may be made by mixing a little nitre in barley water.

For a Burn.—As quickly as possible, beat up the whites o several eggs, using one tablespoonful of salt to the whites of two eggs, and after it is beaten up well, saturate cotton, and apply to the burn; it will draw all the fire out; and then it is so cooling that the sufferer can go to sleep.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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FIG I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN AND MAUVE AND CLARET-CHANGEABLE SILE.—The back part of the dress is made of white muslin, with three-deep plain flounces at the bottom; then a wide puffing, edged on either side with a band of the silk; above that are two more ruffles. The front and the waist of the dress are of the shot mauve and claret silk; the front is laid in a kilt plaiting from top to bottom of the skirt, and edged at the sides with a narrow silk ruffle. The body is deep and coat-shaped at the back, open at the neck in front, and is finished with a ruffle of the silk. Wide, flowing sleeves.

FIG. II.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS OF CANVAS GREMA-DINE OF A DELICATE BUFF OR ECRU COLOR.—This grenadine need not necessarily be worn over silk; a buff muslin will answer very well; it is made with one deep flounce, headed by a double ruffle, one standing and one falling down, divided by a bias band of brown silk. The upper-skirt is rounded, short, and slightly puffed at the back. The waist is cut with a small pointed besque at the back, and a much deeper basque of the Medici style in front, and is open at the neck; the wide sleeves, upper-skirt, basque, and waist, are all trimmed with bias bands of brown silk.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF ROSE-COLORED MORAIR.—
The skirt is plain, with a plaited trimming, forming an overskirt, cut square in front, sloping up at the side, and much deeper at the back; this trimming or skirt is edged with a band of black velvet ribbon, and ornamented with black velvet bows. A row of black velvet heads the plaited trimming. The plain, tight waist has a row of black velvet around the throat, and down the front of the dress to the plaited over-dress. The deep, rather close-fitting basquo is quite plain, with a wide, rolling collar, and is trimmed with black velvet. Black bonnet with white plume.

Fig. IV.—Medici Evening Dress.—The petticoat or underskirt is of black silk, trimmed with a deep-plaited ruffle of crépe lissi, a full, locse ruffle of the crépe heads the plaited ruffle, and three bias bands of the same are placed higher up the skirt; a straight bias band of black silk, edged on either side with a plaiting of the green crépe, goes straight down the front. The over-skirt is of the crépe, and falls quite long at the back; the side-pieces are edged with a plaiting of the crépe. The Medici waist is composed of black silk, and of the crépe lissi, lined with silk of the same color; the ruff which forms the front trimming of the waist, stands straight up on the shoulders and at the back.

Fig. v.—Carriage-Dress.—The under-skirt is of black silk, and is trimmed with twelve very narrow black ruffles, separated into three sets by two narrow blas folds of dark crimson silk. The over-dress is of gray pongee, faced with the crimson silk, and very much looped up at the sides; it is trimmed down the front with plastrons of black silk, bound with crimson, and fastened with pearl buttons; small pearl buttons are in the middle of each plastron, and a large one catches up the skirt on the hips. The sleeves and waist are trimmed with black silk, edged with crimson. Straw bonnet, trimmed with black ribbon and poppies.

Fig. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK GRAY CASHMERE,— The skirt is quite plain, and made long enough to wear in the house; but with buttons at the back, by which it can be looped up for the street. A large black velvet bag is worn on the left side; it depends from the waist by two wide ribbons of the color of the dress, having two pearl buckles, which fasten the ribbon when it is attached to the dress; these ribbons extend below the bag, thus forming a very stylish trimming for this very stylish but plain dress. The basque fits closely, and the pockets, collar, and cuffs are of black velvet.

Fig. VII.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIM.—The front of the dress has five puffings at the bottom, and a row of ruffies trims the sides; the train is puffed lengthwise, and the whole dress ornamented with wreaths and clusters of pink roses, and sashes, and looping of blue ribbon.

Fig. VIII.—Waist of French Riding-Habit of Dark-Green Cloth.—There is a simulated vest of green cloth, and the habit has a rolling collar, the upper part of which is made of black velvet. Dark-green felt hat, and green gauze veil.

Fig. IX.—WAIST OF ENGLISH RIDING-HABIT OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH.—The waist is perfectly plain, with only a small coat basque at the back. Black "stove-pipe" hat, with dotted tulle vell.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give many new styles of hats. A dress hat of Leghorn, trimmed with yellow ribbon, and quantities of blue-corn flowers; a sun-hat of straw, trimmed with black velvet, poppies, and field daisies; and a garden-hat of white muslin, tied with loops of black velvet; also a collaret of white lace, pink roses and a black velvet bow; a corslet of black velvet ribbon, and a new style fan of a medium size.

As the season advances, new materials constantly make their appearance, and the name is legion; combinations of silk and wool, or silk and linen, or wool and cotton, are intumerable; the colors are also of marvelous variety, or of a marvelous number of shades of the same color. As we said last month, the shades of gray are the favorites for spring, they are so cool-looking; but écru or buffs are nearly as popular. This latter color is particularly pretty over black or brown, and some of the open stripes in grenadine, or other soft stuffs, look very well when worn only as a Polonaise over a black or brown petticoat.

Silks of two shades of the same color are still made into suits, and pretty contrasting colors are as popular as ever, as pale-gray, and pale-blue, brown, and faifit pink, etc., etc. Pongees, India silks, tissues, camel's hair, light enough for the warmest summer day, cashmeres, serge, alpacas, foulards, grenadines, mohairs, de bege, and innumerabe others, fill our counters, side by side, with the most airy and fairy-like organdles and tissues, and heavier lawns, percales, brillants, and chintzes.

Many still cling to the graceful over-skirt, with the puffed back, apron-front, and high looped sides. The style is old, but infinitely becoming to most persons. The Medici style is much more severe, and really requires a more elegant material, to look well, than the old puffed, looped, airy fushion of the past few years. We gave two waists of the Medici style in our last number, and it will soon be seen how unbecoming they are to the figure. Almost all the skirts of the Medici dresses have perpendicular trimmings down the front; sometimes a train, which is slightly puffed at the back, is added, and sometimes only a straight, side trimming is seen, and the back of the skirt is ruffled rather high. Some puffed sleeves are seen, sometimes puffed the whole length of the arm; sometimes there is only a puff at the shoulder, which is most unbecoming, giving a highshouldered look to the very prettiest slope of neck in the world. All dresses cling closely to the figure in front, and at the sides, so that the front widths of a dress must be very narrow at the top, then tapes are sewed on half-way down the seams, and tied back. Flounces are of all styles, though the wide flounce is, perhaps, more popular than narrow ones, only the front and back of dresses are never trimmed like.

Those who are unwilling to part with the looped-up dress, wear an apron front still, and this we think will be very

popular for thin materials this summer. If the apron of an écru batiste dress is trimmed with a ruffle of English embroidery, and the back of the dress is flounced quite high up, we know of nothing prettier in effect.

THE NEWEST SACQUE IS THE "MEDICI," which is quite long in front and short behind, and partially fits to the figure. The front may be either square or pointed, and slopes off gradually to the back. Some of the manties are only round Talmas, but they are drawn in closely to the waist behind; some have mantilla ends in front. A few hoods have readdened.

Bonners have ut little altered since last year, only the crowns are larg—as a rule, but the same variety of shape is seen as heretof—re; all faces might be suited, except that all bonnets—are agly. The bonnets look so like hats, that it is only the strings that make the difference, and these are usually dispensed with. Soft black and white chip are very popular, as they can be trimmed with any favorite color. The flowers for trimming are usually small and delicate. Round hats are of as many styles as the bonnets; the high-crowned ones have the crowns higher, and the brims more sloping; but there is a tendency to wear low crowns with wide, flapping brims, capriciously looped up with flowers, etc.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Boy's Suit of Blue Navy Flannel.—The front is plain, but the dress is laid in kilt plaits at the back. It is trimmed with bows of ribbon down the left side. Plain blue cloth sacque. Wide linen collar.

Fig. 11.—Gral's Dress of Olive-Green Popula.—The skirt is plain. A loose, deep sacque, with a vest in front; the sacque is trimmed with a rever of the same, and scalloped and bound with black braid. Gipsy felt hat, with gray plume and olive-green ribbon.

Fig. III.—Girl's Dress of Silver-Gray Foulard.—The over-dress has a ruffle of the same material, and a Marie Antoinette cape, or fichu, is tied at the back.

Fig. 1v.—Boy's Dress of Dark-Gray Kerseymerk.—The trousers are not very full, but are fustened at the knee. The blouse is plain, and belted in at the waist. Gray felt hat, with dark-gray velvet and feather trimming.

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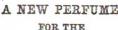
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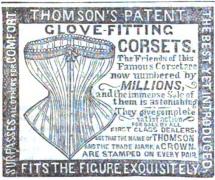
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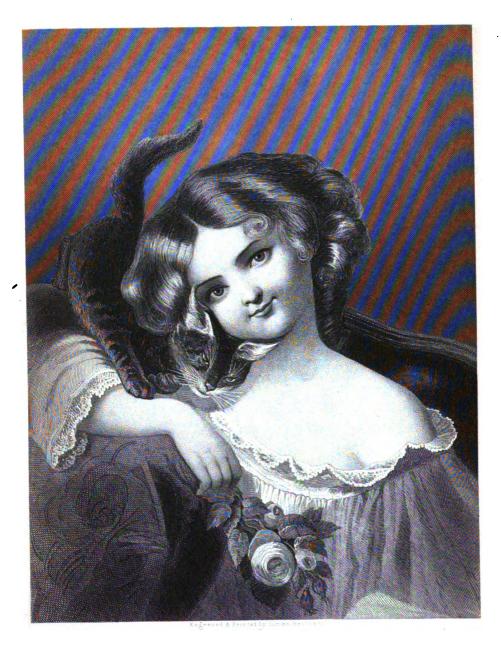
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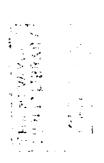
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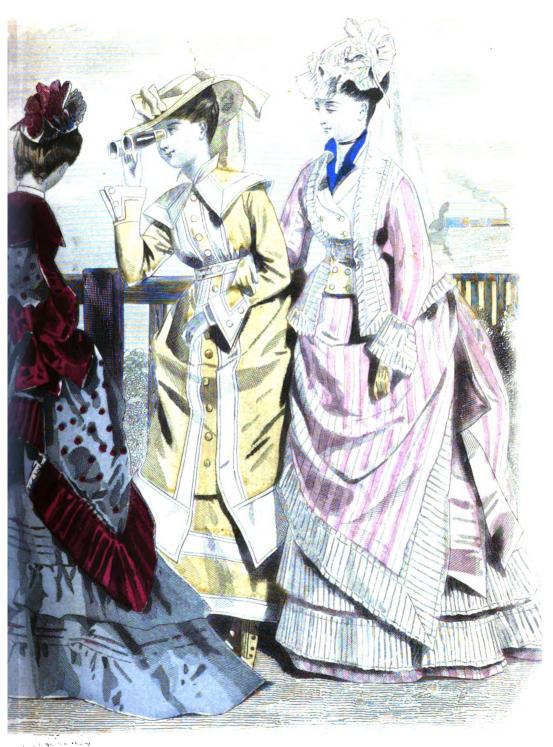


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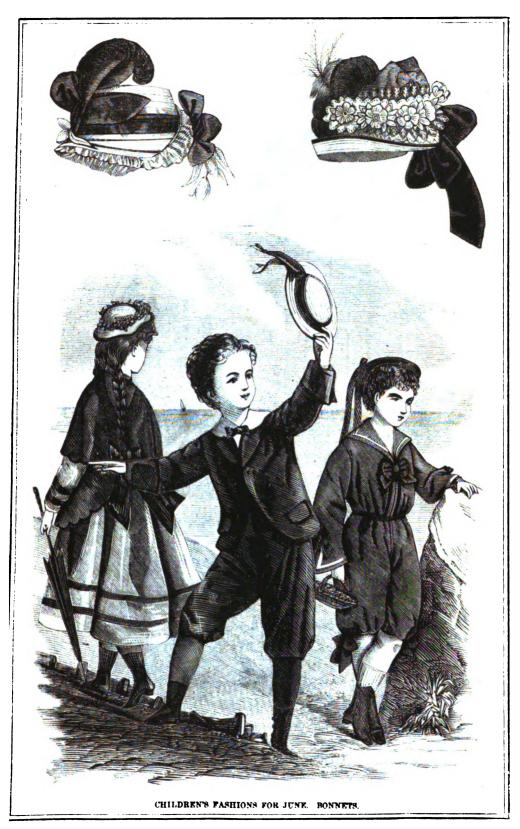
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ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

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BLEEVES. MEDICI VEST. INFANT'S HAT.



NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR. INFANT'S WHITE CASHMERE CAP

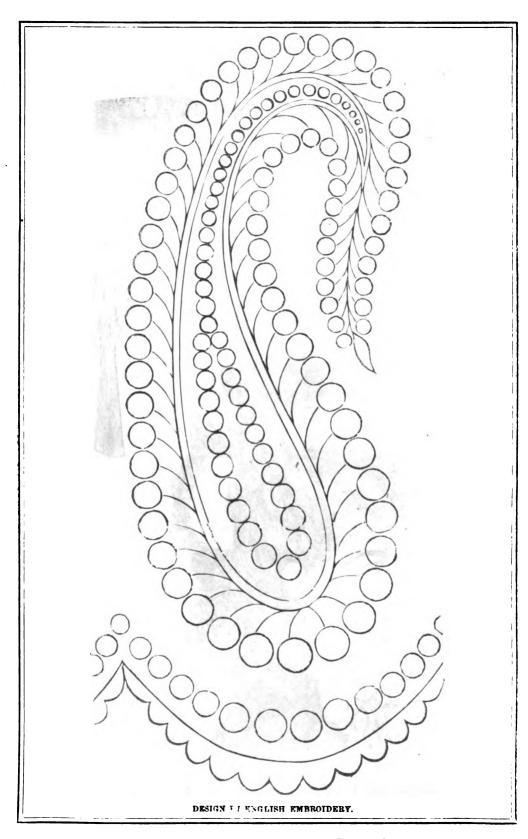
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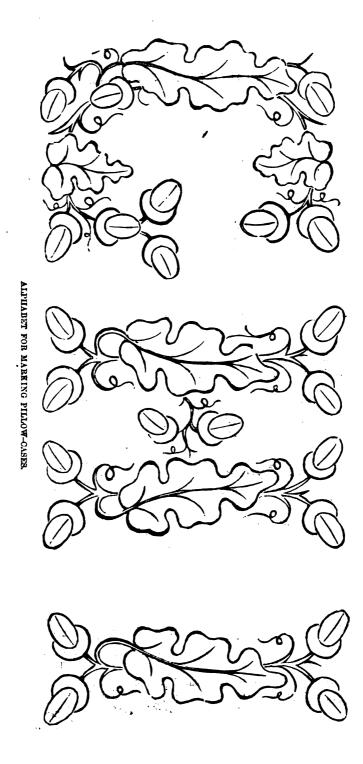


SUMMER HAT. BELT, WITH UMBRELLA. SILK OVER-VEST.



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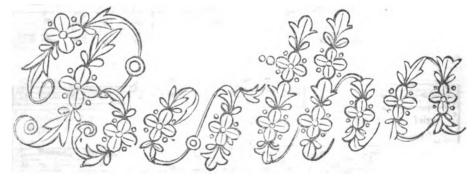
M. W. BALFE.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. Larghetto Cantabile. PIANO 1. The weight of woe, To heart bow'd down by worst de-spair, 2. The mind will in its Still weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im pulse pon - der the On mo - ments of deo'er past, while they flow, That bring, That can no fort can, com light that were Too beau ful That ti last, were too to stringendo





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NAMES FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXV.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1874

No. 6.

THE TWO HUSBANDS.

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"We are asked to the Silliman's, my dear, for to-morrow night," said pretty Mrs. Trevor to her husband. "It will be so nice."

The Trevors had been married but a little while, and hitherto no husband could have been more obliging than Mr. Trevor; his deference, his many little attentions, which had so charmed the girl, had still continued, now that Helen was a wife. But at heart Mr. Trevor was one who thought only of himself. His lover-like conduct had merely been put on: he had long grown tired of it; his native character was now to assume its real hue.

"Let them ask," he said, gruffly, as he took off his coat in the hall, for Helen had come to the door to meet him. "I'm too tired, after a day's hard work, to go out of evenings. We had to do it for awhile: among your family and mine, of course; but a stop must be put to it sometime; and no time is so good as now. The Silliman's are not relations, or even connexions, only acquaintances."

Helen's countenance fell. She still had the innocent delight of a pure, light-hearted girl, in going into society, meeting old friends, and having a few hours of change from the monotony that characterizes a woman's life. She had counted on no little pleasure in attending this party, for the Silliman's were noted for the elegance of their entertainments, and for the choice people they gathered together.

Her countenance fell, as we have said, but she was a true wife, and she only said, meekly,

"Just as you please, my dear."

"Well, then, that's settled," replied Mr. Frevor, as he put his hat on the rack, too obtuse to see how much his wife was disappointed, and not caring very much, it must be confessed, to notice it. "I did think, once or twice, that you might object to my purpose of staying at home after this. But you're a sensible woman, and no gad-about; so we'll say no more about it."

No more about it! No, Helen never said any more about it. She never again even hinted that she wished to go out. But she could not help thinking about it sometimes, especially when one of her young friends had been to see her, and had told her what a nice time they had had at the Mortons, or the Grays, or the Varneys, or some other of their mutual acquaintances, the night before. "So sorry that Mr. Trevor is too tired of evenings," they would add, "we all miss you so much." For Helen was proud, and had told her friends that her husband was quite fagged out at night, though she herself had already begun to see that he was more indolent than fatigued.

Let us change the scene. The very night of this conversation, there was another one, also between two young married people, and also in reference to the Silliman party.

"So you have an invitation to the Silliman's, to-morrow night," said Mr. Chanter to his young bride, as he received her kiss of welcome. "I met Silliman himself, who told me it was got up in a great hurry, which accounts for the short notice. Now, mind, look your prettiest."

"But," said the wife, "you are so hard-worked, just now. You come home looking so tired. Don't you think we'd better give up this party? We've been to a good many lately. You want rest."

"Well, puss, there's some truth in what you say," answered the husband, with another kiss. "You're a dear, good creature to be so thoughtful of me. But then, you see, that's a reason, all the more, why I should be careful of you in turn. Now I know something of a woman's life. It's the same in-door, humdrum round, day after day, weak after week, month after month. A man, whatever his occupation, finds more or less excitement daily. At the most, even if he's a bookkeeper, which is one of the most confining of all pursuits, he has his brisk walk to the counting-house, or bank, in the fresh air. He meets peo-

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ple he knows, on the street, and has a chat, and hears the news, even if it's only for a minute that he stops. But a woman gets no recreation, after she's married, unless she goes out, now and then, to a 'tea-fight,' as you call it, or to a party: Why, my dear, if I was to let you stay at home forever, as some men let their wives, or make them, you'd soon lose those pretty cheeks of yours, and by-and-by even your spirits! and at last you'd become a dowdy, if not a confirmed invalid. Put a plant in a cellar if you want to kill it: give it fresh air and sunshine if you would have it bloom. Now there's that fellow, Trevor. I felt, to-day, as if I would like to thrash him."

"Surely Mr. Trevor has nothing to do with my going out!" exclaimed Mrs. Chanter, in surprise.

"But he has with his wife's. The Trevors are asked also to the Silliman's. But this lazy fellow of a husband says he don't intend to let Mrs. Trevor go! 'It's time to put a stop to the thing,' he told me.'

"Why, he doesn't work half as hard as you do! I've always heard his business was a very easy one."

"So it is. He's richer, too, than I am, and can afford to take life differently. But he was always selfish and tyrannical, as poor Helen will find out to her cost. Pity she hadn't found it out long ago."

Alas! she had already begun to find it out, and as the years went by she found it out more and more. She soon sank into a mere household drudge. Her husband did not desert her of evenings, as many husbands do desert their wives; he went neither to tavern, nor to club; we will say that in his favor; but he betook himself to his newspaper and segar, varied with an occasional doze. As he hardly exchanged a word with poor Helen, she might as well have been a thousand miles away. She sat in the same room with him, stitching, stitching, till her eyes ached with the monotony and weariness of it all.

In the first year or two of their married life, he had continued the subscriptions to the two or three magazines and newspapers, which had been her favorites before she left her father's house. But after awhile he had them stopped. "What does a married woman want with love stories?" he said, imperiously, forgetting that the magazine was as much to his wife as his newspaper was to him. Often and often poor Helen thought that if she could only have a few books, a good novel, a new poem, or a periodical of some kind, she could have borne things better.

Her life was so dry and hard that even the least glimpse of the world of imagination would have been to her what the cool spring in the desert is to the weary, thirsty traveler. But her husband said, in his dogmatic way, when, once or twice, she ventured to borrow a book, and he found her reading, "Pshaw! A novel again; how how can you waste your time with such nonsene; a pretty example you are setting to your daughter?"

Mrs. Trevor had been pretty, as we have said, when she married. But, in less than ten years, she was a faded, shrunken women, whose nerves were all awry, and who was fast sinking into a confirmed invalid. Before she had been married twenty years, before her eldest daughter was a grown girl, she quietly slipped away into her coffin, and had done with this life forever. Her husband put on black, and wore the deepest crape on his hat, and went about telling people of his inconsolable loss, and then, after a year, married again.

Meantime, what of the other pair? To-day, at forty, Mrs. Chanter is as handsome as ever, people say, and, when she goes out with her daughter, passes, with strangers, for an elder sister. Her mind has not been starved, nor her soul dwarfed. "A little, judicious amusement is as necessary to a woman," her husband always said, "as food, or air, or affection." On this principle he acted. The result was that his wife always kept her spirits, her health, and her good, looks, and from being thoroughly happy herself, was able to make him all the happier.

"You may starve a human soul," he often declared, "just as easily as the body. And some do it."

Perhaps he was thinking of Trevor as he spoke.
Whether he was, or not, the recording angel was, and when the accounts come to be made up, in the great chancery of heaven, there will be little doubt as to which of the two husbands will win the verdict.

COME BACK.

BY E. M. WITHROW.

Tur. storm is wild, and the day is drear,
The clouds are heavy with rain;
My heart bows down in the darkness drear,
And prays for thy coming again.

Come back to me, dear! Through sunshine and storm, I ever am looking for thee; Come back, to a heart and a welcome warm, Come back, in thy faith, to me.



AMONG THE WATER-LILIES

BY ELLA BODMAN CHURCH.

August 8a.—My feelings are not at all in unison with this gay, sea-side retreat. But I come here under protest. My friends think it may restore my health. My aunt's niece, Lizzie Weston, a healthy, strong-limbed country girl from Massachusetts, is with me.

I do not believe that Cape November would do any more for me, than Florida did for poor Ponce de Leon. It cannot give me back my vanished youth—not vanished so much in years as in feeling. I have buried my dead, and have to go forth in a hand-to-hand struggle with an unwilling world for daily bread.

People say it is a good thing for me. But the two at home, dear, suffering, Uncle Reuben, and patient, faithful Aunt Hannah, who have lost their little all when I lost mine, groan when I wend my way to the public school, where I have obtained a desirable post as teacher. I hate it, but I never tell them how much; and this, and all the other things, has worn me down. So, forsooth, I must be fashionable, and come to Cape November.

August 4th.—Here my diary was interrupted by the sudden ingress of my companion, with her hands full of water-lilies.

"Oh, the beauties! Where did you get them?" I cried.

"Straight through the crooked lane, and right round the square," was the provoking answer. "But who do you think I met on the plank-walk?" I replied that I neither knew nor cared.

"Well, you had better know and care. It was Mr. Thanet."

"Mr. Thanet!" I cried. "What could have brought him here?"

"The steamboat, I suspect; but I hope you are not going to refuse to be comforted for the fact that he is here? It seems to me that no one amounts to much at Cape November without some gentleman friend; so I'll talk to him, if he's sociably disposed, and you can play dignity and propriety."

Mr. Thanet is a person whom I have known distantly for some time past; one of those people, in fact, with whom one is always on good terms, but with whom one never expects, or cares, to be on any better. He got me my place in the school, saying, as he announced my good fortune,

"I regret, Miss Cardour, that you have been

brought to this; but, believe me, I honor you for accommodating yourself so readily to circumstances."

Pleasant and commonplace enough; but not words to raise one's pulse, or cause an extra heart-beat.

It is decidedly puzzling to be thrown in with such people in this way; and I quite wonder how Mr. Thanet will conduct himself toward us at Cape November. Indeed, I wonder at his coming here at all; but then what right have I to do this? Perhaps he wonders just as much at my coming here; and, certainly, his means justify the act considerably more than mine do.

August 5th.—It is strange, that, in the call Mr. Thanet made, this morning, "to pay his respects," as he somewhat formally phrased it, he appeared like a different man from the one I have seen at intervals in the streets of B—. I think he must have the Cape November glazing on him. He is certainly fine-looking, with an air of substance about him that always carries weight with it. But, oh, Walter! Walter! if you were living and here, the very sand would be transformed into the flowery plains of Paradise. This thought is like the sad refrain of the ocean. It surges up in restful moments, and wails on in dreary monotone, as though reproaching me for temporary content and forgetfulness.

I believe that all the words Mr. Thanet and I have hitherto exchanged could be written down from memory; and yet when we met face to face, this morning, in this fashionable Sahara, I returned his warm greeting with as much pleasure as though we had been old friends. I am rather glad, on the whole, that he is here, for Lizzie's sake, for, as she says, one does not seem to amount to much in a place like this without a gentleman attendant; but I am equally glad that he is not in the same house with us. Perhaps he and Lizzie may take a fancy to each other—who knows? It would be a good thing for them both, I think. I wonder if there is any predisposition to matchmaking in my nature?

August 7th.—Mr. Thanet's visit to us has resulted in unwonted civility from Ancilla Clemming. She really seems to be aware now that I am here, and that I have a young lady friend with me.

"Why, where have you kept yourself all this

time?" she asked, as she watched our visitor's departure from the piazza. "I have scarcely seen anything of you!"

"You must have shut your eyes on purpose not to see us, then," retorted Lizzie, to my great amusement, "for we have been directly under them."

Cilly almost blushed; but she is not easily abashed, and she was soon walking up and down the veranda with us with an appearance of great friendship. She really is very pretty; and, poor thing, how could we expect her to be much better with such surroundings as hers? No mother; a father whose whole soul is wrapped up in spiders, and beetles' wings, and magnifying glasses, under the name of science; an older sistor, who, by virtue of a crooked nose and hare-lip, plays the part of beast to Cilly's beauty, and dogs her sister's footsteps with untiring devotion.

Clara's sharp, restless eyes are ever on the lookout for probable beaux, and possible lovers; and the strangest part of it is, that they all seem to think no one sees this. Truly there are a great many human ostriches in the world. I really believe that Mr. Thanet has already been marked in this way; if so, I wish them joy of the undertaking. He strikes me as the height of the impracticable.

August 10th.—Last night Lizzie and I went for a walk on the beach. The harvest moon was just rising, slow, majestic, and superb—a spectacle that can be seen but a few short nights in the whole year; and as it gradually gained the zenith, the track of light that fell like a shimmery veil over the dark waste of waters, shifted and glimmered with a tender radiance that glorified all it touched. It lingered, and rippled, and played, with the dull, leaden waves, until they seemed to laugh in glee, and the whole ocean was alive with beauty.

Directly, Mr. Thanet joined us, and we stood gazing over the very edge, deaf to the noise and laughter about us, the passing and re-passing crowd of idle promenaders. After awhile, Mr. Thanet said, softly,

"I wish you could see it, as I have seen it, on the shore of Brittany—the mad, wild dash of the waves against the rugged cliffs, then moaning and wailing like a lost soul—the dreary, melancholy nature of the land scenery, desolation itself, with, perhaps, a solitary Druidical obelisk in the distance, crowned with the symbol of the Christian faith, planted there, like the religion of Christ, on the very monuments of pagan superstition. I feel almost guilty, though, in uttering any words here. Miss Cardour, how do you account for the mysterious spell that comes over us in a scene like this?"

"It is God," I whispered.

His hat was reverently lifted.

"You are right. It is the feeling of Jacob at Bethel; but very few of this multitude seem to share it with us. Hark to those peals of laughter! How they grate upon the ear!"

Just then, Ancilla Clemming floated by, heralded by a peal of merry laughter. She laughed very prettily. Some one had compared it to a silver chime of bells; and she indulged in it on the slightest provocation, very often on none at all. Her slight, rounded figure had a willowy grace about it, and the fashionable bend, as she leaned carelessly on the arm of the gentleman to whom she was talking; and the face, in which white and pink were charmingly mingled, was set off to great advantage by the black-lace veil, worn Spanish fashion. Her eyes were of the kind that, like some noses, have a natural upward tendency; and she was now bringing a regular St. Cecilia roll to bear upon her companion, whose face had about as much expression as a potato.

When Ancilla had floated by, she floated back again. She had seen Mr. Thanet; and, seeing him, she, of course, saw us.

"I have been hunting you everywhere, Stella," she began, addressing me. "You are a regular Will-o'-wisp!"

"What a comparison!" exclaimed Lizzie. "Will-o'-wisps always lead people where they don't want to go, and I am sure you can't say that of her. But what is your object in hunting us?"

We here all came to a stand-still, and seeing that it was inevitably to be, and rather pitying the girl on account of Lizzie's abrupt question, I introduced Mr. Thanet. The gentleman glanced admiringly at the pretty face so near his own, and bowed and smiled in the most satisfactory manner.

"Well!" I sighed, "not much hope for Lizzie now, I am afraid. The best of men are so taken with beauty, and being made much of."

Mr. Thanet looked as composed as ever; and, after a civil pause, the two parties went their separate ways. Cilly, and her attendant knight, who was a wooden kind of man, frequently passed us. We remained gazing out over the sea, instead of mingling with the crowd. But such smiles and glances were showered upon us, or, rather, upon Mr. Thanet, while the lovely face glowed and sparkled in the moonlight, that it seemed wonderful any mortal man could resist it all.

August 15th.—Ancilla Clemming is leading Mr. Thanet about in chains, ordering him here and there, hanging on his arm, and making such

public approbation of him, that people generally smile, and look upon it as a settled thing.

Sister Clara helps matters along to the best of her ability; and papa Clemming seems to feel a thrill of joy, in the midst of his bugs and spiders, at the prospect of being relieved of his most expensive encumbrance

August 20th.—Yesterday we made up a party to go after water-lilies, on a pond a mile or two inland. We drove to the lake, I, Lizzie, and Ancilla Clemming, with Mr. Thanet, who was to be oarsman; and Cilly, who appreciated such chances to the utmost, made herself as lovely as possible.

"How shall we sit?" she said, as we were about getting into the boat, turning her eyes, full of coquettishness, on Mr. Thanet. "I am such a ceward, you know, that I must be in the very middle of the boat."

I hastened to reply before Mr. Thanet could get a chance.

"Oh! let Lizzie and you sit in the stern. I will go to the bow. I suppose one of us must sit in the bow to 'trim boat,' as you call it, Mr. Thanet?"

"Well, not exactly; but I would rather one of you did sit there; the boat won't be so much down by the stern in that case." But, somehow, though he said this very politely, I did not think he seemed pleased with the arrangement.

Ancilla was evidently bent on captivation. She trailed a white hand through the limpid water, and forced Mr. Thanet to admire its unnatural whiteness. She took an oar from his strong grasp, and caught a crab with the first stroke; and then rocked the boat till we all thought she would upset it. At length we reached the water-lilies, which thickly covered the bed of a little cove, with beautiful trees shading it, so that one might think one was a hundred miles from the sea. The great round leaves and white cups, were there in all their wealth of beauty; and we made frantic pulls at the long, tough stalks, while Mr. Thanet rested on his oars.

Directly a couple of swans were seen approaching, and one came so close that Cilly began to feed it, breaking off bits of cake which we had brought for luncheon. I could not help expressing my surprise to see the stately, graceful creatures, in such an out-of-the way place.

"They were put here," said Cilly, "by Senator Smith; this is really a private lake in his grounds; you know he owns all the land about, and has that beautiful place on the hill yonder; but, oh! you nasty, wicked thing!" she cried, suddenly, with a little shriek, apostrophizing the swan, "See, he has jerked away my embroidered handkerchief!"

It was as she said. The swan thinking, perhaps, the delicate fabric might be eatable, had suddenly snatched at it; and then finding it unpalatable, had as suddenly dropped it, and it floated away.

"Oh, catch it, quick!" she cried, and Mr. Thanet leaning out well from the boat, thrust forth an oar to its rescue.

The swan flapped its wings, frightened, and swam rapidly away.

"I have it," said Mr. Thanet: but the water, disturbed by the bird, swept it, as he spoke, just out of his reach, while the motion of the oar turned the boat partly around.

"See!" I cried. "I can reach it from the bow," and I leaned forward.

But it was only to lose my balance, in my excitement, and go downward among the water-lilies. The water was deeper than it appeared—that limpid, clearness is so deceitful. But while the girls shrieked with terror, Arthur Thanet plunged to the rescue.

I rose to the surface, and wildly flinging out my arms, seized my deliverer, unconsciously, around the neck, in that close grasp which is fatal even to the best swimmer, though I was not aware of its danger.

"Let go!" he cried, sternly. "Do not cling to me!"

I gave him one glance of mingled surprise and pain, and, taking him at his word, sank heavily to the bottom. I knew then I was to die. I knew, too, that I did not care how soon. If he thought more of his life than of me—well!

But a firm grasp soon drew me to the surface, and, with a powerful effort, Mr. Thanet got himself and his burden into the boat.

In silence, he rowed among the reeds and rushes, until the boat grated on the sand; and then the inmates of a little farm-house hard by were astonished by the apparition of a very wet gentleman carrying an equally wet young lady, and followed by two more damsels with trembling limbs, and white, terrified faces. People at farm-houses expect strange antics from city people, but this really looked serious.

I had not yet opened my eyes. I was still unconscious. A motherly woman, in a sun-bonnet, took me in hand, and having had me deposited on a clean, patch-work-covered bed, she and Lizzie got off my wet clothes, and chafed my benumbed limbs, until signs of returning life crowned their efforts.

I had a dim consciousness that a whole dramshop, and all the decoctions of "yarb-tea" that ever were made, had been poured down my throat, and that it therefore behoved me to show some degree of animation; but I fell back on the bed, \ He hasn't a dollar to his name, and has gone after trying to rise, in such a limp condition, that I was ordered to remain where I was.

Mr. Thanet's wet clothes were exchanged for a suit of the farmers; and in this strange guise, he accompanied Miss Clemming back to their starting point, while Lizzie mounted guard over me, and the mistress of the farm-house accepted her fresh cares in the most amiable manner.

August 27th.-Lizzie and I have spent a week in this quaint, home-like place; and were it not for the dear aunt and uncle, I should be almost willing to spend my life here. But I shall not go back to Cape November; my next move will be to the city.

I wish that Mr. Thanet would go away somewhere. I do not wish to see him again just now. I cannot feel grateful for his saving my life, as Lizzie insists that he did; for he wishes me to forget Walter, and look upon him in the same light. But he has been kind, most kind, and I am horribly ungrateful.

I believe that, when he spoke to me, I put out both hands, as though to ward him off; what he said seemed like sacrilege.

"I am sorry," he added, somewhat bitterly. "It was the inadvertance of a moment, thus undoing the restraint of a year. But do not answer me now, Stella-do not, I beg of you. I will wait for years, if necessary."

To Lizzie, who grew jubilant, over what she seemed to divine by instinct, I said, "I so wanted him to fancy you."

"Bless you, child!" she replied, with a giggle, "I've been engaged these two years. Anson Coit, a boy with whom I used to romp and quarrel, when I was no bigger than a grasshopper.

West to make his fortune."

I smiled a little, as I thought of the unpromising materials with which I had attempted matchmaking: but the smile changed to a sigh, when I remembered the occurrence of the morning.

"Any way," said Lizzie, viciously, "there is, some comfort in knowing that Cilly Clemming can't appropriate Mr. Thanet."

August 30th.-Poor I! poor Stella! poor, deceived girl!

"I can scarcely ask you the question, and yet I must satisfy myself," I said to Mr. Thanet, last night. "You-you knew Walter? Is this really true that I have overheard lately-that he no longer cared for me? That he-"

I broke down utterly, and, for answer, he took me in his arms, and laid my head against his shoulder. I could not repulse him. My old delusion was over. He was now the only friend I

September 10th .- I scarcely know "if I be I." I have given up my school-duties, and I wear a knot of blue ribbon at my throat and in my hair. It is Arthur's favorite color, for me, he says. The dear old people seem so happy at the change; and Aunt Hannah is never tired of repeating to me how Arthur told his love to her first, and asked so wistfully if she could give him any encouragement?

"Not now," replied that sage dame. would be dangerous to speak just yet; but wait awhile. Time works wonders."

He waited faithfully and patiently; and I find that what is left to me, after the storm and shipwreck, is more precious than all the freight that went down.

SPRING HAS COME.

BY LUTHER G. RIGG.

Now Spring proclaims the skies her own! A vernal robe o'er earth is thrown; The sun, all beaming, smiles o'erhead, And brooks rejoice that Winter's fled; The violets, on forest edges, Salute the hawthorn in the hedges; And faithful swallows, on fleet wing, Herald the advent of the Spring!

The Easter daisies nod their heads; The bees emerge from waxen beds: Blue-birds, and cuckoos, on sweet gales, With choral songs awake the vales; The tortoise thaws, and butterflies Air their fine wings 'neath April skies The reign of Winter has gone by-Spring dons her rich embroidery!

Now maidens pluck wild pasture roses: Now children gather roadside posice; The sparrow, robin, finch, and wren, With warblings fill each lane and glen; The murmuring streams, like fairy bells, Dance tinkling through the wooded delis; And blithesome insects and glad beasts Keep not the Lenten fasts, but feasts!

Oh, breath of Spring, from o'er the lea, Thou bringest newer life to me! Thou whispereth low, sweet tales of bliss. And soft as fragrant is thy kiss! We welcome thee, bright floral queen! Rich thy attire, and glad thy mien! Bright messenger from courts above-The home of Spring and deathless love!

MERELY FOR AMUSEMENT.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

A BRIGHT winter's day was shining over New York. The air was cold, sparkling, and exhilirating. The sky was of that intense blue seen only in America and Italy. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the leafless branches of the trees on the side-walks and the Battery stood up motionless, ice-incrusted, and glittering with diamonds under the noonday sun.

The great steamship St. Laurent, eastward bound, and to sail in a few hours for Europe, lay at her wharf, with the steam already whizzing from her waste-pipes, and her screw now and then revolving with a single, sullen throb, that sent the waters whirling and churning into snowy foam far astern.

A well-preserved gentleman, of middle age, perhaps thirty-eight, and decidedly handsome, stood on her deck, with hands plunged into the pockets of his overcoat, and a segar between his lips, surveying the busy scene. Business of importance, connected with the firm of which his deceased father had long been a member, and in whose transactions he was still much interested, called Julian Fenton abroad; but he yielded to the necessity of a winter voyage with anything but a good grace.

"Nobody on board to talk to," he said to himself, discontentedly. "Not a New Yorker that is anybody, to be seen. A Mexican family, and a Spanish ditto, both smelling very much of oil and garlic; Madame Coupebourse, the fashionable dressmaker; and half a dozen men that I never heard of before—it is enough to make one swear! And I have been obliged to give up so much to take this trip. There is the Heariston's grand dinner, and the Claypoole's ball, and Miss Delancey's German—Kate Delancey. Ah!"

Seemingly this last was a pleasant remembrance, for he lapsed into a fit of smiling meditation, pulling his mustache abstractedly as he did so. Meanwhile the bustle on the wharf and at the gang-plank increased. Porters were hurrying on board with trunks and parcels, and the friends of the departing travelers were saying good-by; and hastening on shore; the newspaper and magazine vendors were making a last effort to dispose of their wares; and orange-women were offering, in a frenzied way, unlimited fruit for nominal sums.

In the midst of all this, an elegant private car-

riage, with the inevitable steamer-chair and roll of rugs that mark a practiced voyager, drove hurriedly up to the foot of the plank.

"Ah! this looks promising," ejaculated Julian Fenton, going to the side of the vessel, and flinging away his segar in his suddenly-aroused interest.

Only two persons descended from the carriage, one, a tall and stylish-looking man, and the other a lady. The features of the latter could not be seen, as a heavy veil of thickly-worked black lace was drawn closely over her face. But her slender, elastic figure, in its close-fitting, furbordered Polonaise, was a model of grace and symmetry, and the foot and ancle which she displayed, in mounting the gang-plank, were so perfect that Fenton uttered another ejaculation, this time one of surprise and admiration.

Mr. Fenton lost no time in following this dainty vision to the cabin, where he found her surrounded by friends, who were uttering their last messages and adieux in a chorus of confused and eager voices. She had meanwhile thrown back her veil, and revealed a very lovely face, with large, soft, gray eyes, though the latter were now somewhat disfigured and swollen with weeping. It was a refined, high-bred, intellectual looking face, with delicately-cut and mobile features, a face that at first impressed Julian Fenton with the idea that he had seen it somewhere or other before, but which, on more prolonged examination, he decided to be wholly unknown to him.

At this moment, the gentleman who had accompanied the fair traveler on board, looked round, caught sight of Mr. Fenton, and, after a whispered colloquy of some moments with his companion, disengaged himself from the group, and came toward Julian, who was leaning against the doorway.

- "Mr. Fenton, I believe?" he said, raising his hat as he spoke.
 - "That is my name, sir."
- "Allow me to introduce myself. I am James Castlemaine, of Castlemaine & Co., Bankers."
- "Ah! yes, I know," said Julian Fenton, blandly, offering his hand.
- "This lady, the widow of my late brother, is about to proceed to Paris," continued the other, bowing again, "and she is without an



escort. May I trouble you to look after her a little on the voyage? She has no friends on board: but her aunt is to meet her at Brest, so that your charge will not be a very long nor a very onereus one."

"The latter it could not be," thought Julian Fenton, as he was taken up to be presented to Mrs. Castlemaine.

There was something in her style of beauty, at once matured, refined, and intellectual, that suited his fastidious tastes, and he began to think that his voyage would not be such a bad thing after The lady gave him a speaking glance, from her dark-fringed, lustrous eyes, and laid in his palm an exquisitely-gloved hand, that in delicacy and symmetry matched the perfect foot he had before noticed.

Just at that moment, the last bell sounded: the lest adicux and embraces were hurriedly given and returned; those shoreward-bound retired; while the steamer passengers rushed on deck to take a last look at their friends, and at the sunny shores of their native land.

It is always a solemn moment, no matter for how brief a time the outward-bound traveler is going, when the great cables that hold the steamship to the wharf are cast off, and thus the last visible link that unites the traveler with home is severed. Then the mighty vessel trembles from stem to stern with the strong throb of the engines. the screw dashes the water into foam, the ship glides onward, the shore recedes, and the voyage is fairly begun.

Mrs. Castlemaine did not come to dinner that day. The emotion of parting, and, possibly, the first heavy swell of the ocean, having induced her to remain quietly in her state-room. But, as the next day was mild and pleasant, she made her appearance at breakfast in a dark-gray travelingdress, trimmed with fur, with a coquettish little hood to match, both of which were exceedingly becoming, the long, tight Polonaise of the former showing off to advantage her lithe, elegant, and graceful form, while her beautiful eves sparkled like stars under the shadow of the latter.

"I am glad to see you able to come to the table, Mrs. Castlemaine," said Julian Fenton, assisting her to place herself comfortably on the long narrow sofa. "Now what shall I order for your breakfast?"

While her meal was being prepared, Mrs. Castlemaine chatted with Julian, or talked to the captain in the purest of French, and with the most perfect Parisian accent. How lovely she looked! Her face was one of those mobile, varying, expressive ones, which appear best under the

large eyes sparkled like twin diamonds, as the smiles chased each other across her lips, and revealed the deep dimple in either oval cheek. That bright, animated countenance was still a perplexity to Mr. Fenton, so confident did he feel at times that he had seen it somewhere else, and yet he was fully persuaded that he had never before met with so charming a woman, and one so entirely to his tastes. Above all things, he adored style and piquancy in a woman, and Mrs. Castlemaine, to use a much-abused word, was "stylish," from the dark braids crowning her shapely head, down to the tips of her dainty French kid bottines. Then, too, every line about her breathed of grace and elegance. The tall, shapely form; the slender, white hands; the long, tapering foot; the dainty head, so perfectly poised on the graceful throat and sloping shoulders!

The breakfast was succeeded by a promenade on the deck, where the skies, and the waves, and the sea-gulls were all discussed; and that all-absorbing question at sea, the probabilities of fair winds and favorable weather, or the reverse, was duly debated; and at the close of it the two promenaders had reached a degree of intimacy which a month's acquaintanceship on land, under ordinary circumstances, could scarcely have occasioned. Then Mrs. Castlemaine's sea-chair was brought up, and the lady was ensconced in it, so "wrapped, and lapped, and cozily happed," in furs, and shawls, and carriage-rugs, that she looked like a very poetical version of an Esquimaux belle. Mr. Fenton placed himself on a bench beside her, and a merry conversation about New York and Paris, and society in these two cities, ensued, in the course of which they discovered that they possessed so many friends in common, and found so many topics of mutual interest to talk over, that the lunch-hour came and passed unheeded, and it was not till the gathering shadows, as well as their sea-sharpened appetites, told of the approach of dinner-time, that they separated, only to meet again at table, and to be more pleased with each other than even in the morning.

The first day proved to be but a sample of the The weather was as mild as midsummer. Mrs. Castlemaine appeared daily at dinner and on deck in the most bewitching of traveling costumes. But Mr. Fenton was not permitted to monopolize her society, accredited escort though he was. The Spanish gentleman, Senor Travera, succumbed at once to the power of her charms; and there was a Frenchman on board, the Baron de Kerrasec, the head of an old Breton and Legitimist family, who lost no time in trying to get up influence of conversation or excitement, and her \ what his countrymen call une flirtation Americaine.

Mrs. Castlemaine, as she told Mr. Fenton, had passed nearly all her married life abroad with her husband, who was a confirmed invalid, and she spoke both French and Spanish with perfect fluency, so that she was enabled to reply with ease to the compliments and conversation of her two foreign admirers. Nor were they the only ones she had on board; for there was also a young Bostonian going abroad as Secretary of Legation to one of the smaller European courts; and an elderly Californian, by the name of Westland, who was reputed among the passengers to be of fabulous wealth; to say nothing of Mr. Longford, a Philadelphia gentleman, with a mighty pedigree and a very minute purse: and all these fluttered about the fair widow like moths about a candle. It was a marvel to see how perfectly she managed to retain these admirers in a good humor with each other as well as with her bewitching self. She was as adroit in her way as is the juggler who contrives to keep a half-dozen balls in motion in the air at one time, without ever letting them strike against each other, or permitting one of them to fall to the ground. But if any amongst them could lay claim to a shadow of preference, that shade was certainly accorded to Julian Fenton. It was on his arm that she leaned when ascending or descending the slippery stair-case that led from the bulwarks to the upper-deck; he was her nextdoor neighbor at meals; and if her delicate hand lingered a thought longer in the clasp of any one, it was in his; or if the dark-fringed, almondshaped eyes sent sweet, speechless messages more frequently in ene direction than in another, it was always to Julian Fenton that these marks of preference were accorded.

And he! How fared it with him under these many bewildering and intoxicating influences? The good ship St. Laurent had not half accomplished her voyage, before Mr. Fenton caught himself in the act of seriously weighing all the pros and cons of matrimony. Notwithstanding his state of sworn celibacy, he was still comparatively a young man, and his knowledge of the state of the late John Castlemaine's fortune enabled him to consider the matter from a purely prudential point of view. He tried hard to persuade himself that such was the only light in which he contemplated the chances of his marrying Mrs. Castlemaine, but it would not do; man of the world though he was, and thoroughly imbued with the world's wisdom, he was forced to confess that he was blindly, madly, absurdly in love; as wildly infatuated, in fact, as ever was a newlygraduated school-girl with a West Point cadet! How he cursed his own folly, and struggled Julian Fenton resolved to put his fate to the

against the influence of the enchantress during these lonely night-watches, when he tossed sleepless on his uncomfortable couch, and sighed for the morning hour that would bring him to her side again. But it was of no use. The bird was firmly limed, and its every struggle only entangled its wings the more securely.

One beautiful moonlight evening, a party was grouped together on the deck, consisting of Mrs. Castlemaine, Mr. Langford, M. de Kerrasec, and, of course, Mr. Fenton. The latter, by this time, had grown careless of appearances, and suffered his adoration to become visible to the most casual of lookers-on. The conversation had turned on Christian names. M. de Kerrasec had modestly confessed to the possession of some six or eight, beginning with Louis, and ending with Amedée. Mr. Fenton had been joked a little about Julian the Apostate, and Mr. Langford had proclaimed himself the owner of the very pretty cognomen of Francis.

"It is strange," remarked Mr. Langford, "how much fashion has to do with names. Look at the Nancys, the Bettys, and the Pollys of the last century!"

"Lady Betty Modish, for example," remarked Mrs. Castlemaine, "though she is only the heroine of a wicked comedy."

"After all," said Mr. Fenton, "those homely names were better, in their way, than the affected and sentimental ones now in vogue-Ada, Eva, Maud, Ellie, Rosie."

"Take care, Mr. Fenton," exclaimed Mrs. Castlemaine, holding up her finger, with a playful gesture, "you are growing personal."

"In what way?"

"My name is Rosa, at your service."

"I beg ten thousand pardons; Rosa is a charming name. I take back my speech."

"It is not a common name," remarked Mr. Langford.

"No," said Julian, "I do not think I ever met with it before."

"Think a moment, Mr. Fenton. Did you never know a lady, named Rosa, before?"

Mrs. Castlemaine spoke laughingly, and yet there was a shade of earnestness in her tone.

"Never," answered Julian, after a momentary pause for reflection. "I am quite certain of that."

"Indeed? Then I am fortunate in being the first and only Rosa of your acquaintance."

The conversation here took another turn, and the little discussion was soon seemingly forgotten by all present.

The day before the steamer arrived at Brest,

touch. Not that he had much fear as to the result; he had self-conceit enough to keep him from dreading a refusal. Yet it was with an unwonted emotion that he hazarded his avowal.

He was on deck alone with Mrs. Castlemaine. Above them, in a cloudless sky of dark, diamond-studded azure, shone the full moon, radiant with the cold, silvery lustre of winter. Around them was the wide, lone waste of waters—the solemn silence of the ocean and the night, only broken by the distant sounds of the giant engine that propelled the good ship on her way. The influence of the hour, and of the first true, pure passion that had ever filled his breast, lent his words a new and thrilling eloquence.

Nor was this eloquence seemingly unfelt by his hearer. The fair face looked pale in the cold moonlight, and the shining eyes were softened and shadowed, as if by some new, yet strong emotion.

"You love me, Mr. Fenton? Can I trust you —can I believe your words?"

"You may—you can. I love you as I never loved human being on earth before. Will you not answer me? Mrs. Castemaine! Rosa, may I hope?"

She drew her slender hand from the clasp that would fain have held it prisoner.

"Not yet. I cannot answer yet. You must be patient—you must wait."

"Wait! And for how long? Can you not comprehend the misery of such suspense?"

She turned her face toward him, with a slight, but forced laugh.

"Is it the accomplished flirt, Julian Fenton, who speaks? I cannot realize the fact. Patience yet for a week or two. I will write to you when I reach Paris. You must give me time to meditate over my answer, for remember that I am no impulsive girl to reply yea or nay in a breath."

"But_____"

"Nay; it must be as I say," she interrupted, holding up her hand to stop his expostulations. "And not another word of love must you speak, while we are on board this ship. I do not want the busy tongues of our fellow-passengers to be set wagging about our affairs any more than can be helped."

"These are hard conditions, Mrs. Castlemaine."

"Shall I say No, at once, then?" she asked, playfully, rising, as she spoke, and looking be-witchingly lovely in the soft moonlight. "Choose, Mr. Fenton, and I will abide by your choice, whichever it may be."

"Then my motto shall be, 'Wait and Hope!' But you are a stern tyrant!"

"Like most female sovereigns, I believe," she

answered, smilingly. "Good-night, then, and pleasant dreams."

"They will be pleasant, for I shall dream of you."

Another smile, a wave of the hand, and she was gone. Julian Fenton lighted another segar, and leaned against the bulwarks, meditating dreamily over his future establishment in Fifth Avenue, and cogitating the possibility of securing a certain desirable villa at Newport for himself and Mrs. Fenton during the next summer.

It was no wonder that he felt confident of success, in this, the first matrimonial venture he had ever decided upon taking. His good looks, his wealth, his social position, his seventeen years experience in "our best society," had all combined to lend him attractiveness in the eyes of the fair sex, and he had been petted and sought after to an extent that would have made a meeker man vain. He had for years acted the part of a butterfly among the fairest flowers of his native land, hovering over the sweet and the beautiful, but disdaining to settle anywhere. And now the rover was caught at last—the butterfly was netted—his freedom was gone.

He smiled to himself as he made the silent confession that his heart was thrilling with a new and unwonted emotion, and he caught himself lingering before the door of Mrs. Castlemain's state-room, with a sort of deep, chivalrous tenderness of feeling, that surprised him into something very like a prayer for her safety and repose.

The next day the steamer arrived at Brest, and Mrs. Castlemaine disembarked there, being met on the wharf by an aged lady, who seemed overjoyed at seeing her niece. Mr. Fenton would fain have quitted the ship there also, and journeyed with his lady-love to Paris; but this she positively forbade; so he was forced to content himself with escorting her on shore. Their parting was a very hurried one, but as they shook hands, Mrs. Castlemaine again whispered, "I will write."

Two days after Mr. Fenton's arrival at Meurice's, a letter was handed to him—the letter which he had so ardently expected. The delicate flowing hand, which, though unseen before, bore too distinctly the characteristics of its writer to be mistaken, and the dainty monogram of R. D. C. on the envelop, were tokens that he welcomed with delight. With an eager hand he tore open the envelop,

"Once upon a time----'

How oddly it began! Could he have been mistaken? He turned to the signature, and read there, Rosa D. Castlemaine, so he recommenced the perusal of the oddly-worded missive,

"Once upon a time-for that is, I believe, the } way to begin a story about forgotten persons and ancient places, there came to Newport an old lady from Nashville, with a very young niece in her charge. The time was eight years ago, not so very long after the conclusion of the war, and the Ocean House, where these ladies were staying, was anything but gay. The niece, Rose, was a small, shy, timid little person, without any knowledge of the world or of society. This trip to Newport was her first entrance into either-and she found things very dull, and not at all what she had imagined. Her aunt's acquaintances were but few in number, and were quite staid, old people, like herself, so that poor Rese's opportunities for dissipation were mostly confined to an afternoon drive, or a seat beside her aunt in the long corridor, which, on Saturday evenings, was filled with a gay and animated growd, but which, at other times, was stupid enough. seemed so dull and lonely, too, for her, on those gay Saturdays, when everybody else walked, and talked, and chatted with their acquaintances, and discussed the last party, or the one to come, and made plans to go hither and thither on pleasant excursions, while she, poor, pale, dark-eyed child, sat silent in the shadow beside her aunt, and felt dreary and lonely, and very much inclined to cry for very weariness, and longing for a little of the pleasure that seemed to be sown broadcast all about her, but which never seemed to spring up and bear a bright blossom or fragrant fruit for her.

"One unusually crowded evening, Rosa overheard a voice, near her, say, 'A pretty little thing, that dark-eyed girl in the corner. Who is she?" The speaker was a tall, fine-looking man, the very beau-ideal of a young girl's imagination-handsome, graceful, and elegant looking. The lady whom he addressed turned, looked, and shook her head. But a few minutes after, the young gentleman was brought up by one of Rose's elderly acquaintances, and was introduced as Mr. Julian Fenton.

"From that day thenceforward, Rose lived in a perfumed atmosphere of impossible delights. Julian Fenton was her devoted cavalier. He took her out to drive behind his matchless pair of fast grays; he danced with her; he introduced her to the Newport leaders of fashion; he got invitations for her to all the balls, and fêtes, and receptions of the season; and, in fine, opened up to her an enchanted world of pleasure and enjoyment, of which she had scarcely even dreamed before. And, withal, he was so kind and so devoted. He } interested himself so deeply in all her little affairs,

portment, and taught her all the new steps, and the new figures in the German, and something else besides-he taught her to love him.

"Not that he ever made positive love to her. I will acquit him of that. But love is shown in look, and tone, and gesture, and is told in halfbreathed words and half-uttered phrases, as well as when spoken with all the fervor and poetry of Romeo, or of Claude Melnotte. What was he dreaming of, this practiced man of the world, when he took the soft wax of a childish heart, and stamped his image thereupon, only to fling the poor plaything away at last, heedless if it were broken in the process or not? Was he indeed innocent of all thought or intent of ill-doing when he so disported himself?

"Six weeks and more had passed for Rose in this bright, bewildering whirl of enjoyment and intoxication. The season was near its close, and a brilliant ball, given by one of the leaders of Newport gayety, was to form the finale to the festivities of the season. Rose prepared for this ball with trembling hands and a throbbing heart. Something of inward premonition told her that on that evening her fate would be decided. Mr. Fenton had been more than usually devoted. Her dress of pale pink silk had been ordered at his suggestion, her hair was dressed in the style he preferred, and her bouquet was an offering from him. So she went out to the ball, bright, joyous, and happy, never, so help me Heaven! to dream a foolish love-dream any more.

"For this was the conversation that she heard, as she sat trifling with some ice, behind the shelter of a tall stand of plants, too happy to eat her supper, or to think of anything but the coming German, for which she was engaged to Mr. Fenton. The voices were both known to her-one was that of Julian Fenton, the other that of James Wyllis, his particular friend. 'Well, Fenton, and when is the wedding to be? Am I to congratulate you at once, or is the engagement still a secret?' 'What engagement, and whose wed-'Don't pretend ignorance! Yours, to ding? the little Denham girl-the Southern rosebud, as Clayton calls her.' 'Nonsense!' cried the other. 'What! I engaged to Rose Denham? It is absolute folly!' 'Well, everybody is talking about it, and you have flirted tremendously with her without a doubt.' 'A flirtation is all very well; matrimony is quite a different thing. No, no! my freedom is my own still, and I mean to keep it. She is a nice, fresh, shy little thing, and I have taken quite an interest in her, and have brought her forward this season, and made her a very positive success.' 'And for what reason, if and gave her good advice about her dress and de- { you really did not care for her?' 'Oh, she is a bright, pleasant girl, and I like her very much; she does well enough to amuse oneself with for a few weeks, though she is rather too young and inexperienced for my taste. But the fact is I wanted to serve out Carrie Forrester, for more than one ill turn she has done me lately. Carrie was having things all her own way at Newport, till I brought forward this pretty young creature, and then her paint and her thirty years had a hard time of it. Nothing like putting a rose-bud beside an old, artificial flower, to show the defects of the latter effectually. No, no; to-morrow I shall say good-by to Miss Denham. We are to lead the German together to-night, and that will probably be the last I shall ever see of her. Oblige me by contradicting the report that we are engaged, whenever you get a chance.'

"Rose Denham neither screamed, nor fainted, nor did anything desperate; she merely put aside her plate of ice-cream, and asked her escort to bring her a glass of wine. And then she went out and danced, and led the German to admiration, and went back to the hotel, and laid down on her bed with a feeling that her heart was broken. But she did not get brain-fever, nor did her broken heart kill her. In point of fact, she was married two years afterward, and did extremely well in a worldly point of view. And for that marriage she had to thank Julian Fenton, for it was only the aching, hollow feeling, that was left when love and hope were literally crushed out of her existence, that ever led Rose Denham to give ear to John Castlemaine.

"For you know me now; you must have recognized me long ago, totally as you had forgotten me. It was not to be wondered at. I was but one of the myriad of unnoted girls with whom you have whiled away some of the superfluous hours that often hang so heavy on your hands.

"And now you come to me to sue for the heart that once might have been yours for the asking; nay, that once was yours, wholly and entirely for a few brief weeks, long years ago. But to-day I make answer, that I cannot love you, for I know you too well. That I did love you once, I have confessed, without hesitation, but when you dealt my heart the blow that crushed it, the stroke also shattered the worthless idol it contained. You may call me a false, cold-hearted coquette, if you will; but my conscience is clear; I used no effort, put forth no wiles to attract you. Moreover, I am but what you yourself have made me. The timid, loving, inexperienced, trusting girl, exists no longer. You are not the first Frankenstein that has beheld the creature of his own fashioning turn against him. If you have indeed loved me, with a true and sincere passion, (which, parden me if I doubt,) then are we quits at last. I was the amusement of your season at Newport, you have served to divert the tedium of my late voyage. Again, I repeat, we are quits.

"Rosa Denham Castlemaine."

"Who is that charming woman that we passed iust now?" asked a French count of Julian Fenton, as they were driving through the Bois de Boulogne, some six months later.

"That lady," answered Julian, with a slight flush, "is a countrywoman of my own-Mrs. Castlemaine."

"I beg your pardon, mon cher," interposed the Baron de Kerrasec, who formed a third in the party, "she is your countrywoman, it is true; but she is Mrs. Castlemaine no longer. She was married, three weeks ago, to the Russian Prince Orlanoff, and they start for St. Petersburgh tomorrow."

INTER SPEM ET METUM.

BY E. V. HOLLIDAY.

RESTLESS, restless, in my sorrow,
Hoping where no hope remains;
Striving from the clouds to borrow,
Shadows, omens from my pains;
Fleeing in my fancy onward,
In a land of dark'ning dreams;
Dut no brightness coming downward,
Hails me, friendless, with its beams.

So what's hope but that which fails us, When our effort hath its failing; And what's death but that which hails us, Weary with our tempes, railing? Looking from you deepest azure,
Eon of etermal years,
Showeth us its hoarded treasure,
Balm to eyes bedewed with tears,
God hath refuge for the hopeless,
Fallen in the stern ordeal;
And though night be deep with darkness,
Thou mayest look for light ethereal;
Trembling, trembling, in His mercy,

Waiting for a prayer to answer-

Dying darkly is all hearsay,

If God be our sole enhancer.

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THE SAAR SECRET.

"THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC. BY THE AUTHOR OF

CUNCLUDED FROM PAGE 336.

CHAPTER VIII.

"It's a God-forsaken part of the world," said Champlain, again and again, as he drove on.

When near the Saar House, he met Gill on foot. He stopped to greet him eagerly, and to tell him what had happened.

- "Get in, get in," he said. "Let me drive you up. I tell you there's something murderous and uncanny in the whole region. Drowning women seem to fit in and belong to the scenery!" he repeated, vehemently, after telling his story.
- "It has been an animal of some sort, Champlain. No woman would attempt to cross the river to-night."
- "Well, I hope to heaven you are right. But I could have sworn it was a woman's cry; and that she called my name too, as a woman would in her death agony."
- "Now, see how absurd your whole fancy is. Who would call your name here?"
- "True enough. Who, indeed? Do you know," after a moment's pause, "if I am expected tonight?"
- "Oh, to be sure. I am asked to dine with you. Col. Saar received your note, warning him that you would be here, yesterday. Lucy was not told, however. Kept it as a surprise."
- Mr. Champlain smiled. "How is la belle Lucy?"
- "Snugly settled here," was the answer, "I fancy, till her wedding-day. Warm people, the Saurs, eh?"
- Gill whistled expressively, as he spoke, and lifted his eyebrows.
- "Very nice girls, too," he added. "Not of the Brahmin order exactly: something of the Yarico or Pocahontas strain of blood. But heavily weighted-in the ores."
- "Ah!" said Mr. Champlain, and drew the reins more loosely, and listened attentively.
- "Yes. Now, my advice," said Gill, leaning back his burly figure, in the buggy, and complacently stroking his legs, "my advice to any man, who wants a solid foundation to married life, is to come here to look for it. Why, bless your soul, my dear fellow, there are heiresses here, who would outrank any at home; and they den't know their value. They are not ticketed and zealously. Champlain, of course, soon began

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and labeled, as in the cities. Money has not its scale of appreciable values. No, sir! You may come here and pick up a first rate prize in matrimony, lying about loose, just as you would find a solid nugget in a gold mine, covered all over with earth. In town, women and gold are polished and cut, and ready for sale in the shop windows."

- Mr. Champlain did not answer for some time. But he looked thoughtfully at the horse's back, as though he were reading his destiny there. At last, with a little poof, and an airy flirt of his fingers, he threw reflection aside.
- "What is money," he said, "when one talks of marriage? What has that to do with sympathy, communion of soul with soul? Ah, Gill, I'm afraid you're a mercenary fellow, after all!"
- "No; but I consider the monthly bills. seen the inside workings of these halcyon nests."
- "True, true! There is another side to every question, and to this with all others, no doubt," a shade of doubt on his good-looking face.
- "They've set the stage for Champlain," thought Gill, when they were ushered into the Saar parlors, and he found the colonel, in the full uniform which he wore only when on parade with the volunteers, and on state occasions; his daughters, dark and splendid with their sweeping black robes and flashes of red lights.
- Mr. Champlain paid his respects to them with a certain grave empressement. There was a something both stately and savage about the women, which impressed him as strangely as it had done Lucy.
- "Where is Miss Pomeroy?" asked Gill, seeing that Mr. Champlain looked around, chagrined at missing her.
- "My niece has gone upon a short visit to a relative, up on the hills," said the colonel. "She will doubtless return in the morning."

He was a poor dissembler. It was impossible for him to speak at ease. But Mr. Champlain, as yet, suspected nothing.

Miss Saar placed Mr. Champlain beside her at the dinner-table, and gave herself up to his entertainment. It was evident to Gill that she was, for some purpose, making the man a study, close

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to detail his adventure of the road, becoming, by { turns, half-pathetic and half-gay about it.

"Now, my friend Gill, here," indicating him with an airy gesture, "Gill would have me believe that it was an animal I saw struggling in the waves. It may be. My sight is near, and both the water and the air is dark. But I could have sworn it was a woman, and a young, small woman, who stretched out her hand and cried to me."

It was natural that women should be keenly interested in such a story, and touched also. But Gill was startled at the sudden and powerful sighs of horror and alarm that swept over the faces before him.

Not a word was spoken, however. Mr. Champlain was permitted to pursue his story, without interruption, by even a question. When he had finished, Miss Saar said, quietly, "There is no chance that the woman, if it were a woman, is still living. It would be folly to go now to look for her."

"Oh, certainly. If there had been any hope of helping her, you do not suppose I would have come away?" Mr. Champlain cried, excitedly. "Yet I do assure you, it was a horrible experience! I fancied heard her call my name-did I tell you that? Though that, as Gill remarked, was an absurd fancy."

Colonel Saar started to his feet. "Good God!" he cried, "I cannot sit still, with the woman's cries ringing in my ear! I will go, Urna."

"How long is it since you left the bridge. Mr. Champlain?" said Miss Saar, without making any motion either to urge or deter her father.

"I should think an hour. Oh, quite an hour."

"Too late!" said Colonel Saar, with a halfgroan, continuing to pace up and down the room.

"Is it possible you seriously believe this to be a woman?" said Gill, helping himself to a slice of the venison haunch. "It was a sheep, or calf, or something of that nature, I am quite assured."

But Colonel Saar, even after he had resumed his seat at the table, was silent and gloomy, replying at random to the remarks which Gill persisted in addressing to him.

Mr. Champlain proved to be a valuable adjunct to the dinner-table, especially after he was warmed by a glass or two of champagne. If Lucy had calculated the effect of the barbaric display of wealth, in the Saar mansion, upon him, at a high rate, she had not been mistaken. No sign of luxury was lost upon him, and Miss Saar saw that it was not lost. She did not relax once in her close scrutiny of him.

Gill, in the intervals of his devotion to the venison. "She would not marry him; the fellow is almost penniless, and these Saar women never flirt."

Whatever was her motive, Gill did not penetrate it. When dinner was over, she followed her father into his own den, going up straight to where he stood, gloomily gazing into the low, wood-fire. Its fitful flicker fell on her large, black-robed figure, on the scarlet cincture of velvet twisted into her straight, coarse locks, and on the small jetty eyes gleaming below,

"The woman that he saw drowning," she said, "was Lucy Pomeroy?"

"Yes. Have you no pity, woman? Women are like tigers toward each other."

"I do not see why I should have made any outcry. Lucy Pomeroy has certainly made herself no object of affection to me. I have every reason to be satisfied, if she have taken herself out of my way, and so have you, sir. If she chose to cross the river, in the face of Jeath, I am not guilty. Why should I make this man believe I was?"

"You are right. Certainly you are right. If you have the coolness of head to reason it outand of heart."

Miss Saar nodded. "I have coolness of both to reason a little further, sir. It is by no means certain that Lucy Pomeroy is dead. In case she escaped and reached her father, and should return with the knowledge of their claim, she is not, singly, much to be feared. She cares little and knows nothing about legal matters. this lover of hers is sharp as a pedlar. Money is his god. Let him have an inkling of the truth, and you would be driven to the wall by him in a week."

"What do you propose to do, then?"

"Take him from her. Marry him to another woman. And I only ask from you, sir, that you will not interfere with my plans, no matter what they may be."

She stood closer in front of him.

"I will not interfere, Urna," he said, looking at her with a half-smile of admiration, "provided the other woman is not yourself."

Miss Saar glanced at him quickly. a sinister meaning in the look which he could not fathom; but she only replied, quietly,

"No. I am not the woman."

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Gill, with fact Colia, in the kitchen of a friend just deceased. Mr. Gill was one of the "What can she want with the man?" thought | watchers, and had slipped out to see that the apples were properly roasted for the toddy. "Sitting up" with a corpse, in the West, is very different from an Irish wake; but still, due regard is paid to the supper. The six gentlemen, inside, who sat with their heels high above their heads, smoking lugubrious segars, turned twelve anxious eyes after Gill, as he withdrew, on solemn tip-toe, and catching a glimpse of Aunt Celia's hatchet-visage, over the supper-table, felt their souls cheered within them.

Mr. Gill and Aunt Celia had fostered a paternity of feeling in many such scenes as this. They conversed, in undertones, at the table, as he stirred the sugar and brandy together, and she removed the rich slices of pickled salmon from the bowl while they were potted.

- "That man, Champlain, is still at Colonel Saar's," he said, with a sigh. "I cannot understand the motive of such excess of hospitality."
- "Plain enough, on his part," responded Aunt Ce'ia, in a like funereal whisper, with a significant nod.
 - "Good table, eh?"
- "More than that. I was there for dinner, yesterday, and I measured him. I measured him, I warrant you! He's a fortune-hunter. He'd throw little Lucy overboard to-morrow, if he had a chance to marry Urna Saar. That's his game. But what is theirs? Why should they show a civility to Lucy's lover which they never did to Lucy herself?"

Gill shook his head, and stirred more vigorously. In fact, he was more chagrined than he chose to acknowledge, by the whole affair. Since the first dinner, to which he had accompanied Mr. Champlain to the Saar House, he had not been invited once to that centre of comfort and good eating, while Champlain had been urged to return the next day; and having returned, his valise had been sent for, and he had been kept a willing captive.

"There is some underhanded work going on, which I am not to know," guessed Gill, with more than his usual acuteness.

- "This very morning," he said to Aunt Celia, stirring the sugar viciously, "I met the fellow, on horseback, and rode a few rods with him; and in these few rods he managed to bring in a dozen questions as to the Saar estates. How the old colonel was likely to cut up? What the West India property was worth? I did not know they had properties in the West Indies?"
- "Nor have they. Not a pennysworth. If I really thought the man was going to play little Lucy false, I'd interfere. That girl has taken a cerious hold on me, Mr. Gill, considering that she never gave me the wrapping of your finger,

and her cousins have actually clothed me for years. Really I am strangely fond of her. I will not see her put upon and abused."

- "She is a very pleasing little girl," said Gill, abstractedly. What had he done, to be banished the Saar dinner-table? There was more pregnant matter for meditation than Miss Pomeroy's wounded affections.
- "She's very fond, too, of this man, Champlain," pursued Aunt Celia. "I knew that by the sparkle in her eye, and her blush, at the first mention of his name. And he does not, he roally does not seem to me the person whom Lucy would have chosen for her hero, if I could judge."
- "But you can't judge," retorted Gill; "you could as soon guess at the color of the lining of a woman's shoe, as the manner of man she will choose for her husband. One is as much accident as the other."

The consultation stopped there. It resulted in a visit of Aunt Celia's, the next morning, to the Saar House, in order "to find out all about it." But she only saw Mr. Champlain driving from the door in the colonel's new phæton, with a lady, closely veiled, at his side. The lady was not Miss Saar, who received Aunt Celia with unusual civility, accepting her fervid kisses on each cheek, calmly.

- "I thought I saw you driving out, Urna, darling, with that Mr. Champlain? What a gay, handsome fellow that is!"
- "Mr. Champlain appears to me to be quiet. No, it was not I."
 - "Lucy, then? It was too small for Lucy."
 - "No, Miss Pomeroy has not yet returned."
 - "It was your sister, then, of course?"

Miss Saar hesitated, but only for a moment. "It was my sister. Come, let us go to the pantry. There are some dried tongues I want you to have."

Aunt Celia followed, talking volubly. She had overseen the salting down of three tongues herself, and knew the pickle was perfect, and had the wren remembered to hang the small end down.

After all, why should she worry herself inte the grave about every girl who lost a lover.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Mr. Champlain returned from his drive, Aunt Celia had gone. His companion sprang lightly from the phæton, and crossing the hall, met Miss Saar at the foot of the stair-way. She stopped, still holding the veil wrapped about her head.

"Go into my reom," said Miss Saar, "and

wait for me there." Then she went down the } long hall to join Mr. Champlain, who stood looking out over the sweep of hill and valley, from the open door-way.

There was an unwonted, pleased content on his face. The landscape was wild and almost tropical in its rank luxuriance of growth and color. The woman who had just left him had eft her presence behind, and it touched and roused all that was sensuous in the man's nature, as a glowing flower would have done, or a heavy summer perfume. The nest, clear-eyed, alert Eastern women, of whom Lucy Pomeroy was a very fair type, seemed to him, for the moment, meanly made, niggardly dowered by Nature, beside this soft, swarthy creature, with her lingering touch, and slow, sultry eyes. He could feel the veivety softness of her hand now, the heavy rustle of her rich dress; the flash of her jewels came back to him from every colored leaf. For there could be no doubt that the certainty of great wealth, ease, and luxury, that wrapped this girl as a royal robe, had its effect on Mr. Champlain. Without that, the lingering touch, or slow, sultry eyes, would not have possessed their full tropical charm.

He turned, and greeted Miss Saar with a winning smile.

- "I find your cousin all that you have told me," he said. "Not witty, nor what you would even call intellectual, perhaps. But who wants wit, or intellect in a woman? Give me sweetness. tenderness, gentleness, for permanent charms."
- "Yes, Miss Lafond has these. She is much to be compassionated," said Miss Saar, thoughtfully. "Her life is one singularly lonely and neglected."
- "Even great wealth is but a poor solace for the lack of family ties," rejoined Mr. Champlain, sentimentally, but keeping a shrewd eye furtively fixed on her.
- "It is her wealth that has proved her bane. Should she not marry before she is of age, onehalf of her property returns to her brother. The girl has been actually imprisoned, during the greater part of her life, on a plantation in Jamaica. Only, within the last year, she has been with us."
 - "In two months she will be of age?"
 - " Yes."
- "I presume, then," with an embarrassed laugh, "she will not be averse to matrimony."
- "I do not think the money question will influence her at all. But she would not be hard to } win, poor thing! Her life having been so soli-

she may give her love to some worthy object, and to no fortune-hunter. Mr. Gill has been a suitor for her hand for some time-

"The deuce he has! I beg your pardon, Miss Saar. But Gill-? Very sharp practice, I confess."

Mr. Champlain did not exactly know what he meant by this; but he had intended to ride down, that very evening, and talk to Gill about this heiress, and now he found it would be giving up his hare to another hound; for he insensibly thought of Miss Lafond as his own rightful spoil. Here was the very heiress, who was to be picked up, as Gill had said, laying about, trampled under foot of the crowd, like a great, gold nugget covered with mud!

"Gill is a clever fellow," he added; "but lives by his wits."

To this Miss Saar made no response. She had no motive of interest in the salad-chopper, Gill.

When she left Mr. Champlain, she passed into the chamber, where the woman, whom he called Miss Lafond, waited for her.

"You have played your part very well, Letitia," she said. "You must play it to the end. This man will ask you to marry him, before the week is over."

The girl's yellow skin glowed with triumph.

- "I give you no advice," continued Miss Saar. "But, remember, the wedding must take place, on the other side of the river, if at a'l."
- "And Mese," said the mulatto, detaining her, as she would have passed into an inner room, and holding out her hands full of the jewels she had just taken off.
- "Wear them, until the time for the wedding, but not afterward. Mr. Champlain must take his bride unadorned," with a quiet sneer.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is a strange case, wife. Make the best of it as you will; a very strange case."

Mr. Sterritt leaned over the breakfast-table. as he said this, the fingers of his hands pointed together, and his voice lowered confidentially.

After breakfast was over was usually the time when he took Jane into the secrets of his busi-"And I have never had a case yet," he was in the habit of saying, "which could not be cleared, and set out in the light, by the plain common-sense of that woman!" But then Mr. Sterritt's cases were such as ordinarily fall in the way of a country lawyer: they concerned trespasses of cattle, squabbles about petty mortgages, tary, as I said, she has a craving for sympathy, and now and then a petit larceny. This was for affection, which is almost unnatural. I hope something different. Mrs. Sterritt's coffee had grown cold in her cup, and her pretty, sensible } face wore a perplexed and worried look.

- "I could tell better what to think, if I saw the young woman," she said. "The whole story sounds like a chapter out of a novel; and if it is the coinage of this girl's brain, you will embroil yourself with the Saars to no purpose. They are a powerful family, George, and unscrupulous in their revenge."
- "I know that, and that very fact gives more probability to this girl's story, don't you see?"
 - "I would like to see her."
- "Will you go down, then, to the tavern with me? I would be so glad, if you did, Jane. Though it would seem to be indorsing her in a measure."
 - "No matter for that. She came last night?"
- "Yes, in a carry-all, from Hoytstown. She had hired it there, it appears, and taken it up to Saar's farm, the Clearing, among the mountains, where this wretched, dying fellow was, and so had him conveyed here.'
- "That settles the matter. The girl should not he left alone, with a dying father, be she an impostor or not. I'll go for my hat."

In a few moments, Mrs. Sterritt was walking by her husband's side, down the village street. Young as she was, she held the place of factorum in the village, which gave her a staid confidence of manner, hardly to be looked for in her years.

This confidence was a little shaken this morn-She had never been brought in contact with any of the Saars, or Pomeroy's before. They stood aloof from the ordinary country people, and were regarded, by respectable church members. like Mrs. Sterritt, as a powerful, half-civilized tribe of savages might be, who had carried their propensities for scalps and nose-rings into modern drawing-rooms.

"The story this Lucy Pomeroy tells, is exactly such a one as one of that clan would invent,' she said, again and again, as they went down the street.

It was with no bias, therefore, in poor Lucy's favor, that she entered the side-door of the little inn, and waited for her in the parlor. If she had confessed the truth, she half expected to see enter to the stupid Venitian carpet, and painted wooden chairs, some such Alfarata, bow in hand, and hair twisted with wampum, as Lucy herself had pictured the Saars.

When the door opened, Mrs. Sterrett's first, startled consciousness was that here was a dress for more quiet, and indescribably more advanced in style than her own; next, that here was a Woman, before whom she was ignorant and unre-} fined; and, lastly, that here was one of the most if he is my father, is ill, and sinking fast. The

winning and loveable creatures, surely, that the world held!

She went up hastily, and held out her hand.

- "I am sorry that you are in trouble. Miss Pomeroy," she said, earnestly.
- "It is more than I hoped for, to have a woman, at last, to tell my trouble to," said Lucy, after a quick, comprehensive glance over Mrs. Sterritt's face, in which she recognized, at once, and always, one of her own order. "I had begun to think," with a faint smile, "that I was living in the midst of a melo-drama; what, with the hills, and storms, and rushing rivers, and the men about me, more savage than all. As for a lady, with gloves and a hat, such as I used to know, and common-sense in her face, I did not hope that the world could afford such a thing for me again."

Mrs. Sterritt laughed, and drew off her gloves. "Sit down, and tell me what I can do for you," she said. "I know," she went on, when Lucy was seated, "what the suit is which you wish my husband to bring against Col. Saar. You claim that he has detained your father, under a false name and character, for many years, and now, by the same means, is defrauding him and you of the property which is justly his. But how did you discover this?"

"There," said Lucy, "is my melo-drama; that is what I do not like to drag back again."

There was, in fact, such relief to the girl, after all the tension her nerves had undergone, in sitting quietly beside this commonplace woman, and being able to talk to her in a commonplace way, that she ran on, as though she really were the silly little chatterbox, which Major Weir had called her, since her childhood.

- "I left Col. Saar's house, on a stormy evening, under the guidance of a half-crazy mulatto girl. The batteau was upset in the river. Cinda could swim like a duck, but I went straight to the bottom, rose, and sank again. I thought I saw a man's figure on the bridge; but he either did not see me, or knew it was useless to try to help me. I rose again, and afterward I drifted, and was held by the bushes, on the bank, until the mulatto dragged me out."
 - "I wonder your courage was not damped."
- "No. I went on, wet and dripping, until I reached 'The Clearings.' It is a tumble-down old log-house, where the drover lives who has charge of the sheep-farm. I found there this man, whom I believe to be my father."
 - "There were no women on the farm?"
- " None. The mulatto proved more trustworthy than I had hoped. However, my father,



reach of a physician. I found a cart, carry-all, I believe they call it, in which I brought him here. I had carried a few gold pieces with me, fortunate y. One can turn any melo-drama into prose with a little money."

"Yes. I do not see what is left for me to do for you. You are ably fitted to take care of yourself," looking at her admiringly. The story was very different from the Miss Radcliffe-romance which she had expected to hear.

"No. I am not very able to do that. I wrote before I les Col. Saar's, to my guardian, Major Weir, to follow me to 'The Clearings.' It is about the time he promised to return. I wrote also for ther friend, weeks before. He will probably have reached the Saar House now."

A rosy flush dyed her face and neck as she spoke the last sentence.

Mrs. Sterritt smiled meaningly.

"Very well," she said. "You will be well taken care of. But I must have something to do. I have an irresistible desire to espouse your cause. Here is Mr. Sterritt, with the doctor."

The old physician's face was grave. Lucy rose to meet him anxiously.

Now it would be folly to say that the girl felt any real filial affection for the poor creature, who lay dying, up stairs. The father she loved and mourned was the ideal being that she had been making for herself since her babyhood, and who was fashioned out of the best of all the fathers she had known. He was dead, long ago. Nothing could make him live again. This wretched being, in the chamber overhead, was as far separated from her by nature, education, habit, as an animal would have been. But she had for him an overwhelming pity; the years of loss and pain he had borne were all present to her, in him; she felt for him the tenderness of a mother for a helpless child, of an affectionate, warm-hearted woman for the creature that she has saved from worse than death.

- "Will he live?" she asked.
- "Not many days."

Then the old doctor, after the fashion of village doctors, went on to give an exposition of the case, and of half a dozen others in his practice which resembled it.

Lucy, meanwhile, had turned away to the window.

"It is better, perhaps, for him, that his long trouble should be over," she said to Mrs. Sterritt. " And yet-

She seemed to have forgotten the legal issue invoived; and during the morning, while Mrs.

first thing to be done, was to bring him within (again. That lady, however, was keenly alive to its importance.

> "What do you think of her chances, George?" she said, eagerly, when they had gone home for their dinner at noon. "Undoubtedly she is his daughter. The likeness is wonderful."

> "Very strong, indeed. But a likeness, and a portrait, and the vague chatter of a crazy man, are poor material to go before a jury with, where estates like those of John Saar are involved. There is not a chance for her, if the matter goes into court.'

> "Do you mean to say," indignantly, "that that pretty, good little girl is going to be robbed, during her lifetime, by that old vampire, Col. Saar, as her father has been before her, and that nothing can be done? The law is worth but little then.

> "I went up to old Judge Finletter, this morning, and stated the case, with my belief that this is the veritable George Sarr, but without the means of proving it. 'My dear boy,' he said, there are three kinds of law, book law, lynch law, and scare law. The last is the kind suited to your man.""

- "I don't understand."
- "I have sent a messenger for Col. Saar. He will arrive this evening, and be taken into the presence of his brother and ourselves, and charged with the whole of his villainy, without any details as to how much or how accurate are our proofs. Ten to one, that he proposes a compromise, or at least inculpates himself. If he does not, no harm is done.'

"He will not. He is as wily a fox as any of his red-skin grandfathers."

Little Mrs. Sterritt could hardly attend to her household duties that day, much less any of the societies of which she was directress. She was watching the door of the inn. In the afternoon there was an arrival, and shortly afterward Mr. Sterritt was sent for.

" It is that gray-headed old scoundrel, Saar, no doubt," he said, nervously, for he was not used to dealing with any but the common kind of rascals. "I will call for Finletter, and take him up with me."

"Do so, George," she said, anxiously.

CHAPTER XII.

An hour clapsed before Mrs. Sterritt heard any tidings from the inn. It was hard to know this drama of real life was going on so near, with only a plank-door between her and it, and that Sterritt remained with her, did not allude to it she was shut out in ignorance. At last, however, her husband arrived, his sandy face quite red with excitement.

"Come down, at once, Jane. The poor creature, Pomeroy, is sinking fast, and his daughter should not be without a woman's help. She is his daughter! We have the proof. A trumpcard that will take the trick out of old Saar's hands. It was not Saar who arrived, but Miss Pomeroy's guardian, Major Weir, who knew her father well, for years, and who recognized him at once. There are certain marks, too, of which he told us, which identify him positively; a scar from the bite of a dog on one hand, a scythe-cut on the left leg. He limps a little from it. Oh, it's as clear as daylight. I hope to Heaven old Saar will not persuade the girl to compromise! I'd like nothing better than to run it into court."

When Mr. Sterritt and his wife reached the inn, they found the crowd of loungers gazing eagerly at a muddy phæton, drawn up before the door.

"It's the Saar equipage" they heard, in awestruck whispers. "The colonel himself is inside, and his daughter; and that's one of his negroes drinking at the bar."

"See how money sways the world!" said Jane Sterritt, bitterly, taking her village for the world, as we all do.

The husband bit his lip, screwing his courage to the sticking point, for the battle which was at hand.

But the battle was almost over.

In the little, striped-carpeted parlor sat old Judge Finletter. Col. Saar, his daughter, and Mr. Champlain stood uneasily in the centre of the room. Through the open door they saw the bed in the chamber, where the wreck of what had been George Saar lay, faintly breathing, while his daughter bent over him. Miss Saar waited, dark, and still, and watchful as some wild animal, ready to spring. The girl would not know how to attack, and, if she did, there was a stab ready to send straight to her heart, which this other woman had come to deal.

"She may take the money," thought Urna Saar, her small, black eyes shining malignantly. "But money will weigh but little with her, when she finds her lover is gone from her."

It was not Lucy who made the attack, however. She looked up to greet Mrs. Sterritt, with her hand held out.

"Mr. Champlain has come," she whispered, the tears rushing to her shy eyes. "It is he who is to take care of me."

Major Weir, meantime, had gone into the room, where Col. Saar stood.

"I did not expect, when I spoke to you of \

Lucy Pomeroy's father as dead a month ago," he said, quietly, "to find him here. Poor fellow! He has not many hours now to live."

The matter-of-fact tone took Col. Saar at advantage. He was already bewildered, driven to bay, ignorant of how much was known. But he made a last desperate effort to bully Major Weir, as he had bullied so many others.

"What folly is this?" he thundered. "George Pomeroy has been dead for years."

The major only shrugged his shoulders. "This is George Saar," he said, calmly, "whom I knew, as you did, when a boy. He is here, and dying:

"And if he be har," said the stupid old man, now completely cowed, and unconsciously yielding the whole battle, "he has no claim upon John Saar's property. An idiot cannot inherit."

"But the issue of his body can," said the major, with studied calmness. "I read the will attentively in the Recorder's office, and the words are, 'to the oldest child living of Peter Saar, or to the issue of his body.' But this matter will be settled hereafter."

Col. Saar was silent.

"You have given up all," said his daughter, laying her heavy hand on his arm.

"What could I do, Urna?" He turned to meet Lucy, who came into the room. "As God sees me, girl, I was led into this, little by little. I did not know your father had a child, when I planned to keep him as one dead. It seemed cursedly rough to me that I must be cheated out of the property by two idiots."

"I am sure you did not mean to wrong me, at first," said Lucy, the generous color rising to her face, holding her hands out to him. "One slides into a wrong path so easily."

Miss Saar moved slowly round, so as to face her, the triumphant sparkle in her eyes.

"How will you account for the other wrong which has been done to you?" she said, with a sneer. "Can you forgive that so easily?"

Lucy turned a bewildered look about the room, from Mr. Champlain to her uncle, and then quickly into the chamber, where lay the dying man.

"What wrong has been done me?" she said, simply.

"You did not know that Mr. Champlain, your lover here, was married, yesterday, to a woman, whom he believed to be an heiress? Eloped to the Ohio shore, with her, and came back, in an hour, to ask our forgiveness, which was accorded."

Miss Pomeroy's face lost all its color, and then was dyed with scarlet, as though she controlled some powerful emotion, but what it was they could not tell. She went up hastily to Mr. Chan-

plain, her eyes brilliant with either tears or \ laughter.

"I do congratulate you on the success of my cousin's scheme, though it was hardly undertaken for my benefit. But," turning to Miss Saar, "you made an odd mistake. This Mr. Champlain is no lover of mine. He is the uncle of Lloyd Champlain, who did not marry any heiress, but who came with Major Weir, this morning, for the express purpose of marrying me."

At that moment, the door of the chamber opened, and a young, gallant-looking fellow came out from the bed-side, where he had been busied with the dying man.

The rest of this history—is it not written in the records of the county court? Dry reading! Yet full of meaning, with the aid of these hints. We find there that John Champlain applied for a divorce from his wife Lactitia, being a colored wo-

performed in Ohio; but it was contested, on Mr. Champlain's part, that he was induced to marry the girl under false pretences.

The divorce was granted, promptly-Mr. Champlain purchasing the woman's freedom, and settling a certain sum upon her.

A civil suit dragged its slow length, year after year, in the same books, between John Saar vs. Lloyd Champlain and Lucy his wife, for the possession of certain lands and messuages, knows as the John Saar farms. It was decided finally in the complainant's favor; but only after the value of the estate had been so impaired by legal charges, that it was a matter of small moment to Champlain, then a lawyer in excellent practice in Philadelphia.

Miss Saar never married. Until within a few years ago, she lived, a lonely, dark, gloomy old woman, in the Saar House, both it and herself man and a slave. The marriage had been legally mysteries to the children of the neighborhood.

MAY DAY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

I THINK the day was colder, some degrees, Than any other in that month of May! My last year looked as fruitless as the trees Just putting forth their buds of green and gray.

I held my hand out, beggar-like; said, "Please;" But friends and foes did hasten on their way. I had such need of help I could not wait; I said, man will not hear, and called on Fate.

And was it Fate that held me by the hand, And stayed my restless feet upon the brink Of that abyss, unfathomable and grand, But which will bring a shudder when I think Of tender feet, and shining, slippery sand, And Lethean waters which I longed to drink; Then Fate did prove my kindest, truest friend, She led me from the opening to the end.

I know that day was colder, some degrees, Than any other which that year could boast; I know it by the plans that died-all these That I had nursed with so much care and cost,

Were swept away, like smiles put on to please, Which have no meaning, and are quickly lost, When the door closes, and we stand alone-That day had drifted from a frigid zone.

THE DEAD PAST.

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

YES, gone-forever gone! We cannot now recall. The vanished hours of other days, Yet still their shadows fall, And cast a shade o'er all the light, As when the sun has set at night.

The hopes of other days, When life was bright and fair; It seemed as though the future time, Would be as free from care; But as the years went swiftly by, The dark clouds gathered in our sky. We saw the promise sweet, Of fairest, sweetest flowers; They withered even at our feet, Ere we could call them ours. It might have been, and yet was not. Oh, can it ever be forgot?

Although the past is dead, Its memory still is here; The happy tones of other days, Still echo in our ear. The sound is sad-a note of woe, It might have been, yet was not so!



BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MADAME BRUNAULT sat, pretending to read the newspaper while waiting for the luncheon to be brought. In reality, she was furtively watching her sister-in-law, with a look of keen suspicion on her handsome, haughty face.

Lunch came. The two ladies partook of the meal almost in silence. Occasionally Mrs. Tracy tried to talk, but it was plainly an effort, and Madame disdained to be talked to on those terms.

Presently a servant entered with letters, which he handed to Madame Brunault.

"Are there none for me, Antoine?" demanded Mrs. Tracy, in French, with an accent which would not have disgraced a Parisian.

Antoine answered that he was in despair, but there were none. He went out, and Madame sat leisurely opening and reading her epistles with exasperating composure.

- "Is not that Edward's handwriting?" demanded Mrs. Tracy, suddenly, as her relative took up the third epistle.
 - "It is," said Madame.
 - "What does he say? Has he written to me?"
- "I have not read the letter yet," replied Madame, in her most icy voice.

Mrs. Tracy would not speak again. She looked vexed and troubled enough, as a woman might whose husband had written to his sister and neglected his wife.

- "Edward finds himself obliged to go on to Brussels, perhaps to Amsterdam," Madame said, at last.
- "Does he say any thing else?" asked Mrs. Tracy, forcing herself to speak calmly.
- "The rest is about the business here; it would not interest you," replied Madame, calmly putting the letter in her pocket.

Mrs. Tracy sat silent for a few moments. Madame serenely began to read the newspaper. When her sister-in-law rose, so impatiently as almost to upset her chair, Madame raised her handsome eyes, in cold reproof. Mrs. Tracy rang the bell.

- "Antoine," she said, when the man appeared, "order the carriage, please."
- "Are you going out in this sun?" asked
- "Yes; I half-promised Sophie de Thionville to come to luncheon. It is early yet—I shall go." She left the room. A few instants later An-

She left the room. A few instants later Antoine appeared with another letter.

- "The postman discovered it after he had left the house," he explained. "It is for Madame Tracy."
- "Leave it on the table," was the answer. "Madame will be back in a moment."

As the man obeyed, Madame Brunault glanced at the superscription. It was Edward Tracy's writing.

- " Λm I to go now to the town, as Madame desired?" Antoine asked.
- "Yes. Go to the warehouse, and tell Monsieur Roland I shall come myself to-morrow, in time to arrange what we were speaking of."

Again Antoine bowed, and departed. Madame sat still, and read her newspaper.

"It will do Genevieve good to wait a few minutes," she thought. "She ought to be ashamed to show such childish temper, because she believed there was no letter for her. She is jealous always of Edward's writing to me."

Presently the carriage drove round. Next she heard Genevieve's voice in the hall, addressing her maid. Mrs. Tracy did not enter the room, but passed straight out of the house.

"Childish, impertinent, too," said Madame.
"It is an unpardonable rudeness not to stop and bid me good morning. Very well; let her bear the consequences! She can wait for her letter till she comes home. It is only right that she should pay the penalty of her shocking temper. I am not vindictive. I feel only contempt for her silliness; but I am a just woman. I consider it well she should see that, by giving way to her sinful disposition, her desire to treat me rudely, she deprived herself for hours of her husband's letter."

Madame looked the impersonation of jutice as she reflected. She heard the carriage drive away with much serene satisfaction.

After awhile came visitors. Among other idle talk, Madame was told that Count de Thionville had come back to his sister-in-law's house. The count had been there the week before, and she had gone off to visit some friends.

"That is why Genevieve was so anxious to go there," thought Madame. "Ah, I am not to be deceived."

When her visitors had departed, she wrote letters, and consumed an hour or two; but Genevieve did not return, and Madame rang, and

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ordered her carriage. She drove to the de Thionville's villa. She was intimate at the house, and so did not wait to be announced, for she wanted to see just how everything would appear, if she entered unexpectedly.

In the reception-room sat Genevieve and the Count. Sophie was not visible. The Count was talking; Genevieve was gay and sparkling. They both started at Madame's entrance. She was sweetness itself to the Count and to her relative.

- "Genevieve," she said, "this letter came for you; I drove this way in order to bring it."
- "Thanks," said Mrs. Tracy, and put it in her pocket.
 - "It is from Edward," said Madame.
 - "I know it is," replied Mrs. Tracy.

The ('ount glanced from one lady to the other, and smiled under his mustache. He was a shrewd man, and understood that the elder lady was trying to exert authority, and that the younger was in a mood to rebel.

Madame Brunault caught the smile, and misinterpreted it. She fancied it betrayed triumph on the Count's part at Mrs. Tracy's indifference. Sophie de Thionville came in, beaming with smiles and good-nature; kissed her dear Madame Brunault, and tried to detain her. But Madame had other calls to make, she said—she must go; and out she floated, more convinced than ever that Genevieve was the most heartless coquette in existence—if not worse.

Madame Brunault had cordially disliked her sister-in-law from the first; indeed, she had done so in advance; for the bare idea of her brother's mediage was gall and wormwood to her. Seventeen years before, Madame had been Josephine Tracy, the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker. Even at eighteen, she was too haughty and overbearing to be a favorite with the opposite sex; so when her father lost all his money, she accepted the only hand extended to her, that of Monsieur Brunault, an ugly, snuffy little Marseilles merchant; but little, however, only in a physical sense, for he was a keen, clear-headed man of business, and very wealthy.

Josephine had gone through a sort of romance. That is, she cared for handsome Howard Mayne, who never thought twice about her after the summer which threw them together in the country, where Josephine had mistaken kindness and politeness for a stronger feeling. But she was quickly undeceived. Howard told her himself of his engagement, never dreaming that the news could hart either her vanity or her heart; indeed, he gave her small credit so far as the latter possession was concerned.

So the following autumn, Josephine was eigh-

Then came her father's failure, and old Monsieur Brunault's offer of marriage. The choice lay between accepting him, and becoming a governess. She took the latter alternative, and went with her husband to France. Soon after, her father died. Even that did not greatly soften Madame's heart toward his memory. She could never forgive his having made no arrangements for her future, while he still possessed money. At least he might have insured his life for her benefit, she said to herself; and his regrets that he had not done so only irritated her. But, in truth, he had never thought this necessary; he had expected to leave plenty of money; and ruin came so suddenly, that there was no possibility of thus aiding her, when, at last, the idea suggested itself.

For five years, Josephine lived with snuffy. Monsieur Brunault, in his handsome villa, near Marseilles. Then he died in a fit, and, behold, his affairs were in such a state, that, for a second time, ruin menaced the proud woman. On this occasion, she was spared that blow. Her brother, Edward Tracy, was then five-and-twenty. He had been a youth in college when their father met with his reverses. Edward had left the halls of wisdom, and plunged manfully into business, assisted by an old friend of the family, who was a power in Wall street. A series of those wonderful successes, which read like an Arabian Night's story, common as they have been in our day, had made Edward Tracy a rich man. He had come over to Europe for awhile, reaching Marseilles in the first days of his sister's widowhood. He was still too young, he felt, to remain idle. found that monsieur's business only needed a head to insure its success; he entered into an arrangement with his sister; became her partner. and everything went on well.

The two lived at Les Chataines, the villa monsieur had bought. The six years of this life were the pleasantest Josephine had ever known. Cold-licated as she was, she adored her brother, and be believed her perfection. But a third blow befel Madame. At the end of the six years Edward went to England on business. The next thing Madame heard was that he had fallen in love. His marriage soon followed, and the lovely girl he brought back to Les Chataines, as his wife, was Genevieve Mayne, the sister of the man whom Madame always chose to think had triffed with her in the old days.

A year had gone by since the marriage. Madame lived with the newly-wedded pair. She still ruled the house. Genevieve did her best to win the liking of the cold, beautiful woman, who, at thirty-five, was even handsomer than she had

been in the height of her girlish bloom. Finding this impossible, she treated Madame on her own terms; was kind and polite; but let her alone. She had many little annoyances to support, but she concealed them from her husband. Yielding and girlish as Genevieve was, Madame learned that it would not be safe to tyrannize beyond a certain extent, and Madame hated her the more for this knowledge.

Clouds did arise between the married pair. Tracy learned to think his wife capricious, inordinately fond of society and excitement, and uninterested in his pursuits. But he loved her still, and tried hard to silence the doubts in his mind.

Madame Brunault never acknowledged to herself that she was trying to make trouble between the pair; indeed, she was unconscious that she wished to. She was perfectly honest in her belief that Genevieve was willful, selfish, coquettish, and needed wholesome discipline and restraint. Put these thoughts in words she never did—she dared not; but she made Edward Tracy feel them, in the thousand ways, in which her influence over him rendered it easy to do.

It was autumn now-the delicious, golden autumn of Southern France. Tracy was called away suddenly to Paris. As he would be constantly occupied, and there was scant time for preparation, he left his wife behind. Once his decision uttered, Genevieve would speak no word. thought she was glad to be left. She thought he was glad to leave her. So they parted, with a certain bitterness in both their hearts. This was Madame's work, too. She said to herself, that if Edward took his wife, he would neglect the business; it was Madame's business also, so she had a right to protect its interests. She saw how pained Genevieve was, but she elected to believe that it rose from missing the gayeties of Paris; and she rejoiced righteously at this opportunity of inflicting a little more discipline on the frivolous creature.

"Do not stay shut up; promise me you will not?" Edward had said to his wife. "Go visit your friends, invite them here, make the time pass pleasantly."

Genevieve did this, not because she craved excitement, but because the old house was gloomy in his absence, and there was more chance of forgetting her loneliness, and the vague shadow which had of late troubled her, in the society of agreeable people, than in the atmosphere of frigid courtesy to which Madame Brunault treated her.

There were numerous fêtes in the neighboring villas, and Genevieve was a general favorite. Ma-

dame went too. She told herself that Genevieve needed watching, though, in reality, she enjoyed the festivities a good deal more than the young girl did.

Three weeks passed. Handsome Count de Thionville came to visit his brother's family. Madame discovered that her sister-in-law had known him in England before her marriage. Madame built up a romance at once, believed in it as firmly as she did in the gospel, and regarded her relative with increased suspicion.

The Count had gone away, and returned the very day this letter had arrived. Tracy had told his wife of his new journey. He thought that if she desired to be with him, she would propose joining him. She thought that if he wanted her, he would write to that effect.

So neither spoke, for there are no human creatures so hopelessly obstinate and absurd as husbands and wives who love each other, and yet have permitted the perfect confidence, necessary in that relation, to be disturbed. Besides, there is no crisis in mortal existence, where every step and action needs to be so carefully considered, as in the first year of married life.

Two weeks more went by. There was a change in Genevieve, a restlessness, a trouble new to Madame in her experience of the girl, but to which she was not slow to assign a reason.

It is odd how often women, whose own record shows clear enough, are ready to believe the worst of their own sex; and, in the present case, Madame's harsh judgment was increased by the fact, that she had always considered her sister-in-law deceitful as well as frivolous. Howard Mayne's sister, she said to herself, must of necessity be untruthful and treacherous.

Madame had no doubt whatever that Genevieve had loved this renowned French lady-killer, had been trifled with by him, and had married Edward from pique. Now she was yielding passively to the spell of old memories, to the dangerous influence of this bad man's companionship; for, of course, he was bad—that idea had from the first been firmly established in Madame's mind.

Well, Genevieve must go her own way; it was not Madame's part to warn her! Advice would be treated as an insult, or put aside with impertinent mockery. All that Madame could do was to be watchful, to open her brother's eyes the moment her suspicions became certainties. And they would become such! Josephine Brunault was as sure of this as she was of being herself animated by a strict sense of justice in every thought and plan.

The trouble and restlessness increased. Gene-

vieve went out more and more, and twice pointedly avoided Madame's companionship.

Still four days elapsed. Passing through the lower hall, one morning, Madame met Antoine with a bouquet.

"For Madame Tracy," he said, "with the compliments of Monsieur le Comte de Thionville."

Madame Tracy had strolled out into the grounds, he explained; she would not wish to be incumbered with a bouquet during her promenade; should he place it in the salon? Madame Brunault assented, and passed on up stairs. When Antoine had gone, she hurried back, and entered the salon. She took the bouquet out of the vase, and examined it. She was certain that somewhere among the flowers she should find a note hidden. She was not deceived. Down among the hearts of the odorous blossoms lay a tiny scrap of paper, pinned fast, concealed by the long, green leaves.

Madame grew pale with horror and indignation. She deliberately opened the note, and read it, regardless of the fact that whatever her sister-in-law might have done, this act, in its petty meanness, equalled it.

There was only a line.

"I am deeply grieved. I have not been able to arrange."

Madame put this note back, and pinned it securely again. She was satisfied that she had done right. She would have defended her conduct on high, moral and religious ground.

She went up to her room, and stood at the window till she saw Genevieve enter the house. Then she descended to the parlor. Mrs. Tracy sat by the table, her face deathly white. Madame taiked, forced her to talk. A visitor was announced, and Genevieve made her escape. The call is only noticeable for a fact Madame learned. The gossip told her that Count de Thionville had been gambling again, and had lost twenty-five thousand frances.

After the guest had gone, Madame still sat there. The door into the hall was open. She heard Marguerite, Mrs. Tracy's maid, bid Antoine order the carriage, because Madame Tracy wished to drive into Marseilles; he would find Madame in her sitting-room, the maid added, in the rez-de-chaussée, when the carriage was ready.

Madame Brunault went out, through a glass-door that led into the garden. She passed round among the shrubberies, to a spot that commanded a view of the window of her sister's private apartment, though she was herself hidden from sight. She wanted to see Genevieve, and note how she looked. What the prying woman expected to discover she could not have told.

She saw Mrs. Tracy come into the room, dressed for her drive, but very pale still. Madame was so close to the open window, that she could see this distinctly.

Genevieve sat down by a table, and took from a little satchel, which she had brought in her hand, several cases of jewels. She opened them, one after another, and examined their contents. There was a parure of diamonds and torquoises, which Edward had given her; a set of valuable stone cameos she had at the time of her marriage; none of them ornaments that she often wore.

Madam's quick mind flashed to a conclusion. Mrs. Tracy meant to raise money on these stones, and aid de Thionville. To what a pass must their intimacy have come, when he could appeal to her for such assistance! Her brother, her poor deceived brother, she cried. There was no self-righteousness in Madame's mind now. She was appalled, horror-stricken, but not surprised; even then she was calm enough to tell herself this.

She darted away and entered the house. The carriage had not appeared yet. She put on her bonnet, and hurried down stairs, meeting Genevieve in the hall.

"Antoine says you are going to drive into town," she said. "Will you give me a seat? One of my horses is lame. I was going to ask for the loan of yours. I have to see Monsieur Roland."

Genevieve looked disturbed and annoyed.

"I may be gone a long while," she said; "I mean to visit Madame Janville, and I have shopping——"

"Oh, if I am through my business first, I can hire a carriage to bring me back," interrupted Madame, with unusual sweetness. "I suppose you don't mind my going, do you?"

Genevieve did not answer this thrust.

"The carriage is waiting, if you are ready," was all she said.

It was a drive of two miles. Madame Brunault talked more than was her habit, was gay and amusing even. Genevieve had to shake off her evident depression, to answer, to appear unconcerned. That she succeeded tolerably was only an additional proof to Madame that she was utterly hardened and false. She said nothing to waken any suspicion in Genevieve's mind that she was being watched; did not even remark upon her pallor, or ask if she had a headache, as a less acute schemer might have done.

Madame sat up erect and stately among the cushions, bland and smiling, convinced that she was justice in person. She was grieved, indeed,

for her brother, but she felt no gleam of pity for the wicked creature by her side. Let her suffer, she deserved it! Any compassion would be a culpable weakness, a condoning of sin such as no henorable mind could, for an instant, contemplate.

- "Shall I drive you to the warehouse?" Mrs. Tracy asked, as the carriage entered the busy streets.
 - "If not out of your way."
 - "Not in the least," and she gave the order.
- "So much obliged," said Madame, as the carriage stopped at the glocmy, old building. "I dare say I shall be home before you. Good-by."

She disappeared within the imposing door-way, and the carriage drove off. There was a hack-stand in the dull place, where the warehouse stood. Madame hurried to the nearest cab.

"Follow that carriage," she said. "Stop where it stops. Don't lose sight of it, and I will give you ten pence."

She drove through several streets, and the hack stopped at last. The man descended from his perch, and appeared at the door.

"There is the carriage, Madame," he said.

Josephine looked out. The barouche was drawn up before the entrance to a little building, which Madame Brunault recognized. It was occupied by a man, who had once been in her husband's employment, and whom she and Tracy had assisted. He lived on the upperfloors, and in the lower sold old pictures and furniture. He lent money, too, on reasonable security.

Madame gave the coachman his ten pence, and dismissed him. Then she waited in the entrance of a gloomy, old house near, until she saw Genevieve come out, and the carriage drive away. After this, she crossed the street, entered Monsieur Martin's domain, and made her way to his private room.

The little old-spectacled fellow was quite overcome by the honor of her visit, but she could not wait for his florid compliments to end.

- "I think I have been a good friend to you, Martin," she said, sharply.
- "The best a man ever had, Madame!" he replied, with his hand on his heart.
- "Then, I expect you to tell me the truth. You don't always do it. But this time you must," returned Madame. "Did you know the lady who has just left you?"
- "Yes," Martin admitted, a good deal humbled. "It was Madame Tracy. But she did not know that I recognized her," he added.
- "She came to borrow money on a set of diamends, and on some stone cameos? You let her have it?"

- "Yes, Madame." The old man was evident'y much relieved, that she could state facts, instead of asking questions.
 - "How much did she want?"
- "Twenty-five thousand francs. She did not give me her real name. I said nothing. Ladies often have little debts they do not like to ask their husbands to arrange."
- "They do," replied Madame, bitterly. "For how long did she want it?"
- "Till January. Then, she explained to me, her own income came in; it had been anticipated this year, and she found herself in need of this sum."
- "Yes," said Madame, "I came to explain to you, because my sister has done a foolish thing. She wants this sum for a charity. I would not lend it to her, and her husband would not have given it if he had been here. Madame Tracy is very young, and impulsive. She gives without considering—"
 - "Ah, ah!" replied Martin.
- "But I must pay you the money. I cannot allow the jewels to remain. Make out a receipt, and give me the things. I will draw a check for you."

As Monsieur Martin would get the exorbitant interest all the same, and yet not be out of the use of his money for an hour, naturally he was delighted at this proposal.

"I know you will be secret," Madame said. "Good-by, now."

Then she too went her way, with the cases of jewels safe in her possession. She drove to the warehouse, arranged a little business with Monsieur Roland, and then returned to the villa, anxious to arrive before Genevieve.

Certainly, Madame Brunault had never been in the habit of arranging private interviews, or in anyway conducting herself carelessly; yet she went to the bottom of all the mysteries, which her sister-in-law gathered about her, so easily, that an ill-natured person would have said she must have had experience in such matters, or at least possessed a marvelous faculty for intrigue, even if her life had never brought it into practice. Josephine herself would have declared and believed, that it was love for her brother, and a strict sense of justice which animated her. She called her tendency to suspicion, her early prejudices against Josephine, by all sorts of fine names, and was beautifully unconscious that the feeling, with which she followed her victim, was more like the spirit with which a wild animal pursues its prey, than any sentiment that ought to find place in the mind of a human creature.

It was late in the afternoon, before Genevieve



returned. Madame Brunault saw her, as the carriage drew up. There was a look of relief on the lovely, girlish face, which Josephine perfectly comprehended.

One more link in the chain of evidence, and it would be complete. There must be nothing left to doubt, no possibility of casting distrust on the account she was preparing for her brother. The whole must be based on the testimony of her own eyes. However much she might have distrusted Genevieve, I must do her the justice to say, that she would have held her peace, had not these positive proofs of misconduct come to her knowledge. Let Genevieve explain them, if she could! Madame believed that she could be glad if the girl might prove her innocence; yet, with singular inconsistency, she exulted that this was impossible. She would be put away-disgraced! Howard Mayne would hear of it, and be forced to bear a portion of his sister's shame! But this thought was not a desire for revenge. No, no! It was only that Madame loved justice-only a proof that sin must always meet with its retribution!

That Providence chose Madame as its minister, in the present instance, was no affair of hers. The task had been forced upon her. No weakness must prevent her fulfilling it to the bitter end.

Still on the watch, she saw Genevieve leave the house, toward sunset, pass through the gardens and shrubberies, and take the path to the wooded cliff which hung over the sea.

After a little, Madame followed. She was stopped down stairs, for some time, by a messenger from Monsieur Roland. Then she hurried out, in her turn, and gained the wood. It was a lovely haunt. The great chestnut trees spread their branches above a carpet of moss. In front rose the cliff, its wall in one place broken down by some tempest of past centuries, and giving a view of the beautiful sea, set like a picture in the gray frame of the rocks.

A winding path led to the summit of the cliffs, where was a broad open plateau, commanding a view of wonderful extent and magnificence. But Madame had no time to think of its beauties, or notice the splendor of the southern sky, flaming with the glories of sunset. She hurried quickly, but cautiously, along to the top, and stopped behind a thicket of evergreens.

Josephine was standing there, her hands clasped in that of a man whose back was turned toward Madame; but the latter could have sworn that she saw Count de Thionville. Genevieve was weeping sonly, her beautiful eyes raised to her companion's face. The still air brought the words she spoke distinctly to Madame's ears.

"You promise-you will not forget?"

The answer Madame did not hear. She saw de Thionville bow over the white hands he held, and kiss them; then both he and Genevieve disappeared down the path, on the opposite side of the cliff.

Madame stood still. Presently, she saw Genevieve appear in the wood below, alone, but weeping still; and so she walked back toward the house.

As the two ladies sat at dinner, that night, a telegram was brought in, saying Edward Tracy would be back on the next day. Genevieve read it, flung it across the table to her sister-in-law, and left the room without a word. Madame comprehended that Mrs. Tracy was frightened at her husband's return, frightened and angered.

Later, Marguerite came in, with a message from her mistress. It was to the effect that Madame Tracy had a terrible headache, and was going to bed. She begged her sister to excuse her.

So Madame spent the evening alone.

The two ladies met the next day at luncheon; after that, Genevieve retired to her own apartment; and Josephine did not seek to intrude upon her until near dusk.

Then she walked to the door of her room, and knocked.

- "What did you want?" Genevieve asked, almost crossly, as Madame entered; but added, "I beg your pardon—I am not well."
- "You are still here?" asked Madame, in a tone of surprise.
- "Where else should I be?" returned Mrs. Tracy.
- "Anywhere else, it seems to me," said Madame, in her icy voice. "Do you expect to wait and meet your husband?"
- "Madame Brunault is pleased to speak in riddles," said Genevieve, haughtily.
- "I do not mean to! Plainly then. I had not believed that even your assurance would carry you so far! I must tell you that it cannot serve. Genevieve, I know everything!"

Mrs. Tracy rose from her seat pale as death.

- "Madame," she said, "this is your house; but I shall stay here only till my husband comes; to him you must account for this insult."
- "No, he must account to me," said Madame, lightly. "He must pay me twenty-five thousand francs. Then I shall be ready to restore these jewels to their owner."

She held up the jewel-cases as she spoke, and deliberately opened them, one after another.

Genevieve sank back in her seat, looking like a ghost.

"You will not deny that these are yours?"

asked Madame. "You cannot deny that yesterday you received a note from Count de Thionville, and that last night he met you in the wood? Mrs. Tracy, do you still mean to wait for your husband?"

Genevieve looked her through and through with eyes that shone like lightning.

"If I were what you pretend to believe me," she said, slowly, "I should be less base than you. I did not think any woman could be so vile."

"Oh, take care! take care!" cried Madame, in a furious voice. "This cannot serve your turn! In a few moments, if you persist in remaining, you must face your husband, and account to him——"."

"And you," interrupted Genevieve, "must one day account to your God—remember that!"

Madame did not precisely answer in Claverhouse's famous words, but the sentiment was the same.

At that instant the sound of a carriage driving up to the house roused them both.

"My brother! my poor brother!" moaned Madame.

She turned to leave the room. Genevieve sprang from her seat, and gained the door.

"Go back!" she said, in a low, awful voice.
"Don't come a step nearer. You shall tell your story here."

"Mad woman!" cried Madame, contemptuously. "Let me pass! Had you wanted mercy, you should have shown some signs of repentance."

She approached Genevieve. The latter stood firm. Without pushing her aside, Madame could not reach the door.

Tracy's voice was heard in the hall.

"Genevieve! Genevieve! Josephine! Why, where are you both?"

He was in the room. Both women turned their white faces on him. He stopped thunderstruck.

"Now Madame Brunault, your story," Gene-

"Eve! Darling! What is it?" he cried.

"Hush!" she answered. "Listen, before you speak to me."
"Are you both crazy?" exclaimed Edward.

"This is a pretty welcome, I must say."
"Not my fault. Edward!" exclaimed Madame

"Not my fault, Edward!" exclaimed Madame Brunault.

"Framatic phrases are not an explanation," said Genevieve. "I want you to listen, Mr. Tracy. Bequick, Madame! If I am to leave this house, I wish to do it at once."

Trucy looked from one to the other, in hopeless bewilderment. He was too confused now even for anger.

Madame Brunault began her tale. Edward would have interrupted; but it was Genevieve who stopped him. Madame related her suspicions and the discovery of the note, displayed the jewels, and told of the last meeting between the lovers, as she called them.

Edward Tracy had flung himself into a chair, and sat gazing at the two, in helpless stupefaction and misery.

"Now speak!" cried Madame, turning to Generieve. "Give me the lie if you can."

Genevieve did not notice her. She moved toward her husband, looked full in his face.

"It is true," she said, "that Monsieur de Thionville wrote me the note your sister opened. It is true that yesterday I raised twenty-five thousand francs on my jewels. It is true that I have a secret—a terrible one! Now, then, Edward, do you believe that I am what she would have you think? Do you doubt whether I am worthy to be taken to your heart?"

"I know there must be some awful mistake," Tracy groaned. "For God's sake, explain!"

"I will be answered first," she said. "I have borne much. The time has come when it would be wickedness to endure the life I have led for months past. Do you, or do you not, trust me?"

He looked in her face. There was a struggle, evidently.

"Edward, you must be mad!" exclaimed Madame Brunault. "She has no right to ask that—let her explain if she can."

He silenced his sister with a passionate gesture.

"Genevieve," he said, "I do believe in you. I will believe in you, even if you never explain."

"Ah, thank God," she murmured. "I thought I had lost my husband, months ago; but her work has only brought him closer to me, at last.",

She motioned Tracy aside. She would not even take his hand.

"Not yet," she said, sitting down. "I must tell. I had thought to keep his secret, to save both of you pain. Edward, I raised that money for your brother Charles.

"Charles here!" cried he, in wonder.

"It was him that Madame Brunault saw with me in the wood. She might easily have mistaken him for Monsieur de Thionville. They look alike——"

"Where is he?" interrupted her husband.

"Gone, now, back to Paris," replied Gencvieve. "Shall I stop here, Madame Brunault, or do you wish to hear the rest?"

"I am not satisfied." said Josephine, sullenly. "These assertions are not proofs."

You ought——'' Tracy began furiously, facing his sister. But Genevieve checked him by a sign.



"Charles came from America, a few months since," she went on. "He had got into difficulty there. In Paris he gambled, and then forged a check, believing his funds would arrive in time for him to pay the sum. They failed to come; the check was almost due. He knew Count de Thionville. That kind man tried to help him, and failed; then he persuaded Charles to come to me. I pawned my jewels to get the money. Madame Brunault, if you will have proofs, here they are."

She drew two letters from her pocket, and laid them on the table. But Madame could not take them. She tottered back and forth, and, with one dreadful groun, fell senseless on the floor.

Her agony was too great for endurance! Not only her overweening pride was crushed by the fact that one of her own blood was a criminal, but she realized that she had lost the love of the brother dearer to her than all the world.

Madame was ill for many weeks, and Gene- horizon of married life.

"Charles came from America, a few months vieve nursed her. Death came so near that Edace," she went on. "He had got into diffility there. In Paris he gambled, and then reged a check, believing his funds would arrive time for him to pay the sum. They failed to the check was almost due. He knew ther's roof.

Madame learned to forgive and to love Genevieve. I take this as a proof that the terrible lesson worked good to her haughty character, and taught her to guard against the selfishness and desire for power which had hitherto obscured many really noble qualities. Genevieve's influence over the wayward Charles was the means of reclaiming him from the downward path that, since boyhood, he had trodden so recklessly.

The clouds were gone which threatened at one time hopelessly to separate the husband and wife, and both had grown wise enough to know that complete confidence, even to the expression of every fear or doubt, can alone keep, clear the horizon of married life.

A CROSS-ROAD.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

How sweet it seemed, when entering in The avenue of shade, Where wedded bough and wandering vine, A leafy temple made; To feel another walked with us, Impussionate, yet coy; Whose presence had the power to make The solitude a joy!

The grass, though lightly pressed, gave forth A fragrance, dewy sweet,
As if the box of ointment rare
Were broken at our feet;
And with love's rapture in the heart,
Lite alarmons along the over

Its glamour o'er the eyes,
The lane was but a covered way
That led to Paradise.

The glimpses of the outer world, That stole athwart the trees, Familiar harmts of daily life, Were unrealities; While these sweet visions that arose, At love's command unfurled, Were fixed, immutable, we thought, Substantial as the world.

But the swift flashing of a sword
Brought Eden to a close;
The day was over, and the night
Brought with it no repose.
Hands were unclasped—a sudden chill
Struck terror to the heart;
The cross-road of our life was reached,
Henceforth we walked apart!

The wedded boughs and wandering vines
May weave their spells in vain;
The absence of a joy has made
The solitude a pain.
And though our feet may find, perchance,
Some road that leads to blies,
The old, sweet dreams will ne'er return—
The dead we always miss!

IN THE WOODS.

BY ALICE HAY JENNER.

OH, the balmy woodland
In the month of June!
Never did the birds sing
Sweettier in tune!
Rich the roving blossoms
Hang from branch and spray—
Tis an ever-new delight
The live-long day.

Sweet surprises meet us
Everywhere we turn;
Hyacinths, like blue eyes
Peeping through the fern.
Half we grudge to gather
Beauties that we prize;
But we seek for offerings
To gladden weary eyes.



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XI.

DICK STORMS was very restless after his midnight interview with Martha Hart, and became feverishly so when he discovered that the elder Storms had begun to move in his affairs more promptly than he had desired. He walked on by the old farmer with a frown on his face, and only spoke when his own footsteps bore him ahead of the stronger and more deliberate stride, which goaded his impatience into anger. There was, indeed, a striking contrast between the two men, which even a difference in age could not well account for. Old Storms was a stoutish man, round in the shoulders, slouching in his walk, and of a downcast countenance, in which a good deal of inert ability lay dormant. There was something of the son's cunning in his eye, and animal craving about the mouth, but if the venom and fire which repulsed you in the younger man ever existed in the father, it had become too sluggish for active wickedness, except, perhaps, as the subordinate of some more powerful nature.

That nature the old man had fostered in his own family, of which Dick was the absolute head, before he became of legal age. If the old man had been a tyrant over the boy, as most fathers of his class are supposed to be in the mother land, Dick avenged his youth fully when it merged into manhood, and, as the two walked together across the park, toward their own farm, it was pitiful to see such gleams of anxiety in that old man's eyes, whenever they were furtively lifted to the stern face of the son.

Once, when Dick got shead of his father, walking swiftly in his wirey activity, he paused, and cut a sapling up by the roots with his heavy pruning-knife, and stood, with a grim smile on his face, trimming off the small branches, and measuring it into a formidable walking-stick.

"Art doing that for me, lat!" said the old man, in a voice that did not sound quite natural. "Nay, nay, I am not old enough for a stick yet awhile. My old bones aren't so limber as thine, mavhap; but they'll do for me many a year yet, never fear."

Dick made no answer, but smiled again, as he shook the little sapling with a vigor that made the air whistle around him. Then he walked on, polishing up the knots daintily with his knife as he moved.

- "More'n that," continued the old man, eyeing his son wistfully, "there isn't toughness enough there for a walking-etick which should be summat to lean on."
- "It'll do," answered Dick, closing his knife, and thrusting it deep into his pocket. "It'll do, for want of a better."
- "Ha, ha," laughed the old man, so hoarsely that his voice seemed to break into a timid bark. "That was what I used ter say when thou wert a lad, and I made thee cut sticks to lather thee with. Many a time the twig that ye brought wouldn't a hurt r dormouse. Ah, lad, lad, thou wert always a cunning one, thou wert."
- "Was I?" said Dick. "Well, beating begets cunning, mayhap."

By this time they were getting into the thick of the wilderness, a portion of the park little frequented, and in which the lonely lake we have spoken of, lay like a pool of ink, the shadows fell so blackly upon it.

Here Dick verged out of the usual path, and struck through the most gloomy portions of the woods. After a moment's hesitation, the old man followed him, muttering hoarsely that the other path was nearest, but that did not matter.

When the two had left the lake quite behind them, Dick stopped, and, wheeling suddenly around, faced his father.

- "Now, once for all, tell me what took ye to the Rest this morning? for, mark me, I'm bound to know."
 - " I-I have to'd ye once. Dick. I have-"
 - "A lie. Ye have told me that, and nought else."
- "Dick, Dick, mind, it's thy father thou'rt putting the lie on," said the old man, kindling up so fiercely that his stooping figure rose erect, and his eyes shone beneath their heavy brows like water under a thick bough of rushes.
- "What took ye up yonder, I say?" was the curt answer. "I want the truth, and mean to

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have it out of ye, before we go a stride farther.

Do ye understand, now?"

- "I went to ask after the young Maister, and nought else," was the sullen reply.
- "The truth! I will have the truth, so out with it, before I do ye a harm!"
- "Before ye do yer old father a harm! Nay, nay, lad, it has no come to that."

Dick bent the little sapling almost double, and let it recoil with a vicious snap, a significant answer that kindled the old man's wrath so fiercely, that he seized upon the offending stick, placed one end under his foot, and twisted it apart with a degree of fury that startled the son out of his sneering insolence.

"Now what hast got to say to thy father, Dick? Speak out; but remember that I am that, and shall be till thou art the strongest man."

The thin features of Dick Storms turned white, and his eyes shone. He had depended the much, it seemed, on the withering influence his insolent overbearance had produced on the old man, whose will and strength had at last been aroused by the audacious threat wielded in that sapling. Whether he really would have degraded the old farmer with a blow or not, is uncertain; but, once aroused, the stout old man was more than a match for his son, and the force of habit came back upon him so powerfully, that he began to roll up the cuffs of his fustian jacket, as if preparing for an onset.

"Say out what thou hast in thee, and do it gingerly, or thoul't soon find out who is maister here," the old man said, with all the rough authority of former times.

The young man looked into his father's face with a glance made keen by surprise. Then his evil features relaxed, and he burst into a hoarse laugh.

- "Why, father, did'st think I was about doing thee a harm with that bit of ash? It was for a goad to the cattle I was smoothing it off."
 - "Ah!" ejaculated the old man.
 - "But you have twisted it to a wisp now."
 - "That I have, and rare glad I am of it."
- "It don't matter," said the son. "I can find plenty more about here. But the thing we were talking of. Did Sir Noel kick in the traces when ye came down upon him about the lease?"

A gleam of the young man's own cunning crept into the father's eyes, and worked about the strong mouth.

"The lease, Dick. Have I na said it was the young maister's health that took me to the Rest."

Dick made a restless gesture, that convulsed his whole frame, and, jerking one hand forward, exclaimed.

"It was for thy own good, father, that I asked; so I don't see why you keep things so close."

- "An' I don't know why a child of mine should ask questions like a schoolmaster, or as if he were ready for a bout at fisticuffs," answered the old
- "It's a way one gets among the gamekeepers; but it means nothing," was the pacific answer. "I was only afraid ye might have dropped a word about what I told you of, and that would have done mischief."
 - " Ah!"
- "Just now, father, half a word might spoil everything."
- "Half a word! Well, well, there was naught said that could do harm. Just a hint about the lease, nothing more. There now, ye have it all. A fair question at the first would ha' saved all this bother."
- "Art sure this was all," asked Dick, eying his father closely.
 - "Aye. Sure."
- "Hush! One of the gamekeepers is coming," said Dick, interrupting his father.
 - " Aye, aye."

Old Storms moved forward, as the intruder came up with a pair of birds in his hands, which he was carrying to the Rest.

Dick remained behind, for the man met him with a broad grin, as if some good joke were on his mind.

- "Good-morrow to ye," he said, dropping the birds upon a bed of grass, as if preparing for a long gossip.
- "Dost know I come a nigh peppering thee a bit you night, thinking it war some poachers after the birds; but I soon found out it was a bit of sweethearting on the sly? Oh, Dick! Dick! thoul't get shot some night."
- "Sweethearting! I don't know what ye mean, Jacob."
- "Ye don't know that there was as pretty a doe roving about the wilderness one night this week, just at the time ye passed through it."
 - " Me, me?"
- "Aye. No mistake. I saw ye with my own eyes in the moonlight."
 - "In the moonlight. Where?"
 - "Oh, in the upper path, nearest thy own home." Dick drew a deep breath.
 - "Ah, that! I thought you said by the lake."
- "Nay, it was the lass I saw, taking covert there."
 - "What lass? I saw none!"
- "Ha, ha!" laughed the gamekeeper, placing a hand on each knee, and stooping down to look into his companion's eyes. "What war she there for, then? Tell me that?"
 - "How should I know?"



"And what wert thou doing in the wilderness."

"What, I? Passing through it like an honest Christian, on my way home from the village."

"Well, now, that is strange! Dost know, Dick, I got half a look at the doe's face, and dang me! if I didn't think it was Jessup's lass."

A quick thought shot through that subtle brain. Why not accept the mistake, throw the reputation of the girl who had scorned him into the power of this man, and thus claim the triumph of having cast her off when the certainty of her final rejection came? After a moment's silence, and appearing to falter, he said,

"You—you saw her, then? You know that it was Ruth Jessup?"

"Ha! ha! Have I run ye to covert? Yes, I amost saw her face; an' as to the figure, any man, with half an eye, would know that. There isn't another loike it within fifty miles o' the Rest."

"Well, well, Jacob, as you saw her and me so close, I'll not deny it. A lass will get fractious you know when a fellow is expected, and don't come up to time, and follow one up, you understand. We have been sweethearting so long, and the old ones being agreeable, mayhap she is a trifle over restless about my hanging back."

"Aye, aye. This story about the young maister being o'er fond of her. I wouldn't put up with that."

Dick Storms nodded his head mysteriously.

"Ye'll say nothing about her coming to seek me you night."

"In course not. Only I wouldn't a thought it of Jessup's lass, she looks so modest like."

"But when a lass is-is-"

"O'er fond, and afraid of losing her sweetheart. Still, I wouldn't a thought it of her anyhow."

"Ye're not to think hard of her for anything, friend Jacob, because we may be wed after all, and no one must have a fling at my wife, mind that. When I give her up will be time enough."

The gamekeeper laughed, and nodded his head, perhaps amused at the idea that a bit of gossip, like that, could escape circulation, in a place already excited on the subject of Jessup and his daughter. Dick Storms having given the impression he desired, took a plump silver watch from his pocket, and glanced at the dial.

"It's wonderful how time flits," he said, putting the watch to his pocket. "It's welly dinner-time, and the old man will be waiting. Mind that ye keep a close mouth, and good-day!"

"Good-day ter ye," responded the gamekeeper, picking up his birds, and smoothing their mottled feathers as he went along. "I wouldn't a thought it of you lass, though, not if the minister himself had told me. That I wouldn't."

Meantime Dick Storms walked toward home, smiling, nay, at times, laughing, as he went. The cruel treachery of his conversation with the keeper filled him with vicious delight. He knew well enough that the whole matter would be made the gossip of every public house in the village within twenty-four hours, and reveled in the thought. If it were possible for him to marry Ruth in the end, this scandal would be of little importance to him; if not, it should be made to sting her, and poison the returning life of young Hurst Under any circumstances, it was an evil inspiration, over which he gloated triumphantly.

. So full was the young plotter's brain of this idea, that he was unconscious of the rapidity with which he approached home, until the farm-house hove in view, a long, stone building sheltered by orchards, flanked by outhouses, and clothed to the roof with rare old ivy. It was, in truth, something better than a common farm dwelling, for an oriel window jutted out here, a stone balcony there, and the sunken entrance-door was of solid oak, such as might have given access to the Rest itself.

There had been plenty of shrubbery, with a bright flower-garden in front, and on one side of the house; but of the first, there was only a scattering and ragged bush left to struggle for life, here and there, while every sweet blossom of the past had given way to coarse garden vegetables, which were crowded into less and less space each year, by fields of barley or cern, that covered what had once been a pretty lawn and park.

"Ah, if I could but get this in fee simple. If he had died I might!" thought the young man, as he walked round to the back door. "If he had died!"

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM JESSUP seemed to be getting better rapidly after those few words with Ruth, that had lifted a mountain of pain from his heart, pain deeper and keener than the slow, biting anguish of his wound, that preyed upon him continually, though he scarcely felt it, now that the deeper anguish was gone.

"I shall be better, I shall be quite well, only let me get one word to him. He is so rash. Ah, when that is done, I can rest a little," he kept thinking to himself, "for the subject seemed so distateful to Ruth that he shrunk from naming it to her. If the old man Storms would but come, I might trust him; but he always sends that lad, who frightens Ruth. Poor child, poor child!"

Ruth was sitting by her father's bed when these thoughts possessed him, and broke out in a tremulous exclamation, his eyes fastened ten- { derly on her.

"What is it, father, dear? What are you thinking of? Nothing ails me. I must not be pitied at all while you are ill, or only because of that. What are you thinking about?"

"Only this, Ruthey. Don't let it bother you. though. Only, if I could get a word to the young master-

Ruth shrunk visibly from the anxious eves bent upon her, but forced herself to answer, calmly.

"If I could see him one minute, alone. Oh. if I could," she said, clasping the hands in her lap till the blood fled from them, "but it would be of no use trying.'

All at once Jessup rose from his pillow, but leaned back again, gasping for breath.

"Put another pillow under my head, and prop me up a bit. I will write a line with my own hand. I wonder we never thought of it before. Bring me a pen, and the ink-bottle. The big Bible, too, from you table. It will be all the better for that."

Ruth obeyed him at once. Why had she never thought of this? Surely a letter could be got to that sick chamber without danger. That, at least, would relieve her father's anxiety, and remind Hurst of her.

Why had she never thought of it before? That was not strange; Jessup was no better writer, and, save a few figures, now and then, Ruth had not scen him use a pen half a dozen times in her life. It seemed a marvel to her even then that he should undertake so unusual a task.

The girl had a pretty desk of her own, otherwise a supply of ink and paper might have been wanting. As it was, she brought both to her father's bed, and arranged the great Bible before him, that he might use them at once.

At any time it would be a severe task that the gardener had undertaken; but now his great furgers shook so fearfully that he was compelled to lay the pen down at every word, almost in despair. But the great heart gave his hand both strength and skill. After many pauses for rest, and struggles for breath, a few lines were written, and this was what they said:

"My DEAR YOUNG MASTER,-Have no fear about me. I have sworn, in soul, before Almighty God, to keep all that is within me a secret forever. No law and no blame shall ever reach you through me. Oh, if my eyes had been struck blind before they saw your face that night, I would have groped in darkness to my grave, rather than have seen

been all a dream. But it haunts me so-it haunts me so. Your father saved my life once, and he loves you so. Maybe I am saving his now. hope so-I hope so. Do not fear about me. I shall not be more silent in death than I am in "WILLIAM JESSUP."

Many a misspelt word did this short epistle contain. Many an uncouth letter that linked sentences running riot with each other; but the spirit of a high resolve was there, and the good man exhausted the little strength left to him in writing it.

"You will take this," he whispered, hoarsely, giving her the paper to fold and direct. "Some one will give it to him."

"Yes, I will go. He shall get it. How, I do not know; but if he is well enough to read it, the paper shall reach him."

"And no one else. Remember that."

"I will remember. Oh, father, what is this terrible thing?"

"Be silent, Ruth. I will not have you question me."

" Forgive me, father."

"Yes, yes."

The poor man spoke in painful gasps. The old Bible seemed to bear him down; he staggered under its weight, but could not move.

Ruth lifted the book in her arms, and settled the pillows under her father's head, and would have stayed by him, but he motioned her away.

Oh, how precious, yet how perilous that paper seemed to the poor girl. He would touch it. His eyes would follow the jagged lines. They would bring assurance of safety to him. He might even guess that she had been the messenger through whom it had reached him. She did not understand the meaning of this important scrawl. With regard to that, her mind was swayed by vague uncertainties, but she knew that it was pacific, and intended for good.

Ruth tied on her bonnet, and set forth for the Rest at once, with the precious letter in her bosom, over which she folded her scarlet sacque with additional caution.

"Perhaps-perhaps I shall see him. It might have meant nothing, after all. He could not be so false. She is like a sister to him, that is all! I am so foolish to care; so very, very foolish. But, then, how can I help it?"

The day was so beautiful, that such hopeful thoughts came to Ruth with the very atmosphere she breathed. The birds were singing all around her, and a thousand summer insects filled the air with scarcely perceptible music. Coming. as what I did. Sometimes I think it must have she did, from the close seclusion of a sick room.

all these things thrilled her with fresh vigor. Her step was light as she walked. The breath melted into wine on her red lips. Once or twice she paused to snatch a handful of violets from the grass, and drank up their perfume thirstily.

At last the girl came out into the luxurious beauty of the pleasure-grounds close to the Rest, and, from thence, looked up to the window where her young husband lay, all unconscious of her coming. Perhaps she had hoped that he might be well enough to sit up. Certainly, when she saw no one at the window, her heart sunk, and a deep sigh escaped her. It would not do to be found there by any of the household. She felt that, and bent her steps toward the servants' entrance, heavy-hearted and irresolute.

The housekeeper was more than usually busy that day, but she greeted her favorite with affectionate warmth. "You there, my poppet," she said, seating herself for a talk. "I have been wondering why you kept away so long, now that the doctors tell me that your father is coming round."

"I wished to come, godmother. Indeed, I never stopped thinking about you here; but there is no one to stay by father when I leave him, and he needs care."

"Of course he does, and something else, tco. I was just putting up a bottle or two of our choice old Madeira, with some jellies, and the cook is roasting a bird, which he must eat with the black currant-jelly, remember. We must build your father up, now, with nice, strengthening things. They would do you no harm, either, child. Why, how thin and worried you look, Ruth. This constant nursing will break you down. We must send over one of the maids, to help."

"No, no; I can do very well. Father is used to me, you know. Only, if you wish to be kind——"

"Wish to be kind? Did I ever fail in that wish, goddaughter?"

"Did you ever? Indeed, no. Only I am always asking such out-of-the-way things."

"Well, well. What is it, now?"

"I have a letter from my father to—to the young master."

"From your father? When did he ever write a letter before, I wonder? And he sick in bed?

"That I want to deliver into Wal—into Mr. Hurst's own hands, if you will only help me, godmother."

"Into his own hands? As if any other trusty person wouldn't do as well," said the house-keeper, discontentedly.

"But I should not be so certain, godmother."

"Ah, true. Is the letter so important, then?"

"I-I don't know, exactly. Only father was very particular about it."

"Well, give me the letter. I will see that he gets it safe."

Ruth still pressed her hand against her bosom, and a look of piteous disappointment broke into her eyes.

"Is he so very ill, then? Might I not just see him for a minute, and take the answer back?"

"The young master is better, but not half so well as he strives to be. I never saw any one so crazy to get out."

"Is he-is he, though?"

"And about your father. He is always questioning me if I have heard from the cottage."

"Indeed!"

"Why, child, how chirpish you speak, all at once! I hardly knew your voice. But what was I saying? Ah, I remember. Yes, yes! The young master scarcely got back his speech before he began to question us about Jessup, whose hurt seems to wound him more than his own. To pacify him Lady Rose sent round every morning."

"Lady Rose! Did the messengers come from her?" questioned Ruth, and her voice sunk again.

"Of course. Sir Noel, in his trouble, might have forgotten; but she never did. Ah, goddaughter, that young lady is one in a thousand, so gentle, so lovely, so——"

"Yes, yes! I know-I know!"

"Such a match as they will make."

Ruth turned very pale; but a singular smile crept over her lips. She said nothing, however, but walked to a window, and looked out, as if fascinated by the rich masses of ivy that swept across her eyes like black drapery.

"How the ivy thrives on that south wall," she said, at last. "I can remember when it was only a stem."

"Of course, you can; for I planted it on the day you were born, with my own hands. There has been time enough for it to spread. Why, it has crept round to the young master's window. He would have it trained that way."

"Godmother, how good you are."

"Not a bit of it, child. Only I was always careful of that ivy. Ruth's ivy, we always call it, because of the day it was planted."

"Did-did any one else call it so?"

"Of course, or the young master would never have known of it. 'Let me have,' says he, 'just a branch or two of your ivy—what is its name, now?—for my corner of the house.' Well, of course, I told him its name, and how it came by it, which he said was a pretty name for ivy, or any other beautiful thing; and from that day a

thrifty branch was trained over to the balcony where he sits most, and sometimes smokes of an evening."

"Yes, I remember," said Ruth, breaking into smiles. "Some climbing roses are tangled with it."

"True anough; they throve so fast, that between them, the little stone-steps that run up to the balcony were hid out of sight; but Lady Rose found them out, and carries her flowers that way from the garden when she fills the vases in his room."

"She always did that, I suppose?" said Ruth, in a low voice.

"Most likely," answered the housekeeper, carelessly, as if that young creature did not hang on every word she uttered with unutterable anxiety. "Most likely. There is little else that she can do for him just now."

"Does he need so very much help now, god-mother?"

"None that a dainty young lady can give; but when he begins to sit up, her time will come. Then she will sit and read to him from morning till night, and enjoy it too."

"And tire him dreadfully," muttered Ruth, with a dash of natural bitterness in her voice.

"I don't know. Anyway I shouldn't care about it; but people vary—people vary, Ruth! You will find that out as you get along in life. People vary!"

"Yes, I dare say," answered Ruth, quite unconscious of speaking at all. "You are very wise in saying so."

"Ah, wisdom comes with age; generally too late for much good. If one could have it now in the wild-oat season; but that isn't to be expected. Speaking of Lady Rose, here comes her ponycarriage, and here comes herself, with Sir Noel, to put her in. Do you know, Ruth, I don't think the master has been quite himself since that night. There is an anxious look in his eyes that I never saw there before. It should go away now that Mr. Walton is better, but somehow it don't."

Ruth did not answer. She was looking through the window at the group of persons that stood near a pony-carriage, perfect in all its equipments, which was in front of the house. Lady Rose Houston, who had come down the steps, side by side with Sir Noel, was loitering a little, as if she waited for something. She examined the buttons of her gloves, and arranged her draperies, all the while casting furtive glances up to a window, at which no one seemed to appear, as she had hoped. Sir Noel, too, glanced up once or twice, rather wistfully, and then Ruth saw that his face did indeed wear a look that was almost haggard.

"Tell me—tell me! Is he so very ill yet, that his father looks like that?" cried Ruth, struck by a sudden pang of distrust. "I thought he was getting better."

"And so he is, child. Who said to the contrary; but that doesn't take the black cloud out of his father's face."

"Then he really is better?"

"Better? Why, he sat up an hour yesterday."

"Did he—did he, indeed?" cried Ruth, joyfully. "Did he really?"

"He did, really, and our lady reading to him all the time."

" Ah!"

"What did you say, child?"

"Nothing, nothing! But see, they are both going, I think!"

The housekeeper swayed her heavy person toward the window, and looked out.

"Yes. Lady Rose is persuading Sir Noel, who can refuse nothing she wants. It almost seems as if he were in love with her himself."

"Perhaps he is!" cried Ruth, eagerly.

"One might suspect as much, if one did not know," answered the housekeeper, shaking her head. "Anyway, he is going with her now, and I'm glad of it. The ride will do him good. Look, now, she goes off at a dashing pace."

Ruth needed no recommendation to watch the beautiful little vehicle that flashed down the avenue, a perfect nest of bright colors, over which the sunlight shone with peculiar resplendance, while the spirited black horse whirled it out of sight.

"Isn't she fit for a queen?" said Mrs. Mason, triumphantly, as she wheeled round, and sought her chair again.

Ruth heard, but did not answer. A man was passing across the lawn, who occupied her full attention.

"Isn't that Mr. Webb?" she questioned.

Mrs. Mason half lifted herself out of the chair she was always reluctant to leave, and having obtained a view of the man, settled back again.

"Yes, that is Webb; and I say, Ruth, you had better follow, and give him that letter. He will be going back to the young master's room, in less than half an hour. He only leaves it to get a mouthful of air at any time. Your letter is sure of a safe delivery with Webb."

"Thank you—thank you! It will be best. Good-morning, godmother! good-morning!"

A swift clasp of two arms about her neck, a fluttering kiss on her lips, and the good woman was left alone, resting back in her easy-chair, with half-closed eyes, while a bland smile hovered over her plump mouth.

"What a loving little soul it is," she muttered. "Peaches, ripe for preserving, are not sweeter; and as for inward goodness, she has not her match in the three kingdoms."

Mrs. Mason might not have been quite so tranquil had she seen Ruth just then, for, with the speed of a lapwing, she had turned an angle of the house, where her own namesake, the ivy, had already clambered, wreathing a carved stone balcony with its greenness. Scarcely pausing to breathe, she pushed the vines aside, and treading some of the tender twigs under her feet, flew up the narrow steps which were but just made visible under the wreathing masses of foliage.

"If she can mount them, I will find the way," was her swift and half-triumphant thought. "Oh, Heaven grant the window is unfastened!"

Her foot was on the carved work of the balcony; her scarlet jacket gleamed through the plate-glass, and flashed its vivid red through the clustering ivy leaves. Breathless with excitement, she tried the window-sash with her hand. It gave way, and swung inward with a faint jar. She was in the room with her young husband, yet afraid to approach him. There he was, lying upon a low couch, wrapped in the folds of an Oriental dressing-gown, and pillowed on a cushion of silk, embroidered in so many rich colors, that the contrast made his white face ghastly.

What if, after all, he did not love her? What if her restlessness and distrust had, in fact, driven him to that private marriage? What if he should wake up alarmed, and made angry by her intrusion?

There is no feeling known to a woman's heart so timid, so unreasoning, so exacting, as love—pride, devotion, humility; a dozen contending elements come into action when that one passion is disturbed, and it would be rashness to say which of these emotions may predominate at any given time. Perfect confidence either in herself or the creature of her love, is unusual in most characters, impossible in some.

Ruth had entered that room full of enthusiasm, ready to dare anything; but the sight of a sleeping man, one that she loved, too, with overpowering devotion, was enough to make a coward of her in a single moment. Still, like a bird fascinated by the glittering vibrations of a serpent, she drew toward the couch, and bent over the sleeper, holding in her own breath, and smiling softly as his passed over her parted lips.

Ah, how pale he was! How the shadows came and went across his white forehead. Was he angry with her even in his sleep? Did he know how near she was, and resent it?

"No, no! If he knew anything in that pro- Ruth distinguished her own name.

found slumber, the knowledge was pleasant, for a smile stole over his face, and some softly-whispered words trembled from his lips.

"My darling, oh, my darling!"

Ruth dropped to her knees by the bed, and pressed both hands to her mouth, thus smothering the cry of joy that rose to it. Her movements had been noiseless as the flutter of a bird on its nest; so noiseless that the sleeper was not disturbed. After awhile she lifted her head, stole her arms timidly over that sleeping form, and dropped a kiss, light as the fall of a rose-leaf, on those parted lips.

"Oh, my love, my love," he murmured, in sounds scarcely louder than a thought. "Look at me, look at me, if it is only for one moment."

Hurst opened his eyes, and, smiling vaguely, as sick men smile in dreams. That instant a noise was heard at the door, footsteps and voices. Ruth snatched the letter from her bosom, crushed it into the invalid's hand, left a passionate kiss with it, and fled out of the window, and down the ivy-choked steps. There, trembling and frightened, she shrunk into an angle of the stone window-case, and, dragging the ivy over her, strove to hide herself until some chance of escaping across the garden offered. She had left the sash open in her haste, and could hear sounds from the room above with tolerable distinctness. The first was the sharp exclamation of a man's voice. He seemed to be walking hurriedly across the room, and spoke in strong remonstrance.

"What up, Mr. Walton, trying to walk, and the window wide open upon you? What will the doctor say? What shall I answer to Lady Rose, who bade me watch by you every minute, till she came back?"

Some faint words, in a voice that thrilled poor Ruth to the soul, seemed to be given in reply to this expostulation. But, listen as she would, the meaning escaped her.

Then a louder voice spoke again.

"Ah, but how am I to answer to her ladyship, or Sir Noel, either?"

"Webb," says she, "they will all have it so. I must take the air, or be shut out from here when I am really most needed. But you will not leave him? There must be some one to answer when he speaks."

"Well, I promised her. If any one could gainsay a wish of my Lady Rose, that one isn't old Webb. But you were sleeping so sweetly, sir, and I knew that the first word would be about Jessup,; so I ran over to get the news about him."

Here a hurried question was asked, in which Ruth distinguished her own name.

"Nay, nay. The girl was away somewhere, no doubt, for I found the doors locked, and could get no sight of any one. But let me shut this window, the air will be too cold."

There seemed to be some protest, and a goodnatured dispute, in which the sick man prevailed, for directly the couch on which he lay, was wheeled up to the window, and Ruth caught one glimpse of an eager face looking out.

The girl would have given her life to run up those steps again, and whisper one word to the man whom she felt was watching for her. She did creep out from her covert, and had mounted a step, when Webb spoke again.

" Nay, nay, sir. This will never do. The window must be closed. An east wind is blowing."

A noise of the closing window followed, and with a sigh Ruth shrunk back to her shelter against the wall, disappointed, but trembling all over with happiness.

What cared she for Lady Rose then? Had he not looked into her eyes with the old, fond glance? Had he not reached out his arms in a quick passion of delight, as she fled from him? Was he not her husband, her own, own husband?

There, in the very midst of her fright, and her newly-fledged joy, the young wife drew the wedding-ring from her bosom, and kiseed it, rapturously, murmuring,

"He loves me! He loves me! and what else do I care for? Nothing, nothing, in the wide, wide world!"

But in the midst of this unreasoning outburst, poor Ruth remembered the father she had left a wounded prisoner in the cottage, and a spasm of ain shot through her. Ah, if she were sure, if she were only sure that no secret was kept from her there. But it must be right. Some great misunderstanding had arisen to distress her father beyond the pain of his wounds. But when the two beings she most loved on earth, would meet and explain, all would be clear and bright again. Her husband had the letter safe in his hands. She would go home at once, and tell her father that, and afterward steal off alone, and feast on the happiness that made her very breath a joy.

Out, through the rose-thickets, the clustering honeysuckles, and the beds of blooming flowers, Ruth stole, like a bee, overladen with honey, and carried her happiness back to the cottage.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MARTHA HART, will ye just carry the ale-cans stamping upon the sand a little more on the balance. Can't ye mind that of you to say a word."

the feam is dripping like seep-suds over yer hands, and wetting the sand on the floor till it's all in puddles."

This sharp remonstrance came from the mistress of the house in which Martha was bar-maid, and chief attraction. The public-room was crowded that night, not only with its old guests, but by strangers on their way from a neighboring town, where a fair was held that week.

Martha gave her head a toss, as this reprimand pointed out her delinquency, and set the two alecups she carried down upon the nearest table, with a dash that sent both foam and beer running over it in ruddy rivulets.

"If yer not pleased with the way I serve customers, there's plenty more that would be glad of doing it better. I'm not to be clamored at anyway, so long as there's other places a wanting for me."

"An' a pretty prize they'd get!" rejoined the landlady, putting her hands a-kimbo, and nodding her head with such angry vehemence, that the borders of her cap rose and fluttered like the feathers of a rageful bantam. "It's all well enough while there's mone of the better-to-do sort wanting to be served; but when they come! Hoity toity! My lady tosses her head at commoners, and scorns to heed the knock of a workman's can on the table, as if she war a born princess, and he a beggar. I can tell ye what, lass, this wasn't the way I got to be mistress, after serving from a girl at the tap."

"And what if I didn't care that for ever being mistress of a place like this!" cried Martha, snapping her fingers over the dripping cups, and shaking her own handsome head in defiance of the fluttering cap, with all it surmounted. "As if I didn't look forward to something better than that, though I have demeaned myself to serve out yer stale beer till I'm sick of it."

"Ah! ha! I understand. One can do that with half an eye," answered the irate dame, casting a glance over at Dick Storms, who sat at one of the tables, sipping his beer, and laughing quietly over the contest. "But have a care of yourself, Martha Hart! It may come about that chickens counted in the shell never live to peep."

Martha gave her head a toss that sent her curls into wild commotion, and turning her great eyes full of wrathful appeal on Dick, burst into a scornful laugh, which the young man answered by a look of blank unconcern.

"You hear her! You hear her, with her insults and her tyrannies. A sneering at me as if I was the dirt under her feet!" Martha cried out, stamping upon the sanded floor, "and not a one of you to say a word."

"How should we?" said Dick, with a sneering laugh. "It's a tidy little fight as it stands. Us fellows are only waiting to see which will get the best of it. Who here wants to bet? I'll lay down half a sovereign on the lass."

As he tossed a bit of gold on the table, Dick gave the bar-maid a look over his shoulder, that fell like ice upon her wrath. She shrunk back with a nervous laugh, and said, with a degree of meckness that astonished them all in the room.

"Now, I will have no betting on me or the mistress here. We are both a bit fiery; but it doesn't last while a candle is being snuffed. I always come round first; don't I now, mistress?"

The good-hearted landlady looked at the girl with open-mouthed astonishment. Her color lost much of its blazing red, her cap-borders settled down with placid slowness. Both hands dropped from her plump waist, and were gently uplifted.

"Did any one here ever see anything like it?" she said. "One minute flaring up, like a house on fire, the next, dead ashes, with any amount of water on 'em. I do think no one but me could get on with the lass. But I must say, if she does get onto her high horse at times, with whip and spur, when I speak out, she comes down beautifully."

Don't I?" said Martha, with a forced laugh, gathering up her pewter cups. "But that's because I know the valey of a good mistress—one that's good as gold at the bottom, though I do worry her a bit now and then, just to keep my hand in. If any of the customers should take it on 'em to interfere, he'd soon find out that we two would be sure to fight in couples."

With this pacific conclusion, Martha gathered up a half dozen empty cups by the handles, and carried them into the kitchen. The moment she was out of sight, all her rage came back, but with great suppression. She dashed the cups down upon a dresser with a violence that made them ring again; then she plunged both hands into the water, as if that could cool the hot fever of her blood, and rubbed the cups furiously with her palm, thus striving to work off the fierce energy of her passion, which the studied indifference of Dick Storms had called forth, though its fiercest expression had fallen on the landlady.

"I woke him up, anyway," she thought, while a short, nervous laugh broke from her. "He got frightened into taking notice, and that is something, though he kills me for it. Ah!"

The girl lifted her eyes suddenly, and saw a face looking in upon her through the kitchen-window. His face! She dropped the cup, dashed the water from her hands, and, opening the

kitchen-door, stole out, flinging the white apron she wore over her head.

Storms was waiting for her near the door, where he stood in shadow.

"Well, now, have you come round to take a fling at me, Dick?" said the girl, with more of terror than anger in her voice. "If you have, I won't bear it, for you're the one most to blame, coming here again and again, without so much as speaking a word, though ye know well enough how hungry I am for the least bit of notice."

"This way. We are too near the house," said Dick, seizing the girl's arm, and drawing her toward a kitchen-garden, that lay in the rear of the house. "Let us get under the cherry-trees, they cannot see us there."

"I musn't be away long," answered the girl, subdued, in spite of herself. "The mistress will be looking for me."

"I know that; so we must look sharp. Come."
Martha hurried forward, and directly the two
stood under the shadow of the cherry-trees sheltered by the closely-growing trunk.

"What an impatient scold you are, Matt," said the young man. "There is no being near you without a fear of trouble. What tempted ye, now, to get into a storm with the mistress?"

"You did, and ye know it. Coming in, without a look for one, and saying, as if we were a thousand miles apart, and, also, had been, 'I say, lass, a pint, half-and-half mild, now.'"

Martha mimicked the young man's manner so viciously, that he broke into a low laugh, which relieved the apprehensions which had troubled the girl.

"And if I did, what then? Haven't I told you, more than once, that you and I must aet as strangers toward each other?"

"But, it's hard. What is the good of a sweetheart above the common, if one's friends are never to know it?"

"They are to know when the time comes, Matt; I have told you so, often and often. But what is a man to do when his father is hot for him marrying another lass, and she so jcaleus that she would bring both the two old men and Sir Noel down on me at the least hint that I was so fond in another quarter."

"But when is it to end? When will they know, in there?"

"Soon, very soon, now. Have patience; a few weeks longer, say, perhaps months, and some day you and I will slip off and be wed safe enough. Only nothing must be said beforehand. A single word would upset everything. They are all so eager about Jessup's lass."

"I can keep a close lip, Dick; you know that.

No matter if I do get into a tantrum now and again; no one ever heard me whisper a word about that thing. You understand?"

"Yes, yes, of course. No girl was ever safer, but we must be cautious, Matt, very cautious. I mustn't come here often. It is too trying for your temper."

"It is. I agree to that. The sight of you a sitting in the public, so calm and cold like, drives me mad."

"Then, I must not come."

"Oh, Dick! but I can't live without seeing of you."

"And you shall, of course. I couldn't abide my life without seeing you, that I'm so fond of. But it must be over yonder. You understand? You might be seen coming or going. Some one did see you in the wilderness you night, and thought it was Jessup's daughter."

"Did he? Yes, every one says I look like her. Now, I like that."

"So do I. It just takes suspicion off you, and puts it on her. Won't the whole neighborhood be astonished when she is left in the lurch, with the whole world thinking how she follows me up?"

"Oh, Dick, what a wonderful man you are," said Martha, wild with delight. "Yes, I will be so sly that they never can find me out."

"They never shall. I mean to make that sure. See what I have brought you from the fair."

Here Dick unrolled a parcel that he had left under the cherry-trees before entering the house that evening, and cautiously stepping into the light of a window, unfolded a scarlet sacque and some dark cloth, such as composed the usually picturesque dress of Ruth Jessup.

"Oh, Dick, are these for me?" cried the girl, in an ecstasy of delight. "How soft and silk-like it is! Oh, Dick!"

"For you! Of course, Matt; but only to be worn when you come up yonder!"

" Oh!"

"That is, Matt, till after we are wed. Then you shall wear such-like things every day of the week, with silk gownds for Sunday. But, till then, don't let a living soul see one of these things. Keep 'em locked up like gold, and only put them on when you come to see me. I couldn't abide that any man or woman should see how like a queen they will make you look till they will have to say, at the same time, you is Dick Storm's wife. Is there a lady of the land that comes up to her?"

"Oh, Dick, how sorry I am for having that bout with the mistress," said Martha, hugging the bundle which he surrendered to her as if it had been a child she loved.

"But you must promise me on your life—on your soul, to keep my fairing a close secret."

"I will! I will!"

"Without that to lay the whole thing on Jessup's daughter with, it wouldn't be safe for you to come to the Park. The mistress would turn you away, if she heard of it. Then where should we land?"

"I will be careful, Dick. Just believe me, I will."

"Especially about the dress."

"I know. I will be careful."

"Martha! Martha Hart!"

"Hush! the mistress is calling!" whispered Martha. "It is time to shut up the house. I will run up to my room and hide these; then help her side up, and come out again."

"No, no! That would be dangerous; but I would like to see how the dress looks. What if you put it on after the house is still, and come to the window with a light. I will hang about till then, and shall go home thinking that my sweetheart is the daintest lass in this village or the next."

"Would you be pleased? I should be sure to put the dress on. Oh, how I have longed for one like it! Yes, yes! I will come to the window."

Martha uttered this assurance breathlessly, and darted into the house, in time to escape the landlady, who came to the back door just as she passed up the stairs.

Storms did linger about the house until the company had withdrawn from it, and the lights were put out, all but one, which burned in the chamber of Martha Hart. A curtain hung before this window, behind which he could see shadows moving for some minutes. Then the curtain was suddenly withdrawn, and the girl stood fully revealed. The light behind her fell with brilliant distinctness on the scarlet jacket, and was lost in the darker shadows of her skirt. She had twisted back the curls from her face with graceful carelessness; but either by art or accident, had given them the rippling waves that made Ruth Jessup's head so classical.

"Dang me, but she's the very image of her!" exclaimed Storms, striking his leg with one hand. "No two sparrows were ever more alike."

This flash of excitement died out while Martha changed her position, and flung a kiss to him through the window.

For minutes after, he stood staring that way, while a dull shudder passed through him.

"She's o'er pretty—o'er pretty for that!" he muttered. "I a most wish it hadn't come into my mind!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KATHIE'S PROFESSOR.

BY SUSAN B. MURRAY.

The Willows, Delaware Co., August, 187-. My DEAR MAY HOWELL,-You made me promise to write you, six months after I left school, to describe, faithfully, all my surroundings-to tell you if I was happy; and last, but not least, if I had found "that rest in the affections of one true heart," over which we used to sigh so romantically. I am about to keep that promisefor it is just six months this day since I left you and La Chateau.

You, my dear May, who are still pursuing the same beaten track we trod together, are doubtless still thinking the same thoughts, and feeling the same emotions. But with me all is changed. The quiet garden of La Chateau, where we used to walk together by moonlight, is scarcely more different from the place I have seen within the last half year than I, from the girl who lingered there with you, to sigh, and look at the moon, and repeat poetry.

We made some laughable mistakes there, May Howell, which you will discover, as well as I have done, when you come out into the world. We used to read Byron, and fancy ourselves misanthropic. The misanthropy of two boardingschool girls of eighteen! Was there ever a more ridiculous idea? I laugh every time I think of it. The world is a bright and happy place, and if, as many tell me, treachery and deceit are lurking in it, I, at least, have not found them yet. Every one is kind, every one is willing to let me be as gay and light-hearted as I choose, and that is much of itself.

So I have answered one question, and you see that I am happy. Now for my home, which you have never seen. I live, as you know, with my mother, who is a widow, in good circumstances. She owns the old homestead on which we reside. and two large farms adjoining. These farms she oversees herself, being a kind of American "ma chere mere." She delights in managing and keeping in order a score or two of laborers, and steps into the pony-cart each morning to drive around among them, with as satisfied an air as if she was about to pay a visit to the queen, in the most elegant equipage that could be devised. She is a tall, stout lady, with a kind, yet dignified manner, the brightest of blue eyes, the freshest of complexions, and the glossiest of brown hair.

she quite eclipses her daughter in youth and good looks. The house is a great, rambling building, standing at some distance from the road, and painted red! Don't look shocked. Time and hard weather have changed the original color into a kind of dun-brown (no pun intended, May?) which is really quite picturesque. In front of the house is a grassy slope, which you may call a lawn, when you come, if you choose; and an old well, with its bucket, swinging to the same chain that held it in my grandfather's time, shaded by four great willow trees at the corner of the house. Behind the "mansion," and at its side, lies the most delightful old garden you can well imagine, full of fruit-trees and flowers, and shady walks more beautiful even than those of La Chateau. Out of this garden open the stables. And here is one of the greatest attractions of the place for me, for, from this great door issues, every morning and evening, a powerful bay horse, caparisoned with side-saddle, etc., a horse that was my mother's first gift to me on my return. He is a noble fellow, and as gentle as a lamb. You should see him rub his head against my shoulder when I go near him, and eat bread and sugar from my hand. I have named him "Robert," of course, after the giver of my noble Newfoundland, "Pedro," who, by the way, would send his regards, could I make him understand who I am writing to. I know you will laugh at the name of my horse. Well, I cannot help it. You know well I can never forget that first, fond love. It was a dream of beauty, and although it faded so soon, it can never die within my heart.

And this will answer your last question. I have not found "that rest in the affection of one true heart," of which we used to speak. Since I said adieu at the gates of La Chateau to the only being I could ever have loved, my heart has never seemed to stir. So beautiful as he was, dear May-with a man's best beauty! I have never seen a face like his since! Ah, May, my only sad moments are when I think of him, and wonder on what strange skies those deep blue eyes are looking now. We shall never meet again-I often say this to myself, when I begin to build castles in the air about him. And then I call "Pedro" to my side. I put my arms Although she is now over fifty, I often tell her around his shaggy neck, and lean my hand upon

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him while I weep a few quiet tears for one who once loved him, too. The noble creature seems to understand my thoughts, and looks in my face. and wags his tail, or licks my hand, as if he tried to say how he regretted him. Ah, May, how lonely the heart must be, after all, in spite of its natural gayety, that finds its best solace and support in the dumb sympathy of a dog?

But I will not sadden you or myself by dwelling any longer on what is past. I will put my writing aside for a time, and resume it when I am more in my usual mood. It is rarely that these sad thoughts come over me, May, and when they do, I find that action is the best cure. So, in the place of weeping for one who has long since forgotten me, I will go to my mother, who is just setting off on her daily pilgrimage over the farms. I will listen to her as she gives directions to her laborers about the coming harvest; I will accompany her while she visits her friends in the village, and I shall come home quite a different being.

Adieu, dear May, for the present. My mother bids me say to you that she will be most happy to welcome her daughter's dear friend here for the holidays. So, when your term at La Chateau has expired, I shall have you here with me for a long visit. That will be delightful. I am training a pony for your express use, and the little room next my own is being fitted up for you. have hung your favorite pictures on the walls, and put a charming old easy-chair close by the window which looks out into the garden. There we will have many a long talk. I go into that room every day, and can hardly wait for the hours to come when I shall see you there. seems to me that the holidays were never half so long in coming before. But my mother is calling, and I must go. Ever your affectionate friend,

KATHIE STRANGWAYS.

The Willows, August, 187-.

I have some tiresome news for you, May. have a lodger. Some friend of one of my mother's old friends, from the city, who is to stay with us during the summer. His name is Mr. Russell Loring, and he is a Professor of something or other in one of our northern colleges. Fancy a Professor overlooking all our wild frolics; and he wears gold glasses, too, like our teacher of French at La Chateau, whom we all used to dislike so much. My mother seems quite delighted with the addition to our family. With her own hands she has arranged the little room just below my own, which looks out on the garden. She has placed the freshest of white

broidered muslin curtains at the windows of the sitting-room, and her flower-vases of Dresden chins on the side-board What can it all mean? She sent me out to gather flowers for the sittingroom just now. I was half-tempted to make a bouquet of red clover and nettles, but I feared her displeasure too much, and only gathered her favorite white roses. A small cabinet-piano has been set up, which arrived with the gentleman, and the apartment really looks quite dainty.

But I am in a pet. We were so comfortable here before this stranger came, and now, I suppose all will be changed. My mother met himmost cordially. I saw tears in her eyes as they shook hands, and there was some allusion made to "poor Emily," which was all Greek to me. However, I dare say I shall find it out.

Provoking, isn't it, May? We shall have to take a thousand lectures every day, I presume; but then that is something we are used to. We can imagine ourselves back in La Chateau while the ordeal lasts, and forget all our troubles when we are out of sight of the Professor.

Oh, dear! I wish, most sincerely, that he and his piano were back again at his home, wherever that may be. I am going to dine, now-to dine with him and my mother. It is like going to sit in the pillory, May. KATHIE.

Four Hours Later.

Like the pillory, did I say, May? I ought to have been ashamed of myself, and hereby take back every scandalous word I have uttered about the Professor. He is delightful, I can assure you, and you will find him so as well as I.

In the first place, he is not as old as I imagined him to be. He is only thirty-nine, and looks much younger, because he will wear no beard. (N. B. This is the greatest fault I find with him. What business has a fine-looking man to shave?) He is not above the medium height, and is rather stout, but remarkably graceful in all his movements. His forehead is high and broad, and shaded by dark-brown hair, soft and wavy, and very beautiful; his nose a very correct "Roman," and admirably adapted to the glasses it supports; his eyes are blue, soft, and gentle in repose, but very brilliant when he is animated, and wearing a friendly glance for those who are dear to him that is inexpressibly charming. I saw him look at my mother once or twice this evening with a glance that quite won my heart. His complexion is clear and pale; his whole aspect very serious and dignified, but also very gentle. And his mouth (what can I be about to forget his mouth?) is exquisite, being, either in movement or in counterpanes on the bed, her most choicely-em- repose, quite perfect in form and expression,

and also being endowed with the sweetest, and, at the same time, the saddest smile I have ever

You will laugh at my enthusiasm, May; but the truth is, our Professor is a very handsome man. He has not the brilliant beauty of "Robert," I will admit, but his face is one that wins and charms every beholder. And his voice, which is very deep and sweet, his movements at once graceful and dignified, are so perfectly in keeping with his face, that nothing jars upon my sense of fitness, as too many times has been the He is a man to be respected, and almost worshiped by one so young as I. I should say, also, that he was capable of inspiring the most profound love in the heart of an older woman. If my mother would only care for him, and he for her; if I could only call him father, how happy I should be. And, who knows? Stranger things have happened. KATHIE.

The Willows, September 187-.

We have caged a singing-bird, May. little cabinet-piano was not intended for nothing. You should hear our Professor sing.

Do you remember one moonlight night, when we walked up and down the garden of La Chateau. and heard a voice (the voice of "Robert,") singing a serenade outside? I know you have not Yorgotten it-you were charmed with the melody and with the voice-so sweet, so powerful, and yet so sad. I have heard many tenor-singers since then, but never one like him, till now. Professor Loring has the same rich, yet mournful voice. It made me start when I first heard it. it was so like. And oh, May, the other evening, as my mother and I sat in his little parlor to hear him, his hand fell lightly on the keys, and he sang that same serenade. I closed my eyes and as I listened, I seemed to see the stone-walls of La Chatcau, the high garden-fence, on which the pale moonlight fell, and you standing by my side, with your gray dress and garden-hat of straw. It was too much. I forgot where I was. and sobbed audibly. The music ceased at once. and my mother hung over me in dismay, while Mr. Loring brought me a glass of water. blushed scarlet when I stammered, in answer to my mother's inquiries, that I had heard the tune before, and met his eyes. He said nothing, but I am sure he guessed the reason of my tears, for he never played that song again.

I am taking lessons of him. The scientific ? manner in which I was taught to play at La Chateau finds no favor in his eyes, and he spends

them," as he calls it. I have learned some beautiful things, which I know you will like, and which we will all sing together, when you come.

You asked me, in your last letter, how I passed my time, now that "the ogre" has arrived? will tell you. In the first place, we always ride before breakfast—that is to say, Mr. Loring and myself-for my dear mother is rather fond of her bed in the morning. After an hour's canter on two spirited horses, we return in time to meet her at the breakfast-table. When that meal is finished, she takes me off with her to drive about the farm, having got some whim in her head of making me a business woman, like herself. A certain old proverb, which you have often heard, comes up to my mind quite often as we drive around, and she instructs me on harvests, and crops, etc., but the ride is always pleasant, and I like to be with her, so I don't complain. At eleven we return. From that time till two. I read in my room. Then comes dinner, where I meet the Professor again. He either reads or rambles about of a morning, and generally does both. So he-has always something new to talk to me about as we linger over our dessert. After dinner my mother composes herself in her chair, throws her kerchief over her head, and takes a nap, while the Professor and myself, book in hand, stroll up and down the garden-walks, or sit in the little arbor by the old well, and read aloud. Pedro always insists upon making one of the party, and invariably dozes when we read, and wakes up with a start, looking very much ashamed of himself. Then comes tea, and after tea, music, or, it may be, a drive in the old family carriage, which has done duty for more years than I can count.

So ends the day. We live the quietest life imaginable, and also one of the happiest, I believe. When you are here, we shall, of course, make it more lively for you; but I am much mistaken if you do not prefer a day and evening such as I have described, now and then, to all the society our little neighborhood can furnish. It is so delightful to have those around you whom you care for, and only those.

I must tell you one thing more. You will remember my saying that my mother and Mr. Loring made some allusion to "poor Emily" when they met. I have found out who Emily was.

The other day, while I was waiting for the Professor in his parlor, I opened a book that was lying on the table. It was a copy of George Arnold's Poems, and on the fly-leaf was written, "Russell Edson Loring, from his loving wife, an hour with me each day, teaching me his favor- Emily." I was so startled, so surprised, and, it ite songs, and showing me how "to put soul into may be, so shocked, that I closed the book, and

ran out of the room to find my mother, and ask { her what it meant. She told me then about it. It seems that Mr. Loring was brought up in the house of an uncle. His only cousin, Emily, was a sickly, delicate girl, slightly deformed, and very sad and sensitive. She loved her cousin, and sunk gradually into a decline, because she was convinced her love was hopeless. Her father, at last, discovered the truth, and sending for his nephew, told him all. What did the young man do, May? He asked his cousin to marry him, at once, never hinting to her what he had heard. The poor girl was almost beside herself with joy, and he gave up everything and devoted himself to her. She only lived six months after her marriage, but they were months of perfect happiness to her. And my mother says that never, by word, or look, or deed, did he allow his wife to guess that he married her only that he might atone to her for the suffering which he had unconsciously put upon her. She died in his arms, blessing him, and though it is many years since, he has never married again.

It is a beautiful story, is it not, May? If possible, I reverence him still more than I did before. And yet, I am not surprised. Such conduct is only what I should have expected of him, with his delicate feelings and kind heart. It is a great pity there are not more men in the world like him. Oh, May! I wonder if Robert would have done like this? I am afraid not. For, as the days go by, and the glamor fades from before my eyes, I can see that he was not what I believed him to be. I bowed down before an idol, and I have found it clay. I suppose it is the case with many, May?

And yet he is not forgotten—only too fondly remembered, perhaps. Never, while this heart beats, can it cease to beat more quickly at his name. But, oh, May! I am afraid I must own that, with all his glorious beauty, all his dazzling gifts, he is no longer my ideal! KATHIE.

The Willows, October, 187-.

How shall I tell you the astounding news, May? Guess who is here? Guess the strangest, the most improbable, the most unlikely thing on earth—guess "Robert!"

Yes, May, he is here, in this house, at the moment I write you. And, what is stranger still, he is the nephew of our Professor! Loring is the name over which we puzzled so long in the note he once sent me, and "Robert Howell Loring" stands revealed before me. You will wonder how all this happened. I think I can guess. I have already told you of the little affair of the serenade. It seems the song was written by Mr.

Loring himself, only a year ago, and has never been published. When I manifested so much emotion at hearing it, I think he guessed the truth at once, for Robert has told me that no one has ever seen the manuscript of the song but himself. Well, as if that was not enough, the other evening I called my horse "Robert," while Mr. Loring was standing by. He looked interested at once, and fixed his eyes upon me with that keen glance which seems to read my very thoughts.

"What do you call him?" he asked.

I blushed furiously as I told him.

"Oh!" he said, thoughtfully. "Named for a friend, perhaps?"

"For a friend I shall never see again," I answered, patting the neck of the horse.

"Are you sure?" he asked, with startling earnestness.

I looked at him, wonderingly, but he only smiled and walked away.

Yesterday, at dinner, after being unusually reserved and taciturn all day, he opened his lips to communicate the fact, that he expected a nephew from Chicago that evening. He would stop at the village inn, he said, while he remained; but he would be there that evening to pay his respects He did not look at me as he spoke, and when dessert was over went directly to his room, in the place of walking in the garden with Pedro and myself. I thought he must be ill, he seemed so strange. But, judge of my astonishment, when, as we sat quietly around the parlor-table that evening, the door opened, and Robert stood before me? I sprang to me feet, with my heart beating as if it would force its way to him; my mother also rose, without noticing my embarrassment. He shook hands with his uncle, received his introduction to my mother with an easy grace, and held out his hand to me with a smile. He was evidently well prepared for the meeting; but I, as I touched the hand, which I had never expected to hold again in this world, could say nothing. I saw Mr. Loring looking at us as we met. There was a glance in his eye that I could not quite translate.

It was but a little while before all was explained to the satisfaction of my mother, and we were seemingly at ease together. Seemingly, I say, for I was awkward and embarrassed enough in reality. I knew that Robert's presence there was not accidental; I knew whom I had to thank for it, and every time I looked at him, I found his solicitous gaze bent upon me, as if he would have said,

"My child, have I made you happy?"

I have already told you of the little affair of the \ I was silent all the evening, though the rest serenade. It seems the song was written by Mr. \ were gay enough. I looked now and then, at the

face which so charmed me only one year ago. It is strange how great a change one year has made, May, either in me or him. I cannot see him as I used to. Handsome he is, most certainly; but only with an animal beauty after all. He looks flushed and dissipated. His eye has a glance from which I shrink with disgust, and his mouth an expression I cannot tolerate. I saw Mr. Loring and him, side by side to-night, as they were lighting their bedroom candles. How much more beautiful seemed the calm, pale face of the uncle to me, than the laughing, good-humored countenance of the nephew.

You will call me capricious. I cannot help it. What Robert Loring was at the time I first knew him, I cannot say-what he is now I can guess only too well. Had I never met him again, I should have kept him in my memory as a kind of beautiful dream too sacred and dear for the eyes of the world to gaze upon. But, believe me, dear May, if we wish to keep up the illusions of our girlhood, we should never meet those who shared them with us after experience has lifted the magic veil of romance from our eyes. I am safe, as far as Robert Loring is concerned, for evermore. His voice and step have lost the power to move me. I can only look quietly into his handsome face, and wonder what I once saw there to charm me so.

That he does not dream of such a change in me is very evident. He looks upon me as the school-girl who dared the vigilance of a half-dozen teachers to enjoy a stolen walk with him, and manifests his interest in me in a kind of lordly way that sometimes makes my blood boil. seems to think he need but throw the handkerchief at any time that may suit him, and I will stoop to pick it up, with a thousand thanks. might have been besotted as he thinks me twelve months ago; but now I am free, so far as he is concerned. There, you will say, is a half confession of slavery in another direction. Well, be it so. I have always told you every thought and feeling I have had. Why should I be ashamed to show you those which are higher and nobler than any you have seen in me before? Why should I fear to say that I have learned to prize true dignity of character, true manliness of soul, true delicacy of feeling, and true nobility of nature, in the place of such counterfeits as I find in the mind of Robert Loring.

I do love his uncle, May. I am proud to own the first, I think I must have loved him from the first, though I could not see it, till Robert came. But I am glad it is ever, and though I could not see it, till Robert came. But I have believed as I looked at the two men, as they stood or sat, I looked at the two men, as the stood or sat, I looked at the t

with the uncle for ten thousand such walks as I used to take with Robert, while you, (like a faithful little friend as you were,) kept watch at the garden-gate of La Chateau.

But since his nephew came, I get but few of these hours. He seems to avoid us. It is Robert now who rides with me in the morning, Robert who walks with me and Pedro after dinner in the garden, and Robert who shares those precious evening hours that were once consecrated to him. I get wild, sometimes, and wish him in Jericho, or any other distant place; but it will not do to tell him so, and I can only look up at the shuttered windows of Mr. Loring's rooms, and wonder how long it will be before that dear, serious face looks out upon me again. I have tried to join him, when I could without attracting too much attention; but he has received me rather coldly. The other evening, as he passed us on the portico, I asked him if he would solve a riddle for me.

"Name it," he said, pausing in his rapid walk.

"Why is it that the persons we most wish to see are the very ones we see the least of?" I asked, timidly.

He looked me straight in the face, and his color rose.

"You must first prove that it is so," he said, coldly, and passed on. I said no more. I felt that he had understood my appeal, and rejected it.

Meanwhile, our days go on here much as usual to the outward eye, but oh, how different to mine. The happy hours have all fled, and the weary ones remain. I hear the piano now and then, in the room beneath my own; but its music is so sad that it makes me weep. Oh, I wish—I do wish Robert would go back to the city, and leave us as we were before!

Evening.

Matters are evidently drawing to a close, dear May. To-night, while we were standing on the portico, looking up at the moon, and talking of you and La Chateau, Robert asked me to be his wife. I declined, most respectfully and decidedly, and, leaving him, came at once to my room. From the side window, I can see him still standing there, digesting his astonishment. It must, indeed, have been a great one to him. If any one had told me, twelve months since, that I should this night give such an answer to such a question from him, should I have believed it? I fancy not. But I am glad it is ever, and I hope he will go away quietly now. I feel as if a heavy load had been taken off my heart, and for the first time since he came can go quietly to bed.

KATHIR



One Day Later.

Our early stage coach carried Mr. Robert Loring back to the railroad station this morning, May; but not before he had had an explanation with his uncle. My mother was left somewhat in the dark, both by me and by him, but she has since been enlightened on that and other points.

It is needless to say that I did not take my usual ride this morning. My mother and myself breakfasted alone, Mr. Loring having gone to the station with his nephew, so that I met him for the first time at dinner. He looked at me attentively for a moment as I took my seat at the table. but addressed all his conversation to my mother, who was full of regrets over the sudden and urgent business that had called his nephew back to the city. When dessert was over, I still sat by my mother, who established herself for her usuai nap. Mr. Loring lingered by the window a moment, and then addressed me.

"Will you come and walk with me in the garden, Kathie? I have something to say to you."

I followed him to the little arbor, expecting a terrible lecture for my rejection of his nephew. But I was mistaken. He looked puzzled; but neither grieved nor angry. Indeed he seemed more like himself than I had seen him for days.

"Robert has told me of all that passed between you and him last night," he said, as soon as I hal taken my seat beside him in the arbor. "And he begged me to come and talk with you about it, and find out, if I could, the reason of his strange dismissal. Will you tell me, Kathie, as you might tell any friend, who is old enough to be your father?"

Here was a fine beginning. But I only answered that I refused his nephew simply because I did not love him.

- "Yet you loved him once," he said, with a searching glance.
 - "I thought I did, Mr. Loring," I said, quietly.
- "When I sang the serenade which moved you so," he continued, "did you not love him?"
 - "I thought I did," I said again.
- "And what taught you that you did not, Kathie?"

I was silent. How could I tell him?

He hegan to walk up and down before mesure sign that he was moved.

- "Kathie," he said, in a soft voice, "my nephew loves you, and I promised him to plead for him. What is it he has done to change you?"
- "Nothing," I answered. "It is what he has not done "
 - "And what is that?"

man." I said, warmly. "He has not been just: he has not been generous, or truly courageous. If I gave him my heart, he would not know what to do with it. He would soon despise, and finally break it."

"How do you know, Kathie?"

"I judge him by the eye and mouth, which never lie.'

He was silent for a moment. Then he sighed, and said,

- "Well, my child, if it must be, it must. Yet I will confess that I hoped to have bound you to me even through him. I am a lonely man, Kathie, and must always be. But I had hoped that if I went away, and left him with a fair young wife, Kathie would give her uncle a warm welcome when he returned----'
 - "Going? Are you going away?" I cried.
- "Very soon, my child. On a long and weary journey, from which I may never return. I have no ties to bind me to home as other men have. and I may be a wanderer till I die. I am going to the East, Kathie-to the Holy Land. What shall I bring you for an amulet from Jerusalem ?''

I forgot everything except that I was about to lose him. I held out my hands to him, and

"If you go away from me for so long a time: if I can never see your face, or hear your voice again, I shall die?"

"Kathie!"

That was all he said. But in such a tone. And he came and stood over me, as if he was going to clasp me to his heart, and then suddenly turned away.

- "No. I will not say it. I will not wrong your innocent trust and confidence so."
 - "Oh, speak! I will hear it! I must!" I cried.
- "Kathie, do you think I have been cold and insensible during all the delightful days we have passed together? Do you think because I am so much older than you, that I cannot see how delightful your youth and gayety is. Do you think, because I am reserved and quiet, that I am also cold and indifferent? If so, you are mistaken. I love you. I love you with ten times the fervor the boy who wooed you can feel. I love you as a lonely man must love the one fair flower that seemed to spring up in his pathway for him alone. There is not a smile of your lip, not a glance of your eye, not a wave of your hair, that I do not know by heart. Kathie, you will never . be loved again as I have loved you."

I knew it well; but I was silent. It was so strange to see him, who had always been so self-"He has not made himself a good or noble possessed and reserved, moved and trembling,

through his deep affection for a simple girl, that { I could not speak.

"If I were a younger man, or a richer, or a more famous one," he continued, "I should not give you up till I had made, at least, one trial to win your heart. But, as it is, I can only resign you to some one better worthy of you. Kathie, young, and fair, and good, is not for me. Yet I trust she will not quite forget her friend, when he is far away."

He took my hand, and pressed it gently. I looked up in his face, and could not keep him in suspense.

- "If Kathie's choice was here," I said, "would you go away?"
- "Do not tempt me with such a question, my child. I should be base, indeed, if I was to take advantage of your generous sympathy, simply that I might be happy, while you were miserable."
- "Hear me," I said, rising and standing beside him. "From the first moment that we met, you have been dear to me. You asked me why I rejected your nephew. I will tell you now. It was because I loved you. And if you go away and leave me now, you will break my heart."
- "Kathie, my darling! Can this be real?" he exclaimed, as he clasped me to his heart, and kissed me again and again.

Ah, it was real! No one is ever so happy in a dream.

We went to my mother, and told her all. She last, and best—rubbed her eyes, and looked at us in astonishment; but when she fully understood everything, her joy knew no bounds. She has been in won't it, May?

a state of effervescence ever since, and insisted on my writing to you to come at once, that she might have some one to talk to about her preparations for the wedding.

You will come, will you not, dear May? Your term has so nearly expired, that you can easily get leave of absence for the remainder, and come and be my mother's "right hand man." The wedding is to be celebrated on Christmas-day. Mr. Loring and my mother will not hear of any later season. Then, after a short trlp to Chicago, we shall return to the old homestead, and wait quietly till summer, when that eagerly talked-of journey to the Holy Land is to be made.

These are our arrangements, May; but we will talk more of them when we meet. Come to us at once, and you will see how much The Willows eclipses La Chateau in its autumnal beauty. I promise you plenty of amusement of all kinds; and I can assure you, you will never say "ogre" again, after you look once in the kind face of the Professor—my Professor now? You will love him—you cannot help it, for you are as much influenced by a gentle manner as I, though you never would confess it.

Come, then, dear friend, and see how happy we are; come and be happy with us yourself. I shall look for you by every stage; and oh, May, I defer till then the joy of telling you how deeply I prize the noble heart I have won; and how infinitely above my first, I find my second, and last, and best—ideal! As ever, your affectionate friend.

KATHIE STRANGWAYS.

P. S.—It will be "Kathie Loring," after all—won't it, May?

DREAMS.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

L
DREAMS, only dreams,
Beguiling my soul in the night—
Dreams, only dreams,
That vanish with morning light:

Inst vanish with morning light:
Yet sweeter ye be than the thoughts of day,
And brighter to me than the morning's ray;
For ye give to my longing heart once more
The loved and the dead of the days of yore.

II.

Dreams, only dreams,
Like rain on the thirsting ground—
Dreams, only dreams,
Like angels that hover around:
Yet softer to me than the rain at even,
And welcome ye be as the angels from heaven;
For ye comfort my heart as ye give once more
The loved and the lost of the days of yore.

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III.

Dreams, only dreams,

Though they come when I walk and wake—
Dreams, only dreams.

That noonday life will not break.

Better to dream, when we dream of the blest,

Calm amid strife, for our souls are at rest,

As we live in the past, and hold converse once more

With the loved and the lost of the days of yore.

ΙV

Dreams, no more dreams,
When this phantom-life is past—
Dreams, no more dreams,
When we close our eyes at last.
Shadows forever are passing away;
Earth was our night, but Heaven is our day.
What Death ravished from us will Death then restore,
The loved and the lost of the days of yore.



EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking costume of \(\cdot\) on the left side; on the right side a similar row black grenadine. The under-skirt is made with



a demi-train, and furnished with loops to raise it for the street. This skirt is cut but three yards wide at the bottom; then, directly in the center of the back breadth, which is plain, there is a slit made at the bottom twelve inches deep, and into this is inserted a gore nine inches wide at the bottom, and narrowing to a point to fit. This gives a spring to the bottom of the skirt at the back to allow for the extra length when it is unlooped for the house. The skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, cut on the bias, and slightly full, headed by a band of grenadine, piped on both sides with black silk or satin. The Polonaise is cut with a double-breasted front-piece, buttoning | flounce of Victoria lawn on the bottom of the

of buttons and button-holes is placed, the latter being piped to simulate the button-holes. The back is only slightly looped, just in the center. Underneath are strings to tie the Polonaise back, so that the front and sides may be kept perfectly plain. Coat-sleeves, with a deep double musquetair cuff, piped to match, and ornamented with buttons all round the upper cuff. Over this is worn a small, pointed mantelet, which crosses in front, and fastens at the back. It is simply trimmed with a ball fringe, or guipure lace, or a mixture of jet and sewing-silk fringe. Jet will be very much worn this season, and a little of it on grenadines will be very effective. yards of grenadine will be required.

Next is a fine corded pique, with a deep-plaited



The Polonaise has a similar plaiting to finish the edge. Above this plaiting is a band of black jaconet cambric, four or five inches wide, on which is braided a close pattern in white cotton braid, either the "star" or plain braid-the cuffs to correspond. Then there is a sleeveless jacket of the black jaconet, braided all over, as may be seen. This jacket, and the trimming for the Polonaise, can be made (if preferred) of the pique, and braided with black worsted braid, instead of the white, giving pretty much the same Ten yards of pique, six yards of white Victoria lawn, and two yards of black jaconet, several dozen pieces of braid. Fine pique can be had for sixty-five cents per yard. Navy-blue jaconet may be substituted for the black, if preferred.

Next we give an evening-dress of French-Swiss muslin. One skirt only, and just to droop a little



at the back. Skirt three and a half yards wide. First, there is a deep flounce of eight inches,

quite full, headed by a very full puffing of the Swiss, through which is run a ribbon. Then, leaving a space of four inches, a second ruffle is placed at the back, also headed by a puff. This ruffle is only five inches deep; then a third in like manner. The puffings are continued to the waist on the front of the skirt, and on both sides of the apron from the termination of the puffings are ornamented by large bows of ribbon. A lowneck infant waist, cut square on the shoulders, and finished all round the neck by a puff to match the skirt. A short puffed sleeve, ornamented with a bow, and a wide sash tied at the back, completes this pretty evening-dress for a young lady. Of French muslin, two yards wide, it will require about twelve yards. The puffings must be very full to look well, and made over ribbon three and a half inches wide.

Next is a striped percale costume for a little girl of twelve years. There are three flounces at the back, cut on the bias. The apron front is formed by cutting the stripes, and pointing them in the center. The trimming at the sides is of plain solid-colored percale to harmonize with the striped material. The buttons are large white pearl ones. There is a shirt waist underneath the jacket trimmed to match. The jacket is loose-



fitting, and has a sailor collar at the back, and the sleeves are finished with a deep cuff, half of the material and half of the solid percale. Eight yards of striped percale and two yards of plain will be required. Three dozen buttons. We would suggest a striped blue and white for the dress, and navy-blue for the trimming, or buff and brown, gray and pink. In fact, it is almost impossible not to make a pretty dress with any of these combinations of lovely percales and chintzes, that flood the market this year.

MANTELET AND DETAIL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



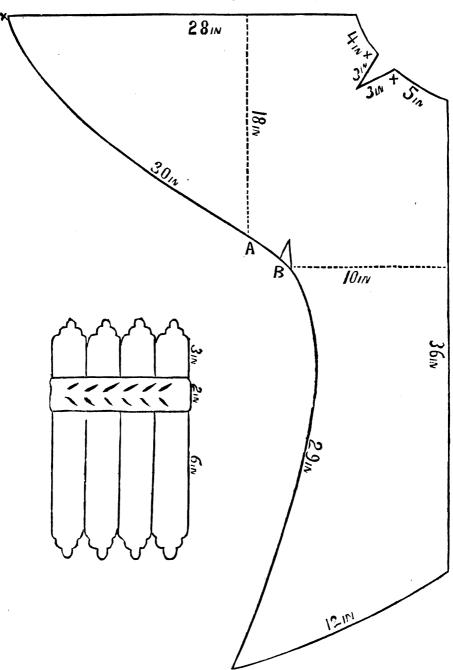
We give one-half of the mantelet in our diagram, and detail of trimming. The mantelet is to be made of white French muslin, and trimmed with either worked Swiss flouncing, or ruffles of the same. Our design calls for Swiss flouncings of two widths, with an insertion between; but ruffles of the Swiss muslin, with a puffing between, through which a ribbon is run, would be quite as pretty, and much less expensive.

For those of our readers who do not know how to cut a pattern from a diagram, we give here some few simple directions. As, for instance, in cutting from this diagram, take a large newspaper, and first measure the front thirty-six inches; then shape the neck, cutting the gore to form the shoulder, then shape toward the back, and measure twenty-eight inches for the back; now slope toward A, making thirty inches to the place

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marked B, then twenty-nine inches to the point; \(\) is formed by putting on two ruffles, and pointing then slope toward the front, making it twelve them very much in the back. Small bows of gros-

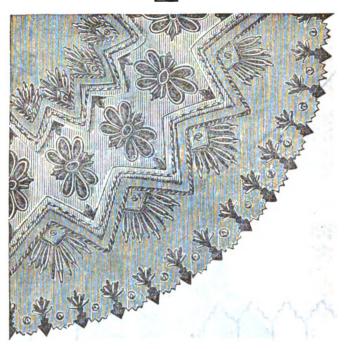
inches. The detail of trimming is marked six grain ribbon, are placed among the ruffles, and



inches for the lower ruffles, three inches for the \(\) a longer one with loops for the lowest one, which upper, and two inches for the puff. The collaret \(\) is at the waist.

MAT FOR VASES, SCENT-BOTTLES, ETC.

BY MES. JANE WEAVER.

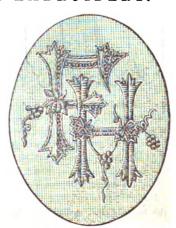


on a ground of dark-green cloth; the sewing on the taffetas is hidden by narrow strips of the maining stitches are worked in point russe, and

This design has an applique of green taffetas (rate figures are worked with green purse silk in darker shade stitched on each side. The sepa- { the edge of the mat is cut into small vandykes.

MONOGRAMS FOR EMBROIDERY.



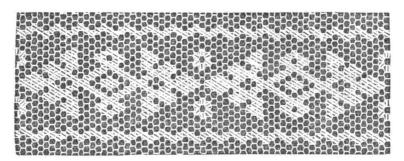


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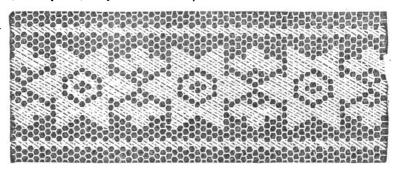
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BORDER FOR VEILS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These designs are worked on either black or equally well in white or black silk, or in glace white net, as required; they will also look thread.



CROCHETED EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This edging, worked in Shetland wool, will make a very pretty trimming for dresses. Make a chain the required length with double wool or cotton.

1st Row: With double wool or cotton, one single, pass over one; repeat, keeping all the loops upon the hook.

2nd Row: With single wool or cotton, draw

through a loop, one chain; repeat for the entire length.

3rd Row: One chain *, six troble in the first lower double loop, one single in each of the two next double loops below, keeping the loops on the hook, draw through the first two loops on the hook, then through the last; repeat from *.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

Moss-Basker, D'Oyleys, Erg.—Baskets covered with fresh moss look very well on a table. It is easy in the country to procure moss, and any kind of basket, either wire or wicker, may be covered, by tying the moss on tightly with coarse black thread or twine. By dipping it into water every day or every other day, the moss will keep fresh for some time. A few sprigs of scarlet geranium, or bright colored flower, should be put in. The little baskets suspended from tripods of sticks look very well covered in this way. These pieces of stick, with a good many "nobs," cut from the edge, tied together with narrow ribbon, very tightly, with a moss-covered basket suspended in the centre containing a few flowers, are really very pretty ornamonis, and quickly made. It is good employment for children. If some red scaling-wax is dissolved in spirits of wine, and the sticks dipped into the liquid, thoroughly covered and left to dry, they will look like red coral. Many different things can be made in this way with little trouble. Moss baskets without handles look well on a dinner-table with fruit in them-especially with oranges and apples; and if they are tolerably deep, small forms can be planted, and will flourish for a short time. Two original and pretty D'Oyleys were shown us a short time ago, made of fine white muslin, with narrow rings of colored siik, gummed on one over the other; the D'Oyleys were round edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and the rings were arranged in a circle at about half an inch from the edge. They were quite narrow, and the colors tastefully assorted. We have seen the same kind of work on a larger scale adapted for table-cloth borders; the rings being in colored cloth or velvet, sewn on to a dark material, and ornamented with small beads of various colors. Pen-wipers are pretty made in this way; also footstools and little mats. Colored glazed paper can be made use of for this kind of work, and looks effective, gemmed on to red, black, or blue cloth. There are some China ornaments now to be seen in the form of a "tailor" bird's-nest, with the bird sitting on the edge. These ornaments are to be had in colors also, and are intended for water and flowers, or to plant a fern in. They are very dainty little drawing-room ornaments.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS is one of what Aristotle calls the half virtues, and is recommended for the three following considerations: First as a mark of politeness; secondly, as it produces love, and thirdly, as it bears analogy to purity of mind. In eastern climates, it is enforced in both the Jewish and Mohammedan law, as part of their religious observances. The regulations prescribed in Leviticus and Deuteronomy are very explicit on this point; and we learn, that Mahomet used to enjoin his followers to wash the face, neck, hands, and arms, before each prayer. Now, as their prayers are repeated five times daily, they are bound to perform their ablutions as often. Besides these, there are others, adapted to particular states and exigencies, which are eminently conducive to individual comfort and health. When the pilgrims to Mecca cannot well procure water in the deserts of Arabia, they still hold in mind the precepts of their Koran, and rub the parts abovementioned with sand.

Now is the Time to get up clubs, to begin with the next number, that is if you do not want the back numbers from January. But back numbers can be supplied to all who desire them.

WORTH KNOWING.-A writer in a French horticultural journal relates this suggestive experience :- "After sunset I place in the centre of my orchard an old barrel, the inside of which I have previously well tarred. At the bottom of the barrel I place a lighted lamp. Insects of many kinds, attracted by the light, make for the lamp, and while circleing around it, strike against the sides of the barrel, where, meeting with the tar, their wings and legs become so clogged that they fall helpless to the bottom. In the morning I examine the barrel, and frequently take cut of it ten or twelve gallons of cockchafers, which I at once destroy. A few pence worth of tar employed in this way will, without any further trouble, be the means of destroying innumerable numbers of these insects, whose larve are amongst the most destructive pests the gardener or farmer has to contend against."

In Four Things this magazine has no rival. Its stories are all original, and are far superior to those to be found in any other lady's book; for where are authors like Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Rebecca Harding Davis, Fanny Hodgson Burnett. Marietta Holley, Jeanie T. Gould, etc., etc.? Its colored steel fashion-plates are the most beautiful, as well as the most reliable, to be had this side of Paris. Its steel engravings are not even approached anywhere else. And finally it is offered for two dollars a year, or from one to two dollars less than magazines of its class. The new volume, beginning with the July number, affords an excellent opportunity to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers.

WORTH SHILL MAINTAINS HIS ASCENDENCY as the final arbiter of fashion in Paris. While other artistes vary greatly in their styles, so that there was never before such a diversity to be seen, he works very faithfully one or two ideas. He reserves, for example, tunics and small paletots to match for neglige wear. But for what are called "grandes toilettes de ville," or dressy toilets for out-door wear, he makes in preference the Henri II. style, with the front of the bodice and skirt in a piece—a la Princesse or Gabrielle; the back a long train, and gracefully draped; the sides and front being so close to the figure, that the breadths have all the effect of being pasted on, so closely do they cling.

THE MIXTURE OF COLORS in the fashionable dresses is very curious: dark-hues are much affected, and such strange contrasts as scabious and marine-blue are to be seen. One of the newest colors is called "bois de rose." It is made in three shades, which are constantly used in one costume. The lightest shade is an unhealthy salmon; the middle shade reminds one more of raspberry ice cream than anything else; and the darkest shade is a rich claret. Crevette or shrimp is quite popular for evening; silk dresses: cendre de Cedre, an ashy gray, and various shades of réséda and moss, are made in faille

Dresses for Evening Parties are now almost invariably made with tabliers in front; and these tabliers are entirely of either lace or tullo, or embroidered with jet. A beautiful evening-dress was made, lately, of pink satin; the train was draped in folds; the edge was cut in petal-like scallops and mounted over a very narrow plaiting; the front was entirely covered with a black tulle tunic, embroidered.



Additions to Cluss may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. It is never too late in the year to add to a club, or to get up a new club. When enough additional subscribers have been added to a club to make a second club, the person sending them, is entitled to a second premium or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Only all such additional subscribers must begin, when the rest of the club begins. A new volume commences with the July sumber, which will afford a good opportunity for persons to subscribe, who do not wish back numbers.

The Favorite Matrials for dressy wear are Sicilienne mixed with faille, and there is also a very successful novelty, which is black velvet striped with gauze. The stripes are narrow, and the effect of the dead solid velvet in contrast with the transparent gauze, is charming. The material is used especially for the large casaques and for the coatshaped mantles at presented affected. These latter are called "Les Merveilleuses," and are always made with a fancy waistcoat.

BUTTONS ARE REMARKABLE for their variety and size. French ingenuity displays itself in these buttons, which are made in bone or composition to match every imaginable hue. The large revers now worn at the sides of skirts are often fastened back with enormous buttons of either green enamel, mother-of-pearl of all shades, steel-blue, jet, and a variety of other compositions, but always on a large scale.

ENGLISH EMBROIDERY is, just now, all the rage. We give, among our patterns, this month, a full-page design, and a very beautiful one, for this kind of work.

"Twice the Money."—The Sullivan (Mo.) Standard says:
—"Peterson's Magazine is worth more than twice the subscription money."

A New and Pretty Alphaset for marking, printed in color, is given in the front of the number.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Young Brown. By the author of "The Member for Paria." I vol., 8 vo. Boston: J. S. Osgood & Co.—This is not so good a novel as the author's first one, but, nevertheless, it has very considerable merits. By taking some incidents from the career of the late Duke of Buckingham, and others from that of the late Duke of Devonshire, making, as it were, a hash of this material, the writer has produced a very spicy and appetizing dish, albeit the combination of so many extraordinary ingredients does not turn out a story, as a whole, remarkable for the probabilities. The edition is a cheap one, in double-column octavo.

A Daughter of Bohemia. By Christian Read. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Mr. Read is favorably known as the author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," and other novels of merit. This, his last work, is, we think, his best. Rhoda, the heroine, is one of the most original characters in recent fiction: she is fresh and sparkling; and the portrait is drawn with great force. The book is handsomely printed, in double-column octavo, and is illustrated quite profusely.

The Trust and The Remittance: Two Love Stories in Metred Prose. By Mary Cowden Clarke. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The dedication of this little volume has been praised by more than one of our cotemporaries. It is as follows;—"To the Lover-Husband of Eighty-Five, these stories are dedicated, by the Loving-Wife of Sixty-Three."

Ninety-Three. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Frank Lee Benedict, 1 vol., 12 mo. New York; Harper & Brothers .-Victor Hugo is nothing unless he is melo-dramatic. An English, or even an American mind, can hardly understand his erratic genius. In this, his last fiction, there is great force, and what some would call eloquence, and others fine writing, but the characters seem to our plain common sense distorted, and the incidents verge on the impossible. The men and women of the story are not the men and women of real life, they are not even Frenchmen of the stormy era of '93: they rather resemble the wild, distorted images. which traverse the Brocken, and which are but exaggerated phantoms in the air. If an unknown writer had put forth this fiction, a certain sensational power in it would have been recognized by all intelligent critics, but the work would hardly have been considered up to the reputation of a great genius. It is to be remembered, however, that French literature of the romantic school is more exaggerated than English literature of the same kind. Scott is a type of one, Hugo of another. The story, in spite of what we consider its defects, however, takes hold of the reader at once, and keeps him breathless till the end. The novel has been translated by Mr. Frank Loe Benedict, who has preserved all the fire and incisiveness of the original.

The Stolen Packet. Ry T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of one of the most delightful novels we have ever read. The story is of great interest, turning partly on the Italian revolution of 1848, and partly on the fortunes of a young noble, who has been cheated out of his birth-right. The two principal characters are both equally interesting, though in different ways: Stella, the heroine, and the Abbess Madde lens, the wronged mother of the hero, Giulio. But there is a merit in this novel which is even greater than its story. "The Scaled Packet" is an exceedingly faithful and graphic sketch of Italian manners at the present day, and is, therefore, valuable as a picture of the life of a great and peculiarly interesting people. Mr. Adolphus Trollope, who is not to be confounded with his brother, Mr. Anthony Trollope, has lived in Italy for more than twenty-five years, and has acquired a knowledge of the customs of the Italians, and their ways of thought, which no other cotemporary English writer possesses. To read one of his fictions is like traveling in Tuscany, or the Romagna, or spending a winter in Rome. "The Sealed Packet" is a novel to place in the library, not merely a book to read for amusement and throw away like most fictions. The volume is handsomely printed.

Seven Daughters. Illustrated. By Amanda M. Donglas, 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The author of this pleasant little story is an American lady, who, from small beginnings in literature, has won her way, like Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. L. Chandler Moulton, and a few others, to a front rank in her profession. She has done this by always writing conscientiously. She never rests satisfied, like many do, with a partial success, but makes each new achievement a stepping-stone to a higher and better foot-hold. The consequence is that every book is, as a rule, an improvement on its predecessor. The present work is one of the popular "Maidenhood Series," and is destined to have, or .t least deserves, a very large sale. Like all the publications of this house it is neatly printed and tastefully bound.

Ladies Guide to Embroidery. By Miss Lambert. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—If you wish to learn all about the different kinds of embroidery, the stitches used, and the abbreviations employed in describing patterns, get this book. No less than one hundred and thirteen illustrations are given in explanation of the text. The volume is handsomely bound, in morocco cloth, full gilt.

Right and Left. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new novel by the popular author of "Common Sense," etc., etc.



OUR ARM-CHAIR.

No OTHER MAGAZINE gives so much for the money as "Peterson." Its subscription price, two dollars a year, is from one to two dollars less than the subscription price of magazines of merit. Many periodicals, not near so good, charge three dollars. Then, for fifty cents more, that is for \$2.50, not only is "Peterson," sent for one year, but also a large-sized engraving for framing. Other magazines charge three dollars for a copy for a year, and a colored lithograph, very inferior to our engravings. Subscribers, and those intending to subscribe, should bear these things in mind.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES has recently decided the suit of the Florence Sewing Machine Company against the Singer, Grover & Baker, and Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Companies, involving over \$250,000, in favor of the Florence Co.

PARLOR GAMES.

"Turning the Trencher" is a capital game, though an old one. All the players, save the one who stands in the centre with the trencher, take the name of an animal or a flower; then the player who presides must spin the trencher, calling the name of a flower or an animal as he does so; and if its representative does not succeed in giving the trencher another spin and calling another flower or animal before it drops, he has to take his place in the centre, and continue spinning till he is released by another player failing in the same manner.

"Post" is another old active game, entailing plenty of healthful exercise. All the players save one are seated, and take the name of an American or foreign post town, say New York, Boston, Paris or London. The only player who is standing calls out, "The post is going between Philadelphia and Washington," or any other two places, when the two players so named exchange seats, the postman trying to reach one before the journey is effected; if he does this, the unscated player becomes postman. And when the general post is declared to be going out, everybody changes seats.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Fire Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Stewed Loin of Veal.—Take part of a loin of veal, the chump end will do; put into a large, thick, well-tinned iron saucepan, or into a stew-pan, about two ounces of butter, and shake it over a moderate fire until it begins to brown; flour the veal well all over; lay it in the saucepan, and when it is of a fine, equal, light-brown, pour gradually in veal broth, gravy, or boiling water to nearly half its depth; add a little salt, one or two sliced carrots, a small onion or more, when the flavor is much liked, and a bunch of parsley; stew the veal very softly for an hour, or rather more, then turn it, and let it stew for nearly or quite another hour, or longer, should it not appear perfectly done. Dish the joint; skim all the fat from the gravy, and strain it over the meat; or keep the joint hot while it is rapidly reduced to a richer consistency.

Stewed Caif's Head.—Take a fine large calf's head; empty it; wash it clean, and boil it till it is quite tender, in just water enough to cover it. Then carefully take out the bones, without spoiling the appearance of the head. Season it with a little salt and Cayenne, and a grated nutmeg. Pour over it the liquor in which it has been boiled, adding a gill of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of capers, or of green nasturtium-seeds, that have been pickled. Let it stevery slowly for half an hour. Have ready some forcemeathalls, made of minced veal, suet, grated bread-crumbs, grated lemon-peel, and shreded sweet marjoram, adding a beaten yolk of egg to bind the other ingredients together. Put in the forcemeathalls, and stew, slowly, a quarter of an hour longer, adding some bits of butter, rolled in flour, to enrich the gravy. Send it to table hot.

Meat or Sausage Rolls.—Make one pound puff paste; roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, or rather less, and divide it into eight, ten, or twelve squares, according to the size the rolls are intended to be. Place some sausage-meat on one-half of each square; wet the edges of the paste, and fold it over the meat; slightly press the edges together and trim them neatly with a knife; brush the rolls over with the yolk of an egg, and bake them in a well-heated oven for about half an hour, or longer, should they be very large. The remains of cold chicken and ham, minced and sensoned, as also cold veal or beef, make very good rolls.

DESSERTS.

Norfolk Dumplings.—Mix thoroughly a teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder and a little salt with a pound of flour in a dry state; then pour on gradually about half a pint of cold water or milk; mix quickly into a dough, to be put immediately, in small pieces, into boiling water, and boiled twenty minutes without taking the lid off. They eat very like dough dumplings when properly made. Serve with milk sauce.

Baked Apples.—Baked apples are very nice filled in with plain custard, also with rice and corn-flour, dressed as for a pudding, and poured in where the cores were; or take a piece of quince cheese and place it in when the apples are about half done. Blackberry jam, also, is very nice, but must not be put in till the apples are done, or it spreads over the dish too much.

Puff Puste.—One pound of flour, and one pound of butter; rub in very lightly with your hands one-third of the butter, and then add water, and mix to a paste. Roll it out, spread in the centre the rest of the butter, and fold in six folds; roll out again; repeat this three times; lastly, fold in three, roll out once more, and it is ready for use.

Apple Snow.—Stew some apples till tender; sweeten to taste; mash them up, and place them in the centre of a dish; round and over them place a layer of boiled rice, dry: whisk the whites of three or four eggs until quite light and frothy; cover the whole with this froth; sprinkle over it powdered sugar, coloring a little of it with cochineal.

Baked Vermicelli Pudding.—Simmer four ounces of vermicelli in a pint of milk for ten minutes, then put in a gill of cream, a spoonful of powdered cinnamon, four ounces warm butter, the same of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten. Bake in a dish without a lining.

SANITARY AND TOILET.

Veal Tea.—An excellent receipt for beef or veal tea for a child or invalid. Cut into small dice a pound of lean meat; place on the fire with two tablespoonfuls of water and a teaspoonful of sait; stir this gently until the gravy is drawn, then add a quart of boiling water; simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour, skimming off the fat; when done, strain through a sieve. It may be made richer and more tasty by adding, when first warming the meat, a little butter, onlon, and parsley.

Treatment of Sunstroke.—A person whose uncovered head is exposed to the rays of a vertical sun, is not very unfrequently attacked with a sort of fit, which sometimes bears a resemblance to apoplexy, but at other times is more like an ordinary swoon. The proper remedy for an attack of this kind, during the primary fit, is to pour cold water over the head. This is the plan pursued by the natives of India, who are peculiarly exposed to the affection in question.

Almond Paste.—Blanched almonds, four ounces, white of one egg, spirits of wine and rose-water. Beat the simonds to a smooth paste in a mortar, then add the white of egg and enough of rose-water, mixed with one-half its weight of spirits of wine, to give the proper consistency. Use as a cosmetic, to prevent chapped hands, etc.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG I .- WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-MOURNING OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SILK .- The skirt just touches the ground at the back, and is then trimmed with one deep flounce, with a band of bias silk as a heading. The front is trimmed with four ruffles of the silk. The over-skirt is open in front, and caught together here and there with three black ribbon bows. It is taken up lightly on the hips, and falls rather low at the back; it is untrimmed. The basque is of the Medici shape in front, but has a rolling collar, faced with black silk, and is buttoned over on the right side. It has black silk pockets on the skirts of the basque, and one on the left side of the breast. A quilling of black silk finishes the basque, which is cut shorter at the back than in front. Coat-sleeves, with deep, black silk cuff. Black and white straw bonnet, trimmed with black ostrich feathers, and ribbon.

Fig. 11.—Walking-Dress of White Iron Grenadine.—
The skirt is trimmed with four flounces simply hemmed,
the upper one being the narrowest. The over-dress closes
in front, part way down the skirt, when it flares off in sharp
points, and is quite short at the back; it is trimmed with a
broad band of dark-blue velvet; blue velvet waistband, and
the nun sleeves, are finished with a cuff formed of blue
velvet. White chip bonnet, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon at the back, blue convolvulus, and a white rose.

Fig. 111.—Boy's Dress of Blue Cashmers, made plain in front, with full kilt plaits behind, and wide sailor collar, quite open at the throat, and close sleeves. Sailor straw hat, with blue ribbon.

Fig. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—The skirt has a demi-train and is finished with two scanty flounces, headed by pipings of dark crimson and gray silk. The Polonaise is of gray gauze, spotted with dark-crimson floss, and is trimmed with a broad plaiting of crimson silk at the bottom; a large bow is placed at the back where the gauze dress is draped; and there is a large square collar, with a bow on it, of the silk. Sleeves, nearly tight, with very wide but shallow cuffs, with a plaiting of crimson silk. Small bonnet of gray tulle, and crimson ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY, OF NANKEN-COLORED PERCALE.—The skirt is quite short, and is trimmed with two narrow bands of white percale. The loose over-dress is belted in at the waist, and buttons down the front with a vest-like piece. Two rows of white percale form the front trimming, and a very broad band trims it at the bottom. A large, square collar, with a stiff, white linen collar at the neck. The close sleeves have small, sharp-pointed cuffs, falling over the hands. A large-brimmed Leghorn hat, trimmed with buff ribbon, finishes this charming country costume.

FIG. VI.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF PINK STRIPED LAWN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two plaitings of white lawn. The over-skirt is one of the new Greekshaped over-skirts, falling in a point, not in front, but on the left side, quite low down. It opens rather far back on the hips, and is finished with a bow and long ends of pink ribon. A plaiting of white lawn trims the over-skirt. The basque fits smoothly over the hips, all around, and opens in front, over a white pique vest, with a rolling collar. A plaiting of white lawn trims the basque, and forms the cuffs of the sleeves. Garden hat of white lawn, with a bunch of roses, and green well.

WE GIVE ALSO various other illustrations of new fashions, in the front of the number, among them a Medici Vest, Infant's Hat, Infant's Cap, Silk Over-Vest, etc., etc. Also a new style for dressing the hair. None of these, however, need a detailed description, the engravings themselves being sufficient for a guide.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We think we never saw so many new materials for dresses as have appeared this year, or rather so many varieties of old material. Black grenadine, which used to be black grenadine only, now crops up in many new forms; there is the iron grenadine, with a very loose mesh, and iron grenadines with meshes of all sizes; a grenadine with a plain satin stripe, and a grenadine with a black damask figure over the thin surface. Any of these would make a serviceable dress over black, blue, or violet silk. Some are comparatively cheap, but the one with a watered stripe is narrow, and costs seven dollars a yard. Black blond lace, guipure, fringe, and jet trimmings are used extensively for these thin, black Polonaise.

Whole Polonaise are made of the white English embroidery, as the muslin comes entirely covered with the embroidery, (which is all open work.) and the Polonaise is cut out of it as out of common white muslin. A Polonaise of this material should be worn over a colored silk waist and skirt.

THE MEDICI COSTUME is more difficult to produce in thin summer goods than in the heavy, stiff materials worn during the winter, so the Polonaise and apron-front, with loops, are still popular, if old.

THE NEW MANTLES, or confections, are as varied as the dresses; but small jackets and small scarf capes—a combination of a cardinal cape and dolman, and falling into the back-are the favorites. The latter shape is too complicated to describe, as the sleeves are formed in the mantle and not cut separately. They are cut to fall into the waist by n cans of an inner string, that is tied in front. They are made of cashmere, and trimmed with plaitings of lisse gauze, terminating with lace. Round the throat there is more lace, and the fronts ornamented with loops of rich faille ribbon, lined with straw-colored satin. The jackets are less complicated. and are made generally of black Sicilienne. They fit the figure, and have pockets at the back, and revers in front. The pockets are generally pointed. Never was there such a variety of fancy buttons as are to be seen on these useful little jackets. There are steel, pearl, silver, and jet, bone, stained every imaginable color, and even sporting tastes can be indulged in.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Girl's Dress of Gray Mohair, trimmed with two bias bands of blue silk. The coat-sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Black-silk basque with cape, Straw hat bound with black velvet, and trimmed with blue forget-me-nots.

Fig. 11.—Boy's Suit of Fawn-Colored Kerseymere.— Trousers rather loose, and fastened around the knee; cutaway jacket, over a vest of the same color. Large linen collar and blue tie. Sailor straw hat, with blue feather.

Fig. 111.—Boy's Suit of Dark-Blue Flannel.—Trousers loose; shirt-jacket, with coller, cuffs, and front trimmed with white braid; black ribbon at the neck and knees. Sailor's black straw hat,



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"With My Bible."
"More Than Her Match."
In The Swing.
The Christmas Home-Coming.

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In Happy Moments.

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Sweet Birdie, Sing.

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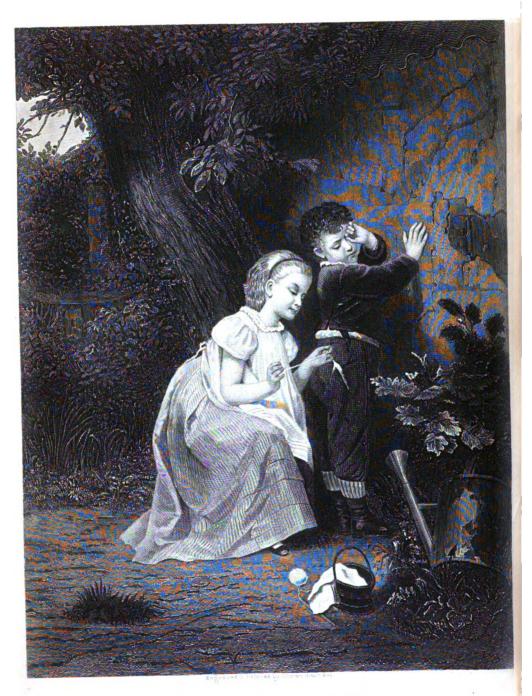
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Butterfly Slipper.
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THE TORN TROWSERS.

- Barbardy and Angle on the Park of the Made at the



THE TORN TROWSERS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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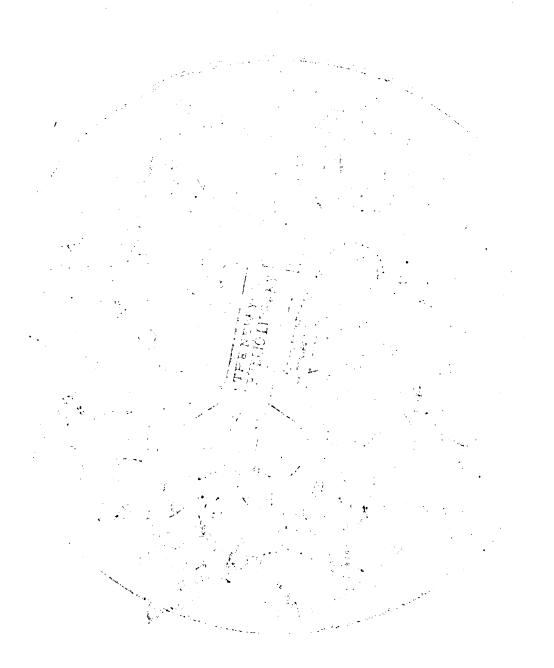


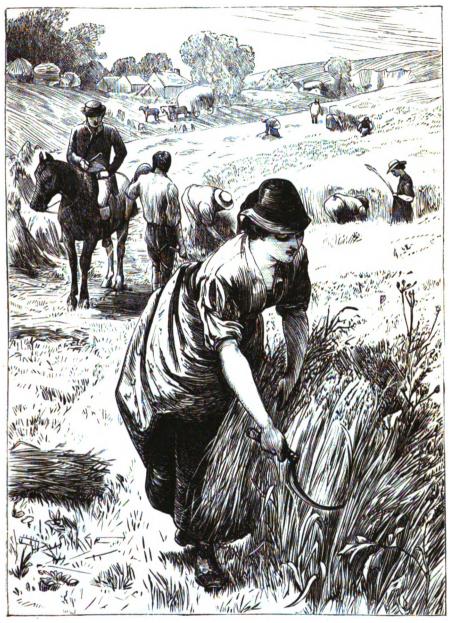
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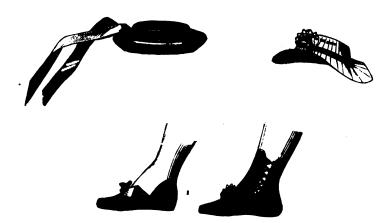




THE MODERN RUTE.

[See the Story.]







BATHING-DRESS. SHOES, AND HATS FOR BATHING.





LEGHORN HAT. CHILD'S MUSLIN HAT. NEW STYLE OF DRESSING HAIR.

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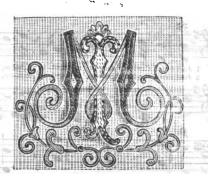


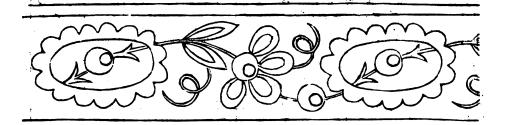
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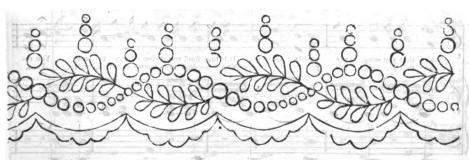












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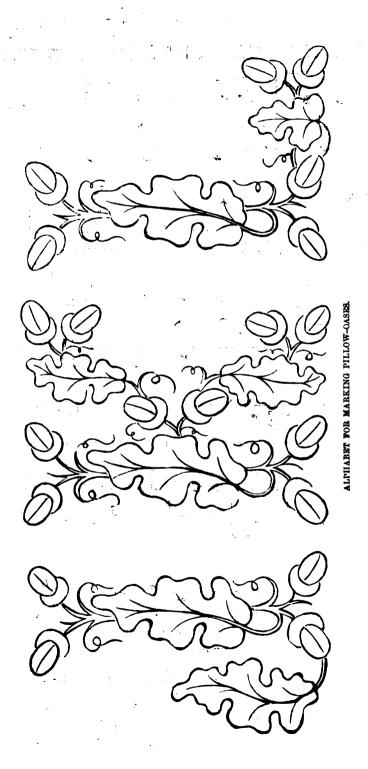
TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY.

Written by SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.







PETERS GAZINE

VOL. LXVI.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY,

No. 1.

THE MODERN RUTH.

AUTHOR OF "COPWEBS." ETC. ETC.

It was a terrible break-up. The loving hus- a needle, our cow, and the vegetable garden I shall band, the tender father had gone to his rest, and now Ruth and her mother had to face the world alone.

Nor was this all. Mr. Hunter had been generally considered one of the wealthiest farmers in the neighborhood, but he was now found to have died insolvent. For years he had been living beyond his means. "I told you so." said one of the wiscacres, "when he sent his darter to school in Boston, as if the schools here warn't good enough; I knowed how it would be." farm was mortgaged for its entire value, and was immediately foreclosed; and when the other debts were paid, there was not a dollar left.

Ruth and her mother would have had no roof even to shelter them, if Ruth had not inherited, from a maiden aunt, a little, tumble-down cottage, with an acre or two of pasture land, on the outskirts of the village. Thither the two mourners repaired, with the few bits of furniture the law had allowed them, and began the hardest of all struggles, the battle with poverty on the part of woman, a battle rendered the more difficult in this case, because both had been tenderly. even luxuriously nurtured, and had never before known what it was to have to deny themselves.

"I am such a burden to you. Ruth," monned the widow, who was now completely broken down, not only in spirits, but in health also. .. If it wasn't for me, you could go off somewhere and yearn our living like a lady. You could teach music, or be a governess, or obtain a situation in a school. But while I'm an invalid, and I suppose I shall now always be one, you are tied to my bed-side."

itath was of a different character from her mother. She was more energetic, more self-reliant, She had also the courage of youth more heroic. on her side.

"Gol will provide," she said. "He helps those who help thomselves. What with my and not for myself: you'd better spend your Vol. LXVI .- .

make, we will get along famously."

So this refined, cultivated girl, who had been reared, as it were, amid rose-leaves, went to work. uncomplainingly, to support her mother and herself. For awhile, too, it seemed as if her confidence was prophetic. Mrs. Hunter recovered her health so as to be able to be about. Everything went well. At the end of the first summer, Ruth, proudly counting up her gains, said, "Mother, dear, we have not only supported ourselves, but we have saved money: we are getting rich."

But, alis: different times came. In the autumn, Mrs. Hunter fell ill of rheumatic fever, for the situation of the cottage was low and damp. She had to take to her bed again. She was no longer able to help Ruth with her needle. Poor Ruth could now earn but little herself, her time being occupied so much in nursing her mother. The doctor's bill and the medicines soon absorbed her small savings. She began to fall behind. The cow, finally, had to be sold, and at last, in order to avert absolute starvation. Ruth was compelled to mortgage the cottage.

In the two years that followed, matters went from bad to worse. Mrs. Hunter still remained bed-ridden. Do all she could, Ruth was unable to make both ends meet. The interest on the mortgage fell into arrears. Lawyer Dent, who represented the holder, began to clamor for the arrears. At last, in the third summer of Ruth's orphanage, came a legal notice, that, unless the interest was paid up, in full, the cottage would be sold.

The day before this notice was served, Ruth had gone in person to lawyer Dent, hoping to touch his heart. But he was deaf to her tears and representations. He had the reputation of being merciless, and Ruth saw now that the cha-"It's no use your coming racter was deserved here," he said, rudely, "I am acting for others time in getting together the interest you owe. I can't interfere. Bring me the money, or the law must take its course.",

When Mrs. Hunter heard the result of thisinterview, and when afterward the formal notice was served, she moaned feebly and turned her face to the wall. "We shall have to beg, or go to the poor-house, or die on the road," she said. "Oh! that I should ever have lived to see this day."

Ruth herself was at the end of her resources. For awhile, she lay prostrate on the bed, where she had flung herself beside her mother, the two mingling their tears. But the brave girl rallied at last. She remembered that there was nothing in the house to eat, and that she had no money to buy anything with. At first, she thought of going to the store and begging for a little more credit; but when she recalled how curtly this had been refused, only a week before, she abandoned the idea in despair.

Suddenly it flashed upon her that the wheat was being cut on the great Gresham farms. In the old Squire's time, the poor had been allowed to come with a sickle and cut what they wished: it was a Scriptural custom, which the Greshams had maintained from father to son, for genera-The old Squire was dead, but Ruth had no doubt but that the privilege would still be accorded, and looping up her skirt, to look as much like one of her rustic neighbors as possible, she took a sickle, and went forth like her namesake of old.

Her heart did not begin to fail her until just } before she reached the harvest-field, when she remembered that the heirs of the old Squire, whoever they were, were said to be abroad, and that lawyer Dent was their agent. "New men, new measures," she said, and stopped at the gate, with a beating heart. "What if I am driven off?" But the thought of her sick mother, and of the empty cupboard, made her desperate. She lifted the latch and went in.

The reapers were sweeping on ahead, in a long. graceful line; others, far behind, were binding up sheaves; and an overseer, or what seemed one, was on horseback, directing operations. Ruth began in a corner, near the gate, far away from the rest. She looked furtively, now and then, toward the overseer, and seeing that he had noticed her, yet did not interfere, she gathered courage. If she could have seen herself then, in a mirror, though the least vain of her sex, she would have been startled by her own beauty. Excitement had given a bright glow to her cheeks and an even increased brilliancy to her eyes.

imirably adapted to set off her fine figure; her white arms shone dazzlingly; every movement Was grace.

Suddenly a harsh voice behind cried,

"None of that. Throw down your sickle. We'll have no thieves here."

Ruth dropped her sickle, trembling all over, and looked around. Lawyer Dent stood there, also on horseback, and his whip was raised menacingly. Ruth shrank back; her knees gave way under her: the harvest-field swam around her; she grew blind; she thought she was dying. She had but one feeling, one thought, the man was about to strike her. Oh! the degradation of it, worse even than his words of insult.

But she did not faint. Just as everything whirled dizzily around her, just as she was losing consciousness, the quick thud of a horse was heard galloping over the stubble, and a stern voice addressed lawyer Dent.

"What are you saying to this girl?" it cried, angrily. "Not telling her to go away! How dare you? Didn't you know my uncle always allowed this; ay! and the Greshams from time immemorial? Thank God we have never ground the faces of the poor. I saw you raise your whip, threateningly, if I'm not mistaken. By Jove! if you were not an older man than myself, I'd thrash you within an inch of your life."

All of a suden, the angry voice ceased, and the speaker, turning to Ruth, addressed her in tones as soft as a woman's.

"My poor child," it said, "don't mind Dent, I am master here. Take up your sickle and cut as much wheat-

He stopped suddenly. Ruth, up to this point, had stood, with bowed figure, half unconscious, her gaze bent, in shame, on the ground; but touched by these kind words, and even more by the tone, she lifted her eyes, full of tears, and gazed at the speaker.

In that look there was something that both thrilled and abashed the beholder. Young Gresham, for such was the horseman, was one of the handsomest men of his day, and he was accustomed to admiration; but Ruth's glance seemed to say, "Surely, you are more than human; you are some knight of chivalry, come to rescue me from a foul enchanter." It was this that thrilled him with a strange, wild feeling of happiness, such as no woman's glance had ever before awakened. But on the other hand, instead of finding himself in the presence of a village rustic, as he had expected, and as the dress led him till this very moment to believe, he beheld, to his amazement, a face, not only of rare beauty, but Her half rustic attire, coarse as it was, was ad- one instinct with that inherited, as well as acquired refinement, which, for want of a better word, is called high-bred. This, he saw at once, was no mere village girl, but a young princess in disguise. And he had offered such a one alms! He had spoken to her as if she was a menial! His usual ease of manner failed him. He sat there, dumb, as if himself the culprit.

Ruth broke the spell.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, with a sob, clasping her hands and looking up at him imploringly. "I meant no harm. I used to see other people do what I did. And—and—we were starving—mother and I——"

Young Mr. Gresham turned aside for a moment, to brush away a tear. Looking up, he saw Dent's eyes fastened on him, and there was a sneer on the lawyer's face.

The young man colored angrily.

"Ride on, if you please, sir," he said sternly, to the lawyer. "I have something to say to this young lady alone."

The lawyer obeyed, feeling, perhaps, that he had gone too far, and wishing he had never seen Ruth.

Then young Mr. Gresham, lifting his hat to Ruth, as if she had been a princess, said,

"I beg a thousand pardons. I shall settle with Dent to-day, and discharge him. Believe me, I would not, for worlds, that this had happened."

"Oh, sir! don't, on my account, quarrel with him," cried tender-hearted Ruth. "He was only doing what he thought his duty. Besides, besides—"

- "Besides what?" kindly.
- "Besides, he holds the mortgage on our cottage, and it might make him harder on us than ever."
- "Mortgage on your cottage! Is it," he said, as if a sudden light had broken on him, "the little house down in the meadow?" A mute nod of assent was the reply. "Then I am talking to Miss Hunter. You don't, you don't mean to say that the rascal has been threatening you about that?"
- "He is to sell us out, next month," answered Ruth, looking down, and feeling oh! how humiliated.

Something, very like an execution, half broke from Mr. Gresham's lips; it might, perhaps, have been one, but for the presence of Ruth.

He stooped from his saddle, and offered her his hand.

"Good-by, for the present, Miss Hunter," he said. "But tell your mother she need not worry herself about the mortgage. I, not Dent, holds it. I used to know your father, when I was a boy,

and down here; and I shall ever respect any one who bears his name."

With this, he lifted his hat again, wheeled his horse, and spurred after the discomfited lawyer.

The whole village was agog, the next day, with the news that young Gresham, the heir to the Gresham estates, had returned from Europe, where he had been at his uncle's death: had come down to Silverton the evening but one before; had quarreled with, and discharged, lawyer Dent; and had given out that he intended to reside at Gresham Hall, on the home-farm, hereafter, and to look personally after his affairs. But we auticipate.

How Ruth got home, from the harvest-field, she never afterward could tell. All she remembered was that she had rushed into the house, had flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed, and had sobbed out wildly, "Oh, mother! mother, dear! the cottage isn't going to be sold. I have his word for it. And God, who has been so good in that, will now find some way, I know, for us to get along."

It had been nearly an hour, after that, before she could rally her dazed faculties sufficiently to give her mother a coherent narrative of what had transpired. She had scarcely finished, when there was a knock at the door, and a boy from the store-keeper brought in several parcels, containing tea, coffee, sugar, biscuits, a ham, and various other edibles. "Master says as how he heard the missus was sick," said the boy, "and so he sent these things, reckoning as how you was too busy to come and order em. You can pay for em when times is better; and you can have as much as you like after this."

If Ruth had a suspicion that some kind intercessor had caused this credit to be given to her. she had no proof. She pondered over the protlem as she prepared a hasty meal for her mother, and had just cleared the table, when there was a knock at the door, and opening it, she saw a high-bred, middle-aged lady, dressed in a plain, but stylish walking-costume, who asked, with a kind smile, and a voice the very echo of young Mr. Gresham's, when in its softer mood, if "Mrs. Hunter lived there;" and on being answered in the affirmative, said, "I know she is sick, and don't see strangers, but tell her Maria Gresham is here; we used to know each other well, when we were both girls, more than twenty years ago; how much, my dear," this to Ruth, who held the door open for her, "you look like your mother, when she was of your age."

Mrs. Hunter, at sight of her old friend, seemed to be almost well again. The two talked of former and happier times, when the poor invalid had been the belle of the village, and then of the years of separation, and the changes that had taken place, until the twilight fell, and Miss Gresham, herself rising, said she must go, or she would be belated.

"I had not heard of you for ever so long, you see," she said, "and was too anxious to wait even till to-morrow. We went abroad when Hubert was quite young, that he might be educated in Germany; and we have been there ever since. I don't know but that we should have remained there yet, if uncle hadn't died, and Hubert heard things about his lawyer here, that made him think we had better return. We arrived only last night, quite unexpectedly, and my first inquiry was for you."

Our story is nearly told. Lawyer Dent, dur The reason was that ing the long illness of old Squire Gresham, that her new and envied plasted for years, had had the entire management of the Gresham property, and had come to regard her years of poverty.

given way to his natural love of greed, extorting bribes for forbearance from all debtors who were behind, and mercilessly ruining those who could not bribe. When the old Squire died, he reasoned that the heir would remain in Europe, and so became more cruel and more exacting. It was a rumor of this conduct that had brought young Mr. Gresnam home in the way we have seen.

It was not many months before Ruth became a bride. Young Mr. Gresham never forgot that look in the harvest-field: it was a case of love at first sight; and not with him alone; for to Ruth he was always her "red-cross knight." Everybody said she made the most popular mistress that had ever lived at Gresham Hall. The reason was that she carried with her, into her new and envied position, the same simplicity of character, the same devotion to others, and the same nobleness, which had distinguished her in her years of poverty.

ALLIF & PRAYER.

BY MRS. FRANK DENDOU.

"Dust to dust!" Those dead words utoken.
Hope is past? Oh! is she gone?
Falls that sod upon her coffin!
How they loved her! Left alone,
Husband, and three little children,
Motherless through this haid life;
Grieved and tearful baby faces,
Frightened at their father's grief.

Funeral rites are all now over.

In her room, so still and drear,
Struggling with his awful sorrow,
Night comes on and finds him there,
In the silence of the twilight,
At the snowy trundle bed,
Baby Alice kneels and prayeth;
Allie wants her ma, she said.

Jesus, hear, she's in the grave-yard. And the other children weep. But at hest their sols are silent, All but Allie are asleep. Then into the glaring moonlight Out upon the snowy ground, Comes a little white-robed figure, Looking, frightened, all around.

Now it flutters down the pathway, Laughs, and clasps its hands of snow, Crying gladly in the silence,

"Manima! Atlie come to you!"
In the glory of the dewning,
At her grave the baby lay,
Golden hair, all genined with frosting,
Blue eyes white with shining apray.

Close around the white snow drifted,
Covering her as if to warm;
On her lips the sunshine kissed her;
Winds sighed sadly o'er her form.
Smiled her face in joy, and hoping
When they came and found her there,
Baby Allie saw her mother,

For the Seviour heard her prayer.

THE SABBATH.

BY MRS. ANN CANN.

Sweet rest of God..

The hallowed day of rest,
Of all the seven.

The sweetest, and the best.

Oh! holy keep the day
That God has given
To light us on our way,
That leads to Heaven.



CHICHESTER'S CHARGE.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD . — (DAIST VENTNOR.)

polite martyrdom for full half an hour without

Now, that is easy enough to write, and is, moreover, "quite the thing" to do, under certain circumstances, in society; but I am afraid that neither you nor I could have looked as serene under the rack as she did. For Elinor Lennox was at that moment suffering the keenest pang she had ever known, and her heart lay heavy as a stone in her bosom; but her face was under perfect control, and her lips even essayed a faint smile as she looked up into Lloyd Cochrane's face.

They had been gradually drifting upon rocks for the last month, each hardly knowing why, and yet so heart-sore and angry, that at length they had become perfectly reckless, and were ready to say or do almost any insane thing, provided they could have the supreme satisfaction of annoying each other. And the worst of it was that they both really cared. But that night they set in a cool corner of Mrs. Kirke's conservatory, and made enough hateful speeches in a calm, insolent way, to rankle in their minds for a twelvemonth, at least,

Elinor Lennox had been very successful, so far, in society; but her greatest fault was coquetry, although she practiced it in a quiet fashion of her own that made it doubly dangerous; the edgedtools had extra sharpness in her hands. Just for that very reason Lloyd Cochrane had been struck with her, for it was so like his own game with women in general; and feeling rather too confident of his clear, cool head, he had sought her with a persistence that surprised himself. The truth was that Elinor was one of those rare women who never bore men. Lloyd never knew exactly what sort of mood he should find her in; she was as changeable as a chameleon, and her very restlessness was fascinating. The last time they met, Lloyd had thrilled Elinor's very heart by an impetuous burst of real feeling, and she had dreamed about it as girls do, and looked forward a little tremulously to their next interview. But while dressing for Mrs. Kirke's party, she received a letter from her mother's lawyer, that changed the whole aspect of life suddenly.

Since her father's death, the family had been in very moderate circumstances, and Elinor, in her desire to spare her delicate, fragile mother,

ELINOR looked cool as an iceberg, and endured | had taken the financial affairs upon her own shoulders. There were but two children, and a wealthy old bachelor, of eccentric habits, had insisted upon adopting Hugh Lennox, who, upon taking his kind friend's name, had become Lennox Chichester, and was popularly credited with being the old man's heir. Elinor was far too proud to accept anything herself from Mr. Chichester; but you cannot blame the girl for sometimes speculating upon what changes her brother's possession of a large fortune would make to them. But this letter, of which I spoke, announced the failure of a bank, in which most of her mother's property was invested, and she dared not, under this new trial, encourage Lloyd. For she had not courage to go to him as a penniless bride. The Cochranes, root and branch, were rolling in wealth, and Elinor's pride had been fostered by her sensitiveness until now, when it rose stubbornly in the face of her happiness. So she tried to be cool to him, as I told you. She was as exasperatingly heartless and worldlyminded as she knew how to be, and beat him entirely at his own game of indifference. And he, being hot and impetuous, underneath his studied impassiveness, was thereby goaded into bitter sarcasm, and dealt her stabs as he generalized about women and women's ways; and she sat still and endured it, until she felt as if she should cry, or scream, she hardly knew which, under the pain of this new part she was acting. Presently, out from the ferns at the other end of the conservatory, a voice said,

"Elinor, dear, I want you."

It was Mrs. Lennox, and Elinor rose to meet

"What is it?" she asked; and then, as she saw her mother's face, she knew that something had happened. "Lennox!" she cried, turning pale.

"Oh, no, dear! Thank Heaven, not Lennox. But old Mr. Chichester. He has had an attack, apoplectic, I believe; and, Mr. Cochrane, I think we ought to go. Shall we, Elinor?" The gentle little lady was helpless, as usual in an emergency and waited for Elinor to decide.

"Let me find your carriage," Lloyd said, bending down to put Elinor's shawl on her shoulders, and feeling heartily repentant for his outrageous speeches when he saw her white face.

Bu she collected her senses in a moment, and barely touched his arm with the tips of her fingers, as they went down to bid Mrs. Kirke good-night. On the way out to the carriage he tried to make his penitence known to her.

"I am half-afraid that I have annoyed you tonight; lay it to the east wind, not my bad temper."

"You were not more contrary than usual," she said, without the playfulness that might have deprived her words of their sting. "What a multitude of sins the east wind must have to answer for! Good-night!" And then the carriage rolled away, and he could not see the two large tears that fell through Elinor's fingers as she shrank back in her dark corner.

The wind whistled shrilly, and the rain beat thick and heavy against the windows of Edgewater, the beautiful, stately home where Edmund Chichester lay dying. It was a wild night, and Lennox shivered a little as he heard the storm, and drew the coverlid up over the poor kelpless hand that he held tenderly in his own. He was warmly attached to the old man, and he hung anxiously over the bed, only hoping for some gleam of consciousness before the feeble flame of life went out. An hour of hushed silence, only disturbed by the entrance of the doctors, who shook their heads gravely and withdrew as silently as they came, and then Mrs. M. Murray, the housekeeper, touched Lennox respectfully on the arm.

"If you please, sir, there's a change. Ah! the poor old gentleman's gone!"

But the words had barely left her lips when the eyelids stirred, the eyes opened with a frightened stare, and before Lennox could more than spring to his pillow, the dying man oried, in a strange, thick whisper,

"Look in the blue cabinet! She stands behind it, with the dagger in her hair. Bruce! Bruce! Find——" A moan, one last quiver of the limbs, and Edmund Chichester was gone, with the secret that trembled on his lips, untold.

Lennox flung himself down beside the bed, and gave way to a burst of grief. He loved the old man dearly, and the shock had come suddenly, and without warning. Presently, a gentle hand was laid on his hair, and, looking up, he saw his sister, pale and calm, her long white dress sweeping the floor behind her.

"Come away, Lennox," she said, softly. "Poor mamma has one of her worst nervous attacks, and I have been obliged to put her in bed in your room. I think a word from you would comfort her."

And then Elinor leaned over, and kissed the dead man's quiet face, and followed her brother out of the chamber.

A little more than a week after the funeral, Lennox sat talking to Elinor, in the library. Mrs. Lennox was still at Edgewater, and her son insisted that she should make it her home. Mr. Chichester's will had been read, and the old man had been true to his word; all the vast fortune of which he died possessed came to Lennox. There was a bequest of a handsome sum to Elinor, the kindly wording of which touched the girl deeply, and she looked as if a great care had been lifted from her shoulders as she told Lennex of the letter concerning her mother's affairs, which had caused her so much suffering. Lennox laughed; ten thousand dollars seemed a trifle to him, now; and he intended to assume the care of his mother, entirely. Suddenly, a disturbed look flashed across his countenance.

"Elinor," said he, gravely, "I had a dream last night which troubles me."

"Silly boy," she said, kissing the broad, handsome brow.

"It was only dreaming over again Mr. Chichester's death. I have never told you how strangely he cried out the moment before he died." He repeated the broken sentences, and Elinor listened, wonderingly. "I have never seen anything that looked like a blue cabinet in the house," he went on; "and I should not be troubled about it, except that we know so little, almost nothing, of Mr. Chichester's antecedents. He never spoke of his boyhood, except to tell me, at the time of father's death, that he was a Scotchman, by birth, and 'owing to family misfortunes,' had no family ties which could prevent his leaving his fortune to me, provided I took his name. But if you could have heard him-" Lennox fairly shivered. "I am confident there was something that should have been told, which hung heavy upon his mind. I declare, Elinor, it has haunted me ever since."

Elinor privately inclined to the opinion that Lennox was foolish in paying attention to this; but advised him to send for Mrs. M'Murray, and inquire if there was such a piece of furniture in existence as a blue cabinet. Accordingly, the housekeeper made her appearance, and after numerous digressions, which tried Elinor's risibles, and irritated Lennox, she deposed that "a week before the old gentleman died (if Mr. Lennox remembered, it was the day they had a Spanish mackerel for dinner,) he had Mr. Sims bring down fra' the attic an auld desk, but it wasna blue; to the best of Mrs. M'Murrry's recollection it was a dirty and dingy work-table, forbye——;" but Lenaox burst in with an impatient,

"Will you be kind enough to tell us where it is now?"

"Intil the same corner where Mr. , Sims put ? it," responded the housekeeper, her cap-strings quivering with offended majesty. Lennox's vexttion ended in a hearty laugh, which, however, completed the sum of his offences in the stately matron's eyes; but Elinor finally ascertained that the desk, or cabinet, whichever the article was, remained in Mr. Chichester's room, and it was to Elinor that the housekeeper confided (some weeks after.) that she had seen Mr. Chichester writing at that very desk not three hours before the attack which killed him.

"Yes, here it is. What a funny, old-fashioned looking thing?" said Lennox, as, after seating his sister in the arm-chair, he dragged out a sort of cross between a lady's work-table and a desk. It had three quaintly-carved, claw legs. In front was a sort of sliding door, behind which were two drawers, which proved empty, with the exception of a few shells. Above these, a movable writingtable, covered with faded blue velvet; on either side of it, long, narrow slips for pens, ink, and sealing-wax; and underneath it, another drawer. In this last was a bundle of old papers, which Lennox seized eagerly, and then laid down with a disappointed face.

"Only bills and receipts," said he; "and no mysterious, hidden spring for your woman's fingers to discover?" He hit the cabinet violently with his foot; something jingled, and fell on the floor. It was only a bit of metal, like a hinge; but as Elinor stooped to pick it up, she saw that the side off which it fell was hollow, and something glittered through the crack left by the hinge. "Why, Lennox, this opens," said she, pulling hard at the fluted piece of wood which ran up the sides, and then pausing, half-afraid to put her hand down the aperture. Lennox's eager fingers drew out the glittering little object; it was a miniature, painted upon ivory, gold-mounted. with a tiny star of diamonds set in the top. But the picture itself! Elinor fairly started at its beauty. It was the face of a very young girl, a purely Greek face, in feature; but with the startling anomaly of auburn hair, in which was twisted a string of pearls, and the whole fastened low at the back of the head by a small dagger, with a great pearl in the heft. But the strange, mystic eyes that seemed to follow you, the melting sweetness of the lovely mouth: these are beyond description, and they fastened themselves upon Lennox Chichester's very soul. An inexplicable shiver stole over Elinor, and she dropped the picture, and sank back in her chair.

"Elinor, look! This was what he meant;" and with some agitation Lennox showed her,

miniature, in his well-known, cramped hand-"Hugh Lennox, find, and do justice to my lawful heirs! -E. C."

Elinor looked stunned. "There must be something more, some further cine," she said, faintly. " You cannot hunt for heirs whose very name you never heard, upon the strength of this very melodramatic request." The girl's voice had a sharp ring of terror in it; had the relief of the last few days been but a brief calm ere the tempest broke?

But their search of the cabinet, although it brought forth something, placed them no nearer the solution of the mystery, but rather added to it. They found the identical dagger of the picture, the blade rusted and stained, but the pearl still untouched in the hilt; and a curious old silver locket, with hair in it-one, a dark curl, the other, the same beautiful auburn of the minia-Elinor discovered two initials, scratched with some sharp instrument on the opposite side of the locket, where a picture had evidently once been, "B, R.," and, below, so faintly that they took a magnifying glass to make sure, "A. A." But long as they searched there was nothing more to be found, and weary and spiritless, the brother and sister went down stairs, and ate their dinner in almost total silence.

From that day a curious fever seemed to possess Lennox Chichester. He consulted his lawyer, he advertised in newspapers all over the country for the heirs of Edmund Chichester; he sent the same advertisements to England and Scotland, but every effort seemed fruitless. picture literally haunted him; he carried it about his person; he dreamed of it; he talked of it to Elinor until she grew absolutely nervous at the sound of the word. And, finally, what might have been expected, after the shock of Mr. Chichester's death, and the wearing anxiety that all this mystery had cost him, came to pass: Lennox was seized with a brain fever, and lay dangerously ill for weeks, raving of the beautiful Greek. Elinor almost came to believe that poor Mr. Chichester's money must be ill-gotten, and carried a curse with it. It was a long and weary winter for Elinor.

And where was Lloyd Cochrane?

Rumor said, in the South of France, flirting desperately with the fair English girls at Pau, and his own bewitching countrywomen at Nice. And Elinor did not know-how could she?-of the sore spot in his heart where her memory lay hidden, nor that he was slowly making up his mind to go home, and fight his battle over again, this time more wisely.

And so the spring days dawned upon Edgewritten across the yellow paper at the back of the water, bringing the light back to Lennox's sunny blue eyes, and to Elinor the patience that is born { self and visit Florence and Emily Nugent, and of sorrow. Wearing, as she did, half-mourning for Mr. Chichester, she neither made nor received many visits; but her calm pulse did beat a little quicker, when she entered the breakfast-room one morning, and found Lennox seated in his easy-chair, one arm thrown boyishly across the shoulders of a young man, with a face handsome enough for an Apollo, who rose, with extended hand, to return her warm greeting.

"Leslie Nugent! I thought you were in Paris?"

"And so I was, a fortnight ago; but I'm tired of the old world, Elinor, and intend to stay in the new one for awhile. What have you done to Lennox in my absence? He doesn't look like himself."

"How can you expect it, when I've been experimented upon by four doctors?" Lennox said, laughing.

"Very absurd of you to go and catch a brain fever! I expected to hear that you were suffering from a very different but equally sudden malady since you've come to your fortune. What's become of pretty Flora Larcom? Or, is some one else prima favorate now?"

"The place is vacant, and Flora's married," Lennox said, briefly; and Elinor, seeing the old shadow creep up into his eyes, made a diversion by asking Leslie for news.

"Did you meet your cousin, Mr. Cochrane, in Paris?" interposed Mrs. Lennox, in her gentle, malapropos way, before he could reply.

"Not there. Lloyd is in Pau, or, rather, he was, when I left it. Going at the old pace, Mrs. Lennox; indeed, I saw something; that looked confoundedly like real 'intentions' on his part, one day."

"Really?" asked Mrs. Lennox, with great interest. Elinor's hand shook so, as she raised her coffee-cup, that she was forced to put it down; but she pretended to be absorbed in dissecting the wing of a chicken, and did not see that Leslie was watching her.

"Yes, a Miss Kenyon, a genuine Scotch lassie, with the loveliest hair and eyes! Actually, Lloyd was so far gone that he went out on horseback with her three successive mornings, before breakfast-bad symptom, eh, Elinor?"

"Very," she said, coldly. "Mamma, I must speak to Mrs. M'Murray; these chickens' joints quite refuse to take leave of each other." Leslie wasn't a bit deceived, only, knowing Elinor of old, he changed the subject, and broached a plan to carry Lennox off for a trip in Canada, with a month at his father's beautiful house on the Sound, to conclude it. Elinor advocated the

join her mother at Sharon afterward, whither Mrs. Lennox was going with a party of elderly ladies, whom her daughter privately detested. And, finally, after much talking and coaxing, and many charges to Leslie, in regard to her brother's rather unsteady nerves, Elinor had the satisfaction of seeing the carriage roll off with them. one bright morning, while staid Mr. Sims was bestowed on the box, armed with a patent-medicine chest, upon which, he firmly believed, the preservation of his young master's life depended. And then Elinor went back to her room at Edgewater, to worry her soul with dressmakers, and like abominations, little dreaming that a letter was at that moment crossing the Atlantic, saying, that she was Elinor Lennox still; "and, unless my old knowledge of her willful self goes for naught, your chance of storming Castle Dangerous successfully has lost nothing by your abscence."

Lennox Chichester enjoyed his trip extremely, after his first effort of moving was over. Leslie was his dearest, most intimate friend, and, ere long, he had confided to him the whole history of the mysterious charge, and showed him the miniature. Leslie was inclined to make light of the whole matter: but he soon found that Lennox was in no mood for being chaffed; in fact, although it sounds very absurd and Quixote, he felt much like a knight-errant in search of his ladye faire. And I think he would have been loth to confess, even to Leslie, how eagerly he looked at every strange face that they met in their journeyings. But an adventure befell him at last-one that had curious consequences in its train.

They had finished their trip in Upper Canada, and were returning to Montreal by a particularly aggravating train, which, it seemed to them; went at the rate of ten miles an hour, when, suddenly, there was a shock and a bounce! Leslie found himself struggling in the embrace of a burly Englishman on the floor of the car, and became aware that they had smashed into something, and were off the track. As for Lennox, he was thrown half the length of the car, and only saved himself from serious injury by landing plump against a mass of crincline, and was conscious that a soft, delicate form foll upon his shoulder, and a pitcous voice cried, "Ah, mon Dan! mon Dicu!"

After a few seconds, his senses cleared, and he was able to raise himself, thereby ascertaining that he had sustained no injury. From the clamor of tongues he presently learned that they had run into freight cars, through the misplacing of a switch, and that the extremely slow rate of their project eagerly, and half-promised to come her- luckless train was all that saved them from pitching down a high embankment. Then, as he bethought himself of his burden, he heard a gasp,
and felt a head fall backward on his arm, as if
its owner had fainted. Leslie, coming down the
car in search of him, was struck with comic dismay at "the situation," and staid Mr. Sims,
whose equilibrium had been sadly disturbed by
the shaking he had received, glared, speechless,
and horrified at the spectacle of his young master
seated upon the floor, with a lady in his arms!

They got her bonnet off, somehow, in the semi-darkness which prevailed, and Leslie sent Sims out for his beloved chest of medicines, and their united efforts were finally rewarded by the stranger's voice, asking, softly, "Do you think I am killed?"

Leslie, for the life of him, couldn't but laugh, while Lennox, to his credit, preserved the proper amount of gravity necessary to assure her that life still remained her portion; and he was going on to state how the accident happened, when the conductor came along, lantern in hand, and flashed its light full upon the group. Lennox gave one curious glance at the head still resting on his arm, uttered a sudden, sharp exclamation, which nobody understood, and fulfilled his destiny in his rôle of an invalid, by falling headlong against Leslie, in a dead faint!

This frightened them all pretty well, for it proved an obstinate swoon, and by the time he began to revive a little, another train backed down to the relief of the distracted passengers, and Leslie, with Sims' assistance, got Lennox safely on board of it. But between his fear of a return of the fever, and his endeavors to pound a little

sense into poor Sims, whose dazed state drove him frantic, Leslie quite forgot the young lady, until they reached Montreal, when he caught a glimpse of her gray-dress just ahead of them, in the depot. Unfortunately, Lennox saw her, too.

"The picture! My Greek herself!" he muttered, faintly. "Leslie, for Heaven's sake, run after her; find out her name, and where——Stay, I'll go myself!" And then he staggered, and turned faint again, and Leslie relieved his feelings by scolding him vigorously, and would neither leave him nor listen to him until he got him safely in bed at the hotel.

But late that night, as Leslie was on his way to the reading-room, intent upon solacing himself with a segar, he walked into the office, and demanded sight of the register. Among the guest arrivals for that day, there was but a single name beside their own, "Miss B. Lindsay, Toronto;" and struck with the coincidence of the initial, and the Scotch name combined, he asked the clerk the number of the lady's room. That functionary referred him to a waiter, who, having his memory refreshed by a half-crown, finally remembered that No. 28 went off by the ten o'clock express, and tipped him, genteel like, at supper. A little disappointed, Leslie lit his segar, thinkas he walked off.

"I'll say nothing of this to Lennox. 'Twould only make him more crazy, and I should never get him away. 'Miss B. Lindsay;' wish I'd had a look at her. Odd, if she turns out we see the right girl. Well, destiny is destiny! I wonder how it will all end?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HOMESICK.

BY MRS. PREEMAN SMITH.

SHE is standing down by the meadow bars, In the twilight, calm and still; The wind breathes low in the leafy wood, And floats adown the hill.

Behind her lies the orchard slope, The white bloom drifting down; And far across the valley dusk The lights gleam from the town.

Fair scenes and full of perfect rest, Yet bringing her no peace; Homesick and sad, her bosom filled With longings that ne'er cease.

Her eyes look with a far-off gaze, As though she saw once more. The "old, old home," and dear ones there, Beside fair Manmee's shore. The grape-vines swinging from the bank,
Above the water's flow;
And over all the bending sky,
Filled with the Summer's glow.

A golden vision of the time,
When girlbood's sanny hours,
Were drifting sunshine o'er life's path,
Hope-garlanded with flowers.

And have the fleeting years fulfilled
Those dreams of hope's bright lands,
And brought full sheaves, flow'r-bound? Behold
Her empty heart and hands!

Homesick and sad, she turns away, And leaves the dewy lane, And all the sunny past—to tread Life's dreary round again.

MISS EVELYN

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I stood, leaning over the window-sill, and looked out into the gathering gloom. The great clocks in the church-towers were tolling seven, one after one, the farthest chimes coming up like echoes of the nearer bells. It was September, now, and at that season the twilight in Italy is very short; night seems to spring forward with a bound almost the instant the sun sets.

We had lately come back from a sojourn among the mountains, and were again established in our old quarters, in Florence. We occupied part of a great faded palace in the Via Maggio, not far from the house Bianca Cappello built, while her shame and wickedness were still new, three hundred years and more agone.

When I say we, I mean my mother and myself. I am Dr. Norman Grey. We had been in Europe almost two years. You, who are very young, will think I was a dreary old bachelor, when I tell you I was nearly thirty-seven. Older people will wonder what right a man, with claims to youth still left, had to be wandering about Europe, instead of enthusiastically attending to his professional duties at home.

I had given them up for my mother's sake. I had been hard at work since twenty-two. I had long possessed, not only a very successful practice, but also a certain amount of celebrity. I think no man ever loved his profession more dearly than I. It was a hard struggle to quit it for years; yet I could not doubt that it was right so to do. My mother, some months before we left America, had been attacked by a terrible internal disease, one that I had made a special study, and I believed that new remedies, which I had discovered, would, in time, cure her. I knew that at least by constant care I could prolong her life for years.

My work seemed opened to me. There was no hope of success, unless I gave my whole time to her. I must be at once physician and nurse. It was decided among us, that is, the doctors whom I consulted and myself, that an entire change of climate and a cea-voyage would be very essential. So we came to Leghorn by steamer, and journeyed up to Florence, the bracing air of Tuscany having been considered the best we could seek.

That is the whole history in a few words. I loved my mother, as I had never loved any human creature. I had never known the pretty

romance, which dawns early on most men, so there had never been even a youthful dream to come between us. My mother was not an old woman; yet, according to my idea she was only fifty-five, and did not look her age, though she had known much grief and sorrow, as well as much physical pain. We two were alone in the world, now; at ease, rich even; only this dreaded malady between us and tranquil happiness. But my mother bore her sufferings with her usual patience. She had implicit faith in my skill, and had resigned herself to my giving up my profession, because it seemed right, because it was God's will, though it was a terrible struggle to her at first, for she rejoiced in my industry, and exulted in the little fame I had won. Poor mother! I may as well tell you here, that, during these long months, I had written a book treating of this disease, among other matters. It had been gladly hailed by my medical brethren in many lands, and she felt that perhaps I was doing as much good as I could have done, even if I had staid at home.

But I have wandered a long way from my commencement. I was leaning over the window-sill, idly watching the people in the other houses, who were amusing themselves in the same fashion. My mother was lying down in her own room; we had been for a drive, and she was somewhat tired.

Suddenly the door-bell rang—the bell of our apartment, I mean, for we had a large suite of rooms on the second floor. The door of the salon, where I was, opened into the passage, and was njar. I heard Assunta, the stupidest and best-natured of chambermaids, open the door which gave on the stair-case, and begin explaining, in voluble Tuscan, that the signora was ill, "would the lady give her name?" Evidently the lady had exhausted her knowledge of Italian in her first inquiry. I had sent my man Martin out, with letters to post. I stepped into the passage myself, already very dark, as Assunta, with her customary negligence, had forgotten to light the lamp.

"You wished to see Mrs. Grey?" I asked. I could just faintly make out a woman's figure standing in the door-way.

The lady darted past Assunta, ran up to me, and caught my hand.

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"Are you Dr. Grey?" she said. "Where is Felicia? Take me to her, quick! She will help me-she promised. Oh, I am safe, safe!".

Then, without any warning, she fell forward. I caught her in my arms, and laid her on a sofa. She had fainted away.

It was a singular predicament, to have a strange young woman rush in, demand an unknown Felicia in that frantic manner, and then swoon before I could inform her there was no Felicia there to assist her. However, I brought her to, after awhile. I had shut Assunta out. I lighted candles, and stood looking at her, as she began to recover her senses. She was simply the most beautiful creature I had ever set eyes on. did not look over eighteen. She was not tall, and was very slight, with complexion and features perfect, and with a mass of the most gorgeous auburn hair I ever saw outside of one of Titian's pictures.

She came to herself, at last, sat up, and stared

"Did I faint?" she asked. "I am so tired! But where is Felicia? Call Felicia."

"You have made some mistake," I answered. "There is no such person here."

She started to her feet, with a groan; sat down again; controlled herself by a terrible effort.

" You are Dr. Grey?" she asked.

"Yes. But I do not know the lady of whom you speak."

She seemed, with difficulty, to prevent herself swooning again. I held some water to her lips. She drank.

She opened a little satchel she had on her arm, took from it a porte-monnaiæ, drew out a slip of paper, and gave it to me. It was a card from the American Register, published in Paris, a list of the strangers registered at the different Florentine banks. At the head of the list was,

> DR. N. GREY-MRS. GREY.

I had written my address at Eyre and Matteini's, when I returned to town, as we had taken a new apartment.

- "That is you?" she asked.
- "Yes."
- "And Felicia? She married Dr. Grey-Dr. Noel Grey-in India-two years ago. She promised, if ever I needed help, she would give
- "I am Dr. Norman Grey, an American," I interrupted.
- "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned. "I thought I was safe. I have felt so safe, ever since I left Paris. Oh, Felicia, Felicia!" ["I will send Martin to an hotel with the

I looked up, and saw my mother, who had entered unobserved. She was not in the least nervous, though an invalid. The girl saw her. too, started forward, as if the sight of a woman gave her new courage, and then suddenly stopped

"The young lady has made a mistake," my mother said, in her kind voice. "I am very sorry! You thought to find a friend here?" she continued, addressing the stranger.

"The only friend I have in the world," was the answer, with a terrible expression of hopelessness,—the most terrible that I ever saw on the face of any human creature.

"It is very sad," my mother said, gently. "Sit down, my dear, you are not fit to stand. Explain the matter to me. Let us see what we can do to assist you."

I may as well tell you, that I was undecided, whether the young woman was mad, or a clever adventuress. One encounters very odd people, straying about the Continent. I suppose I looked very suspicious and glum. The girl glanced at me, and her face showed that she read my thoughts. She sighed, and clasped her hands. At this bit of what I believed acting, I leaned more strongly toward my last suspicion.

"Shall my son accompany you to an hotel?" asked my mother.

"I haven't a penny left," was the answer. "My trunk is at the station. I hadn't money to pay to get it here. I walked. I lost the last money I had, at Bologna, in the refreshmentroom."

She looked younger, and more childish than ever, as she stood, pushing her hair back from her forehead, apparently in a vague effort at thought.

"That was hard, indeed," said my mother. She, too, looked at me. I looked wooden. "We can send, and get your luggage," she added.

"It's only a portmanteau! I hadn't time to bring more. I sold my watch in Paris, to get on. Oh, I felt so safe. Oh, Felicia, Felicia!"

I thought she was going into hysterics. I beheve, if she had, I should have been brute enough to let her come out of them as she could. But she restrained herself. She rose, and took up her hand-hag.

"I beg your pardon, both. I will go," sl-

My mother went up to her, and laid one hand on her arm.

"We cannot let you go," she said. "You have no money, and no place to go."

arrange for her." He can

My mother gently motioned me aside.

"Will you tell me your name—something about yourself?" she asked, addressing the girl.

"I don't dare," was the reply. "You might think it your duty to give me up. Madem, it would be kinder to kill me, where I stand!"

There was such a horror in her eyes that I went back to my first idea. She was mad, no doubt. My mother turned to me.

"My son," she said, "this young lady must stay here to-night. Perhaps, to-morrow, when she is rested, she will talk freely with me. You are very tired, I am sure, my dear."

"I have not slept since I left Paris. I came by the Tunnel. I have not eaten either. I found I had little money."

She was very calm, now, almost apathetic.

"Take off your hat and mantle," said my mother. "Norman, ring for tea. Tell them to heat some bouillen, too, and to broil a chicken; they had better take it into the dining-room."

I obeyed. The girl followed my mother's directions just as obediently.

"Now, you must sit down," I said to my mother. "She is ill," I added, turning to the stranger.

"I know," she replied. "My mother was ill a long time."

There was not another word said till Martin summoned us to the dining-room.

"I hope you can eat," my mother said to the stranger.

"I am dreadfully hungry," she answered.

But, after all, she could only swallow a little soup, and drink a few drops of wine.

- "I can't," she sighed; "I'm not hungry, after all."
- "Then, you shall go to-bed," said my mother. "Give me the ticket for your bag, and I will send to the station for it."
 - "Am I to stay here to-night?" she asked.
- "You are to stay here," replied my mother. "You are worn out. You are not to think at all." "I can't think," she sighed.

Our suite of apartments was very large. My mother chose a chamber beyond hers. Mine was on the other side of my mother's room. I recollected that the girl could not get out, except by passing through our rooms. I went into the rooms first, and locked up all the valuables, fastened the clothes-presses; that was all I could do.

Just as I returned to the salon, Martin appeared with the stranger's portmanteau.

- "Now, Miss Evelyn," said my mother.
- "That is not my name," said the girl, turning }

toward me, "but it is the name I mean to call myself by."

I bowed, stiffly, I presume.

"Good-night," she added. "Your mother knows I would thank you both, if I could."

I bowed again. My mother led her away, Assents following, with the scanty luggage. My mother was tired, and went almost immediately to bed, and I was left to smoke, and bother my brain with absurd fancies as long as I liked.

Toward morning, my mether was seized with spasms, which were so violent that they were almost convulsions. I had been expecting these, but not so soon. It was a crisis in her disease. The spasms were brought on by pain, not by any giving way of the nerves.

I needed help; but none of the women servants, I knew, would be of the least use, so I did not call them. Presently the door of the stranger's room opened, and the guest appeared, wearing a loose dressing-gown of my mother's, her beautiful hair streaming down her back.

"I can help you," she said, coming toward the bed. "Just tell me what to do. My mother had such spasms."

So, till near daylight, we worked over the sufferer, Miss Evelyn aiding me, as deftly as a professional nurse could have done. Perhaps you will think me a brute, but anxious as I was about my mother, I could not help marveling at that unknown creature's beauty; yet I was not much given to noticing women's looks.

At last the crisis passed, My mother slept; would sleep for hours. Then Miss Evelyn retired.

It was about nine o'clock when she came into the salon again.

- "Good morning," I said. "Did you get any sleep?"
- "I don't know," she answered. "Do you want me to go away now, or shall I wait to see your mother?"
- "You will wait, of course," I said. "We will have coffee, now. I have not taken mine. I thank you so much. I don't know what I should have done without you. I had not thought the attack so near."
 - "You expect to cure her?" said Miss Evelyn.
 - "I am certain of it, now."
- "My mother died so. The doctors said if she could have quiet, rest, they might have cured her."

We went in, and drank our coffee, and ate our bread and butter.

- "I forgot," I said. "You would, perhaps, have liked an English breakfast?"
- "I should like some cold meat," she replied, I am hungry, now—I can eat."

I had a beef-steak broiled. I gave her some

bromide of potash first, and she ate every morsel of the steak. This was not heroine-like behavior; but it is what she did. She ate of the luscious white September figs, too.

- "I have not eaten any since I was a child," she said. "We were here once, when I was ten. I am almost twenty-one now."
 - "You don't look it," I observed.
- "But I can prove it," she replied, quickly, with a flash in her eyes. "I have the certificate—I got it at last."
- "Oh, mad!" was my thought, "Mad, beyond doubt."

But she nether said or did any thing more to increase this suspicion in my mind. A week elapsed before my mother recovered from the effects of that attack. Miss Evelyn proved a valuable assistant the whole time. I told her she ought to have been a nurse. She looked as if a sudden, hopeful thought had been roused, but did not speak.

After my mother recovered, Miss Evelyn was indisposed for several days, threatened with nervous fever, but I was able to keep it aloof.

Altogether, she had been nearly a fortnight in our house, and we knew no more about her than if she had dropped from the moon. It sounds romantic, but I assure you it was very disagreeable to me, at least; I never was fond of romance or mysteries.

My mother had said to me, over and over, that our guest reminded her so much of some one she had known: but she could not recal the person. I took this for a mild hallucination of my mother, arising from a wish to protect and keep this stranger under her care. For Miss Evelyn was a singularly fascinating girl, an odd mixture of child and woman, with a strong, resolute will, if compelled to act in any important crisis. But though she charmed me, as she must have done any man, I was the more doubtful in regard to her for that very reason. We were much more likely to be entertaining an unscrupulous adventuress unawares than an angel, yet I was ashamed to express my suspicions even to my mother.

When Miss Evelyn feared that she was going to be ill, she proposed at once that we should send her to the hospital; but of course a savage could not have done that, under the circumstances.

"Perhaps I should be safer there," she said.
"I tell you, madam. I must not be discovered. I think I should go mad. Here some friend of yours may see me. It is not likely, but I may be recognized."

"No one shall see you," interrupted my mother. "I cannot let you go, at least till you are weil. Be easy; here you must stay."

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As I said, I saved her from the nervous tever, by which she was threatened. It was not many days before she could sit up again, though weak and miserable still. My medical knowledge to it me that she must have undergone some terriboragitation and long-continued strain on the nerves. This interested me in her case, but when out of her sight I do not think it softened my judgment. I am sure I was never so determined to believe ill of any human creature, in my whole life, as I was of that girl. I think she felt it, by that strange intuition, which finely-wrought natures possess; but she did not speak of it, even to my mother.

So she was able to sit up again. I was anxious to have her drive out; but she so shrank from the idea of leaving the house, that I put the matter off.

I was sitting in my writing-room, one day, the door into the salon, where my mother and Miss Evelyn sat, being open. They were talking busily enough, but on unimportant subjects.

"There!" my mother exclaimed. "Now I see it again!" Then she laughed. "I beg your pardon," she added. "Every now-and-then you remind me so much of somebody I have known."

"You cannot think whom?" Miss Evelyn asked.

"It has just come to me," my mother said, in a rather excited voice.

I heard her rise and ring the bell. The maid came in. My mother directed the woman to open a certain trunk, and take out a shell-box she would find. I knew that the box contained a variety of papers and miniatures, mementoes of friends whom my mother had loved and lost long ago. I sat still.

Presently the woman came back. I moved my chair, so that I could look into the salon. My mother was turning over the contents of her treasure-casket. Miss Evelyn sat leaning wearily back in her chair.

At last my mother uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Come, look at this, my dear," she said.

Miss Evelyn rose and approached my mother's chair. My mother put a miniature in her hands. Miss Evelyn looked at it, and sank on a sofa near, pale and trembling.

- "This lady's name was Clara Hamilton," she
- "Yes. How did you know? It is many, many years since I have heard of her. We were at school together in France. I knew she married a Mr. Alexander; but that is all."

Miss Evelyn took from her neck a slender gold chain, to which a locket was attached, and gave it to my mother.

"Good heavens!" the latter cried. "Clare! You have her portrait, too."

"She was my mother," Miss Eve yn answered. "I must tell you my whole story now. sent me to you. I thought He had desarted me, I was so wicked."

They were both deathly white, but very calm. I knew I ought not to listen longer. So I called out to ask some indifferent question, rising, as if about to close the door.

"Do not," Miss Evelyn said, "I want you to hear, too, Dr. Grey."

I shall tell you first something of her mother's history, in as few words as possible. She gave us her mother's journal to read.

"I know mamma never meant me, or any one, to see it." she said. "Her death was sudden at the last. They had thought she would linger for menths. I found the journal and kept it. I was very young, then, but I could not bear it to fall into my father's hands, or worse, that woman's."

Clare Hamilton had not married till four-andtwenty, though, being an heiress, of course she had plenty of offers. It would have been impossible to make a worse choice than she did; but she loved for the first time, when she met the fascinating, unscrupulous man who became her husband. She suffered afterward every misery. almost every form of degradation, which could be forced on any human being. Two children were born. Both died. The wretched mother had reached a pass where she thanked God that her boys were taken away from her husband's example and influence.

The man spent such of her fortune as was not tied up beyond his reach. He forced her into the companionship of people whose society was an insult, and during the last two years of her life, brought under his very roof a woman who was a relation of his own, a creature as beautiful and bewitching as ever the old-time Circe could have been.

The daughter, Margaret, was fourteen years old when her mother died. At thirteen, a distant relative left the young girl a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. Mrs. Alexander had kept secret the horrors of her married life. Her hasband had so conducted himself that the English law would not have given her freedom and the guardianship of her child. The relative, who left Margaret this money, had lived in India, and was entirely ignorant of Alexander's character, so he made the wretch his daughter's guardian, with a liberal allowance for himself, till her majority.

A few months after his wife's death, Mr. Alex-

him he had made no effort to conceal from his wife.

Happily for Margaret, the second Mrs. Alexander did not want her about, so the girl was sent to the convent-school in Paris, where her mother had been educated. Nine months before the time she ran away from her father, she had been taken from school to join her parents. relative of her stepmother's was with them, who made violent love to the girl, with the sanction of her father and stepmother, who were determined she should marry him. She hated the fellow from the first, handsome and agreeable as he was; but his resemblance to her stepmother filled her with aversion, and had, from the first time she set eyes on him. She was courageous enough, resisted her father's persuasions, was proof against harsh tyranny. At one time they threatened to put her in a mad-house. She was kept a close prisoner, as it was, and allowed no associates; and was never permitted to quit the house, except under a guard whom they could trust.

In one of her father's outbreaks, she told him that another year would see her of age. He denied this; she was only ninetcen, he said. He. showed her finally a certificate of her birth. She knew it was forged, because her mother's journal had told her the date and the place of her birth.

Three months were passed. They meant to make her marry Gerald Prince by force. Everything was arranged. Only two days before, through a new servant who pitied her, she learned this. The woman helped her to escape, got such things out of the house as she could for her. Margaret's idea was to go to Paris and throw herself on the protection of the Superior of the convent, where she had been educated. But her heart failed her. She felt certain that the Superior would consider it her duty to inform Mr. Alexander. The good nun was an upright woman, kind-hearted, too, but inflexible, when what she believed justice was concerned.

A copy of the American Register fell in her way. It had our names, and she believed that she had discovered the whereabouts of her favorite school-mate. She had only known that Felicia was married, but whether to an Englishman or American, she had never heard.

She told us her sad story very quietly. It was dreadful to see such power of self-restraint in one so young. It told more plainly than any words could the hardness of the discipline which had taught her this lesson.

Of course it was arranged that she would stay ander married the relative, whose influence over \ with us. I was very glad of such a companion for my mother, and the two already loved each other dearly.

I wrote to the mayor of the place, where Mrs. Alexander's journal told us Margaret had been born, Tarbes, in France, asking him to search the register of such and such dates, and to send me a certificate of the birth of Margaret Alexander. It was not long before I received it.

"You are safe, now," I said. "Three months more, and you will be of age; your father cannot touch you, then. You have only to keep hidden until that time. It will not be difficult. You need be no further troubled."

She threw off her cares, as only a young person can. I am sure she was very happy. I cannot describe to you how beautiful she grew, how delightful she was in every way. I can tell you that I loved her, loved her with a first, an absorbing passion, and I do not know when it commenced. I only know that I loved her, and that it seemed to me I had loved her always.

But I kept my secret. I had no right, I said to myself, to bring any fresh possibility of unrest into her life. If she did not care for me, the knowledge of what I felt would only make her uncomfortable in remaining with us. When she should be of age, I would speak. Perhaps the very force I was obliged to put upon myself made me appear ceremonious and distant. A slight constraint grew up between us toward the end. It was hard to bear. I knew that I ought to try and overcome that wild love which seemed to become more hopeless each day; but I could not; it was useless to struggle. I had been bold, self-reliant hitherto, proud of my ability to rule myself, but I was very weak here.

My idea was to wait until Margaret should be of age, then communicate with a London solicitor, with whom I had had dealings, place the matter in his hands, so that he could see Mr. Alexander, and force him to disgorge the property. I dared take no step till she was one-and-twenty. I was afraid some danger might menace my darling, if any inkling of her whereabouts reached her father.

My mother's health caused us to live in seclusion. The few people who visited us asked no questions; they supposed Miss Evelyn to have been engaged as my mother's companion. In this way she escaped all troublesome inquisitiveness.

One day, in the Pitti Gallery, we encountered her old friend, Felicia. They were overjoyed to meet. Margaret's history was frankly told to the Greys, for we knew it was safe with them. I found my namesake a very a greeable man, and his wife was simply charming. We saw a great deal of them during the next four weeks.

We were all very happy, and in high spirits. Margaret's time of freedom was close at hand. In four days she would be twenty-one. It was now that I wrote to Mr. Roger Harcombe, the London solicitor, so that my letter would reach him the very day of Margaret's majority. The father might come then. We would confront him with the certificate of her birth.

Two days went by. I had been out for a long stroll, after luncheon, away out beyond the old convent of San Margherita, from whence, centuries ago, beautiful Lucrezia Buti escaped, to join her wild lover, Fra Filippo, the painter.

I had stopped, on San Miniato, to watch the sunset. So it was late, almost dinner-time, when I arrived.

- "I am expecting Margaret, every moment," were almost my mother's first words.
- "Has she gone out?" I asked, in astonishment.
- "Yes, Mrs. Grey sent a carriage. Mr. Grey had gone down to Pisa with a friend. Felicia is not well, and wanted Margaret."

It seemed natural enough, yet, somehow, my heart sank.

- "I will go and bring her back." I said.
- "Oh, perhaps Felicia means to keep her to dinner. Still—Oh, yes, go. If they want you, stay to dinner, too. You so seldon get out, poor boy."

I kissed her, careful to subdue my anxiety, and hurried away.

The Greys were stopping at the Hotel de l'Universe, which was away up near the Cascine. I drove there, and sent up my name.

Mrs. Grey was at home. "Would I please to walk up?" was the answer the servant brought back.

When I entered the room, Mr. and Mrs. Grey both rose to receive me. The moment I saw that the latter was at home, I knew that my vague fears, my curious presentiments of evil were realized.

- "Is Margaret here?" I asked at once.
- "Bless me, no," replied Mrs. Grey. "You know she never stirs out, except with us or your-self."

I dropped into a chair. I suppose I turned deathly white. They both hurried toward me with broken exclamations.

"They have got her," I said.

I told the whole story, as calmly as I could. Felicia began to cry, but stopped herself, like a brave little woman, as she was.

"What are we to do?" Grey asked, ready to make the trouble a personal matter.

Horror-stricken as I was, I could think, or

rather some power, extraneous to my own senses, seemed to suggest a plan.

"The police must inquire at every hotel and pension in town," I said. "They will not be here under their real name. The fact of their being joined by a young lady to-day will betray them."

We set about that at once.

"We must also go to the agents for apartments—.here are only seven or eight—find out what apartments in or out of town they have let. The police-books will soon tell us about the new people also. The apartment-owners have to give the names of lodgers within three days of their arrival."

No news possible that night. My mother bore up better than I expected. Perhaps the sight of what I suffered helped her. She knew, now, that I loved Margaret Alexander,

It was a season when there was a lull in the arrival of visitors. The next day I had the police reports. They had made no discoveries at the hotels. Nine apartments only had been let. The agents had managed to see the people who had taken them. Among Margaret's papers was a photograph of her father. I had also a photograph of a well-known actress, that Margaret never could bear to see; for she said it might have answered for a likeness of her stepmother.

Of course, at the railway station we had tried to get a clue. But none was possible there. Out of the hundreds of hack-drivers. I think there was not one we failed to see. But this also was useless.

Two days passed. They seemed an eternity. Only the necessity for constant action kept me from going mad. My mother and the Greys were a comfort even then: no word was spoken; but Felicia and her husband read my secret.

It was nine o'clock at night. The Greys were with us. I was lying on a sofa, physically worn out, for I had scarcely eaten, and I had not slept. Suddenly the bell rang, and Martin entered soon after. There was a man wanted to see me, he said; a hack-driver, whom I often employed.

I had the new comer shown into the room where we were.

This was his story. He had, that afternoon, driven some people up to Fiesole, a party of genttlemen. It was dark, as they came home. Halfway to Florence stood a villa, which he knew had been empty for a year. He had seen a light in the house. "Perhaps this might be where the young lady was."

It was a mere chance, but one not to throw aside now. Mr. Grey and I hurried off. Pietro's horses were not fresh enough for us to take.

We got a hack, and drove to the police headquarters. Pietro engaged to follow us, with other and fresh horses.

No information of the letting of the villa had been given to the police. That of itself looked suspicious. They had a right to go, they said, and inquire, and even to insist on being admitted. We had done wisely in coming to them, they added.

Two policemen followed us on horseback. We drove swiftly away, up the hill-road, and toward Fiesole. Neither Mr. Grey nor I spoke, I was past speech. The moon was up. We could see each other's faces; his was pale enough; I could tell what anguish must be in mine, from the expression of profound sympathy I read in his.

We stopped at some distance from the entrance to the grounds, for fear the noise of the wheels should reach the house. The policemen dismounted, and we walked on together. The gates were locked A very high wall shut in the grounds.

Not far off there lived a friend of Pietro's, and he told us we could get a ladder there. Of course we dared not ring for admittance, for it might give those in the house time to hide Margaret, if we had really got on the trace of her enemies.

We mounted in turn on the ladder. When we were all up, we pulled it over on the other side, and descended. We took the road up to the house. We could see lights, through the shutters of the windows on the upper-floor, very faint, but they were there.

The doors into a back court were not fastened. We entered. Pietro pointed out to us the place where the old man lived who had charge of the villa and worked the farm, but there was no light visible.

"What is his name?" asked one of the police-

"Guiseppe."

"What is his voice like?"

"Very gruff. He always has a cold."

"Follow me, softly," said the policeman.

We mounted the stairs. Arrived at the top, we found another door. The policeman thumped with the iron knocker.

Presently a voice called the usual Italian inquiry, "Chi ??" (Who is there?)

"Guiseppe," he answered,

The bolts were drawn back. The door opened. A woman, holding a light, started back in alarm, and uttered a cry. Doors down the corridor opened. A young man appeared, followed by a lady, whom I at once recognized as Margaret's stepmother.

The young man and the woman cried out, in

Sufficiently voluble Italian, demanding, angrily, I forgot everything. I caught her in my arms, what we wanted.

The chief policeman threw off the cloak that covered his dress.

"We want the young lady you stole on Monday evening from No. -, via Mazzio," he said. " Produce her, without delay."

The two shrank back. But a new person now appeared. It was Margaret's father.

He was perfectly composed, explained who he was, gave his name, said that his daughter was under age, and had run away from him. He was only exercising his right in getting possession of her; and he would advise the policeman to go away; they had been misled, they would only get into difficulty with the English ambassador.

Then he turned to Grey and myself.

"You are not policemen, I think," he said, courteously. "I fear I shall be compelled to ask you to withdraw from my house."

"I can only go accompanied by Miss Alexander," I replied. "In a journal of her dead mother's is a statement of the date of her birth. I have written to Tarbes, and the mayor has sent me a certified copy of the register. I have placed the matter in the hands of a London solicitor, Mr. Harcombe."

The young man started forward, with some furious exclamation. Mr. Alexander gently pushed him back. He looked greatly disconcerted, nevertheless. It was plain, he saw the game was up. But his composure and courtesy did not desert him.

- "My dear," he said, turning to his wife, "will you request Margaret to join us?"
- "You know she will not," retorted the woman. "She has locked herself in. Perhaps, if Mr. Grey calls her, she will come," she added, sneeringly.
 - I raised my voice, and called loudly,
 - " Margaret, Margaret!"

Margaret looked out, and then rushed forward. Frestored, and we are very happy.

whispering her name, whispering words of wild tenderness. She could not speak. But I saw her face. I was answered!

"I find, Margaret," said her father, with astounding coolness, "that I was mistaken. You are of age."

"Oh, take me to your mother," moaned Margaret. "I have been shut up there day and night. They tried to make me marry him," pointing to the young man, who stood, glowering at us, only prevented, I think, from springing at my throat, by Mr. Alexander's restraining hand, and the presence of the policeman.

We took her home. The next day Mr. Alexander positively called to pay his respects to my mother. She refused to see him. He did the injured, ruined father to Margaret, and absolutely got her to settle twenty thousand pounds on him. Later, we learned that he had already dissipated fully half her fortune: but we were so thankful for her escape from the danger of those three days, that we were content to leave it thus.

The young man, Gerald Prince, had come on first to the villa, which they had hired from its owner in Turin. He had driven into Florence himself to meet the train, so that Mr. and Mrs. Alexander's arrival was a profound secret. They had traced Margaret to Florence, and knew that she was under my care. Prince did his work well. When Margaret descended to the carriage, Mrs. Alexander's maid was in it, who threw a shawl over the girl's head, and stifled her cries. Indeed, Margaret said that she almost immediately fainted. They had reached the villa before she recovered. She fastened herself into her chamber so securely that they could not get to her. She had eaten nothing. Water she had got by letting a little bucket down into a cistern under her window.

It is an old story, but a true one. Margaret is A door at the end of the corridor opened, and { my wife, now. My mother's health is quite

LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

BY FRANK W. FARWELL.

SWEET mother, do not weep, Though chastening be His rod; Thy babe's but gone to sleep. To wake with heav'n and God. Exchanging toil and tears For yonder blissful shore, He soars amid the spheres-" Not lost, but gone before."

In heaven, a song of joy Pervades the sacred air, Enters thy baby boy The pearly gates ajar.: A messenger from earth Has reached the other shore; Oh! blissful, heavenly birth-" Not lost, but gone before."



A PLEASURE EXERTION.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THEY have been havin' pleasure exertions all summer here to Jonesville. Every week a most they would go off on a exertion after pleasure, and Josiah was all up in end to go too.

That man is a well principled man, as I ever see, but if he had his head he would be worse than any young man I ever see to foller up picnies, and 4th of Julys, and camp meetins, and all pleasure exertions. But I don't encourage him in it. I have said to him time and agin, "There is a time for everything, Josiah Allen, and after any body has lost all their teeth, and every might of hair, on the top of their head, it is time for 'em to stop goin' to pleasure exertions."

But good land! I might jest as well talk to the wind! If that man should get to be as old as Mr. Methusler, and be a goin' a thousand years old, he would prick up his ears if he should hear of an exertion. All summer long that man has beset me to go to 'em, for he wouldn't go without me. Old Bunker Hill himself, haint any sounder in principle than Josiah Allen, and I have had to work head-work to make excuses, and quell him down. But last week the old folks was goin' to have one out on the lake, on an island, and that man sot his foot down that go he would.

"We was to the breakfast-table a talkin' it over, and says I, "I shan't go, for I am afraid of big water any way."

Says Josiah, " nou are jest as liable to be killed in one place as another."

Says I, with a almost frigid air, as I passed him his coffee, "Mebby I shall be drownded on dry land. Josiah Allen; but I don't believe it."

Says he in a complainin' tone, "I can't get you started onto a exertion for pleasure any way."

Says I, in a almost eloquent way, "I don't believe in makin' such exertions after pleasure. I don't believe in chasin' of her up." Says I, "Let her come of her own free will." Says I, "You can't catch her by chasin' of her up, no more than you can fetch a shower up in a drewth, by goin' out doors, and running after a cloud up in the heavens above you. Sit down, and be patient, and when it gets ready the refreshin' rain drops will begin to fall without none of your help. And it is jest so with Pleasure. Josiah Allen; you may chase her up over all the ocians, and big mountains of the earth, and she will keep ahead one of his galluses a hangin' 'most to the floor

of you all the time; but set down, and not fatigue yourself a thinkin about her, and like as not she will come right into your house unbeknown to you."

"Wall," says he, "I guess I'll have another griddle cake, Samantha." And as he took it, and poured the maple syrup over it, he added gently, but firmly, "I shall go, Samantha, to this exertion, and I should be glad to have you present at it, because it seems jest to me, as if I should fall overboard durin' the day."

Men are deep. Now that man knew that no amount of religious preachin' could stir me up like that one speech. For though I haint no hand to coo, and don't encourage him in bein' spoony at all, he knows that I am wrapped almost completely up in him. I went.

We had got to start about the middle of the night, for the lake was 15 miles from Jonesville, and the old mare bein' so slow, we had got to start a hour or 2 ahead of the rest. I told Josiah in the first ont, that I had jest as lives set up all night, as to be routed out at 2 o'clock. But he was so animated and happy at the idee of goin', that he looked on the bright side of everything, and he said that we would go to bed before dark, and get as much sleep as we commonly did! So we went to bed the sun an hour high. But we hadn't more'n got settled down into the bed, when we heard a buggy and a single wagon stop to the gate, and I got up and peeked through the window, and I see it was visitors come to spend the evenin'. Elder Wesley Minkly and his family, and Deacon Dobbins' folks. Josiah vowed that he wouldn't stir one step out of that bed that night. But I argued with him pretty sharp, while I was throwin' on my clothes, and I finally got him started up. I haint deceitful, but I thought if I got my clothes all on, before they came in, I wouldn't tell 'em that I had been to bed that time of day. And I did get all dressed up, even to my handkerchief pin. And I guess they had been there as much as ten minutes before I thought that I hadn't took my night-cap off. They looked dretful curious at me, and I felt awful meachin.



under his best coat, I up and told 'em. I thought mebby they wouldn't stay long. But Deacon Dobbins' folks seemed to be all waked up on the subject of religion, and they proposed we should turn it into a kind of a conference meetin', so they never went home till after 10 o'clock.

It was most 11 o'clock when Josiah and me got to bed agin. And then jest as I was gettin' into a drowse, I heard the cat in the buttery, and I got up to let her out And that rousted Josiah up, and he thought he heard the cattle in the garden, and he got up and went out. And there we was a marchin' round most all night. And if we would get into a nap, Josiah would think it was mornin', and he would start up and go out to look at the clock. He seemed so afraid we would be belated, and not get to that exertion in time. And there we was on our feet most all night. I lost myself once, for I dreampt that Josiah was a droundin', and Deacon Dobbins was on the shore a prayin' for him. It started me so, that I jest ketched hold of Josiah and hollerd. It skairt him awfully, and says he, "What does ail you, Samantha? I haint been asleep before, to-night, and now you have rousted me up for good. I wonder what time it is." And then he got out of bed again, and went out and looked at the clock. It was half-past one, and he said "he didn't believe we had better go to sleep again, for fear we would be too late for the exertion. and he wouldn't miss that for nothin."

"Exertion," says I, in a awful cold tone. "I should think we had had exertion enough for one spell."

But I got up at 2 o'clock, and made a cup of tea, as strong as I could, for we both felt beat out, worse than if we had watched in sickness.

But as bad, and wore out as Josiah felt bodily, he was all animated in his mind about what a good time he was a goin' to have. He acted foolish, and I told him so. I wanted to wear my brown and black gingham, and a shaker; but Josiah insisted that I should wear a new lawn dress that he had brought me home as a present, and I had got just made up. So jest to plese him I put it on, and my best bonnet. And that man, all I could do and say, would wear a pair of pantaloons I had been a makin' for Thomas Jefferson. They was gettin' up a military company to Thomas J's school, and these pantaloons was white with a blue stripe down the sides, a kind of uniform. Josiah took a awful fancy to 'em. And says he,

"I will wear 'em Samantha, they look so dressy." *

Says I, "They haint hardly done. I was goin' all night a most, made it worse. When to stitch that blue stripe on the left leg on again. the island we was both weak as cats.

They haint finished as they ought to be, and I would not wear 'em. It looks vain in you."

Says he, "I will wear 'em, Samantha. I will be dressed up, for once."

I didn't contend with him. Thinks I, we are makin' fools of ourselves, by goin' at all, and if he wants to make a little bigger fool of himself by wearin' them white pantaloons, I won't stand in his light. And then I had got some machine oil onto 'em, so I felt that I had got to wash 'em any way, before Thomas J. took 'em to school. So he put 'em on.

I had good vittles, and a sight of 'em. The basket wouldn't hold 'em all. So Josiah had to put a bottle of red rhaspberry jell into the pocket of his dress coat, and lots of other little things, such as spoons, and knives, and forks, in his pantaloons, and breast pockets. He looked like Captain Kidd, armed up to the teeth, and I told him so. But good land, he would have carried a knife in his mouth, if I had asked him to, he felt so neat about goin', and bosted so, on what a splendid exertion it was going to be.

We got to the lake about eight o'clock, for the old mare went slow. We was about the first ones there, but they kep a comin', and before 10 o'clock we all got there. There was about 20 old fools of us, when we got all collected together. And about 10 o'clock we sot sail for the island.

I had made up my mind from the first on't to face trouble, and so it didn't put me out so much when Deacon Dobbins, in gettin' into the boat stepped onto my new lawn dress, and tore a hole in it as big as my two hands, and ripped it half offen the waist. But Josiah havin' felt so animated and tickled about the exertion, it worked him up awfully, when jest after we had got well out onto the lake, the wind took his hat off, and blew it away out onto the lake. He had made up his mind to look so pretty that day, and be so dressed up, that it worked him up awfully. And then the sun beat down unto him; and if he had had any hair onto his head it would have seemed more shady. But I did the best I could by him, I stood by him, and pinned on his red bandanna handkerchief onto his head. But as I was a fixin' it on, I see there was something more than mortification that ailed him. The lake was rough, and the boat rocked, and I see he was beginning to be awful sick. He looked deathly. Pretty soon I felt bad too. Oh! the wretchedness of that time. I have enjoyed poor health considerable in my life, but never did I enjoy so much sickness, in so short a time, as I did on that pleasure exertion to the island. I suppose our bein up all night a most, made it worse. When we reached



I set right down on a stun, and held my head { for a spell, for it did seem as if it would split open. After a while I staggered up onto my feet, and finally I got so I could walk straight, and sense things a little. Then I began to take the things out of my dinner basket. The butter had all melted, so we had to dip it out with a spoon. And a lot of water had swashed over the side of the boat, so my pies, and tarts, and delicate cake, and cookies, looked awful mixed up. But no worse than the rest of the companies did. we did the best we could, and begun to make preparations to eat, for the man that owned the boat said he knew it would rain before night, by the way the sun scalded. There wasn't a man or a women there but what the perspiration jest poured down their faces. We was a haggered and melancholy lookin' set. There was a piece of woods a little ways off, but it was up quite a rise of ground, and there wasn't one of us but what had the rheumatiz, more or less. We made up a fire on the sand, though it seemed as if it was hot enough to steep the tea and coffee as it was.

After we got the fire started, I histed a umberell, and sat down under it, and fanned myself hard, for I was afraid of a sunstroke.

Wall I guess I had set there ten minutes or more, when all of a sudden I thought where is Josiah! I hadn't seen him since we had got there. I riz right up and asked the company, almost wildly, "if they had seen my companion Josiah?" They said "No they hadn't." But Celestine Wilkins' little girl, who had come with her grandpa, and grandma Gowdey spoke up, and says she, "I seen him a goin' off towards the woods; he acted dreadfully strange too, he seemed to be a walkin' off side ways."

" Had the sufferins' we had undergone made him delirious?" says I to myself, and then I started off on the run towards the woods, and old Miss Bobbet, and Miss Gowdey, and Sister Minkley, and Deacon Dobbins' wife, all rushed after me. Oh, the agony of them 2 or 3 minutes, my mind so distracted with fourbodins, and the perspiration a pourin' down. But all of a sudden on the edge of the woods we found him. Miss Gowdey weighed 100 pounds less than me, had got a little ahead of me. He sat backed up against attree, in a awful cramped position, with his left leg under him. He looked dretful uncomfortable, but when Miss Gowdey hollered out "Oh, here you be; we have been skairt about you. What is the matter?" He smiled a dretful sick smile, and says he. "Oh, I thought I would come out here, and meditate a spell. It was always a real treat to me to meditate."

Jest then I came up a pantin' for breath, and

as the wemen all turned to face me, Josiah scowled at me, and shook his fist at them 4 wimmen, and made the most mysterious motions with his hands towards 'em. But the minute they turned round he smiled in a sickish way, and pretended to go to whistlin'.

Says I, "What is the matter Josiah Allen? What are you off here for?"

"I am a meditatin', Samantha."

Says I, "Do you come down and jine the company this minute, Josiah Allen. You was in a awful taken to come with 'em, and what will they think to see you act so?"

The wemmin happened to be a lookin' the other way for a minute, and he looked at me as if he would take my head off, and made the strangest motions towards 'em, but the minute they looked at him, he would pretend to smile that deathly smile.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen, we're goin' to get dinner right away, for we are afraid it wili rain." "Oh wall," says he, "a little rain, more or less, haint a goin' to hinder a man from meditatin?"

I was wore out, and says I, "Do you stop meditatin' this minute, Josiah Allen."

Says he, "I won't stop, Samantha. I let you have your way a good deal of the time; but when I take it into my head to meditate, you haint a goin' to break it up."

Just at that minute they called to me from the shore, to come that minute to find some of my dishes. And we had to start off. But oh the gloom of my mind that was added to the lameness of my body. Them strange motions, and looks of Josiah, were on me. Had the sufferins' of the night added to the trials of the day made him crazy. I thought more'n as likely as not I had got a luny on my hands for the rest of my days. And then, oh how the sun did scald down onto me, and the wind took the smoke so into my face, that there wasn't hardly a dry eye in my head. And then a perfect swarm of yeller wasps lit down onto our vittles as quick as we laid 'ena down, so you couldn't touch a thing without running a chance to be stung. Oh, the agony of that time. But I kep to work, and when we had got dinner most ready, I went back to call Josiah again. Old Miss Bobbet said she would go with me, for she thought she see a wild turnip in the woods there, and her boy Shakspeare had a awful cold, and she would dig one to give him. So we started up the nill again. He set in jest the same position, all huddled up, with his leg under him, so uncomfortable a lookin' creeter as I ever see. But when we both stood in front of him, he pretended to look careless, and happy, and smiled that sick smile.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen; dinner is ready."

"Oh, I haint hungry," says he. "The table will probably be full. I had jest as leves wait."

"Table full!" says I. "You knew jest as well as I do, that we are eatin on the ground. Do you come and eat your dinner this minute."

"Yes do come," says Miss Bobbet.

"Oh," says he, with that ghastly smile, a pretendin' to joke, "I have got plenty to eat here, I can eat muskeeters."

The air was black with 'em, I couldn't deny it.
"The muskeeters will eat you, more likely,"
says I: "Look at your face and hands."

"Yes, they have eat considerable of a dinner out of me, but I don't begrech'em. I haint small enough I hope, to begrech'em one meal."

Miss Bobbet went off in search of her wild turnip, and Josiah whispered to me with a savage look, and a tone sharp as a sharp axe,

"Can't you bring 40 or 50 more wimmim up here? You couldn't come here a minute, without a lot of other wimmin tied to your heels?"

I began to see daylight, and after Miss Bobbet got her wild turnip, I made some excuse to send her on a head, and then Josiah told me.

It seems he had set down on that bottle of rasp-That blue stripe on the side wasn't berry jell. hardly finished as I said, and I hadn't fastened my thread properly, so when he got to pullin' at 'em to try to wipe off the jell, the thread started. and bein' sewed on a machine, that seam jest ripped right open from top to bottom. That was what he had walked off side ways towards the woods for. Josiah Allen's wife haint one to desert a companion in distress. I pinned 'em up as well as I could, and I didn't say a word to hurt his feelin's, only I jest said this to him, as I was a fixin' 'em. I fastened my gray eye firmly and almost sternly onto him, and says I, "Josiah Allen is this pleasure?" Says I, "You was determined to come."

"Throw that in my face again, will you? What if I wuz? There goes a pin into my leg. I should think I had suffered enough, without your stabbin of me with pins."

"Wall then stand still, and not be a caperin' round so. How do you suppose I can do anything with you a tousin' round so?"

"Wall don't be so agravatin' then."

I fixed 'em as well as I could, but they looked pretty bad, and then there they was all covered with jell too. What to do I didn't know. But finally I told him I would put my shawl onto him. So I doubled it up corner ways, as big as I could, so it almost touched the ground behind, and he walked back to the table with me. I told him it was best to tell the company all about it, but he jest put his foot down that he wouldn't,

and I told him if he wouldn't that he must make his own excuses to the company about wearin' the shawl. So he told 'em that he always loved to wear summer shawls, he thought it made a man look so dressy."

But he looked as if he would sink, all the time he was a sayin' it. They all looked dretful curious at him, and he looked as meachin' as if he had stole a sheep, and he never took a minute's comfort, nor I nuther. He was sick all the way back to the shore, and so was I. And jest as we got into our wagons and started for home, the rain begun to pour down. The wind turned our old umberell inside out in no time; my lawn dress was most spilte before, and now I give up my bunnet. And I says to Josiah.

"This bunnet and dress are spilte Josiah Allen, and I shall have to buy some new ones."

"Wall! wall! who said you wouldn't!" he snapped out.

But it wore on him. Oh, how the rain poured down. Josiah havin' nothin' but his handker-chief on his head felt it more than I did. I had took a apron to put on a gettin' dinner, and I tried to make him let me pin it on to his head. But says he firmly,

"I haint proud and haughty, Samantha, but I do feel above ridin' out with a pink apron on for a hat."

"Wall then," says I, "get as wet as sop if you had ruther."

I didn't say no more, but there we jest sot and suffered. The rain poured down, the wind howled at us, the old mare went slow, the rheumatiz laid holt of both of us, and the thought of the new bunnet and dress was a wearin' on Josiah I knew.

There wasn't a house for the first 7 miles, and after we got there, I thought we wouldn't go in, for we had got to get home to milk any way, and we was both as wet as we could be. After I had beset him about the apron, we didn't say hardly a word for as much as 13 miles or so; but I did speak once, as he leaned forward with the rain a drippin' offen his bandannu handerchief onto his white pantaloons. I says to him in stern tones.

"Is this pleasure, Josiah Allen?"

He gave the old mare a awful cut, and says he, "I'd like to know what you want to be so agrevatin' for?"

I didn't multiply any more words with him, only as we drove up to our door-step, and he helped me out unto a mud puddle, I says to him,

"Mebby you'll hear to me another time, Josiah Allen."

And I'll bet he will. I hain't afraid to bet a ten cent bill, that that man won't never open his mouth to me again about a Pleasure Exertion.

LITTLE SHOP AT GOWANHAM.

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

Shop; and so they had called it from the first? morning Keturah Bright opened its shutters; and since then it had become one of Gowanham's But that was many years before institutions. the time from which I date my story about it, for at the time the place was opened Keturah was a middle-aged woman, and when it was closed she had been dead some time; and before she died she had lived fully the number of years allotted to mankind. Before her death a great change had taken place in the small household behind the tiny dark room where the counter stood, and where the darning-needles and Berlin-wools were piled, one on top of the other, on the numerous shelves. Up to six years before she died, the old woman had lived entirely alone. But one morning a customer going in early to make a purchase, found her sitting in her usual place, behind the counter, with a companion, and this companion was a child, which was rather surprising, since it was not known that she had any relatives, and she had never appeared fond of children. She was "close-mouthed," as they call it, seldom talking about her own affairs, and frequently disposing of questioners with some sharpness; but her visitor's curiosity was so great upon this occasion that, despite the remembrance of previous rebuffs, it overpowered her prudence.

"Why. Missus!" she exclaimed, with good natured bluntness, "Who'd ha' thought it?"

"Aye," was Keturah's unflinching reply. "Who would ?"

The customer set her basket on the counter, and stared at the child with an honest expression of interest, which settled at last into as honest an expression of admiration, for it was a pretty child, with a wondrously fair little face, and curling, soft light hair.

"Heart alive!" she said next. "She's a pretty un! There's no favor o' you about her, Missus. There cannot be much kin betwixt you."

Then Keturah, rising from her seat, rested her two knotty, hard-worked old hands on the counter directly opposite the questioner, and faced her with a stolid defiance.

"Do you want anything?" she said.

"Aye, to be sure," good-temperedly ignoring

That was what the villagers called it—the Little { tons for our Margery; but seein' the child there, drove it clean out o' my head."

> The old woman brought out the required articles, in silence; in fact, she did not utter another word until the buttons had been wrapped in paper, and handed over to the purchaser, and then, as her visitor was turning away in despair of gaining any further information, she somewhat startled her by calling her back.

" Here!" she said.

The woman stopped, and looked round at her.

"I suppose," said Keturah, "that if people ask you about this child you'd like to be able to tell them something."

"Sure enough," said the woman. anything."

"Very well," said Keturah. "If any one asks you anything, you can tell them this much. She is the daughter of a son of mine who is no credit to me, and her mother is his wife, and no credit to him; and I am going to try to make an honest woman of her, and her name is Stephanie; but she is to be called Steenie, because Stephanie is her mother's name, and is no credit to anybody."

Of course, there was no end to speculation as to the true state of affairs, when this was noised abroad, but no one ever knew the exact truth. Some said, indeed, that Keturah Bright, having been left a widow, with an only son, had been so passionately attached to him, that she had spent her youth in hard labor for his sake, and when he grew up he had been wild and reckless, had married a French girl of tarnished reputation, and, going from bad to worse, had, in the end, committed some crime for which he had been transported for life. But how the story had floated to Gowanham, and whether it had any foundation or not, remained a mystery to the last; for, after the little girl's first appearance behind the counter of the Little Shop, both father and mother were lost to her.

In the course of time, Steenie, as she was always called, became as much of a Gowanham institution as the Little Shop itself. The fact was that Gowanham had a leaning toward institutions. and the little creature being pretty and tractable. was, so to speak, taken in hand, by popular consent. The Rector, himself, who was Gowanham's infallible authority, took a fancy to her, and when the implied sarcasm. "I come in for some but- | she grew old enough, his daughter made a protegee of her, and gave her extra lessons two or three times a week. Whether her life at home was very happy or not it would be difficult to say. Keturah was not even demonstrative, in an ordinary way, and, certainly, there was not much excitement in the life behind the Little Shop; but whether her existence was bright or dull, the child Steenie, living over day by day, bore it cheerfully and simply, and was only different from other children in being so conscientious, and selfpossessed, and industrious, that she was quite like a little woman.

When she was fourteen, Keturah died, and then Gowanham found cause for astonishment again. She had laid strict injunctions upon Steenie to hold to the Little Shop, and carry on its business just as it had been carried on in her lifetime. It would be a means of independence for her, she said; she would have a home of her own, and a place in the world; and as to being alone, there was no need of that-she could choose some elderly person to be companion and assistant in On hearing this, Gowanham was not only surprised, but rather scandalized. The idea of the child's bearing upon her young shoulders such a weight of responsibility was not a pleasant one, and many of her friends demurred against it openly. But in her pretty, steadfast way Steenie held to her determination to submit to her dead relative's wishes; and so, in the end, even those who were fondest of her, became reconciled, and encouraged the small proprietress of the Little Shop, and, at last, admired her in her character as an institution more than ever. As to the choice of a companion, Steenie settled that herself, when, about a fortnight after Keturah's death, her friend, the Rector, called to see her.

"I have been thinking, sir," she said, after rising from her chair to greet him, a modest little figure in black, with a gentle way of moving, "I have been thinking, sir, that I should like to have old Tibby."

"Old Tibby!" said the Rector. "What for, my dear? Oh, to be sure!" suddenly recollecting himself. "I had forgotten for the moment. You mean you would like to have her to stay with you by way of company."

"Yes, sir," said Steenie, looking up at him with a simple anxiety. "I have been thinking so. You see she doesn't find the almshouse so easy to bear with since the rheumatism came on, and it seems to me it would be best to ask some one to come here who really needs a home very Don't you think so?"

· I think that you are a good, thoughtful little ?

makes me very happy to be able to say so. go and see old Tibby about it myself." the matter of Steenie's companion was settled satisfactorily to all parties.

About two years later, Gowanham was actually surprised even once again. One or two persons of keen perceptive faculties suddenly awakened to a sense of the fact that Steenie was not so much of a child as she had been-indeed, was almost a woman. Her customers going into the Little Shop observed that the little figure had shot up into a tall one, and that the girlish face was very pretty indeed.

"Dangerously pretty for a child exposed as she is!" said the good Rector to his wife, after one of his visits. "And yet," with pardonable weakness, "I cannot wish it was less pretty, for she is a sensible little thing."

She was a sensible little thing. Good-sense, and simple singleness of purpose were peculiar to her. There was not an atom of frivolity in her whole nature; and though she laughed and colored often over the blunt, broad compliments of the honest countrymen and women who made their purchases from her, her pleasure in their admiration was an innocent, healthy pleasure, and brought to her no foolish flutter of gratified vanity.

"Are you never afraid?" said a lackadaisical young matron to her. "I mean are you never afraid that people will be rude to you, knowing you are so much alone."

"No," answered Steenie. "I am not afraid at all; and I believe it is because I am not afraid, that people do not think of being rude to me."

She was a cheerful little soul too. She made the tiny dark rooms positively bright. Tibby declared, and, indeed, it was her opinion, that when the shop was closed, and Steenie came into the kitchen to talk or read aloud, the highly-polished tins and dish-covers shone trebly bright, because they reflected her pleasant young face so often.

"It's a sight to see her, ma'am," the old woman said to the Rector's wife. "It's a sight to see her sittin in the big wooden rockin'-chair, an' readin' out so grand and easy; for big words is nothin' to her. An' her so pretty an' young, too."

Very naturally Steenie Bright became more and more of a favorite at the Rectory, and spent many of her spare moments there, particularly after Miss Denham married and went away, leaving the old couple alone. In the eyes of good Mrs. Denham, Steenie Bright became nearer perfection every day of her life. As she grew older, she fell into the habit of relying upon her woman, my dear," said the Rector; "and it for advice, and information, and assistance, for the girl possessed so much tact and clear good { appearance of a tall, cadaverous young man, with sense, that she was quite invaluable in all charitable enterprises, and, accordingly, often found herself called upon.

"Steenie, my dear," the old lady would say, "I want you to visit those new-comers on Lower Gowanham. They are in great distress, I hear, and I should like to know if they are worth helping."

Or, perhaps it would be to the Rector himself. "Edward, I wish you would call at the Little Shop, and ask Steenie to see the Dowes, and let me know what they want. The children are ill, and Steenie has such a nice way with children.'

It was on some such occasion as this that Steenie first heard of, and encountered Kenneth Dart.

She had gone up to the Rectory one dark winter's afternoon, and was standing before the fire warming her feet, her hands in her little black muff, while Mrs. Denham packed a basket of provisions, when suddenly an idea seemed to occur to the good old lady.

- "Dear me, Steenie," she exclaimed, "I forgot to mention the curate to you."
- " If Mr. Denham is going to employ one, I am very glad," said Steenie. "I think he needs assistance, Gowanham is growing so."

"Just what I have often remarked," said Mrs. Denham. "He has been terribly over-worked, of late, and he has just met with the person he wants, a Mr. Kenneth Dart, who was obliged to give up his former curacy on account of ill health, brought on by some difficulty of climate in the village where he was situated-marshes, I think, my dear; and Gowanham is the very place for him. There, Steenie, the basket is ready "

It was very foggy and dark outside, and Steenie, with the basket on her arm, and her hands in the black muff, found the yellow dusk unpleasant enough after the bright parlor, but she stepped out into it bravely, and walked down the gravelpath briskly enough to set the young blood dancing in her veins.

But, reaching the gates, she was stopped by a little accident. As she passed through them, some one, turning the corner sharply, and not seeing her in the murkiness, ran against her so suddenly, that both muff and basket fell to the ground, and sundry small parcels were scattered at her feet.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed. "What a pity!" The gentleman-it was a gentleman-raised his hat with a hurried apology. Looking down, he saw a slight figure in a gray cloak and hat, and } a lovely, troubled face uplifted; looking up, Steenie, almost unconsciously, took in the outward life would go.

a pair of fine, dark eyes; at this moment, touched with a faint expression of annoyance, and her recognition of this expression made her recollect herself.

"It doesn't matter much," she said, in a pretty, cheerful way. And then, rescuing the packages, "It doesn't matter at all, it seems, because nothing is injured, and the bottle of wine is quite safe. Thank you,"as he handed her a little parcel. "That is the tea. Nothing has rolled away, I think."

- "Forgive me," he said. "I did not see you. I was wondering where I should find the Rectory. Perhaps you can tell me, if you will be so good."
- "Yes," Steenie answered. "We are before the gates, now. I have just left the house."
- "Thank you," and raising his hat again, he turned in through the gateway, as Steenie went
- "I wonder," she said, quickening her pace, and holding something more firmly to the basket, "I wonder if that is Mr. Kenneth Dart? How dreadfully ill he looks, and how tall and thin he is ?"

It was Mr. Kenneth Dart she found out, on her next visit to her friends, and it was quite decided that he should take the curacy. He was a younger member of an old, but broken-down and impoverished family, it appeared, and had nothing but his own exertions to depend upon, and so far had been the reverse of fortunate.

It was the old story. Life had gone against him, and he had made a great mistake. There had been half-a-dozen sons in the family to provide for, and each must have some profession. It was an unhappy family enough, and an embittered one--embittered by the continual struggle to keep up appearances. There were petty quarrels between the brothers and sisters, and highhanded disagreements. There was not one who would not have been glad to break off from the rest; and so the young men, cold of nature, and warped of mind, and bearing the family curse of intolerant pride, went their several ways as early in life as possible. The church had not been Kenneth's choice, and his conscience stung him sharply, when, after a struggle, he accepted it as his vocation. His soul was not in his work, but he was not brave enough to accept what his life had taught him to regard as a lower lot, or to labor and wait with patience. So he took up the task, which should have thrilled him to his heart's core, with a sense of its divine purpose, and took it up coldly, though with an inward resolve to do it all honor, as far as a conscientious outward

It so chanced that Steenie did not meet him at { the Rectory for several weeks after their accidental encounter, though she heard him preach several times. And though he had forgotten her very existence, as soon as he left her at the iron gates, the moment that he caught sight of her among his congregation, Kenneth Dart knew her again. He scarcely understood how it was. He was not prone to receive impressions easily, and he was singularly free from any youthful weakness, in the matter of feminine attractions, but he knew the girl's face in an instant. It was not only that it was a fair, fresh face-it was a good face, a face with a meaning, youthful as it was. There was purpose in it, truth in it, brightness in it; it was the sort of face to encourage one to believe in the world, or, at least, to think leniently of it. Whatsoever the young hand found to do would be done with all its might. This was the woman God had made, albeit her womanhood was but just in its earliest dawn; this was the woman God had made, and life held no power to spoil.

I do not mean to say that Kenneth Dart saw all this; he was not, in those days, the man to follow such a train of thought; with him it was simply a matter of being attracted or repeiled, and here he found himself attracted.

He did not make any inquiries concerning her, however, and, perhaps, because he felt so little anxiety about the matter, information came to him without his having made any effort to gain it. In his daily labors among the poorer people, he found a certain influence at work which now and then surprised him. There was some one person in Gowanham, who was not only dear to these poor people, but near to them in the truest sense of the word. There was some one who had been before him, and who had crept into hearts that were as sealed books to himself; there was some one who helped these people, and gave them cheery counsel and bright words, and there was not one of them who had not affection and praise for this some one; and she was only a girl after

He found this out one of the miserable foggy November days, when he was making some visits, in one of his bitterest and most dissatisfied moods. He was i.l and wretched—he was often ill, and often wretched—and just on this particular evening his life seemed to him to be at its worst.

He had called at one house, and found one child sick, the rest in an uproar, and the hardworked mother in a state of irritated despair; and, after the first commonplaces, he was sitting wondering miserably what to say or do next, when the latch was lifted, and the sick boy gave a little cry of delight.

"I'm so glad!" he said, quite hysterically, poor child. "I thought you weren't going to come!" And Dart, glancing round, rose from his seat at once, at sight of the bright face, and the slight figure clad in gray, like some youthful pilgrim.

It seemed as if the whole state of affairs altered at once. The quarreling children ceased their bickerings, the boy's pale face quite glowed, and even the care-worn mother appeared to recover something of spirit before the girl had been in the house ten minutes. She set her small basket on the table, and began to take some packages out.

"Mrs. Denham sent them," she explained. "There is some ten here too, and a bottle of wine for Joey. And Joey, here is the picture-book, the one about the travelers. Children, who is going to put the kettle en for mother's tea? She is so tired."

Having emptied the basket, she knelt down by Joe's couch for a minute or so, turning over the leaves of the book and explaining the pictures, talking in a low tone, and at last Kenneth heard the word "patient," and saw the boy color faintly.

"I tried to be," he said. "And I think I was until I thought you were not coming, and then my head ached so, and the children were so noisy, and—and——" But Kenneth lost the rest. She could not stay very long. She was obliged to return to the Rectory, she said. She had promised to take tea with Mrs. Denham, and it was late already; so, with a few more words to Joey, she took the empty basket, and was going out, when Kenneth spoke to her, leaving his seat.

"I am going to the Rectory myself," he said, a trifle awkwardly. "May I have the pleasure of carrying this?" And he held out his hand for the basket.

She let him take it, and they walked out into the fog together, he wondering at himself, and wondering at her; she wondering a little also, but only wondering, sympathetically, why he looked so unhappy.

They said very little to each other. She was never talkative, and he was in a silent mood this evening. Simple-minded, steadfast Steenie Bright was sharpening his sting of conscience again, and making him more dissatisfied with himself than ever. It was so plain that her heart was in the work of her hands.

"You—you like this sort of thing!" he broke out, at length.

Steenis looked up quickly, with a troubled wonder in her limpid gray eyes. It was such a singular speech for a man in his position to make, and it was made so abruptly, and in so strange a tone. She had wondered once or twice before why he was so very unlike a minister. He looked very unlike one, with his tall, rather elegant figure, his pale, unhealthy face, and that unsatisfied expression in his dark eyes. It was, perhaps, a natural result of her simple training, that she should have her own ideas of what was clerical.

"Like it?" she echoed, and then modifying her tone of surprise, because some quick, inner sense told her that it grated upon him. "Yes, I like it. It is making people happy, or, at least," with grave conscientiousness, "happier than they would be if we did not try to help them."

"And you never find yourself at a loss, and are never tired of it?"

"I am often at a loss," she answered, "and often discouraged; but one cannot live one's life through without being discouraged, so I am not exactly tired. Life itself is never very easy, you know."

"No," he returned, in gloomy abstraction. "It is not."

He did not know exactly who she was yet, having only heard her spoken of as "Miss Steenie," and it did not occur to him to try to find out. He was thinking of other things, and he strode on in almost entire silence until they reached their destination. There, entering the parlor together, they found good Mrs. Denham awaiting them, and he was roused from his reverie by her greeting. The youthful figure, in its cloak of pilgrim gray, was as welcome here, it seemed, as in the cottages.

"You have found your way back again, my dear child," she said. "How cold you are! Come to the fire. Where did you pick her up, Mr. Dart?"

"I met Miss—Miss—" began Kenneth, and then suddenly awoke to remember that he did not know what to call her. Steenie, standing before the fire, drawing off her neat little gloves, turned to him with one of her bright, unspoiled smiles.

"Nobody has introduced us to each other," she said, to Mrs. Denham. "We forgot all about it, I think."

Mrs. Denham put an affectionate hand on her shoulder, and patted it.

"And he has been all these weeks in Gowanham without knowing you? I thought everybody knew our Steenie Bright, Mr. Dart."

And this was how Kenneth Dart discovered the identity of the influence he had found at work. He found it at work often enough after this, too, and chance seemed continually throwing

him into Steenie Bright's peth. He could har!!y go out without meeting the pretty, quiet, gray figure. He could certainly never go out without hearing of it.

"She is very popular," he once remarked, rather stiffly, to Mrs. Denham. The fact was, the time came when the girl seemed an actual reproach to him.

"She is very good," was the brief reply.

Not long after this, the Little Shop had a visitor who had never entered its doors before. One evening, just before closing-time, Mr. Kenneth Dart made his appearance, rather to Steenie's surprise. And he did not come to make a purchase, either, or, if he had come to make one, he quite forgot it. He had something to say about some poor people who were a great trouble to him; but even after he had said it, he did not go away, but remained, talking. When at last he did go, Steenie found herself feeling both bewildered and pained, though she scarcely knew why. She never spent five minutes with the man without being vaguely conscious that he was moody and dissatisfied, even though they so seldom spoke to each other; and this night she felt more sure of his unhappiness than ever: and when she went into the kitchen, to Tibby, she sat so long in silence on her low stool, before the fire, that the old woman asked what troubled

"Trouble," she said, looking up a little. "I don't know, exactly, or, perhaps —— Well, yes, it is a sort of trouble. I am puzzled, Tibby."

She was puzzled very frequently before long, and it was always Kenneth Dart who puzzled her. He began to call at the Little Shop two or three times a week, though his visits were necessarily brief, and were, by no means, sentimental ones. Really, she was not quite sure that he liked her as other people did. More than once she had fancied that he was only coldly anxious about her, and was bent on analyzing her in his own way.

One evening, in coming home through the dusk, from a place where she had been unexpectedly detained, she met with an adventure of which her incomprehensible friend was the hero.

She was hurrying down an unfrequented street, feeling rather cold, and very anxious to get home to Tibby and the warm kitchen, when she was checked, by finding an obstacle in her path. Her heart began to beat, in a frightened fashion, all at once. It was such a large obstacle, such a strange obstacle, to be lying across the pavement.

"It looks like a man," she said to herself. "It

must be some one who has fallen. I wonder what is the matter."

It required all her courage to bend down over the prostrate figure, and look into its face; and, having done so, she could not repress a startled cry.

"It is Mr. Dart!" she exclaimed, in a terrified voice. "Oh, poor fellow, how ill he looks!"

And so it was Kenneth Dart, who, having been wretchedly ill all day, had at last broken down, in spite of himself, and fainted, in trying to reach his lodgings.

Steenie knelt down upon the ground, at his side, and lifted his head upon her lap. It was useless to call for help, and if she left him, he might die before she could bring any one; at least noting his deathly pallor, and remembering what she had heard Mrs. Denham say, she felt it would be hazardous to go away without reviving him.

But, it was a hard task; for, though she rubbed his hands and heart until her slight wrists ached, more than once she was afraid that she should be compelled to go for help. But, just as she was on the point of giving up in despair, she felt that he stirred, and so bent down, and putting her lips close to his ear, spoke to him.

"Mr. Dart," she said, "Mr. Dart, do you hear me?"

She was tremulous with cold, but she managed to speak in a clear voice, and its sound brought him back to the world. He grouned faintly, and when she redoubled her efforts to rouse him, he opened his eyes, and started at seeing in the dusk her shadowy figure and white face bending over him.

- "Is—is this death?" he exclaimed, fearfully.
- "You fainted," she answered him, trembling, "and I found you lying here. I don't know how long it is since you fell. Oh, Mr. Dart, how glad I am to hear you speak."

He tried to raise himself, but fell back upon her arm, and lay there for a minute, before he could utter a word.

- "Don't try to get up, yet," she said. "I can hold you, if you only will not faint again."
- "I cannot see you, plainly," he answered, at length; "but I think I know your voice. It is Miss Bright, from the Little Shop, is it not?"
- "Yes," she replied, crying a little, though she tould not have told why. "Steenie, you know."

This was all they said to each other, until he felt himself strong enough to rise, and even then, Steenie helping him to his feet, and seeing how weak he was, almost feared he would fall again.

"You must lean on my shoulder," she said.

"Don't be afraid of letting your weight rest on
me. I am stronger than I look."

"But I cannot bear to try you this way," broke out Kenneth, feeling terribly impatient at his own feebleness, and forgetting how sharp his nervous voice would sound. "You had better leave me here, Miss Bright."

Steenie looked up at him with both surprise and pain in her face, but she recovered herself, an instant later. She was used to the irritability of people who were weak and unstrung.

"I am sure I can take you home, if you will let me," she said. "And I cannot leave you here, in the cold."

So, submitting to her influence, as people always did, he was fain to try once more, and exerted himself to the utmost, even though he felt her trembling beneath his weight. He was not even able to make up to her for her perseverance when he reached his lodgings, for then the light and warmth so overpowered him, that he fainted again, and it was all Steenie and his landlady could do to get him to the sofa. Steenie was still near him when he recovered, and in his intense prostration he found a curious sense of comfort in the mere sight of her face.

"You are very kind to me," he said, weakly, but that was all he had strength to utter.

She waited a little to see that he was really improving, and then she came to the sofa and settled his cushions with a light, practised hand, before leaving him.

"You must try to go to sleep after Mrs. Rhys has given you a cup of tea," she said. "And now I must bid you good-night."

it is languid eyes upraising themselves, because her face was so near, caught such a view of it as they had never had before, and meeting his gaze, Steenie blushed innocently. On his part, he was merely recognizing what a very sweet and youthful face it was, and how pure and fresh it looked, under the shadow of the gray, straw hat.

It was quite natural that such an episode should make them better friends than they had been before. They saw each other often, and when they met at the Rectory, Kenneth fell into the habit of walking home to the Little Shop with its young proprietress. He liked to be with her; girl as she was, she satisfied him, somehow. And Steenie, herself, often found the walks home pleasant as a memory. But Kenneth did not satisfy her. From the first he had puzzled a ... even pained her by his singularities: and as she began to know and like him better, she found herself oftener hurt in an undefined way. He made speeches that startled her, and he was occasionally saturnine and gloomy. Perhaps it was this that made her begin to grow thoughtful, and a little silent herself in time. She was silent and thoughtful, at any rate. Old Tibby noticed it, in fact, and noticed, too, the habit she contracted of sitting on her stool, before the fire, holding puss on her lap, and looking grave and absent.

It was nearly twelve months after the new curate's coming to Gowanham, that Steenie, passing out of the Little Shop, one afternoon, encountered him striding rapidly down the street, hurried and breathless, and as she saw that he did not notice her, she stopped him to deliver a message.

"Mr. Dart!" she was beginning. "If you please-"

He quite started at the sound of her voice, and drew back.

"Don't come near me," he said. "You have not heard. No. I see you have not. The fever has broken out in its most violent form in several houses, almost simultaneously. I have just come from a place where two children are dying, and the rest are sickening with it. I am glad I have met you in time to give you warning. You must not go near Lower Gowanham, on any account, Miss Bright."

Steenie turned pale. In her childhood she remembered just such an epidemic sweeping over the place, and, young as she had been, she had never forgotten the horror of the time.

- "But, if I am wanted," she said, "the poor people in Lower Gowanham are all my friends, you know."
- "It would be sheer madness to go," he said, and then stopped short and looked at her as if a new thought had struck him. "And yet I believe you would go," he added, a tritle sharply, "if the greatest scoundrel in the place called for you."
- "If I could do him any good I would go," she said. "Tell me what it will be best for me to do now?"
- "You must do nothing," was his reply; "but try to escape the contagion. That is the only thing your friends ought to allow you to do, apart from preparing assistance in the shape of clothes and nourishing food. Are you on your way to the Rectory?"
 - "Yes."
- "Then you may put together whatever you think will be useful, and when I have changed my clothes I will come to the house."

Steenie, going on her way, reached the Rectory just in time to intercept Mrs. Denham, who, hearing of the epidemic, was on the point of going out to make inquiries.

"You must not go, Mrs. Denham," she said.

"It is the fever." And though she spoke with great calmness, there was a deep anxiety in her resolute young face.

Kenneth Dart came in the course of half-anhour, and found two baskets prepared instead of one, good old Mrs. Denham in tears, and Steenie still dressed to go out.

- "You are surely not thinking of going among those people yourself," he said, excitedly, when she took one of the baskets from the table, evidently with the intention of accompanying him.
- "You are going," she answered, "and it will be no worse for me than it is for you."
- "You are a woman—I am a man. You have no right to expose yourself. There is no need—" She stopped him.
- "There must be need if there is danger—the greater the danger the more need. If you please, Mrs. Denham," turning to her friend, "if you please tell him you think I am doing right."

Rector's wife as she was, the dear old lady had her weaknesses, and surely the most natural of them was her love for pretty Steenie Bright.

"My dear," she said, tearfully, "I do not think you could do wrong, if you tried; but I cannot help thinking.—I really cannot help thinking my love.——" And she quite broke down in the excess of her motherly fear.

But Steenie stood her ground. She looked straight at Kenneth Dart, with the first touch of girlish fire in her eyes he had ever felt the power of.

"You know I am right," she said. "And I would rather die because I had helped people who were suffering, than live because I had left them to bear everything alone."

He did not say another word against her. He went out of the room in silence. For a moment she had felt a tiny spark of indignation against him; but the instant it died out reaction followed, and she was sorry, just as a child might have been. She did not like to speak to him, and he did not speak to her, so they walked on without exchanging a word until they reached their destination. Then, just as he laid his hand upon the latch, Steenie's trouble became too much for her, and she looked up at him with her timid pain in her eyes.

"Mr. Dart," she faltered. "If you please, are you—— Have I made you angry with me?"

If she had been a child who had done him some wrong, she could not have spoken more simply. And she was so much better than he was—so far above him! His heart had never quickened at any speech or look of hers before, but it quickened then. And yet she did not speak very warmly.

"I have no right to be angry," he said. " I } am only fearful. Gowanham cannot do without you."

The gentle, troubled heart, under the pilgrim gray beat a little sadly. It had often beaten sadly of late, though the reason for its sadness was Steenie's own secret.

★If Gewanham cannot do without me, God will take care of me," she said, in a soft, half whisper. And then they passed in together.

If I intended to tell the story of what, for years after, was called the plague at Gowanham, my narrative would be a long one, for it was months before the epidemic died entirely away. My work, however, is only to write a simple histery connected with the Little Shop, and its young mistress, and there it must end.

During the weeks of suffering, Steenie Bright did her work so well and bravely that even her nearest friends wondered. The slender young figure in pilgrim gray, passed from house to house, and from bedside to bedside, an almost angelic presence. It seemed that, in truth, Gowanham could not afford to lose her, for the scourge never fell, even lightly, upon her, though she grew paler and thinner, with her labor and watching. And her work brought forth double fruit, though she was quite unconscious of it. There was one man. who, in his self-enforced labor, looked on at her with a sting of conscience sometimes too hard to bear. Hers was the work of love; his a cold, bought sacrifice; and he had been weary of it before he had taken it into his hands. His earnestness was so great a mockery, hers so fair a truth. And so it was that the gentle face, and half-sad eyes were a greater and more constant reproach to him than ever.

She was very quiet in those days, he noticed, and there was often a shadow on her once bright face. She was tired out, and well she might be, he told himself. It never occurred to him that she might have other cause for sadness. But good, motherly Mrs. Denham became anxious, and accused her of being ill, and at last, one night, when she came in, took possession of her, and kept her prisoner.

"If you were any one else but Steenie Bright, I should say you had a little secret, and were not quite happy," she said; "but I know Steenie Bright so well that I am sure she is only weak and worn out. There, my dear, you must not think of stirring. You are going to sit in the Rector's chair, and drink the tea I bring you, and do nothing but watch the fire until you fall asleep."

So Steenie was obliged to submit after a weak little protest, to which Mrs. Denham replied by { dishonest pretence. I will keep up no longer. Vol. LXVI.—4

kissing her with tears in her eyes; and when later in the evening Kenneth Dart came in, he found her lying in the Rector's chair, wrapped in a big shawl, and fast asleep-a wearied, innocent little figure, breathing softly, the pale, sweet face drooping upon the cushions.

Mrs. Denham had been called out, so he went to the hearth, and stood there regarding the girl with a new feeling of unrest. He was ill himself, weary, and broken down; indeed, he had feared, more than once, during the day, that his turn had come at length.

Perhaps the unconscious intensity of his gaze had some magnetic influence, for, in the midst of his reverie, Steenie stirred, and the next instant her eyes opened full upon him as he watched her. She gave him a faint, sweet smile, but did not stir, she felt such luxury of comfort in her warmth and idleness.

"Mr. Dart!" she said. "When did you come in? Do you want to see Mrs. Denham?"

"Not especially," he answered. myself the question, I believe it is you I want to see."

She moved then, sitting up, and looking at him anxiously.

"You are ill!" she exclaimed. "You are afraid

"Hush!" he said. "Don't be frightened. It is not that, though I am far from well. Miss Bright, I have come to you for advice. No. I have come to make a confession to you."

"To me!" "To me!" she said.

It was so evident that she did not understand him, that he felt his humiliation all the more keenly.

"Yes," he said, "to you. I have come to tell you what a paltry coward I am; what a hypocrite I have shown myself; how unworthy I am even of common respect."

And then he poured forth the whole story. It was a hard enough story too-doubly hard for Steenie to listen to. Often as he had puzzled her, she had never dreamed of the truth being what he showed her it was, that his heart had never been in his work, and that he had not even tried to deceive himself into the belief that it was so. It was a strange thing he was doing-pouring out his remorse to this inexperienced girl; a little girl, who had spent her life among worsteds and darning-needles, behind the counter of a Gowanham Shop; and yet he had never been tempted te tell the whole truth to any one but Steenie Bright; and but for Steenie Bright he might never have told it at all.

"My life is a lie," he said, in the end. "A

I am not fit for the position I hold, you must }

"No," she answered, simply and sorrowfully, "you are not." And I doubt if, even in the happier future, he knew exactly what it cost her to utter the words.

"I will make what reparation I can," he said next. "I will tell Mr. Denham what I have told you, and I will go away from Gowanham forever."

She turned so pale that he could not help seeing it.

"Forever!" she said.

"You do not think," he said, startled by the sound of her voice, "you do not think it better that I should remain?"

"No," she answered, still in the same curiously-strained tone. "I think it better that you should go." And all at once she dropped her face upon her hands, and hid it in the cushions. But it was only for a minute. She looked up at him shortly, and spoke again. "I am very sorry," she said, softly. "I have no words to tell you how sorry I am for you, and how this has hurt me."

"If prayers are ever answered," he said, "yours will be so. Pray for me."

It was scarcely three minutes after he said this, that Steenie noticed that a faint tremor passed over him, and he leaned his head upon his hand. Then she saw that he turned ashen pale, and before she could disentangle herself from her trappings, and spring to his assistance, he was lying upon the hearth, looking just as he had looked the evening she found him stretched across the pavement, in the cold and fog.

There was no need to call for help. Chance brought Mrs. Denham into the room almost as soon as he fell, and the old lady, on entering, found her much-loved Steenie Bright kneeling by the insensible form of her husband's curate.

"It is the fever, again, Mrs. Denham," said the poor child. "People who have fought against it so long are often struck down in this way, and," with a strange, despairing sob, "I never knew one of them to get better."

It was a great shock Mrs. Denham met with that night, for just that one night, at the curato's bedside, taught her a secret whose existence she had never before suspected.

"Don't send me away," said Steenie, when she insisted on her going to sleep. "Don't send me away, Mrs. Denham. I have worked for other people, and waited on them, and——Oh, don't send me away from him."

Her passionate, yet half-unconscious emphasis soft, trustful voice, half timidly. And then he on the last word told the whole story. And so thanked her, in a subdued, rather agitated tone,

she staved while Kenneth Dart went down alone to the very gates of death, and every watcher at his side thought each hour would be his last. But the gates were not to swing backward this time. Mrs. Denham said it was because he was faithfully watched and tended; because a desperate, clinging, girlish hand held him back; and its owner having earned a gift from Heaven. prayed so submissively yet so yearningly for this one life, that it was given. At any rate, Kenneth Dart was snatched, as it were, from the grave. It was Steenie who had saved him, Mrs. Denham declared, when he strove to thank her. He must thank Steenie. And though she spoke a trifle constrainedly, she could not help softening at his answer, given with passionate fervor, despite his feebleness.

"I am not worthy to touch the hem of her garment," he said. "God help me."

No one knew but himself how near the girl had grown to his unrestful heart during his sufferings. No one but himself knew how one night, when he had awakened from a stupor, as he thought, alone and dying, he had found the faithful, helpful young face at his side, and Steenie Bright had knelt by his pillow, his desperate hand clinging to hers, as she prayed, until she won him rest.

There were a hundred other incidents which had drawn them together, too, and, in working upon him, had brought hope to his soul. It was a strangely humbled and altered man who sat in the Rector's chair ten weeks after he had fallen prostrate at Steenie's feet in the midst of his confession. He was beginning to learn a new lesson, and it was Steenie Bright who had taught him its rudiments.

It was quite ten weeks before Mrs. Denham would hear of her favorite going back to her old place, behind the counter of the Little Shop; but at the end of that time Steenie was resolute, and made her small preparations to go.

"Tibby wants me, I know," she said, with a quiet smile. "And the shop needs attention. And as to puss, why, I haven't seen poor puss since the fever broke out among the little Morgans."

Accordingly, after tea, she went up stairs to the library, where Kenneth was sitting alone by the fire, and she went to bid him good-by. She stopped to talk to him for a little while, standing on the opposite side of the hearth, and replying to his remarks in her pretty, modest way. She was glad he was better; he would be quite strong, now, and happier, she hoped. This last, in her soft, trustful voice, half timidly. And then he thanked her, in a subdued, rather agitated tone,

and there was silence; so Steenie turned to go.

"Good-night," she said, shaking hands with him, and left him, her eyes blinded all in a moment with tears, so that she could scarcely see the flickering light.

But when she reached the door she heard his voice.

"Steenie!" he cried. And he had never called her Steenie before.

It was all she could do to speak aloud, but she managed it with a struggle.

"Yes, Mr. Dart," she answered. "Do you want anything?"

Weak and ill as he was, he rose to his feet, looking so fearfully thin and pale that the mere sight of him sent a new pang through her heart.

"Don't get up," she faltered. "Let me give you what you want."

"I want you," he said.

And then he caught sight of something which gave him a heart-pang too, and a passionate one.

"Are those tears in your eyes?" he cried.

"Yes," said Steenie, and stood before him, with wet, dropped lashes, tremulous as before a judge.

Almost the next moment she felt his arms clasping her.

"My poor little lamb," he said. "Why are they there? Is it because——"

"It is because I could not bear to leave you, {anham's curate was as and think you did not care;" she whispered; and wife had been herself.

there the innocent, sorrowful voice broke, for she could say no more.

That night the Rector heard his curate's story from beginning to end; and while it was told Steenie sat on a low stool at Kenneth Dart's feet, with her quiet hand in his. And when the confession was ended, there was a little silence, in which the Rector bent his head thoughtfully, and the gentle hand clung to Kenneth's with a closer, tenderer clasp.

Then the Rector spoke:

"And you wish to take up your work again?"

Kenneth answered him with a silent gesture. Then the old man looked at Steenie.

"My dear," he said, "you have a tender faith in him, at least, and you have promised to help him."

"Yes," answered Steenie, in her low, clear voice.

The Rector, after a moment's thoughtful looking at the red fire, turned to them both once more.

"I can trust him," he said. "The man you love is to be trusted. We will begin again."

And so they did; and the Little Shop being closed, its young mistress entered into a new existence, and was so faithful to her loving task of brightening and purifying the shadowed life she had taken into her tender hands, that, in the end, its record was as fair a one as her own; and Gowanham's curate was as well beloved as his young wife had been herself.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I see the lone Campagna round me lying, Vague in the moon and vast.

I hear the night-wind desolately sighing, From out the dead, dead Past.

The Alban hills, with dim tunditions heary, Like brooding prophets rise.

The Sabine mountains, snow-clad, crowned with glory, Walk, saintly, in the skies.

And far away, a silver streak is shining Out on the lonely sea,

That means, and means, and means, forever pining For what no more shall be.

Across the plain the aqueducts come creeping, Maimed dragons to their lair.

The myriad dead, unshriven round me sleeping, With white ghosts fill the air.

A phantom mist of cohorts, legions, streaming Along the tomb-girt way,

To vanish tow'rds the city, millions gleaming In skeleton array.

I seem to hear them, out of sight, still tramping With dull, unearthly tread; Or round the fun'ral Palatine encamping, Whole armies of the dead.

Again the Colosseum shakes with thunder, The shouts as martyrs die.

Again—but see! the white mist parts asunder, The moon sails calm on high.

Ah, blessed sign! Yet not the sole one given, Far o'er the plain afar,

St. Peter's dome, its cross advanced to heaven, Shines like the morning star.

Rome, flerce and cruel ever, her dominions Bought with her victims' blood;

Tearing the nations' hearts; with vulture pinions
Above her prey she stood.

She sowed, and she has reaped; she took the wages Of murder and of lust;

God let the iron gall her soul for ages, And eat it out with rust.

Scourged on through centuries, her expiations
At last have won release.

White-robed, redeemed, she yet may lead the nations, This time to heights of peace!

MISS ALCASTOR.

BY JULIA A. BASTMAN.

"SHE is an iceberg. She is a stone."

" Ah?"

"Yes; and if there is anything colder than the one, and harder than the other, Miss Alcastor is that thing."

"Bad for Miss Alcastor," said De Leon. Then he turned, and gave a glance over the shoulder which was not toward Annie Volney, and saw a slight girl, in a plain, black dress, who was seated under the great lamps, and in front of the piano. All the lights of the vast parlor seemed to converge toward the piano as their center, and in the midst of all the glitter, and glow, and scintillant, slanting beams, was contrasted this sombre figure, with a drooping grace, its white face, and large, dark eyes, sad with a profound and unutterable sadness. "Very bad for Miss Alcastor," he reiterated, adding, "but she sings well."

"And she should sing well. Is she not paid to do it? Is she not here for that purpose?'

Miss Volney, the speaker, had the voice of a siren, and she had the face of an angel. Both of these properties she employed to emphasize words which, in the language of a certain old book, were "sharper than any two-edged sword." Edward De Leon turned toward her, now. It was the least of all little hands that lay, ungloved, upon his arm. It was the most innocent of all dimpled faces, which, through a floating haze of fair hair, lifted up eyes of timid appealing to his own. Could it be that this woman. lovely as some creation of an artist's inspired dream, could fling forth these venomous taunts? "Miss Alcastor," the cooing voice went on,

"Miss Alcastor is under ban here, as you know." "As I do not know. Have compassion on my benighted state."

Up and down the great, bright room they walked. The dark-eyed girl at the piano was Finding. It was a voice like a wail. There was a weird, indescribable pathos even in its gladdest tones. Doors and windows were flung wide. was a soft, August night. Outside, in the garden, the white, tall lilies stood up, and bowed their heads like spirits in prayer. The roses, bending lower, sent out tokens to the south wind from the heavy languors of fragrant hearts. The new moon hung out her horn over the hills. Away up the glooming mountains a forest-fire extends to the daughter."

burned vivid red against the soft summer dark, and, low down, in the levels that bordered the river, a whipp'o-wil was singing a shrill, sorrowful cry that, throbbing on the night air, was borne up to mingle with the tones of the young girl's voice, which floated out through the open casements of Cliff House. How the two strains seemed to mingle and greet one another, out there, in the tender gloom, like sentient spirits, towering above the shadowy garden-land! All this flashed in an instant across my hero's mind: for Edward De Leon is my hero. Perhaps you divined as much. My hero, and I trust he will be yours, though candor forces from me the confession that he is not of the regulation nineteenthcentury heroism at all. He has never survived any incredible perils by sea or land; never committed suicide, fratricide, or any other cide; has never shot down his man in California, fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, divorced a wife or two in Indiana, or claimed to be some one other than himself. He is a young man, just past fourand-twenty, carrying his bright-haired head, Saullike, above others; a man among men, with a strong right arm, eyes that look the world squarely in the face, and a heart brave as any knight of the Round Table, but a heart-I confide this to you-with a soft place in it for poor old women. for sick little babies, for wounded creatures of any species, and with a liability to wax tender at certain times and seasons, such as summernights, under the blink of stars; winter gloamings, under still, soft snowfalls; dim, twilight churches, where he would drop on his knees, beside I know not what squalor, and pray as he never did or could in the well-padded pew of the De Leon's, in Faith Church, New York. This is the young fellow who now walks up and down, turning his footsteps to suit the pair of slippered feet tripping beside him, and who bends head, eyes, and ears toward Miss Volney, as she goes along.

"We are orthodox at Cliff House," continued Miss Volney, "and Miss Alcastor-well, she is not orthodox? Then her father did something frightful in New York, a few years ago." The voice dropped into a fear-oppressed whisper. "Defrauded some person there; and, oh, he was a terrible character, and, of course, the disgrace

"Of course," repeated De Leon. iquity of the fathers being visited en the children!''

Miss Volney glanced quickly up. She could not tell exactly what De Leon meant.

"But you know," she went on, after awhile, "we can have no dealings with such persons. 'From such withdraw thyself.'"

"'He receiveth publicans and sinners, and eateth with them.'" quoted De Leon, in reply. There was a pause.

I suppose every one remembers Cliff House. It had been commenced for a palace, and by a development, only too well known in this age of financial crises, had been metamorphosed into an hotel. Just now it was controlled by a physician, who had combined with its conduct the sanitary idea. But still it was a showy pile of roofs and gables, its towers and chimneys clear-cut against the bluest of blue skies, its lofty rooms opening on the most spacious of verandas, and its shaded paths winding through the most luxuriant of gardens. It "accommodated"—and the word in this case was no sarcasm-a hundred guests, and this season the number was full. There was the usual combination of all sorts of people. But the majority were of the intolerant character, socially and otherwise, and owing to a prejudice which had been sufficiently indicated in Miss Volney's remarks, Miss Alcastor's way was made very hard for her.

Annie Volney was the belle of Cliff House. For this eminence she was indebted to her crown of golden locks, and her dower of golden dollars. As to what of solid merit lay below the one, and behind the other, perhaps the less said the better. In fact, it portends nothing to the present tale.

"Ah, there she is at the organ!" said De Leon to himself, next morning. He had stolen into chapel for the early prayers, which were an idiosyncrasy of Cliff House. He had subsided into a back seat, and was watching the worshipers, as they came sauntering in; men in easy morning coats, women in fresh, crisp cambric, white, or daintiest tints of lilac, green, and azure, with sundry garnishings of ribbon at throat and waist. A cheery, pleasant picture, altogether, whereof De Leon, all unwittingly formed a part, leaning back after his careless fashion, the firm, lofty outlines of his face showing with cameo clearness against the dark panel background, and a wandering shaft of golden light smiting across the masses of his hair.

"There she is," and the organ notes began to rise, and to throb overhead, sweet, soft notes of } a strain whose plaintiveness De Leon was all too \obliged to come to me for her key."

"The in- { unlearned musically to recognize as Mendelssohn. It was just then-just as Annie Volney came tripping down the aisle, luminous in the prettiest of embroidered morning robes, that Dr. Leon turned, and saw Miss Alcastor in her place as organist. Above her a window of stained glass poured its crimson glories down, touching her bent head, gliding to her garment's hem, and leaving her as with a lingering caress. But her face was in shadow, and by daylight it was more whitely pallid than under the evening lamps; darker, too, and sadder. Oh, so much sadder, seemed the large, glooming eyes, and by the instinct that, in his deepest heart, never failed to assert itself at the presence of suffering, De Leon felt himself drawn toward this lonely creature, in her wellkept, but cheap black-dress, who showed, in her every posture, her consciousness of being, as Miss Volney had said, "under ban."

> Prayers were over. De Leon lingered unmoved by the smile of invitation telegraphed across to him from a certain pair of blue eyes, lingered until, as Miss Alcastor turned in her place, and proceeded to close the organ, one of the musicbooks fell from her hand, and dropped upon the floor. Then he sprang, picked it up, and giving it back to her, with some murmured commonplace, he met a direct glance of the young girl's eyes. Never from that moment did he forget how the pathos of their mute appeal thrilled through him. "It wasn't the kind of thing to talk about," he said to a friend afterward. "That hunted look, as of a creature at bay, as well as under ban; the look of eyes not wont to meet other eyes, and find them kind; a hungry look, as of a soul going out after something which it did not get; a look part tenderness, but part defiance; for this was not a nature whose high spirit could humble under persecution, and return sweetness for taunts; such a look, withal, as De Leon had never before fronted in any woman's eyes. you understand the impulse which caused him to throw down the music-book, to step to her side, and take the heavy organ-lid into his own hands? His words were the most ordinary; but to the one who spoke them they had a deeper significance. "Let me help you," he said, and Miss Alcastor, never lifting her eyes, bowed her head, and sped away down the little chapel aisle, through light and over shadow, the gold and purple glories raining down their luminous showers upon her as she went: fled from him, and was gone.

De Leon closed the organ, locked it, and pocketed the key.

"Angry with me, I suppose, for speaking to her," he thought; "but angry or not, she will be She came for it that evening, and asked as a { queen might.

From that hour the young organist, in her poor, black dress, became to De Leon the central personality of the place. It was, in fact, a very unpleasant position, that of Miss Alcastor. You may think little of these minor persecutions. While a world is lying in wickedness; while the whole creation is groaning; while kingdoms are being rent, battles fought, and lives sacrificed; while all the tragedies of this human life are being enacted: it seems a very small thing to you, doubtless, that one young woman, here among the green hills, is being pursued to the death by the dragon of a social ostracism. All the same, it was grievous to be borne; and Edward De Leon, whose life had been one long trail of sunshine, from his soft cradle to the spring-bed of this present, was conscious of his whole chivalric soul rising up, as though he had been some knight of yore, and Miss Alcastor, an enchanted maiden, persecuted of demons, and sore tested.

"I have made a discovery," confided Miss Volney to our friend one day. The time was the evening twilight; a gold and purple afterglow, flushing all above, and transfiguring all below. De Leon was strolling along the garden paths, and Miss Volney and another of her race and species had just revealed themselves to him from a Wisteria-arbor. "The discovery is this. What would you give to knew the name of the man whom Miss Alcastor's father defrauded?"

"What would I give? Really, I fear I must be deplorably wanting in curiosity." De Leon's tone was not encouraging. But that mattered little to the speaker. On she went, bending near, until her red lips nearly touched his ear.

"The name of that wretch's victim, by the oddest of coincidences, was—— Would you believe it? The name was——"

"De Leon!"

Another voice had taken up the word. Another figure stepped out of the shadows of the shrubbery, and stood before them.

"Miss Alcastor!" gasped Annie Volney.

"Yes," in a tone scarcely above a whisper. The young girl was gazing down at the blonde little lady, with steady eyes; but her face was pale as an early star flashing white against the golden sky.

"Yes," she went on, "the name was De Leon. Nor is this air. it were a pity for such research to stop short of the end. The name was De Leon, and he was the uncle of Mr. De Leon here."

"What, my uncle, Van De Leon?" said De her!" Miss Volney assuredly value. "Then the term victim belongs on the cedent of the pronoun personal.

other side. Let me tell you, Miss Volney," and he turned to her, "since you have thrust his name upon me, that this Van De Leon is the individual, of whose character and career, our family, from old Ponce de Leon, down to your humble servant, have least reason to felicitate ourselves. Shall we go in, Miss Alcastor?" and, turning from Miss Volney, he offered his arm, with the profoundest of obeisances to the music-teacher, and walked away with her.

"Thanks! It was kind of you," was her only remark.

"She is cold. I believe that Annie Volney wasn't far wrong about that," thought De Leon.

The summer days waxed and waned; guests came, and guests went to and from Cliff House; yet, meanwhile, the slight, flexile figure, in its worn black dress, the white face growing daily whiter, the large, sad eyes, larger and sadder, all these were making themselves more and more an abiding picture before our hero's eyes. "It was pity that began it," he confessed, subsequently. "Why, don't you know, if you find a kitten the victim of obloquy, you directly adopt it into your heart? It comes to be a cat of cats. Imagine me, then, rousing up in my ire to champion Miss Alcastor!"

De Leon still kept his seat in chapel near the organ. To be sure, he seldom received a word for his pains, but not unfrequently his watching was rewarded by a look. Do you comprehend how this timid glance of appeal, this flash of shy eyes, the next instant veiled, how it fed his hungry soul for whole days? "And yet it is only that I want to be her friend," he told himself, and himself believed the telling. How he was undeceived, I will explain.

Then came a week, when our hero was laid up in his own room, with an ugly sprain. Seven days there were, long, bright days, the later summer glorifying the whole long and broad land; all the guests of Cliff House in festive motion, and he bound down by this contumacious knee. Through the cool of still mornings, and on the sweet air of evening twilights were borne up to his ear the strains of the organ, strains of grief or gladness, wailing in saddest utterances, or mounting aloft in bursts of triumph; and these he welcomed as messages for himself. Raising himself on his couch, or dragging himself to the door, De Leon listened to every note, moved not, nor spoke, until the last strain had died away on the silence, then sunk back again with the murmured words, "Bless her!" Miss Volney assuredly was not the ante-

"The doctor's people are going to Eagle Crag ; leg hugging Mazeppa's side, and his hand never te-day. The doctor himself, and his wife, and the governess, and the children, and even the old grandmother; just a family party."

"Eagle Crag? Where is that?" asked De Leon. And his servant replied that it was a mountain five miles south of Cliff House.

"Take a carriage to the mountain, and then go up on foot, or with ponies and donkeys."

De Leon looked at his knee, and his look was far from complimentary to that constituent portion of himself.

"If it had been two days later, I could have gone," he muttered.

Four hours later he had gone, and the fashion of his going was on this wise. He had resolved on being present at dinner, had dressed, and was slowly dragging himself down from the last landing, when he met Will, Dr. Tracy's colored boy, rushing up to the family-rooms.

"Miss Brackett! Where's Miss Brackett?" gasped he. Miss Brackett was the oldest nurse in the house, and devoted to the grandmother. A perception of the aged woman's need flashed across De Leon's thought as Will stammered out,

"The doctor says she's to come this minute. She's fell off 'n her horse, and kilt herself dead gwine up the Crag."

"Going up the crag? Grandmother! Well, you are crazy. Grandmother never could-

"Tain't gran'mother, sir, that's dead. She's all right. It's Miss Alcastor."

"Miss Alcastor!" Twenty tongues made the noun an interjection; and the man went on, the words tumbling over one another from his trembling lips.

"Yes, she has jist done killed herself; the pony he stumbled an' fell over the steepest jut o' the bank, and the guide, he let the bridle break, and he tumbled on his back, an' all four hoofs up'ard, and Miss Alc'stor, too, she was a layin' under him."

The next half hour, in De Leon's memory was always a confused dream, as, upon the doctor's own horse, he went rushing across the country, tearing up the hills and down, trees, hedges, and rence-lines speeding away behind him, his lame { Annie Volney and her changed social feeling.

loosening the bridle-rein, until, at a small cottage at the foot of the Crag, he flung himself to the ground.

An open gate, a door flung wide, the odor of camphor, a couch wheeled to the middle of the narrow room, bending forms, and in their midst. more than all, and the center of all, a still, white face, lying among pillows scarcely more still, and white

" Dead."

De Leon did not speak the word, save as silent tongues speak words, is extremity sore as this. to throbbing hearts. He only took a step forward, kneeled beside her there; and touched with lightest touch, the finger-tips of the hand which fell over the bed-side. Was it that touch, they wondered then, all who stood by, that tenderest touch, which brought back consciousness, and flushed the pallid checks with a quick, fleeting color? An instant, and this tinge of color was gone; but in that instant the lifted lids had revealed the dark eyes, had shown to De Leon those soft, sad orbs in all their unspeakable sweetness. If she had passed that instant out beyond his mortal clasp, De Leon would have kept that look through all his human life, and would have been thankful for it to the end. But Miss Alcastor did not die. From that day, as she will tell you. she began to live. She, to whom the world had been little else than a battle-field, for her weak but resolute strivings, she, from that hour, began to learn how good a thing it is to live the sheltered life of a woman beloved.

"Mrs. Edward De Leon nec Alcastor." I heard, not many days ago, a dove-like voice, which had to me a ring of old times, confide to a listening ear. It was near a country-seat, in the highlands of the Hudson, and a low basket-phæton, drawn by gray ponies, had just bowled past. It held a lady and two children.

"She is very beautiful, is she not? Those are her children. The boy is four, the girl two. Mrs. De Leon is charming," and Miss Volney, who spoke, gazed after the vanishing carriage.

And so goes this world of change, and with it

WITHERED FLOWER.

BY LUTHER G. BIGGS.

And thou art withered, lovely flower, Just in the morning of thy bloom ! Thy fragrance lasted but an hour-A blossom only for the tomb!

Plucked by the ruthless hand of Death, From off a fostering parent stem. When thou exhaled thy fragrant breath, A gem dropt from earth's diadem!



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN 8. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 430, VOL. XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Webb entered his master's room, after the young wife had fled from it, he found the patient in a high state of excitement. The flash of his eye, and the vivid color in his cheeks, fairly frightened the good man, who dreaded, above all things, a second attack of the fever, which had already so nearly proved fatal.

"Help me to the couch; wheel it to the window. I want to look out; I want air!" said the young man, flinging himself half off the bed, and reeling toward the couch, on which he dropped, panting and so helpless, that he could only enforce his first order by a gesture. Webb folded the dressing-gown over his master, and wheeled the couch close to the window.

"Open it! Open it!" gasped the young man, impatiently.

Webb threw open a leaf of the French window, and, struggling to his elbow, young Hurst leaned out, scanning the flower-garden with bright and eager eyes. But the arm on which he leaned trembled with weakness, and soon gave way. His head fell upon the cushions, and his eyes closed wearily.

"I cannot see her," he murmured, under his breath. "I cannot see her. She could not have escaped if it had been real. Ah, me! Why should dreams mock me so?"

"Let me close the window," said Webb, anxiously. "The air is too much for you."

"Yes, close it," answered Hurst, with a sigh:
"but first look out, and tell me if you see any
one moving among the flowers."

Webb stepped into the balcony, and examined the grounds beneath it. As he did this, a gust of wind swept through the opposite door, and carried with it a folded paper, which had fallen from the invalid's hand, when he staggered up from the bed.

"No," said Webb, closing the window. "I see no one but a young woman going round to the servant's entrance."

"A young woman! Who is it?"

"No one that I have seen before. Nay, now that I look again, it is the young woman from the public over in the village." "What is she doing here?" questioned Hurst, impatiently.

"Come on some errand from her mistress to the housekeeper, most likely," answered Webb. "At first I almost thought it was old Jessup's daughter; but for the lift of her head, and the swing in her walk, one might take her for that."

"Old Jessup's daughter! Don't talk like a fool, Webb," said the young man, rising to his elbow again, flushed and angry. "As if there could be a comparison."

Webb very sensibly made no reply to this; but thinking that his master might be vexed because Lady Rose had not brought her usual offering of flowers that morning, changed the subject with crafty adroitness.

"Lady Rose has gone out to drive in the pony carriage. Sir Hugh would have it so," he explained.

"Yes, I dare say," muttered Hurst, indifferently. "She stays about the house too much. It is very tiresome."

The young man never closed his eyes after this, and, with both hands under his head, lay thinking.

"It was so real. I felt her kiss on my lips when I awoke. Her hand was in mine. She looked frightened. She left something. Webb!"

"Yes, Mr. Walton!"

"Look on the bed. I have lost something—a paper. Find it for me. Find it."

Webb went to the bed, flung back the delicate coverlet, and the down quilt of crimson silk: but found nothing either there or among the pillows.

"There is nothing here, sir!"

"Look again. There must be a paper. I felt it in my hand. There must be a paper."

"Really, Mr. Walton, there is nothing of the kind."

"Look on the floor—everywhere. I tell you it was too real. Somewhere you will find it."

Webb searched the bed again, and examined the carpet with a look of uneasiness on his face.

"The fever has come back," he thought. "He is getting wild, again. What can have done it?

ing like a baby."

Troubled with these thoughts, the faithful fellow went on, searching the room, without the least shadow of expectation that he would find anything. At last he rose from his knees, and repeated,

"There is nothing here, sir."

Hurst uttered a deep sigh, and turned his head away, weak and despondent.

"Dreams, dreams," he thought. "She is always coming, but never comes—never. Ah, this is too cruel. Can it be so clear, and yet a dream ?"

Webb came up to the couch, hesitating and The flush was still on his master's anxious. face. His eyelids were closed, but they were quivering, and the long, dark lashes were damp with scarcely-suppressed tears.

"Something has happened. Who has dared to disturb you?" said Webb, touched and anxious.

"Dreams, Webb, dreams—nothing else. Help me back to bed."

Webb obeyed this request with great tenderness, and, in a few moments, Hurst lay upon the pillows he had left with such a burst of wild hope, completely prostrated.

"Don't let me sleep again," he murmured, "Not in the day-time. Such rest is a wearily. cheat.'

"Ah, you will not care to sleep now," said the servant, " for here comes Lady Rose, with her carriage full of ferns and flowers, from the woods. She said, this morning, that the splendor of our roses only wearied you, and she would find something so fresh and sweet that no one could help admiring them. Ah, Mr. Walton, the young lady never tires of thinking what will please you best."

"I know-I know," answered Heath, impatiently. "She is good to every one."

Just then a sweet, cheerful voice was heard in the hall. Directly the door opened softly, and Lady Rose came in, carrying an armful of ferns and delicate wild flowers held close to her bosom.

"See, what I have brought you," she said, looking down upon her fragrant burden with child-like delight. "I saw how tired you were of those great standard roses, and the ragged snow of our Japan lilies. Arrange them as I would, they never made your eyes brighten once. But these are so lovely; great, blue violets, such as only grow around the old summer-house on the black lake. And such ferns! You never saw anything so dewy and delicate. Sir Noel and I brought them away in quantities; one goes to the lake so seldom, you know. Upon my word, and looked into the opposite mirror, where she

He seemed so quiet when I went out-was sleep- { Walton, I do think such things thrive best in the See !" shadows.

> Lady Rose had seated herself on the couch which the sick man had just left, and with her soft, blonde hair, relieved by the purple velvet of the cushions, dropped the flowers into her lap, and began to arrange them into bouquets, and crowd them into the vases which Sir Noel brought to her, with an attention that was both gallant and paternal.

> As she was filling the vases, Lady Rose selected the brightest blossoms and the most delicate tufts of fern from the mass, and laid them upon the purple of the cushion, with a little triumphant glance at Sir Noel, which brought to his lips one of those rare smiles that came seldom to them in these days.

> When all was done, the girl gathered these choice bits into a cluster, tied them with a twist of grass, from which, as tassel, with minutest flowers, swung loosely; and, gathering up the refuse stalks and flowers in her overskirt, stole softly to the bed, and laid her pretty offering on Hurst's pillow.

> The young man turned his head, as if the perfume oppressed him, and a slight frown contorted his forehead. Lady Rose observed this, and a flood of scarlet swept up to her face. Sir Noel observed it, too, and frowned more darkly than his son.

> Without a word, though her blue eyes filled with shadows, and her white throat was convulsed with suppressed sobs, Lady Rose left the room. Once in her own apartment, she tore back the lace curtains from the open window. dashed all the remnants of her flowers through, and flinging herself, face downward, on a silken couch, shook all its azure cushions with a passionate storm of weeping.

> "He does not love me! He never will! All my poor little efforts to please him are thrown away. Ah, why must I love him so? Spite of it all, why must I love him so?"

> Poor girl! Fair, young creature! The first agony of her woman's life was upon her, an agony of love, that she would not have torn from her soul for the universe, though every throb of it was a pain.

> "Why is it? Am I so disagreeable? Am I plain, awkward, incapable of pleasing, that he turns even from the poor flowers I bring?"

> Wondering where her want of attractions lay, humble in self-estimation, yet feverishly wounded in her pride, the girl started up, pushed back the rich blonde hair from a face fresh as a blush rose with dew upon it, for it was wet with tears,

made as lovely a picture as Sir Joshua ever painted. The tumultuous, loving, passionate picture of a young woman, angry with herself for being so beautiful and so fond, without the power to win the one heart which was all the world to her.

"I suppose he thinks me a child," she said; and her lips began to tremble, as if she were indeed one, incapable of feeling only as children feel. "Oh, if I were-if I only could go back to that! How happy we were then. How gladly he met me, when he came home from college. Ι was his darling Rose of roses then-his little But now; but now ___ Is that girl prettier than I am? Does he love her? I don't believe it. I will not believe it. She may love him. How could any woman ever help it? Poor girl! poor girl, I pity her! But then, who knows, she may be pitying me all the time! She almost seemed to claim him that awful night. Oh, I wish that look of her eyes would go out of my mind. But it seems burned in."

Lady Rose had ceased to weep, though her superb blue eyes were still misty, and full of trouble, as these thoughts swayed through her brain. Something in the mutinous beauty of that face in the glass half fascinated her. She smoothed back the cloud of fluffy hair from her temples, and unconsciously half smiled on herself. Surely, the dark, gipsy-like face of the gardener's daughter could not compare with that. Then Walton Hurst was so proud; the only son of a family rooted in the soil before the Plantagenets took their title, was not likely to mate with the daughter of a servant. Looking at herself there in the mirror, and knowing that the blue blood in her veins was pure as his, she began to marvel at herself for the thought.

Just then Hipple, the maid, came into the dining-room, and found her young lady sitting among her azure cushions, on which she sunk with a deep sigh, and a blush of shame, at being so caught in the midst of her wild thoughts.

"Dear, dear, I wonder how your ladyship got in without my knowing it," she said, picking up the jaunty little hat which the girl had flung on the carpet. "We thought Sir Noel had taken you for a long drive, and I was just having a trifle of lunch with the housekeeper."

"No matter, you need have been in no haste to come," said the young lady, turning her face from the light.

"But this poor hat. See, how the lace and flowers are crushed together. Such a beauty as it was, and worn for the first time. Ah, it is a good thing that I, who waited on your mother, should be here to put things in place. But I do think this is past mending."

"Throw it aside, then," answered Rose, without looking at the pretty fabric of chip, lace, and flowers, over which Hipple was mourning. "What is a hat, more or less, to any one?"

"Nothing to your ladyship, I know," answered the maid; "but this was out of the common. I haven't seen the young master admire anything so much this many a day."

"What! What were you saying, Hipple?"

"Nothing, my lady; only what a pity it was that you would fling things about in this fashion."

"But something you said about-about-"

"No, nothing particular, only when your ladyship just looked in at the door, and said 'good morning' to the young master, he said how light and pleasant you looked; and I said it was mainly owing to the hat which had just come down, and was, to my taste, a beauty; and he said, 'yes, it might be, for something made you look uncommonly lovely."

Lady Rose started up. She was no longer ashamed of her flushed face, but reached out her hand for the hat, which had, indeed, been rather severely crushed by its fall on the floor.

"It is a shame!" she said, eyeing the hat lovingly. "But I did not think it so very pretty. No, no, Hipple, I will do it myself. Such a useless creature as I am. There, now, the flowers are as good as ever; it only wanted a touch or two of the fingers to bring them all right; and I rather like to do it."

She really did seem to like handling those sprays, among which her white fingers quivered, like butterflies in search of honey-dew, until they subsided into a loving caress of the ribbons, which she smoothed, rolled over her hand, and fluttered out with infinite satisfaction.

"There, you fractious old Hipple, are you satisfied now?" she questioned, holding up the renovated hat on one hand; then, putting it on her head, she looked in the glass with new-born admiration of its gracefulness. "You see that it is none the worse for a little knocking about."

"It is just a beauty. No wonder Mr. Walton's eyes brightened up when he saw it."

Rose took the dainty fabric from her head, and put it carefully away with her own hands; at which Hipple smiled grimly to her own shadow in the glass, and bethought herself of a new subject; for the faithful old servant occasionally brought a little harmless gossip up from the servan's hall to her lady's room, being especially privileged.

"Would you think it, my lady, some one has been telling all over the village that I am about to be pensioned off, as being too old for the service of a young lady, just in the full of society: and who should be coming after my place but that young woman who tends bar at the public, over in the village—Martha Hart."

"Some young girl coming for your place, Hipple? How absurd!"

"That was what the housekeeper said, my Lady, and she gave the young person a round scolding for thinking that such an odious thing could be possible. Then the girl said that the story was all abroad that I was to go, and she thought no harm in asking for the place, being so disgusted with serving workmen with their gin and beer, that she would better herself, or flit, that she would.

"I said nothing to this, not wishing to demean myself. But Mrs. Mason broke out upon her, eaying as she wondered at her for thinking that any one fresh from the bar of a public could fill the place of a lady's gentlewoman, born and bred to the place; at which the girl gave her head a toes fit for a queen, and said that some day she might have a higher place than that, and no thanks to anybody but herself."

"This must have been a forward girl, Hipple. I wonder you had patience with her."

"Oh, as to that, it takes something, and always did, to make me demean myself below myself," said Hipple, folding her arms firmly over her bosom; "besides, she came down wonderfully in the end, and pleaded for a housemaid's place, as if that was the thing she had set her heart on from the first; and it was more than Mason could do to make her understand that no such person was wanted at the Rest. Nothing would do, in the end, but that she must have the first opening, if any of the maids should not suit, or might leave."

Lady Rose had given but imperfect attention to this gossip about Martha Hart, of whom she knew nothing. Her mind was too thoroughly occupied with other thoughts for any great interest in matters so entirely foreign to them; but she seemed to listen on. That was enough for the maid, who continued.

"The girl went off at last, almost in a huff, because she wasn't taken on at once. She was going over to Jessup's, she said, to have a chat with his daughter Ruth, who, it seems to me, might choose better company, though she is a modest thing enough, and might look to be a lady's maid in time, without stepping very much out of her sphere, being, as it were, bred in the shadow of the Rest, and gifted with more learning than was needful to the place."

Here Lady Rose was aroused to more vivid interest. She looked up eagerly, and drank in every word that Hipple said with eagerness.

"You are speaking of Jessup's pretty daughter," she said.

"Yes, of that slender girl, that calls Mason godmother, which the housekeeper is. Not ugly, by any means, though she is so dark. With eyes like sloes, and cheeks like ripe peaches."

"Hipple!" said Lady Rose, quite suddenly.
"You take liberties. You are too free with opinions."

"Me! me!" exclaimed Hipple, lost in astonishment.

"There! There! I didn't mean that. Only this girl. Some people may take more interest in her than I do."

"Of course, they do. How should your ladyship know about her? It isn't to be expected, though she is talked about as a beauty in the housekeeper's room, and some have had the impudence to say that the young master—— But I ought to know better than say it."

"The young master!" questioned Lady Rose, nervously.

"Of course, servants have no business to know anything of their betters," said Hipple. "And I took the groom up sharply, when he dared to say that it was this girl's pretty face that took Mr. Walton so often to the cottage. Not the great show of roses."

"You did right, Hipple—very right!" said the lady, in breathless haste. "Mr. Hurst would require no excuses if he wished to visit any place on his father's estate; besides, the young man must be mistaken about—about—"

"Of course, he was, as I told him. 'The young master,' says I, 'would never think of descending so low as to admire any one, with eyes like a deer, and a nut-brown face; though her hair is wonderful, and she walks like a grayhound. His ideas of beauty are quite different,' says I, 'as I happen to know.'"

"Hipple! Hipple! I think there is some one at the door," said Lady Rose, with a little, impatient gesture, for the blood was burning in her face, and a sense of humiliation in thus gathering the intelligence for which she thirsted, from her own servant, was creeping over her.

Hipple went to the door, and turned to deliver the message, which a servant had brought.

"The young master was wholly awake new. Would Lady Rose come and read to him awhile?"

Would Lady Rose come and read to the man she loved? Would she accept the highest corner in Paradise, if offered to her? Ah, how her face brightened! How soft and glad was the smile that dimpled about the mouth, so sorrowful only a little time before. With what a quick, timid glance she looked into the mirror, and made a graceful effort to improve the amber cloud of hair that was most lovely when in beautiful disorder.



"He has sent for me," was her happy thought.
"He did not mean to reject my violets. It was only because he was not quite awake. He has sent for me! He has sent for me!"

Poor gir!! She did not know that Sir Noel had been pointing out the unkindness of his action to the invalid, and that this message was one of almost forced atonement.

CHAPTER XV.

BREATHLESS and wildly happy, Ruth Jessup almost flew along the shaded path which led from the Rest to her own humble dwelling. Now and then she would look up to a bird singing in the branches above her, and answer his music with a sweet, unconscious laugh. Again, her mouth would dimple at the sight of a tuft of blue violets, the flower she loved most of any. The very air she breathed was a delight to her, and the sunshine warmed her heart, as it delights the cup of a flower.

Up she came into her father's sick-room like a burst of morning light.

"I have seen him, father. I gave the letter into his own hands. He is not looking so very bad." Jessup started to his elbow, eager and glad as

the girl herself.
"Then he got it. Thou'rt sure he get it?"

"Oh, yes! Very, very sure!"

"But how? How did'st manage it, since he is not well enough to leave his room?"

"I went there!"

"Thou?"

"Yes, father; there was no other way, if I wished to put the paper into his own hand, as you bade me. So I went to his room."

"But, Sir Noel! Mrs. Mason! I marvel they let any one into his room so easily."

"Oh, they did not. I had never dared to ask either of them," said Ruth, with a sweet, triumphant laugh, that sounded strangely in the lone sadness of the house. "I evaded them, and all the rest."

"But how?"

Ruth hesitated. The secret of the balcony stairs was too precious—she would keep it even from her father, as the angels guarded Jacob's ladder.

- "Oh, I slipped in while Mr. Webb was away."
- "Well! well! And he was not looking so very ill. He read my letter, and that brightened him up a bit, I'll be bound."
- "Not while I was there. I only had a minute. They were on the stairs, and there was ne chance for a word."
 - "But he is getting better; thou'rt sure of that."

- "Oh, yes. I feel quite sure, father."
- "Well, I'm thankful for that. Mayhap he'll be able to come and see a poor fellow before long. Then we shall know more about it."
 - "About what, father?"
- "Oh, nothing much! Only I'd give all the money I have been so long hoarding for thee, child, to be sure—"
- "That he is not to blame about anything!" broke in Ruth, throwing her arms around the old man, and kissing him wildly, as if she did not quite know what she was about. "Oh, father! father! How could you ever think ill of him?"
- "Child, child! What has come over thee? Who said that I did think ill of the lad? Him as I have always loved next to thyself. Come, come, now! What have I said to make thee so shaky and so fond?"

Ruth gave him another kiss for answer, and, seating herself on the bed, looked down upon him with a glow in her great velvety eyes that brought a smile to his mouth.

"Anyway, the walk has brightened thee up wonderfully, child. Why, thou hast a color once again, and the dimples are coming back like bees around a rose. Yes! yes! Kiss me again, lass! It does me good—it does me good!"

Ruth began to smooth the iron-gray hair on that rugged head, while the old man looked fondly upon her glowing face.

"Never mind. We shall be happy enough yet, little one," he said, smoothing her shapely hand with his broad palm. "Everything is sure to come out right, now that we understand one another."

Ruth drooped her head as the old man said this, and the rich bloom faded a little from her checks

"Yes, oh, yes, father!" she faltered, drawing her hand away from his.

A look of the old trouble came into the deep, gray eyes, looking so fondly upon the girl; but before another word could be spoken, Ruth had left the bed, and lifting a vase full of withered flowers from the mantlepiece, flung them through the open window.

- "See what a careless girl I have been, never to think how you love the roses, and they in full blossom, all this time. I never forgot you so long before. Now did I, father?"
- "I never thought of them," answered the old man, shaking his head on the pillow. "My head was too full of other things."
- "But we must think of them now, or the house won't seem like home when you are strong enough to sit up," answered Ruth, with a reckless sort of cheerfulness. "Everything must be bright and

blooming now. I will go now, and come back { with the roses. They will seem like old friends: won't they, father dear?"

Ruth had reached the door with the vase in her hand, when a knock sounded up from the porch.

The color left her face at the sound, and she nearly dropped the vase, so violent was the start she gave.

"I wonder who it is?" she said, casting a look of alarm back at her father, but speaking under her breath. "Has he come to frighten away all my happiness?"

She went down stairs reluctantly, and, with dread at her heart, opened the entrance door. A girl stood in the porch, carrying a basket on her arm, who entered the passage without ceremony, and walked into the little parlor, where she sat down.

"The mistress sent me to inquire after your father, Ruth Jessup," she said, taking a bold survey of the room, which was furnished better than most of its class. "Besides that, I bring a jar of her best apricot jelly, with a bottle of port from the inn cellar, and her best compliments, which things she don't send promiscous to common people, anyway, by me, because I didn't hire out for errands, and only take them once in awhile, when it suits me, as it does now."

"You are very kind," said Ruth, with gentle reserve. "Pray thank Mrs. Curtis for us."

"Of course, I'll thank her, but not till I've rested a bit in this pretty room. Why, it's like a pictur, with a carpet and chairs fit for a gentleman's house; enough to make any girl lift her head above the common, as Mr. Storms says, when he goes about praising you."

"Mr. Storms!" faltered Ruth, shrinking from the name.

"Yes, Mr. Storms. It's only here and there one who thinks of calling him Dick; and they are uncommonly careful not to let him hear them; for he has a dangerous hand, short and thin as he looks, has Storms. But I needn't tell you anything about him."

"No. It's not necessary," replied Ruth, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Of course not. He comes here often enough to speak for himself, I dare say," persisted the girl, in whose great, dark eyes a sinister light was gleaming.

"Not often."

Martha Hart's eyes sparkled.

"Scarcely at all," continued Ruth, "since my father was hurt."

"Is that what makes some people I could mention look so thin, and speak as if other people were quite beneath them?" questioned Martha, { tossed the hat down upon it, and ran to the seat

taking off her sun-bonnet, and revealing a mass of rich hair, which she pushed back from her temples. "That's what the neighbors outside are saying."

Ruth looked at the girl with a strangely bright, almost amused, expression; but she made no answer to the girl's rudeness.

"I think-- I fear that my father will want me," was her sole reply.

"That's more than some other people do," was the insolent retort; "but here is your wine and the jelly. All the rest is nothing to me."

"Mrs. Curtis is very kind. If you will wait a little, I will cut her some flowers," answered

Martha's great eyes flashed as she gave up her parcel.

"Oh, yes, I can wait, since you are polite enough to give me leave, after as good as telling me that my room was better than my company, which you did just now."

"I did not intend to do that. Pray rest yourself, while I go into the garden."

Martha folded her arms, leaned back in her chair, and said that she could wait: the mistress did not expect her to come back yet awhile.

Then Ruth went into the garden, which was lying in shadow just then; so she required no covering for her head, but rather enjoyed the bland south wind, which drifted softly through her loose hair, as she stooped to pluck the roses.

Meantime, Martha Hart lifted herself from the lounging attitude into which she had sunk, and, in an instant, became sharply alert. Upon a little chintz couch, that occupied one side of the room, she found the scarlet sacque, and a dainty little hat, which Ruth had flung there before going up to her father, after her return from the Rest: Quick as thought, Martha slipped on the sacque, and placed the hat with its side cluster of red roses on her head. After giving a sharp glance through the window, to make sure that Ruth was still occupied in the garden, she went up to a little mirror, and took a hasty survey of herself.

"The jacket is as like as two peas," she thought, "and the hat is easy got. There'll be no trouble in twisting up one side like this. As to the roses, he must get them before the fair is over. If I could only wear them in broad daylight, before all their faces, it would be jolly fun; but he won't give up to that. Farther on, I'll show him, and them, too, what a dash Dick Storms has in a wife. How she will stare to find herself left behind! Oh, jimminy, here she comes !"

Quick as lightning, the girl flung off the sacque;

she had left. When Ruth came in, she was sitting there, casting vague looks around her, as if she had been quietly resting all the time.

"Take these and this," said Ruth, giving her unwelcome visitor a great bouquet of flowers, and a little basket brimming over with strawberries, "and take our thanks to your mistress."

- "But, about the old man up-stairs. How is he getting on? She will be sure to ask."
 - " Better."
 - "He is mending, then?"
 - "Yes, slowly."

Martha arose, but seemed reluctant to go.

- "You look pale a bit."
- "No, no; I may have done, but not now," answered Ruth, blushing as she thought why her strength and color had come back so suddenly. "I am not as anxious as I was."
- "But the nursing, and the work, too, must come hard on a body," persisted the girl.
 - "Not now; I scarcely feel it, now."
- "But if you should, remember, I'm both ready and willing to give a helping hand."
 - "Thank you."
- "And the mistress will be conformable to spare me now and then, when she knows that it is for this place I'm wanted. So there would be no fear of asking."
 - "Your mistress is very good."
- "Good as gold; especially where you are the person that wants help. 'Martha,' says she, and calling me into the bar, 'take these things over to Jessup's, and mind you ask particular about the old man. He should a been about by this time; perhaps it's nursing he wants most, so, if you can be of use, don't mind coming back in a hurry, but give the lass a helping hand. Poor thing, she's been brought up o'er dainty, and this sickness in the house is sure to pull her down.' That's what the mistress said, and I'm ready to abide by it, that's what I am."

Ruth was touched by this persistent kindness, that was so earnest, and seemed so real, and her rejection of it was full of gratitude.

"All the worst trouble is over now," she said, and a gleam of moisture came into her eyes. "Say this to your mistress. As for yourself, a thousand thanks; but I need no help now, though I shall never forget how kindly you offered it."

"Oh, as for the kindness, that's nothing," answered the girl, with a toss of the head, on which she was tying her bonnet, for she was far too bold for adroit hypocrisy. "One always stands ready to help in a case of sickness; but never mind, you will be sure to want me yet; when you come to that, you'll find me up to my offer, and you will come to it."

- "I hope not. Indeed, I am sure of it. Father is doing so well."
- "Would you mind my going up to see for myself," said Martha, sharply, as if the wish was flung off her mind with an effort. "The mistress will not be content with less, I warrant."
- "If you wish. Only he must not be disturbed," answered Ruth, after a moment's hesitation.
- "Oh, I'll flit up the stairs, like a bird, and hold my breath when I get there," said Martha, eagerly.

She did follow Ruth with a light tread, and moved softly across the sick man's chamber when she reached it. Jessup turned on his pillow as she approached, and held out his hand, with a smile. The sight of a familiar face was pleasant to him.

"The mistress sent me to ask after you," said Martha, quite subdued by the stillness and the pallor of the sick man's face, "and I just stepped up to see for myself. She's so anxious to make sure that you are mending."

"Tell her I am better. A'most well," said Jessup, grateful for this attention in his old neighbor.

"That's something worth while," answered the girl, speaking with an effort. "The mistress'll be main glad to hear it, and so will be many a one who comes to the house. As for me, if I can do anything to help the young lady, she has only to say so, and I'll come, night or day, for she doesn't look over strong."

Unconsciously to herself, the girl had been so impressed with the gentle hearing of Ruth Jessup, that she spoke of her as superior to her class, even against her own will. Jessup noticed this, and turned a fond look on Ruth.

- "She's not o'er strong," he said, "but I think Ruthy wouldn't like any one but herself to tend on her old father."
- "No, no, indeed, I wouldn't," said Ruth, eagerly.
- "But I might help about the work, below," urged Martha, with singular persistency.

Jessup looked at his daughter questioningly.

- "There is so little to do," she said, "but I am obliged to Martha, all the same."
- "Yes, yes. We are both obliged. Don't forget to say as much to the mistress," said Jessup.

Martha seized his hand, and shook it with a vigor that made him cry out with a spasm of pain. Then her face flushed, and a strange, unholy light shot into the workings of her eyes.

"Not so well as you think, or a grip of the hand like that wouldn't have made you wince so. You may have need of me, yet," she said, turn-

ing upon Ruth, "and to my thinking, it's more than likely."

"I hope not," answered Ruth; "and I am sure that all who love my father hope so, too."

"Of which I am one," was the quick reply. "You may make sure of that. No one wants to see Jessup about more than I do. Though he does come so seldom to the public, it will be a holiday when he orders the next can of beer at the tap. So, hoping for the best, good-day to both of ye."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARTHA HART took her way straight for the wilderness. She passed along the margin of the black lake, made at once for the summer-house. and looked in, then turned away with an exclamation of sharp disappointment.

"I thought he would a been here, so sharp as he was for news," she muttered, tearing off a handful of rushes, and biting them with her teeth, until they rasped her lips. "There's no depending on him; but wait till we're wed. Then he'll have to walk a different road. Ha!"

The report of a gun on a rise of ground beyond the lake, brought this exclamation from her, and she hastened on, muttering to herself,

"It's his gun. I know the sound of it, and I thought he had forgotten."

Directly she came in sight of a figure walking through the thick undergrowth.

"Dick! Dick Storms!"

The man came toward her, moving cautiously, and holding up one hand.

- "Hush! Can't you speak without screaming?" he said, hissing the words through his teeth. "It's broad daylight, remember, and by that, there's no passing you off for t'other one, if a gamekeeper should cross us."
- "Why not? I've just seen Ruth Jessup and myself in the glass at the same time, and we're like as two peas. Only for her finikin airs, I defy any one to say which was which. I do."
- "But she would never have called out so lustily."
- "Oh, that was because I was o'erjoyed to see you, after finding the little lake-house empty!" answered the girl, laying her hand on his shoulder.

Storms shook the hand off. .

- "Don't do that, if you want to pass for a lady," he said, rudely.
- "A lady, now! As if I was not as good as Ruth Jessup, any day, and more of a lady, too," retorted the girl, with passionate tears in her eyes.

on a man's shoulder without his asking," said Storms, setting down his gun, and dusting his coat, as if her touch had soiled it. "Who knows that some one may not be looking on."

"And if it chanced, what harm, so long as we are to be man and wife so soon?" pleaded the girl, now fairly crying.

"What harm! Do'st think I want every gamekeeper on the place to be geheeing about the lass I mean to make a lady of, if she's only careful of herself."

"If!" repeated the girl, dashing away her "What iffs are there between you and tears. me? Before we go another step, I want to hear about that."

Storms laughed, and said carelessly.

- "Never mind. What news do you bring me?"
- "None-not a word, while there are iffs in the way, let me tell you that; though I have found something that you would give a hundred guineas down to get hold of, and the young master a thousand to keep back."
 - "You have! What is it?"
 - "Nothing that has an if in it."
- "There, there! Don't be silly. I mean no iffs. Have I not said, as plain as a man can speak, what shall be between us."
- "Well, when we are settled in the farm up yonder, I will give you something that Sir Noel would sell his whole estate to get from me."
 - "As if I believed that."
- "But you may believe it. The more time I have for thinking, the more worth it seems."
 - "But what is it?"
 - "Only a penny's worth of paper."
 - " Bah !"
- "With writing on it that proves who shot old Jessup!"

Storms turned strangely white.

- "Proves what?"
- "That Walton Hurst shot old Jessup."
- "A paper! Who wrote it?"
- "Jessup himself."
- "You have such a letter signed by Jessup!"
- "I just have that?"
- "Give it to me, lass! Give it to me!"
- "Not yet. I'm thinking it just as well to keep the bit of paper in my own hands," was the sharp answer. "Ifs might come up again, you know!"

A look of shrewd cunning stole over the sharp features Martha was searching with suspicion. Storms turned from her with a contemptuous ges-

"There, there! I'm not to be taken in with such chaff. Try something better. If you had "Ruth Jessup isn't the girl to lay her hands such a paper it wouldn't be kept back from a me!"

true sweetheart one minute. You've got a man of sense to deal with."

"I haven't got it, have I? Look here!" cried Martha, drawing back, and unfolding a paper she took from her bosom. "The letters are large enough. You can read from here. Is that Jessup's name or not?"

Storms did read enough to see how important the paper might become. He glanced from it to the firmly set and triumphant features of the girl. "You brought it for me. You will give it to

"No!" answered the girl, folding the paper.
"Not till we come from the church."

With the leap of a tiger Storms sprang upon the girl, and snatched at the paper; but she, wary and agile as himself, sprang aside, and fied like a deer down the declivity, sending a ringing laugh, full of mockery, back to the baffled man.

In an instant, he was flying after her, his teeth set hard, his eyes gleaming, and every leap bringing him nearer to her, and her nearer to the lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DAY HE WENT TO SEA.

BY P. N. CHAUNCEY.

HE leant above the garden wall,
The day he went to sea,
Where Rose, the fairest flower of all,
Was walking, fancy free;
As for one passing glance he stayed,
Unto himself said he,
"I'll chance to win that dainty maid
When I come back from sea!"

They stood and gazed a moment's space
Into each other's eyes,
The blush upon her gentle face
Just blended with surprise.
Each soul that moment met its mate,
Through all the time to be!
He will return and sak his fate,
When he comes back from sea!

Ah! feed with dew the clustering rose,
And train the clinging vine;
Again he'll come, full well she knows,
By some mysterious sign.
She never saw his face before,
Yet well she knows 'twas he,
Who will not fail to tell her more,
When he comes back from sea!

Soft midnight fell upon the wood, Ten days were past and gone, The maid by open lattice stood, And smiled and sighed alone; When sudden chiliness o'er her stole, Amidst her reverle, She seemed to hear the awful will Of waves far out at see.

Her makien bower is filled with sound,
Of winds that wildly swir!,
With shock of waters in rebound,
And crests which foam and curl—
A groaning deck—a rush of men—
A laden boat to lee—
One clear young voice upraised—and then
Nought but tumultuous sea!

Oh, let the clustering roses die,
And strip the trailing vine;
How swift the evil tidings fly
On that mysterious sign!
Let leaves be shed and tears be wept
For what was ne'er to be!
For him who in the waters slept,
Who ne'er came back from sea!

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

BY J. HUIE.

A wind from out the golden weet
Brought marmins of the flowing sea;
The primroses awake from rest,
The dasies shone upon the lea;
The lark sprang up his love to sing—
With sunlit eye and emerald wing,
Borne on the breeze, came smilling Spring.

In living light the land was gay;
And over hill and dale was heard,
Through glens and wild woods far away,
The voice of many a happy bird—
In rich array, with sparkling gem,
And flashing star, and crimson flame
Of bloom, the blushing Summer came.

Red Autumn, with her golden crown, And fruits that in her lap she bore— Begirt with yellow leaves and brown, To strow about her ample store— Fresh from her fields, with comly face, With ruddy smile and matron grace, Sat at the board, her wonted place.

A wind from out the northern skies,
A cloud from off the polar sea,
Swept o'er the land with walling cries,
And nipped the daixies on the lea—
All night the blast blew loud and shrill,
At morn, in snowy garments chill,
White Winter sat upon the hill.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

First, this month, we give a traveling-dress, in gray de bége—a soft, mottled, woollen fabric, particularly adapted to traveling purposes, as it



neither rumples or catches the dust. Our design has the short rasterre skirt, which escapes the ground, and is made very scant, only three yards in width. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented by first a graduated flounce, cut on the bias, which is eleven inches deep in the back, sloping away to six inches in front. Above this, arranged entablier, or apron, are six small ruffles, also cut on the bias, five inches deep. The Polonaise here is cut long and plain, buttoning over to the left side, and simply trimmed with a bias band of black silk, two inches wide, set above the hem. The looping of the front of the Polonaise is done by putting several button-holes over one button, in

three places, perfectly simple, and the effect is, we think, charming. This would be particularly well suited to a white pique, worn over a black or colored-silk skirt; and where the band of black silk is put upon this Polonaise, trim the pique with a band of Hamburg insertion. Fifteen to sixteen yards of de bêge will be required, and the cost of a good one is from forty to fifty cents per yard.

Next is a dotted-muslin costume, suitable for evening wear; or the same design may be carried out in percale, or some of those pretty lawns, with borders for the ruffles, now to be seen in all the shops. The very prettiest can be bought



looping of the front of the Polonaise is done by for the trifling cost forty cents, and even thirtyputting several button-holes over one button, in five cents per yard. This under-skirt, which is

Vor. LXVI.—5 strange and odd in the good

of a narrow striped material, say a summer silk, one of last year's, can, in this way, be made to do double duty, and here the over-dress is of dotted Swiss. The front of the over-skirt is made precisely like an apron; it is trimmed with a flouncing, either of the muslin scalloped out, or a worked flouncing. Above the flounce is a puff of the muslin, with a ribbon run through. Three flat bows of ribbon ornament the front. The waist is plain on the shoulders, and slightly gathered into a belt, with the trimming (which is a continuation of the puff, or the apron,) put



on heart-shape. The back of the over-skirt is gathered at the sides into a narrow band, which is concealed under the trimming of the apron. slightly looped only in the back. A sash tied on the right side, far back, completes this costume. A striped percale in blue and white for the underskirt, with a dotted one for the over-dress, would be just as pretty a country morning costume as could be made. Six to eight yards of dotted Swiss will make this over-dress; the same of percale, adding six yards of striped for the under-skirt.

Opposite is a walking-costume of barege, one of those striped ones of a light nankeen color. The front breadth of this dress is entirely plain, as may be seen, and the back of the skirt is trimmed with nine or ten narrow ruffles, five inches deep, and cut on the bias, either bound on the edge, or hemmed with the machine. these ruffles join the front seam, there is a band of black velvet ribbon, an inch and a half wide; this is edged on the plain side with a linen guipure lace, two inches wide. The under-waist is a short basque, trimmed to correspond with the skirt and coat-sleeves. For out-door wear is added the jaunty little sacque, with revers of black velvet, as are also the pocket and cuffs. This is edged with lace, same as the skirt. These striped linen and wool bareges cost from fifty cents up; and the linen lace can be bought for thirty five cents per yard. Where the velvet is used in this costume, black silk and ribbon may be substituted. Fifteen to eighteen yards of material is the usual quantity required for any costuma.

Next, two fashionable sashes. They may be made of the material of the dress, lined with a



contrasting color, and piped at the edges. The buckles and beads may be jet or pearl, according to the color of the material. The second one is designed for an evening dress. It is fringed out at the ends, and the fringe is tied. Sprays of flowers are fastened into the loops.

Another costume, which we give in the front of the number, is for a girl of ten years, composed of pink and gray mohair lustre, and very useful for the sea-side. The front of the dress is cut all in one from the throat down; gored and corded with the pink. The dress proper is gray, and the trimmings are pink. Then there is one flounce gray at the bottom of the skirt, next one pink, same depth, then one gray, which finishes the puff at the back, completing the Polonaise of

the back. The whole is belted in at the waist. All the seams are corded with pink, as are the edge of the cuff. Buttons are moulds covered with pink. There is a small quilling of pink around the arm-holes, and on the outside seam of the cuffs. Six yards of gray, and two yards of pink will be required. A gray straw hat trimmed with pink ribbons should be worn with the costume.

Also, in the front of the number, we give a costume in pique, with mantelet cape. for a little girl of eight years. It is simply trimmed with black worsted braid in two widths, put on plain. The cape crosses in front, and fastens under the belt. A plain shirt waist is attached to the skirt of the dress. Coat sleeves with deep cuffs. Very little description is necessary.

We also give a design for a "chatelain bag," now so universally worn. These bags are to be seen in the shops made of white Swiss, trimmed with valenciennes, and lined with colored silks; black silk and velvet, braided and beaded with jet; and they will be very pretty for morning dresses,

The whole is belted in at the waist. made of the material and braided, say in pique ams are corded with pink, as are the or percale. The design we give is black silk,



braided and edged with guipure lace. They are fastened to the belt, and hang from the left side.

DESIGNS ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

Squares of white, maize, or ecru Java canvas, are now very fashionable for mixing with satinfribbon, for the tops of cushions, antimacassars,



etc. They are worked with filoselle. in bright colors. The design shown may be worked in two or three colors, according to taste.

The next is too simple to need explanation. As will be seen, it is worked in cross and long stitches. The colors may be chosen in accordance



with taste. For a useful slimer, the cross-stitches may be scarlet and black; the long ones two shades of blue, and the spray in maize silk.

FOOT-STOOL IN APPLICATION.

In the front of the number, we give a design, pattern, and then neatly gummed on to the foun-printed in the proper colors, for a footstool in dation. Then it is button-holed around the edges, application. This design is done in red, black, as shown. A variety of colored silks may be used and white cloth. The white is for the founda- for the button-hole and other stitches, if pretion; on it is first put the black, as seen in the ferred. This design will serve equally well for cut, and then the red. The cloth is cut after the } a smoking-cap, or table-cover.

PRINCESS BEATRICE CORSAGE,

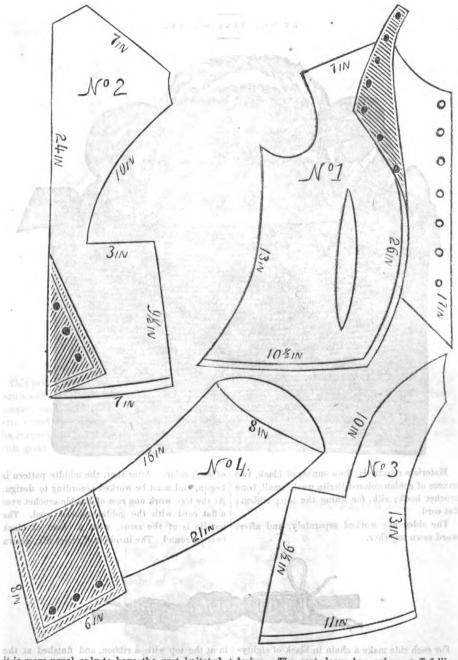
BY EMILY H. MAY.



The corsage consists of No. 1, Front; No. 2, { Sleeve. On the front we have fastened in the Back; No. 3, Half of Side-body; No. 4, Half of proper place, the vest and the revers. The vest 70

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may be either continued up to the neck, as in , sewing it in at the shoulder-seams, and under the diagram, or cut off across the chest, as seen the arms. The middle of the back is cut open, in the engraving. If the open style is preferred, and ornamented by revers, as indicated in the



it is more usual only to have the vest imitated, { design. The coat-sleeve has a deep cuff falling by putting in the front piece, as we have given over the seam of the sleeve and wider at the it; although some prefer to cut the vest entire, bottom.

CROCHETED WORK-BAG, WITH DETAIL OF HANDLE.



ounces of golden-colored Berlin wool; small, bone crochet hook; silk, for lining the top; ribbon; flat cord.

The sides are worked separately, and afterward sewn together.

Materials required: Two ounces of black, two of each color. After that, the middle pattern is begun, and must be worked according to design. At the top, work one row of double crochet over a flat cord with the golden-colored wool. The handle is of the same, with a chain of black twisted round. The inside is of violet silk, drawn

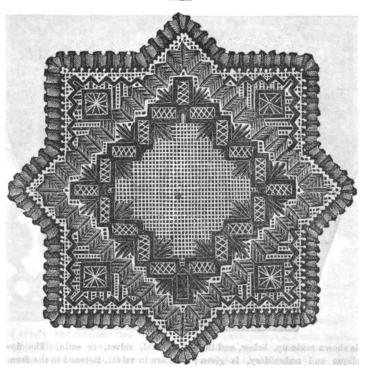


seven stitches. The first two rows are worked { sides with a bow of the same color. It is a very alternately in black and gold color, three stitches handy article.

For each side make a chain in black of eighty- { in at the top with a ribbon, and finished at the

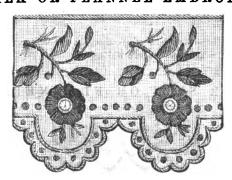
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EMBROIDERED LAMP-MAT.



This pretty mat is embroidered on perforated , thread, and edge the outlines with black che eardboard with black and green chenille green inile. Work the other stitches in point russe, filoselle, and gold cord. For the oblong pat- filling up with green chenille, as shown in tern round the centre, and for the squares in the illustration. Line the whole with black the corners, cut away the canvas, line the spaces velvet, and edge with a box-plaiting of green satin with green satin, then work across with gold ribbon.

FOR SILK OR FLANNEL EMBROIDERY.



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LADY'S SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The slipper is shown made up, below, and the cloth, kid, velvet, or satin. The flowers and design in applique and embroidery, is given buds are in velvet, fastened to the foundation by in full size above. The foundation may be fine chain stitch. The edge of the slipper is finished



by a border of feathers. A handsome bow of feathers in the centre. The sole is lined with ribbon is put at the top with a little rosette of white fur.

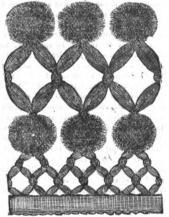
FOR SILK OR FLANNEL.



BALL FRINGE FOR POLONAISE.

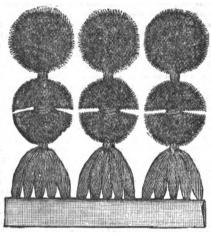
BY MRS. JANE WBAVER.

larger than you wish the balls to be, and cut in the centre of each a circular hole, about the diameter of one-third of the whole round. Put the two card circles together, and with long needlefuls of wool sew through the centre hole and over the outer circle of card, so as to cover it



completely and evenly, and continue thus till the from the balls, thread a Berlin needle, and sew, two cards, and tie it tightly, leaving an end hang- $\frac{1}{2}$ at the upper part to a linen foundation.

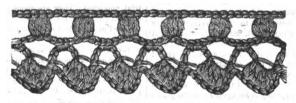
Cut two rounds of cardboard alike, and a little ing; tear away the cards, draw the two sides of the ball together, and trim them with scissors. The good shape of the ball depends on the centre hole being quite the right size. If it be too large, the ball will be rather flat; if too small, it will be elongated. With the piece of wool left hanging



centre hole is quite filled up; then with a pen- at even distances, to a piece of narrow gimp, as knife or scissors cut quite through the wool all shown in No. 1, and knotted at equal distances; round, down to the edges of the card, and slip a and in No. 2, the wool can be wound round a piece of wool of sufficient length in between the mesh, tied at the top close to the ball, and sewn

CROCHETED EDGING.

BY MBS. JANE WEAVER.



Make a chain the length required.

1st Row: Pass over one chain, * three treble } in the next stitch; three chain, one double in the stitch the trebles were worked into. Pass over five; repeat from *. At the end of the row fasten off, and begin the next row at the other end of the work,

2nd Row: Two double under the middle stitch of the five chain of last row, five chain. Repeat.

3rd Row: Four chain, two treble in the middle stitch of five chain, keeping the last loop of each stitch on the hook; work them off together. Now work two more treble in the same stitch, and work them off together. Repeat.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

MANTLEPIECE DECORATION forms a very important arrangement in the adornment of the parlor, or sitting-room, and one to which good attention should be given, as the vases on the mantle-shelf occupy a very prominent position, and, unless they form a good example of floral dressing, are better dispensed with altogether. Specimen glasses, with everlastings, rosebuds, pelargonium blooms, or some other flowers, are seen on every chimney-piece, and, as a matter of course, seem invariably to have a one-sided arrangement. which faces toward the room, all that is reflected, if there is a mirror behind, as is so usual, being the back of the flower or leaf, in place of as good an arrangement as that exhibited in front, and which should be the case. The style of decoration of which we speak is for each end of the mantlepiece. The first thing to obtain is the stands in which the flowers are to be arranged, and these may be had of various shapes; but those best suited for this purpose are a pair of common zinc troughs, each about ten or twelve inches long by fifteen inches wide, and three and a half inches deep, painted green on the outside and white in the inside. In the front of the number, we give an engraving of one of these stands, with the flowers in it, so that our readers may judge of the effect.

When about to be filled with flowers, they should be filled with sand, to within half an inch of the top; the sand should then be damped, and planted over with common Selaginella, or love entangle. If too much water be put on the sand, the flower-stems will not remain firm or upright. It is a good plan to have two pairs of these zinc troughs-one pair in use in the drawing-room, and the other pair, with the Selaginella growing in them, in some room where the temperature is more even than the ordinary sitting-room. By this means, as soon as the flowers in the pair in use have faded, that pair of troughs may be removed to the growing-room, and the other pair introduced therefrom into the drawingroom, and arranged with fresh flowers. The care in the growing-room will have quite revived the Sclaginella in the first pair, which will again be quite fresh, and ready to take the place of the other pair when required, and so on. This will be found a good plan for many other kinds of floral decorations, as well as the above, where zinc troughs or trays are employed. Round the edges of the troughs, fernfronds should be used and arranged so as to droop over and hide the sides as much as possible. The best kind of fern for this purpose is the lady fern, such as is sold at the florists' sheps in bundles, or can be plucked in any woods during the summer; and should the fronds be found too long, they can be cut as short as necessary, and the tip-ends used. After the ferus have been rightly placed, the flowers should next be arranged, using rather large and bold-looking varieties, such as roses, lilies, clematis, etc. These should be placed so as to stand out well, one from the other, avoiding any tendency to their having a crowded appearance. Branches of fuchsias look very effective mixed through such flowers as those mentioned, and plenty of foliage must also be placed through them.

When the flowers have been arranged according to fancy, the troughs should be placed on the mantelpiece, one at each end, and close to the margin of the ledge; then some long sprays of trailing plants should be inserted in the soil, and allowed to droop down at each side. Sprays of Lapageria roses, clematis, hops, passion flower, tacsonias, and such like, are admirably suited for this purpose. The different kinds of ivys, too, claim our attention, for this purpose, being very { each of you, one more to subscribe.

light and graceful, and obtainable at all seasons of the yeara great point in their favor. Those who do not care for troughs of growing Selaginella, can use instead a pair of those pretty small China pots sold at the glass shops for standing on brackets, and holding out flowers. We do not mean those similar to what are sold for drooping pot-plants into, as the latter have always a hole at the bottom for drainage, but the pots that are made on purpose to hold water in which to stand flowers; and in them very effective arrangements can be made, in the same way as that described for the troughs, but they can never be made to look as suitable in shape as in the latter.

At nearly every season of the year we have flowers suitable for this style of decoration. In spring, we have hyacinths, tulips, forget-me-nots, snowdrops, scillas, lily of the valley, lilacs, etc. In summer, roses, pelargoniums, fuchsias, water-lilies, and clematis. In autumn, Japanese lilies, roses, lapagerias, and Pancratium fragrans. And, in winter, in the market, those who have no glass houses of their own, can obtain Cape heaths, chrysanthemums, arums, poinsettias, and such like. All the above-mentioned flowers are well adapted for this style of decoration. Specimen glasses, with a few flowers and ferns look very well on the mantlepiece, if dressed all round, but not to one face. A hand holding a vase in China, is a pretty device for a few choice flowers, such as orchards and gloxinias; and, as a rule, richly-colored flowers are best suited for opaque vases, their deep tints being shown to much better advantage on that kind of surface than on any other.

Worth, the Great Parisian Dress-Maker, is making many dresses trammed with double and triple loops, arranged in longitudinal lines. These loops are of a different color from the dress, but are lined with the same color. Several of the newest dresses in his show-rooms have draperies arranged on the front of the skirt, and, although these draperies sometimes give the effect of three tunics, yot the plaits cling so closely to the skirt that it has the effect of being moulded to the figure. This is owing to the skillful manner in which the breadths are cut. Worth is also making costumes of shot or changeable silk. He made lately an exquisite pale-blue one, trimmed with insertions of steel gimp.

OUR FABILION-PLATES .- A subscriber writes: "Your colored fashion-plates are, we think here, the most beautiful published. They are more distinct as well as more elegant. Why?" Because they are printed directly from the steel plate, while those that appear in other magazines are lithographed, which blurs the faces and makes the picture generally fainter as well as coarser. It is only necessary to compare one of our fashion-plates with those pullished elsewhere, to see the difference. We may add that it costs us nearly twice as much to get out our fashionplates in this way. But, we are determined to give our subscribers the best of everything, no matter what the expense.

"THE TORK TROUSERS."—This capital engraving needs no illustration. It tells its own story. What could be more graphic?

Brnzw Your Sumeriptions, at once, and get, at least,



A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity for old subscribers to renew, or for new subscribers to send in their names. The newspaper press everywhere, as well as the general public, pronounces "Peterson" to be the cheapest and best of the lady's books. This superiority is so incontestible, that all we sak is that persons wishing to subscribe, should compare this magazine with other lady's books. The premiums we offer for getting up clubs are also more elegant and costly than those offered by rival publications. On this point also we solicit comparison. In remitting, state whether the subscription, or subscriptions, are to begin with January or July. Back numbers can always be supplied.

Kid Boots, which have been worn all the winter and spring, are now, by very fashionable ladies, cast aside, and high shoes and demi-boots are worn with bars or straps across the instep. When not barred, the fronts are frequently stitched, in an ornamental design, with white silk. The old Louis XV. steel buckles, for which, in Paria, a hundred francs per pair are frequently paid, are again to be seen on walking shoes. Both boots and shoes are frequently made of the same color as the dress they are worn with.

WOULD YOU BE ECONOMICAL, yet, at the same time, well-dressed? Then copy one of the elegant costumes which are given in the "Every-Day Department." In no other magazine, either here or abroad, is there anything like this feature of "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

John Andross. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Illustrated. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Orange Judd Company .- Works of fiction may be divided into two classes. In one the object simply is to tell a story. To this class belong the "Arabian Nights." In another the tale is made subsidiary to a higher purpose than mere amusement: the book becomes a study of character, or some psychological problem is sought to be worked out. "Middlemarsh" and "Romola" are examples in point. To this latter class belongs "John Andross" also. Not that in the fiction before us the plot is sacrificed so entirely as in "Middlemarch;" but while there is a stirring story, and while the denouement is skillfully concealed, the analysis of character is the mail purpose. Or, to speak in the technical phraseology of higher criticism, the book is subjective rather than objective. Like everything that Mrs. Davis has written, "John Andross" bears marks of real genius: and it is what so few novels are now, it is original. The scene opens in the mountains of Pennsylvania, changes then to Philadelphia, is transferred to Harrisburg, and goes back finally to the original starting point. The most powerful passages are those in the earlier chapters. Mrs. Davis must have lived, during her childhood, in the country, and not in cities; it is among fields, and rivers, and forests, and mountains, that she is most at home. Strong, earnest, even rough natures, if you will, are what crop up continually in her books; it is the granite of the everlasting hills, not the fat, drowsy alluvial, with which her intellect seems to have most affinity. She never drivels on, page after page, with inane sentimentalities, like so many of her sister novelists. If you wish, to read a strong, sincere book, read "John Andross,"

Lore and Liberty. Ry Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Petaron & Brothers.—The great merit of the novels of Dumas is that they never let the story flag. They are always brisk and lively, and often intensely exciting. As novels go, too, they give fairly faithful pictures of the times they pretend to represent. This is a story of the First French Bevolution; and the hero is a man of the people.

Miss Leelie's New Receipts for Cooking. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. -Of the "thousand and one" cook-books that have been published, this is, for ordinary family use, perhaps the best. Miss Leslie was a pioneer: she had the range of our mothers' and grandmothers' kitchens before anybody else; all the most approved receipts came first to her: those who followed had to glean, where she had reaped. A large number of the receipts in this volume were obtained from the South, a generation ago, from ladies noted for their skill in housekeeping, when Southern cookery was an institution. Many came from colored cooks of high reputation in the art. Some are designed for sumptuous tables; others for people who live well, though moderately; and still others for those who keep house in a plain and economical manner. One of the chapters contains a list of articles for breakfasts, dinners and suppers, to suit small and large families respectively, designating such things as are proper to go together, and which are in season at the same time. The book is handsomely printed, and substantially and tastefully bound.

The Circuit Rider. By Edward Egglesion. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.—This novel is really what it pretends to be, a faithful picture of life in Southern Ohio, forty or fifty years ago. The corn-shucking, the rural dance, the camp-meeting, Patty at the spinning-wheel, the threat of lynching the supposed horse-thief, are all vividly and truthfully depicted. The author has a keen sense of humor, and in Brady, the Irish schoolmaster, gives full swing to his sense of fun. We have comparatively few American novels, that really have local color; in other words, that depict life as it is in the different sections of the United States: one thing in New England, another in the Middle States, another in Virginia, another in the West, afother in the South; and when we find such a novel, as here, it is a positive pleasure to commend it.

Female Beauty. Translated from the French by Miss M. T. Nash. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—We have in this neatly printed volume, two several treatises, one on the "Art of Human Decoration," by Dr. A. Cazenave, and the other on the "Art of Pleasing," by Ernest Feydeau. If our fair readers do not know how to look pretty, or to make themselves pleasing, they had better hasten to buy this book: it would be sacrilege in us to betray secreta, which ought to be confided only in whispers, or practised in the privacy of the toilet.

The Wooing O'T. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—This is quite a charming novel, a real, old-fashioned love-story. Maggie, the heroine, is a very noble character. The volume is neatly printed, and forms one of the "Leisure Hour Series," which this enterprising firm is publishing.

Julius, or, The Street Boy Out West. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—A book for boys, by that popular author, Mr. Alger, author of the "Ragged Dick Series," the "Luck and Pluck Series," etc., etc. The story is an excellent one of its kind.

She Loved Him Madly. From the French of Gontram Borys. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Curleton & Co.—This novel has already passed through several editions in France, It is full of incident, and may almost be called sensational.

The Heir of Malroward. By the author of "Son and Heir."
1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A doublecolumned octave novel of nearly three hundred pages; a reprint from a London edition.

The Gipsy Chief. By George W. Reynolds. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—One of the latest fictions of this author, closely printed in double-column, with paper cover.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"Honesty is the Best Policy."—Kingspord's Oswego Starch, 30 years in constant use, always proves the purest and best for all culinary and laundry purposes. It is used in all the principal cities of Europe and the world. Its growing demand has compelled another enlargement of the works to a capacity of over thirty-three tons per day.

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"FOR THE TIMES."—The Weekly Union (N. Y.) Times says:—" Everybody ought to take 'Peterson: it is the only magazine for the times. The contents of the number before us are of unusual interest and value."

FAR AHEAD.—The Pike County (Ind.) Democrat says of this magazine:—"It is far ahead of any other work of the kind"

"THE BEST OF ALL."—The Orleans (N. Y.) Republican says:—"Peterson's is by far the best of the ladies' magazines"

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI .- BOWEL AFFECTIONS.

THE season prolific with colic, cramp, diarrhea and dysentery among children, is again rapidly advancing, and it behooves the mother who is really provident of the health and best interests of her children to bear in mind the many causes which give rise to these various affections.

And happily they are mainly under her watchful control, if a sufficient watchfulness is manifested, and a proper degree of firmness of character exercised toward the nursing, feeding, or food of the child, as the case may be. First, in reference to nursing, it has been before observed, that a mother cannot reasonably expect her babe to be good (which represents a healthful state) if she is careless in her own diet, eating, for instance, gross food, as boiled cabbage, pickles, cucumbers, acids, sour fruits, or if she be inattentive to regular periods of nursing. If the mother has her infant almost constantly at the breast, she will invariably have a babe constantly suffering, more or less, from fiatulence, colic, griping, looseness, or constipation of the bowels, with the inevitable cry seldom absent.

There must be a sufficient interval of time between the nursings to allow the previous portion to digest, besides allowing the stomach a brief period of repose, otherwise the milk will pass on into the bowels, undigested, and the results above summerated follow.

The habit of irregular and frequent nursing, is one of the most fruitful sources of derangement of the stomach and bowels of the infant previous to the teething process. The subsequent feeding, or over-feeding at the table with improper food; and, lastly, weaning too early, or too abruptly, (which is the case with some fashionable mothers, who wish to have no home-ties,) add largely to the exciting causes of derangment of the bowels.

Many mothers seems to have no idea of the capacity of the stomach, or exercise no judgment whatever in reference to the quantity or quality of the food that is given; and hence the stomach is constantly kept worried and oppressed

with superabundance, and the bowels become deranged from imperfectly digested food coursing through them, producing irritation, griping, purging, and sometimes convulsions.

Over-feeding, and crude articles of diet, are productive in their effects of more anxious hours, loss of sleep to the mother, and loss of life to her offspring, than all other causes combined.

In the management of bowel affections, then, the mother can do very much toward a cure. In fact, without her aid the physician's prescriptions will avail naught. If the child be not yet weaned, the breast must prudently be withheld for hours together; in older cases, all crude nourishment, as potatoes, boiled or fried, uncooked fruits, meats, cheese, nuts, cake or pastry, and pickles, must be absolutely withheld. Nothing but the blandest cooked milk and farinaceous diet, as rice-flour, farina, gum arabic water, etc., can be telerated with impunity. Next, if medicine is required, a little castor oil, or spiced syrup of rhubarb, to remove all indigestible or irritating substances from the alimentary canal, can prudently be given, followed, if necessary, with "chalk mixture," or small doses of paregoric, a drop of the wine of ipecac., or of tincture cinchona (China) every few hours.

No reasonable mother, even of homeopathic proclivities, should object to administer one of the first two medicines mentioned, when she knows that the bowels of her child are distended with coarse, irritating food, the cause of the cramp, diarrhea, or dysentery, as the case may be, for the adage, "remove the cause, and the effect will cease," remains a fixed truth in medicine.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

How TREES AFFRCT HEALTH .-- A deal of attention has been directed, lately, to the influence of trees on climate, and various experiments have been made, and observations collected, both here and in Europe, in reference to the subject. A recent scientific writer says that the effect of trees on climate and health, merely through their drainage of the soil, is very great. "Carcful experiments of Pettenkofer," he writes, "with an old spreading oak in the Park. at Munich, led to the conclusion that the discharge of water through the leaves, during the summer, was eight and a half times greater than the amount of water falling in rain during the same period upon the ground covered by its branches. The drainage effect of a young and growing tree, especially under conditions of higher temperature of the air, would be much greater proportionately to its extent of leaf surface." This is easily accounted for. "A swamp," as this writer goes on to add, "is a basin in which water collects from surrounding higher ground. After heavy rains there may be an overflow from it, and a certain quantity of water per acre remain, determined by the depth of the basin. This water being stagnant, the soil containing decaying vegetable matter, at a certain temperature the conditions are established under which the poison called malaria is disengaged, carried by winds to the adjoining highlands. A plantation of young, rapidly growing trees would draw up and discharge harmlessly into the air all the water which would lie within a certain distance of the surface; they would further act to delay stagnation of the water in the superficial stratum of soil again by maintaining by the effect of their shade, a lower temperature of this stratum; and this effect would be increased by the great evaporation constantly going on at their leaves; and after all, through their action as a screen or sieve, any malaria that might be disengaged would be much less likely to be spread abroad. Any plants of rapid growth would have all these effects-the sunflower, the alanthus, the pride of China or the willows. The average growth of the several species of eucalyptus which have been introduced in California during six months of summer, even in cool situations and on poor and dry soil, is more rapid than that of any of these, and in this consists principally, if not altogether, any advantage it may have."

It should be known that the effects of removing a large number of trees, has frequently been to cause a very virulent form of malarial disease to break out where it was before unknown. Augusta, Ga., furnishes a marked instance of this; but examples are not wanting in the immediate vicinity of New York and Philadelphia. The disappearance of fever and ague soon after the springing up of a dense growth of young trees has also been noticed in various localities.

PARLOR GAMES.

"Pritt Paquer" is an old favorite, that is always amusing. The players stand in a double circle, one before the
other, with the exeption of one, who, with a handkerchief
in hand, makes a tour of the circle, dropping the handkerchief where he pleases; and whoever he touches with it
must leave his place, and do his best not to be caught, by
running in and out of the other players, and making good
his escape as best he can. If, however, he is caught, he
must take the handkerchief and repeat as before.

"Fortune Telling" is, we know, contrary to law, but legal prohibition do not extend to a little quiet divination at home, and young people always delight in it. To prove which of many admirers is to be the successful swain, write the several names on alips of paper, and inclose each in balls made of clay, and place them all in a tumbler of water. In time some of the balls will break, and the slip of paper that rises first to the top, decides the destiny of the inquirer. Another experiment is said to be decisive. Choose as many hazel nuts as you wish to name after your friends, then range them on the top bar of the grate. One or two are sure to pop away with a little explosion, but the one that remains to the last is supposed to represent the most faithful.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Representation this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MRATS.

Villining Cold Tongue.—Cut what is left of a tongue in very thin slices, taking off the skin and any hard bits; pound it in a marble mortar, adding by degrees a little fresh butter, melted, till it is reduced to a smooth paste, seasoning it to taste, as you proceed, with pepper, salt, alispice, nutmeg, pounded mace and cloves, or such of these spices as are preferred. When it is thoroughly beaten and mingled together, press it closely down into small, shallow pots, fill them up with a layer, a quarter of an inch thick, of clarified butter, and tie them down. They should be kept in a cool place. This potted tongue is nice to eat with bread and butter, and makes good sandwiches.

Stewed Sweetbreads.—First soak them in cold water for two hours, then put them in boiling water, and let them boil for five minutes; take them out, and put them in cold water until they are quite cold. Trim the sweetbreads, and put them in the stew-pan with a little carrot, onion, parsley, thyme, and bayleaf; add a little stock, and put the stew-pan in the oven for twenty minutes, then place it on the hot stove, and let it remain there for an hour tightly covered. They must not boil, as it would harden them; they only want to steam. Take them up, and dash them on spinsch without gravy.

Croquettes and Riesoles.—Mince finely one pound and a half of cooked meat, both red and white-cold roast beef, underdone, with fowl or veal, is the best; add a little ham, raw or boiled, and season with salt, white pepper, and nutmeg. Put two ounces of butter in a stew-pan; when melted, stir in gradually a large tablespoonful of flour; to this add a teacupful of milk, and the same quantity of good stock. When this is sufficiently cooked to take the raw taste off the flour, bring it to the kitchen table, and stir in the meat, adding two tablespoonfuls of the bread-crumbs, three eggs, lightly beaten, a little catchup, some chopped parsley, and, if liked, grated lemon-peel. Put on the stew-pan for a few minutes and mix all thoroughly; then spread it out on a fint dish to cool for an hour or two before shaping the balls; they can be very nicely made of a piramidal form by press ing them into a wineglass; or they may be made into rolls, or into balls slightly flattened, or into little round cakes. Egg and crumb them after being formed; then put into a sance-pan as much lard as, when melted, will quite cover them; when the lard boils, drop them in, and do them a dark golden-brown. The lard can be used again and again, if properly strained. This mixture, inclosed in paste, and done the same way, makes very nice rissoles.

Baked Caif's Head.—Take a cold caif's i.e. i, chop it up, not too fine, and mix with it some bread-crumbs, a little powdered sweet basil; should you not have any cold, mashed, white potatoes, boil and mash about six. Put the head and crumbs, alternately, into a deep dish, peur over it two wine-glassfuls of cooking wine, the same of walnut or mushroom catchup; when ready, cut up small pieces of butter, and strew over the top, then spread the potatoes thickly on, smooth it down, and dredge it lightly with flour, and, with a feather, spread all over the top of the flour and potato covering, the yolk of a well-beaten egg. Put the dish in the oven, slowly warm it, and brown the top, which will require about three-quarters of an hour. Make a rich gravy of broth, or any cold beef gravy, adding some allepice while cooking, then strain and serve it in a sauce-toat with the head.

DESERTS,

Invalid's Apple-Pudding .-- If made exactly by the directions, this is delicious, and far more wholesome for invalids or children than an ordinary apple-pie. Take aix ounces of the crumb of a light stale loaf, and grate it very fine. Then add to and mix thoroughly with it three and a half sunces of pounded loaf-sugar, sifted very fine, and a pinch of sait. Take from one pound to one pound and a quarter of good baking apples; pare, cut in quarters, and take out the cores: arrange them in close layers in a deep tart-dish, which holds about one and a half pints, and strew among them four ounces of sifted sugar, and the grated rind of a fresh lemon. Add the strained juice of the lemon, and pour the breadcrumbs softly in a heap upon the apples, in the centre of the dish, and, with the back of a spoon, level them gently into a very smooth layer of equal thickness, pressing them lightly on the fruit, which should be quite covered with them. Sift powdered sugar over it; wipe the edge of the dish, and bake in a rather quick oven for more than three-quarters of an hour.

Port-Wine Jelly.—Steep two ounces of isinglass, half an ounce of gum arable, in a pint of port or tent wine all night; next morning put it into a bright sauce-pan, with two ounces of brown sugar-candy, and a small piece of nutmeg, grated; simmer all together until the isinglass is melted, then strain through a fine sieve.

Apple Charlotts.—Line a pie-dish with thin slices of bread, buttered on both sides; fill it up with layers of apples, cut up very small, placing a little apricot jam between each layer, some grated lemon-rind, and plenty of brown sugar; cover the dish up with slices of bread in the same way, and bake it till the bread is well browned.

Apple and Sago Pudding .- Wash a teacupful of the large sago, and leave it in about a pint of cold water for an hour or more; then well butter a pie-dish, and put a layer of sliced apples at the bottom, with lemon-peel, grated nutmeg, or cloves, according to taste. Pour off the water from the sago, and spread the sago on the apples; put another layer of apples, flavored as before, on the top; cover the pudding with an old dish, and bake in a moderate oven. An hour or less will bake it. Take it out, and stir in a piece of butter and two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, and put it back into the oven for ten minutes. The apples should be good cooking apples; three of moderate size will be sufficient for a teacupful of sago. Another variety of this pudding is to pour it into a mould, after it has been sweetened; turn it out the next day, and serve it with a thick cream. Made with gooseberries instead of apples, and raten in this way, it is delicious.

Icing Pustry.—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven and sift finely-powdered sugar over it. Beplace it in the oven, and hold over it till the sugar is melted, a hot salamander or shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot. For cold, beat up the white of two egga, wash well over the tops of the ples with a brush, and sift over this a good coating of sugar; cause it to adhere to the egg and ple-crust; trundle over it a clean brush, dipped in water, till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

Pudding Without Eggs.—Rice, large pearl sage, and tapioca, are best when made without eggs. Sprinkle a little of any one of the above at the bottom of a pudding-dish; add a little sugar, and fill up with milk. Stir well before placing in the oven. To the sage add a small place of cinnamon, broken up. The rice must bake quite four hours, the sage and tapioca about three. Skim milk will do if you cannot spare new milk.

Smow Pudding.—Take half an ounce of gelatine, one pint of boiling water, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, the juice of two lemons. After it is thoroughly dissolved, strain it; as soon as it begins to thicken, add the well-beaten whites of two eggs; beat if for half an hour, and set it on ice, after putting in a mould or bowl. Make a rich, soft custard, flavored with the lemon rinds, grated. Send it to table in the middle of the custard.

CARES.

Good Children's Cake.—Mix a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway seeds, a quarter of an ounce of pudding spice, or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three teaspoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more if necessary, and then bake in a well-heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours' baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

Ginger Nuls.—Two pounds of flour, half a pint of molasses, half a pound of sugar, two ounces of ginger, three-quarters of a pound of butter, melted. The above to be mixed togother, and rolled out, cut into cakes the thickness of half an inch, and baked in a moderate oven.

Federal Cake.—Half a pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter, beaten to a cream. Beat two eggs to a froth, and add them to the butter and sugar, then stir in one pound of flour, a wineglass of brandy, the same of rose-water, and bake in a moderate oven.

Lemon Cake.—One teacupful of butter, warmed, three teacupfuls of powdered sugar, with the yolks of five eggs. Stir to a cream; then add the juice and grated peel—the yellow part only—of a fresh lemon. Dissolve a teaspoonful of carbonate of potash in a cup of milk, with the whites of five eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, and four teacupfuls of sifted flour, to be baked in two flat buttered tins. An icing is a great improvement, made in this way. The whites of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of corn flour, and eighteen of fine white sugar, with two of lemon-juice. Stir all well together, and spread on smoothly with a broad, flat knife, soon after the cake is baked. Put away in a cold, dry closet to harden.

Octoaks.—Mix a handful of fresh, coarse oatmeal with a little water and a pinch of salt, rub in a little butter; make it all of a proper consistency to roll out with a rolling-pin. Roll out a round cake about the thickness of a shilling, and put it on the girdle on a clear fire. When slightly browned on the under side, take it off the girdle, and toust the other before the fire. The materials for each cake must be mixed up separately.

Measure or Fourth Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four eggs, with a very little carbonate of potash, dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of milk, or two of wine, and a little nutmeg. To have the cake light and fine, the eggs should be well beaten, yolks and whites separately, and stirred in lightly after having rubbed the butter and sugar to a cream.

Railroad Cabe.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of sods, and two of cream of tartar. Beat the sugar and yolks together. Whisk the whites to a froth, and add them with the flour. Mix the cream of tartar, dry, with the flour, and dissolve the sods in water or milk.

Queen Cales.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, worked to a cream, half a pound of raw sugar, three eggs, one cupful of cream, half a pound of currants, one tesspoonful of carbonate of sods. Flavor with essence of lemon or almonds, or a little lemon-peel, grated. Bake in small tins.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC.

To Preserve Gages Green.-Lay in the bottom of a saucepan a thick layer of grape leaves, well-washed; on these place a layer of gages, each having been pricked with needles, to prevent their bursting; then another layer of leaves; again the gages; so on until the fruit is in; then cover them with spring or soft water; place them in a situation to heat but not to cook; keep them covered; then let them remain for six hours, and take them out very carefully, they will be yellow; then lay fresh grape leaves alternately with the gages, to green them, covered with the same water in which they were yellowed; then keep them in a warm place for four hours; they must not be allowed to boil; take them out, and make a very clear syrup of one pound of loaf sugar to every pound of gages; lay the fruit in the syrup, and cook slowly ten minutes; then lay them on dishes to cool and drain; boil up the syrup ten minutes; put the fruit in glass jars, and pour the syrup on cold. Fill the jars up well, cork very tightly, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

To Preserve Pine-Apples Without Cooking.—Take one pound of sugar, to one pound of fruit, putting into small-steed glass jars a layer of fruit and of sugar, alternately; to each jar add about half a tumbler of the best white brandy, varying the quantity according to the size of the jar; these must be corked and sealed to make them air-tight; and it is a good plan to turn the jars bottom up occasionally, for a few days, after they are first put up.

To Preserve Pine-Apples.-Take one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit; make a syrup as directed; slice the apples in it, letting them stand about twenty minutes; then boil twenty minutes, and boil the syrup fifteen minutes after taking out the apples; lay the apples on a dish, and let them stand one night before adding the syrup; the thin syrup, which comes from the apples in the dish, should not be added, as this would cause them to ferment.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS FOR A WATERING PLACE dress is of thin white muslin, very simply made, with one deep flounce, headed with a band of broad, black velvet. The casaque is of black silk, fitting the figure closely, and slightly looped up in the middle of the back. It has a coat front, and the lining, vest, and cuffs, are of rose-pink silk. Black silk buttons. Straw hat, trimmed with roses, and a white gauze veil.

FIG. IL-WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY AND BLUE-STRIPED FOULARD SILK .- The skirt is plain; Polonaise of gray foulard, the front being trimmed with yack insertion, and lace of the color of the Polonaise. The back is untrimmed. Rather loose sleeve, also trimmed with yack lace and insertion. Straw hat faced with blue velvet, and ornamented with a long, light-gray plume.

FIG. 111.—EVENTUG-DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED GAUER, WORN OVER LEMON-COLORED SILK .- The skirt is made with four deep full puffs at the bottom, and is also puffed at the back at the top. Half-high, heart-shaped waist, and short sleeves, trimmed with blond. Blue sash at the left side; yellow rose in the hair.

FIG. IV .- WALKING-DRESS .- The petticoat is of chestnutbrown, trimmed with one deep flounce, headed and edged with a ruching of a darker shade of brown. The over-dress is a loose-fitting Polonaise, mignonette-green colored de bêge, edged with a bias fold of the same, and trimmed with a yack lace of the same color. The waist is high at the back, but open, heart-shaped in front, and the wide cuffs and deep collar are trimmed with the yack lace. Sash of the chestnut-colored silk, tied at the side. Hat lined and trimmed with mignonette-colored silk and ribbon, and large teareses. Chestnut-colored gloves.

Fig. v.-Evening-Dress of White Muslin.-The back of the skirt is quite plain; the apron front is ornamented with three rows of white lace, headed by ruches of pink ribbon, and a large puff of pink silk, with bows and sash-ends, forms the trimming at the back. Half-high square waist and short sleeve, reaching to the elbow, trimmed with lace and bows of pink ribbon. Large pink rose in the hair.

Fig. vi.-Bathing-Dress of Dark-Blue Flannel.-The trousers, tunic, sleeves, and collar, are all trimmed with white braid. The sash is also trimmed with white braid, and has an anchor embroidered on it as well as on the collar.

FIG. VII.-WALEING-DRESS OF BLUE AND GRAY STRIPED FLANNEL.—The trousers, skirt, and tunic, are all trimmed with a band of blue flannel, and with large buttons. The square collar is made of gray flannel, edged with blue.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, different styles of bathing shoes, hats, and modes of dressing the hair.

The fashions are quite fixed at this time of the year; nothing that is startlingly new is seen, only the established fushions are modified, as apron-fronts, Polonais, coat-basques, will all be worn, as the fancy may dictate. Thin dresses do not look well without an over-skirt, if not a good deal ruffled, puffed, or trimmed in some way. One thing is obligatory, the two skirts, both upper and under, must be very much tied back, making walking very uncomfortable, and sitting very difficult. Many Polonaise are made with loose fronts, and confined at the waist with sashes, not belts, \(\) of the principal agents, or of the publisher.

the latter are no longer worn. Some Gabrielle or Princess dresses have been made by Worth. These are tight-fitting, long Polonaise, quite plain in front, if for the house, made with a train, but look well only in a material that is at least moderately heavy. Young ladies wear pale-blue, pink, buff, or mauve cashmere Polonaise over black, or any colored silk that may be suitable. One of the prettiest dresses we have seen was of plain pink batiste; the demi-trained skirt was edged with three ruches of the material, each five inches wide, separated by a space of an inch and a half; these ruches were plaited, and fastened only on the upper edge. The Polonaise of the same material, without a lining, was adjusted in the back only; the trimming was composed of a ruche like that of the skirt; the same trimming simulated on the waist a jacket with pockets. The Polonaise was heart-shaped in front. Another pretty and less expensive dress was a dark-blue linen, trimmed with four or five flounces, each one edged with three rows of narrow, white braid. The Polonaise was hemmed and edged with three rows of white braid.

MOST WRAPPINGS are loose, so they can be easily thrown off if they prove too heavy; even the jackets are loose-fitting.

BONNETS AND HATS are of all varieties. The close, high hats that have been so popular for the past ten years, are not so fashionable as the broader brimmed one, which is turned up on one side, or on both sides, if desired, and trimmed with fine flowers.

FICHUS, made of China crope, and with long ends, that descend considerably below the waist, are much worn at present. They are fringed with twisted silk, and at the back are no longer than a cape. They form three plaits behind, and replace the revers that have been so long fashionable. There is one advantage about these fichus which revers have not, they can be varied so easily.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Costume for a Young Girl Ten Years Old, in pink and gray mohair, described in the "Every-Day" deparment, which see.

FIG. 11.-COSTUME FOR A YOUNG GIRL EIGHT YEARS OLD, in pique, described at large in the "Every-Day" department, which see.

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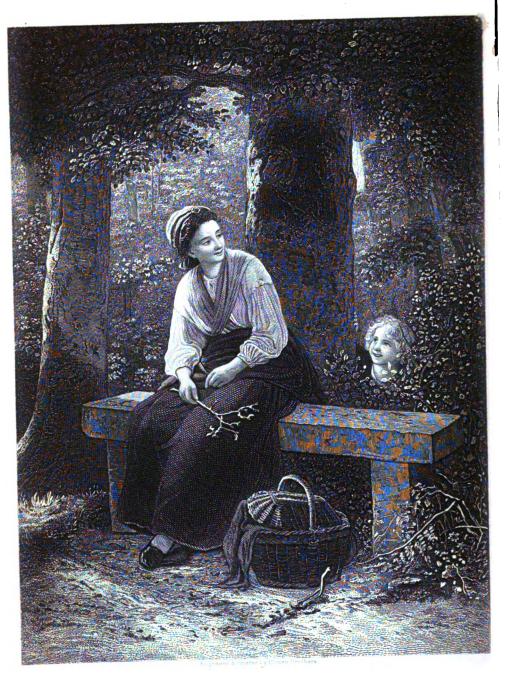
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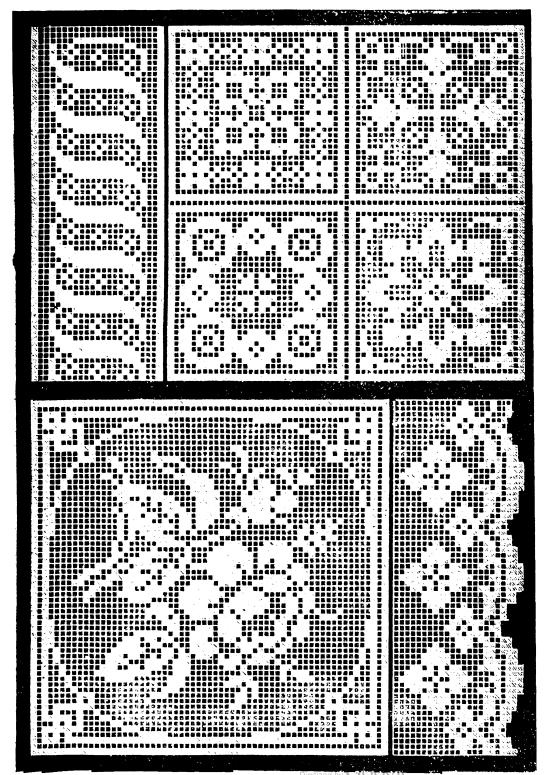
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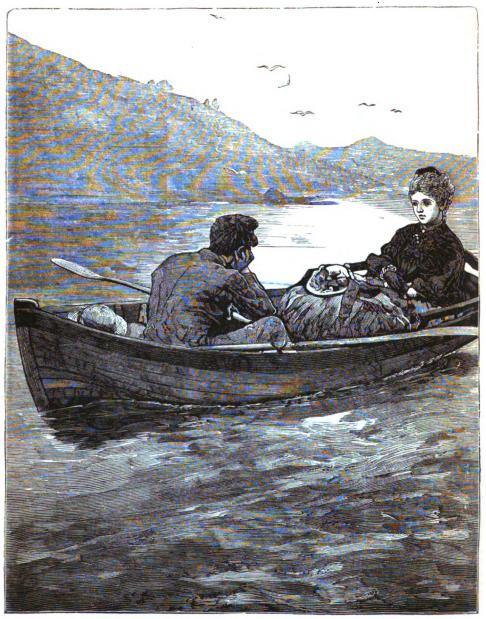
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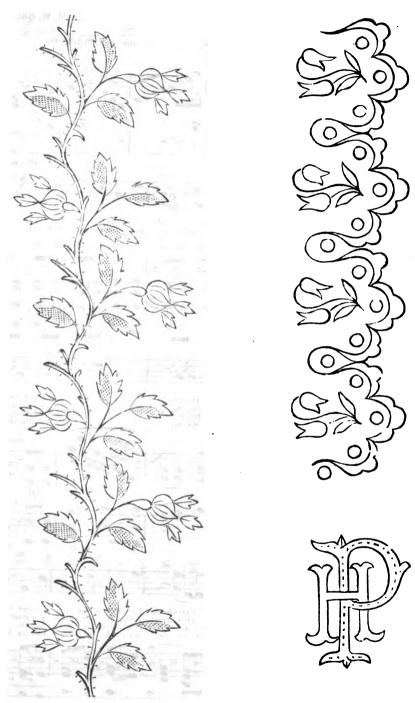
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BACK OF PINK SILK DRESS FICHU, WITH POCKET.



NAMES FOR MARKING. HANDKERCHIEF-CORNER.



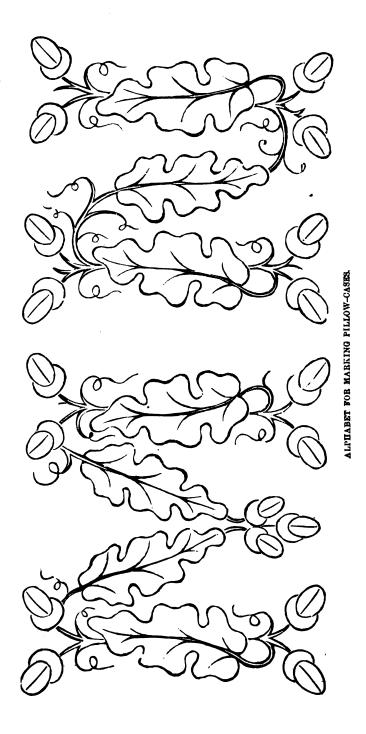
EMPROIDERIES ON FLANNEL. MONOGRAM

KILLARNEY.

By M. W. BALFE.







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

GIANTS AND WIND-MILLS.

BY EMMA F. M. WHITCOMB.

WHEN Dulcie Heywood married the minister, and was starting on a blissful little bridal journey, her Aunt Dorothea took occasion to observe that, although married, she was by no means out of this troublesome world.

Miss Dorothea, it is but just to remark, had found it a troublesome world; and after jolting over its rough highway, could not be expected to preserve the succharine properties with which she started out.

Dulcie kissed her aunt, gave Paul's hand a little, nervous, timid squeeze, and laughed as a great, bright drop fell on her new ring—that wonderful ring.

Dulcie felt in her heart of hearts that she was not good enough to be a minister's wife; she had been very worldly, had thought too much about the ruffles on her dresses; and liked bracelets, and earrings, and blue ribbons too well; but, oh! how she did mean to try to be all that her husband thought her.

After the good-byes, and the journey, and the few days which always seemed to her to have been dropped from the sky, and to have vanished into the sea, they came to their home, and life in earnest commenced.

If anybody had hinted to Dulcie that in less than two years she would echo her Aunt Dorothea's words, she would have shaken her pretty head and thought that, loving Paul as she did, she could bear all things; the sweet dreams of her girlhood had not prepared her for so much happiness. Sometimes she thought that she wished Paul had heard a "call" to be a missionary, that she might prove to him how cheerfully she would follow him to the world's end.

But Dulcie's husband was called to work in an old vineyard. Days came when he felt that the soil was worn out, or the seed had fallen among thorns; his duty was to repeat the old words of promise and warning to ears that seemed to hear not—and his life was Dulcie's life as well.

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Dulcie didn't count it a trial, so full was her heart of heaven-given charity, to wear her last year's hat, that Paul might be one of ten to make up a hundred dollars to the Home Missions.

"You look more lovely than ever," said Paul, as they stepped out of the door the first Sabbath Dulcie wore it.

"That's because you are enchanted," replied Dulcie, quickly, for she was fond of quoting Don Quixotte to her husband; and he had long ago denominated her Dulcinea du Tobosa.

Keeping the house was a new and vast undertaking to Mrs. Bloomsbury. She had thought she understood it well; she had made crumpy little slices of coast for her mother; had arranged bouquets for the dinner-table; made a cake yearly, and on rare occasions, washed the china and silver; but to superintend all the arrangements of a house, to make each meal seem like an angel's gift—that is, to have come without hands—as, to be thoroughly enjoyable, every meal should seem, was something dierent.

Yet, after awhile, it seemed that Dulcie was less able to bear things. She cried sometimes at nothing in the world: she had quer little fancies: she would ask Paul if he really loved her—really, now?" till Paul would laugh and say, "No," jestingly. He thought he was learning a new phase of her character; but when he knew that it was the shadow of a sweet and solemn promise which rested on her face, and gave to it the new and earnest beauty, he watched over her with a tender care, a worshipful love, unknown to her before. Many among his "charge" saw it with foreboding; they feared he was raising up an idol in the Master's place.

One morning Paul saw that his wife was unusually pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes.

"You must keep quiet to-day, girl," he said.
"You have been wearing yourself out nursing poor little Adam."

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"It wasn't half so hard for me to stay with him, as it would have been to leave that mother alone with him; there wasn't a woman in the house, and Dr. Brown said he had asked half-adozen of the ladies in our church, and they all had excuses. It seems so hard for her to be alone."

He made her promise to rest, and he said, regretfully, as he looked back from the door, "How I wish I could stay with you. Oh! if I could feel that my work here is doing any good! I often remember the battle with the wind-mills. I am worn out, and it isn't a giant after all."

How Paul's eyes glistened as he spoke! And Dulcie noticed that his face was thin and white, and his overcoat was beginning to look shabby.

Then she brought out the basket of work over which her face became so tender and serious. She sewed rapidly for an hour, then hearing a step, she put the work away, and opened the door.

"Why Aunt Faith," she said, "I didn't think of seeing you this dismal morning! How is your rheumatism?"

"There are times," said the old lady, whose tail, gaunt form quite overshadowed Dulcie, "when one must rise superior to rheumatism, and even to neuralgia; I am having that now, too."

"I hope nothing has happened," said Dulcie, apprehensively.

"It has been happening for some time," said Mrs. Hopkins, who by this time had taken Paul's chair, and sat looking gloomily into the fire, which snapped, crackled, and danced gayly in the grate; Dulcie found herself wondering how it dared. "The truth is," she said, suddenly, facing Dulcie, "I feel that you ought to know it; this always has been an awful place for a minister. Awful! When they get a new one, there isn't anything good enough for him; but after they have had him a spell, he has to take up with what he can get."

Mrs. Hopkins spoke as though she washed her hands of the whole matter.

"What do you mean?" asked Dulcie, flushing, and ready to cry.

"I don't think myself it's any such great thing; but there's them that say they can't stand his sitting down in prayer-meeting! Julia Comstock says it's the fashion, in the city, but we old folks don't like to have city notions brought up into the country. Mrs. Hardscrabble spoke of it first, and that set us to thinking."

"Why," began Dulcie, catching her breath, why we thought, Paul and I, that it seems so

much more social; he feels nearer to the people so, he often says, he wishes he could take all those stiff, unsocial benches away, and have chairs, and a carpet, and make it bright and pleasant, like a home; it would be so much more inviting. I should think that Mrs. Hardscrabble could bear it with some small degree of patience, as she never goes to prayer-meeting, or church. Her daughter told me that she is too feeble to get out."

"Carpet and chairs at a prayer-meeting!"
Mrs. Hopkins looked perfectly aghast.

"Do you think," said Dulcie, "that we are nearer Heaven on a wooden bench, and bare floor? Would you invite a guest into a room in your house, furnished like the one into which you ask the Lord to enter?"

"Carpet and chairs?" repeated Mrs. Hopkins, rising. "I was going to tell you that some think that his wearing his hair so long gives him a foppish appearance in the pulpit; and I don't know about a minister's wearing a mustache, with such long ends. I was going to act the part of a friend, and tell you, that there is more than one who thinks he meant brother Hudson, when he spoke, in his last sermon, of Judas carrying the bag."

Dulcie rose, her face was perfectly colorless with passion.

"I am sorry that people have such an opinion of your brother; I am sure my husband, when he said Judas, meant Judas. I don't think he would have been afraid to say Hudson Hopkins if he had meant him. Heaven forgive you!" cried poor Dulcie. "But I think it would have been kinder in you to have gone to help take care of Adam Trifle, than to come here troubling me."

"Adam will need no more nursing—he is dead," said the woman, as she closed the door, having, apparently, risen so far above rheumatism and neuralgia that she did not need her cane, for she left it standing menacingly beside Dulcie's little sewing-chair. It fell to the floor as Dulcie sank into the chair, crying as though her heart would break. Paul's desponding reflection came into her mind directly: "Only a wind-mill, not a giant after all!" And little Adam dead! The little boy she had loved, and petted, and nursed. Her head sank upon her breast, and she would have fallen had not her husband, at that moment, opened the door and caught her in his arms.

"My poor little wife," he cried, "who has been so unkind as to tell you. I wanted to say it so gently to you; but he is better off, we know. I talked with his mother; and Dulcie, darling, his father has signed the pledge." Dulcie threw her arms around her husband's neck. "A giant!" she cried. "No one but you, Paul, could have slain it; and that poor mother told me her husband never listened to any one as he has to you. But, oh, Paul! If you only had a better wife!" and then, with sobs, and little whispers of self-represch, and pleadings for forgiveness, out came the story of her morning's trouble.

It would not do, Paul saw at once, to blame her, or let her know what she had done, for, with prophetic vision, he saw the Hopkins' empty pew, and he felt his purse lightened of the Hopkins' liberal subscription. But his little wife, whose physical condition was that of weakness and dependence, must be soothed and quieted; and so Paul talked gently to her. And they wondered about Heaven, where little Adam had gone. "To think," said Dulcie, "that his little hands have opened the door so closely shut to us!"

Then he told her of his morning's work; and how only one of the Committee of five agreed with him in thinking they could not get through the winter with the church in its dilapidated condition; that it must have a new roof. "They seem to think," said he, "that doing anything for the church is so much thrown away. When I think that I have had to beg for my salary after I have earned it, I am indignant and grieved."

Then Dulcie forgot herself in her husband. "My own darling Paul," she cried, "we can still trust in Him. It comforts me so to think He says, 'The steps of a good man are ordered by' Himself. I never see you going in a rough path but I think of that. And you know, Paul," she added, in her sweet, deprecating way, "you know that I am stumbling along beside you."

They cheered each other, and helped each heard a voice, "come up hother, when every day seemed to bring some left a record of giants slain new perplexity; for the people among whom they deed, of which that purest kni were living, though not intentionally unkind, need not have been ashamed.

were unthinking. There were factions in the church, and elements which could not harmonize.

Dulcie's time of trial came all too soon; and when a dead baby lay upon the mother's heart, and Paul saw the white faces of both, he thought in a moment of the lily and its bud, which the storm, that very morning, had broken from the stem.

Then Dulcie, with the strange, sweet smile upon her face, which the angels give to the dying, whispered, "It is best so, I'aul; I never was good enough; but I hope He will give us a little place in Heaven, near the gate, Paul—baby and me; and we will watch for you, I will teach her. Don't Paul," she said, as he hid his face in his hands, and groaned, then took her to his heart, as though that strong, warm grasp could keep her from death itself.

"I cannot let you go, my darling," he said.

But, smiling still, she whispered again, "There are the giants for you to fight, Paul; I never could; somehow, I wasn't strong enough. His will be done; you know you always said thus, Paul."

She was silent then; they watched her, as the shadows began to creep in, and when the night came, lo, to her came the morning.

When Paul stood beside the grave, thus. "Thy will be done," rose like a mountain before him; he could not see the shining peaks; he knew that if he kept on in the right path, he must one day catch a glimpse of it; but now only a barren crag towered above him.

He walked, a lonely man, the old paths, like One of old, "acquainted with grief."

When, after the years had reverently laid a crown of silver upon his head, and he, too. heard a voice, "come up higher, friend," he left a record of giants slain by holy word and deed, of which that purest knight of Arthur's day need not have been ashamed.

MISSED.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

I miss thee! Oh, I miss thee so! The lonely hours drag dull and slow; I turn me from the sky's deep blue, Less fair to me its tender hue, While birds on blossom-laden bough, Seems trilling plaintive music now. My life has lost its fairest dower, For, oh, I miss thee every hour! A book, that you have read to me;
A flower, though it may withered be,
Your hand has held, my own caress,
And linger o'er in tenderness:
The while quick tears my eyelids wet,
E'en though your kisses burn there yet;
My heart turns ever unto thee,
And questions if you, too, miss me?

IN THE RAPIDS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mr. EDGERTON had been in poor health for months, yet no danger was apprehended, even by his physicians. His death was very sudden. He had walked out that very day, transacted some business, and there were guests invited for the evening. He died sitting in his chair. If he had known what was coming, I think he would have tried to be in a better mood. For months his irritability and peevishness had been growing, and this day he was in an especially bad humor with his wife and everybody else.

Ah, well! he had time to speak a few penitent words. Then he was gone. The rest lay in God's hands.

Mary Clifton had married him at nineteen. At twenty-three she found herself a widow. There would be nothing new in the details of their engagement and marriage. Mr. Edgerton was fifty. She did not marry him for love; her family were bent upon the match. Home was unpleasant to her. This elderly man seemed kind and tender, and she yielded at last.

For eighteen months life was not uncomfortable to her. It grew rapidly painful after that. Her husband was exacting, tyrannical, and parsimonious. He was not jealous in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was jealous of every friendship she formed—of everybody who could, in the least, withdraw her attention from him. She must have found being "an old man's darling" a very uncomfortable business, but she never complained, or lost patience.

He was dead. It was a great shock to her. At first her new freedom gave her a sense almost of desolation and terror. When the will was read, she found, to her surprise, that, with the exception of a few bequests to certain distant relatives, (he had no near kindred,) his whole fortune was left at her disposal. He had often threatened to leave her very little, to endow some charity with his money. But the will had been made in the first days of his marriage, while these new ties were pleasant to the morose old bachelor, and, in spite of the change which came over him, he had never altered it.

Mary passed the customary period of mourning and retirement. She traveled. She had a few valued friends about her. Gradually, the bloom came back to her cheeks, the life to her eyes. Sometimes she felt afraid that she was wicked,

when startled by u perception of the fact that she enjoyed the perfect liberty, which had so unexpectedly taken the place of the positive scrvitude, even to the expression of an opinion, in which she had so long lived. For that period had seemed very long. She tried to gild it with tenderness and compassion, but it was difficult. That life had been very hard.

She was not yet twenty-five, when she yielded to the entreaties of her friends, who declared that it would be simply absurd to continue her nun-like existence. So she went to her house in town, took an elderly relative to live with her, and though she tried to live quietly, still the world was too eager to gather about the rich, pretty widow to render this possible.

But the gayeties of society were tiresome to her. She had got beyond a fondness for balls and similar amusements.

"I must be getting old," she thought often. "How pleasant all this would have seemed once."

Bright as her life appeared, it was bald and bare, for there was a great want in her heart, a terrible lack in everything.

Mary had known her little romance. It holds no startling details. She and Fred Liscombe had been girl and boy lovers. The families, on either side, never thought about the matter till Mary had passed seventeen and Fred was twenty-one. Then all the elders were indignant and horrified to find that the youthful pair considered themselves engaged. Mary was lectured and reproached, till her ears ached as badly as her heart. Fred was shipped off to Egypt, where an uncle was making himself rich by speculation in wheat, and so the romance ended.

I can conscientiously assert that during her married life Mary Edgerton never allowed herself to dwell upon those old memories. Nay, she believed them forgotten. Even after she was free to think of the past, to form new ties, she did not suppose that she had any feeling in regard to the old dream, beyond a certain tenderness, a pathetic softness, such as one has for a pretty poem, or a touching novel, that one has read in early youth.

It is odd, but the first perception she had of her mistake arose from finding herself attracted toward another man, a man who stood out pre-eminent and noble among her host of new admirers. Gerald Landon was thirty, handsome, wellconnected, earnest in his profession, but not a rich man; though his position and success were such that nobody could accuse him of fortunehunting, even when he devoted himself to a woman as rich as Mrs. Edgerton.

Sooner or later, a woman must perceive when a man's heart has gone out to her, try as he may to guard his secret. At first, this idea fluttered Mary. Then it seemed a sort of rest; then suddenly there rose between this man and her the recollection of the old dream. The feeling she had toward him was not in the least like her former sentiment for Fred. She respected, believed in him, honored his talents, enjoyed his society, but there was none of the old restlessness, the wild fancies of the by-gone time.

No, she did not love him! More, the image of Fred Liscombe once roused, she yielded to the spell, and lived over those old memories, which grew beautiful as a peep into Paradise. Why, she cared for him still! She understood now the yearning, the lack in her life. Her heart was still bound by the golden chain she had long since believed snapped asunder.

There was not an instinct of coquetry in Mary Edgerton's mind, and she would not have played with Landon's heart, any more than she would have periled an immortal soul. She convinced herself that her own vanity had deceived her. He was a friend, he liked her society; there was a strong sympathy between them, and that was all.

She was as guarded as possible in her conduct, and rather avoided the matter, in fact; for the (to herself) unconscious change in her manner, the avoidance of private tête-à-têtes, the quietly putting him back on the footing of an ordinary acquaintance, filled him with painful apprehension, and forced his secret from his lips long before he had meant to give it utterance.

So he told the story of his love. Poor Mary! It sounded very sweet to her. She fairly longed to listen. But up rose Fred Liscombe's image, between this man and her; and the beautiful eyes, which had been a spell in her girlhood, seemed looking at her with passionate reproach.

"Don't! Please don't say any more!" was all she could falter. She was as confused and troubled as if she had been sixteen.

Of course, she could not leave the matter here. She had clearly to say that he could never be more to her than a friend. Her real reason she could not give. How could she say what it really was that kept her heart aloof from his? He did his best to subdue his pain; he asked pardon for having deceived himself; at least, she would let

him be her friend still? If ever trouble came, she would turn to him?

She promised, and was glad to do so; he was so good, so wise, so trustworthy! She should always feel safe, remembering that he would be ready to aid, should care or perplexity overtake her.

For a few days, she felt almost wicked, though she had done nothing which could call for censure from the harshest judge or the tenderest conscience. A few days, then a joy so restless, a vision so bright, took possession of her soul, that her dazzled eyes could scarcely perceive him, or any other object in the common world, from which she had suddenly been lifted.

She was at a reception, one evening, where there was music and recitation, and other exalted amusement, which Mary felt herself just then unable properly to appreciate, wondering what made her grow so dull and stupid.

She was looking younger and prettier than usual, more like a girl than a woman past twenty-five. She was dressed in white, with violet decorations, and a bunch of violets in her hair—a costume like one she had often worn in the old days, because Fred Liscombe liked it.

Somebody was talking to her, and she trying to listen. But how could she? For once, in the long-ago, she had been at a ball in this very house with Fred Liscombe. It was her last happy evening, for the troubles began just after.

The hostess' voice sounded in her ear.

"I have promised that you will not have forgotten an old friend, Mrs. Edgerton," were the words she heard.

Mary looked up quickly. There stood Fred Liscombe! She had not supposed him nearer than Egypt, but she felt no surprise. It seemed so natural to see him standing there, with his glorious eyes full of welcome, the smile which softened his haughty face wreathing his lips.

"Has Mrs. Edgerton forgotten?" he asked, gently.

Forgotten! Why, the past, the parting, the long years, seemed all a dream. Space and time were annihilated! This was the very scene she had long lived over! Positively, for an instant, that was the thought in her mind.

But she was too much accustomed to self-restraint, not to remember that she was near betraying her emotion to curious eyes. She held out her hand, the hand that had so often lain in his, and been warmed by it, and her voice was steady enough as she said,

"I am very glad to see you. I had not heard of your arrival."

As he answered, she looked a little beyond 597659

him, for the sight of his face dizzied her still. She looked, and saw Gerald Landon, with his eyes fixed upon her. He bowed, and turned away; but Mary knew that he understood now why she had sent him from her.

Their hostess floated away to her other guests. A tiresome man, who had been whispering stupid nothings, which Mrs. Edgerton had not heard, took himself off likewise.

Fred Liscombe sank into the seat beside her.

"I dreaded so to come home," he said. "I feared to see you. I could not tell if you would be glad."

Her heart bounded like a suddenly uncaged bird, but she could control herself now.

"You should not be unjust to old friends," she said. "I hope you have not grown misanthropic?"

She raised her eyes, with a smile; but his answer made her drop them.

"Small wonder, if I had," he said. "It seems a whole life—an eternity!"

He had come back, he loved her still—he loved her. But she must hide her emotion. She must not be bold and unwomanly. She tried for ordinary words, but it was a palpable effort, and he would not aid her.

"Say again that you are glad," he half whispered.

Fortunately for her, up came other men. Mrs. Edgerton was too important a personage, in those days, for any one to be allowed to engross her for many moments.

Fred frowned, and pulled his mustache just in the old way, looking so handsome in his irritation. Ah, how natural it seemed, and how delightful!

He kept his place by her side for awhile. He came back whenever he could get near her. It was just living the old days over. Oh, her dream, her beautiful dream!

Late in the evening, he came up to her again. "Mrs. Faucett has said we may dance a little, by way of a finale. They tell me it is old-fashioned to waltz; but I have begged for one. Will you take my arm? The old waltz, you know."

The music struck up, and the next minute she was floating down the room, supported by his arm.

"I must go now," she said, when the music ceased. "My cousin is not very well. It is too bad to keep her up any longer."

She dared not stay. She could not! That was the true reason. When she came down from the dressing-room, Liscombe was waiting.

"May I come and see you?" he asked.

She tried to make some jesting answer, but he would not jest.

"May I come to-morrow?" he added, peremptorily.

She bowed her head, motioned him to give his arm to her elderly relative, hurried on, and entered her carriage. She glanced out as they drove away. He was still standing on the sidewalk, the glare of a gas-lamp falling full on his face. He was looking at her, with a half-tender, half-reproachful look, such as he used to give her, when she had been guilty of some bit of girlish teazing.

He came to the house next day, and had the good fortune to find her alone. She attempted to talk of indifferent matters, to speak of his life in Egypt, but he would not be put off.

"I came to America with just one thought," he said. "I must tell you. It rests with you whether I go back by the next steamer. I love you! I have never ceased to love you! Mary, Mary, speak to me. Do you care? Is the old dream quite dead? Must I go away again?"

The bare thought was torture. Instinctively, she put out her hand, with a dread of his sudden departure. He seized it, and covered it with kisses.

"Is it true? Do you really care? Oh, my darling! Oh, these years! What I have suffered!"

His suffering for her! The idea made reason or prudence impossible. She could not reco lect what changes these years of separation must unavoidably have wrought in both. She could not recollect, that, before entering into an engagement, they ought to see more of one another. She could only remember that he had suffered for her sake, and that he loved her still.

So, once more, Fred Liscombe's hiss was on her lips, and his arms folded her to his heart.

"For months and months I could not come back," he said. "I was held fast by that odious business. Then I grew afraid. I dared not come. 'She may have forgotten,' I said. 'Better to stay here, and live on the old dream, than to see her, and know that she has forgotten.' Mary, I should have gone mad!"

"But you are here now. You know I did not forget!" she whispered.

Liscombe would not hear of kee, ing their engagement a secret, even for a day; there was no reason, he said; he was too proud, too happy.

So Mary consented. The whole world congratulated, of course. The proud Liscombe family were in ecstasies. They had always loved her so, they now declared; she was just the wife for Fred—she was a darling, an angel! And Mary absolutely forgot the days, when they had flouted her, and denied to all who would listen, that Fred had any attachment for the ruined banker's go to Newport, at once, they said, where Mrs. daughter.

Mr. Landon wrote her a little note of congra-He was going out of town for awhile; that was all he said about himself. But the letter was so kind, so tender, that Mary's eyes filled with tears. She could not speak of it, even to Fred; it was too sacred.

The engagement announced, Fred began to plead for a speedy marriage. I suppose-though the haste filled her with a certain dread, which surprised herself-that Mary could not have resisted his eloquence. But that decision was taken out of her hands. She received news of the death of an elder sister, who lived in the South. course, retirement and mourning were necessary for a time, though Mrs. Dormer had never done anything to attach Mary to her.

Fred had to yield. He did not do it good But Mary considered his disappointment too natural for her to blame his airs of reproach. At least she would set a time for their marriage. She could not refuse. But she would only name the following September. Liscombe fretted a good deal, but she was firm here.

"Ah, be content," she said. "Think how much has been granted us. It seems wicked, Fred, to repine."

Fred pleaded his love, declared himself grateful to Providence, though, even as he spoke, he felt like cursing that Providence, in which at the bottom of his heart he had small faith.

It was near spring. The weather already began to make one think of the country, and have yearnings for the summer. Mary was glad that she had an excuse for quiet and solitude. She did not want the world staring at her happiness. She wanted to keep it to herself, till she could grow accustomed to its brightness, after the long stretch of cold, gray sky, beneath which she had so long journeyed.

Fred was a most devoted lover, exigent, too; but it was sweet to yield to him. Life was full of interest and excitement, quietly as she lived. Fred's impulsiveness, nay, even grave faults of temper, did not trouble her. He had always been so. It was "Fred's way," a proof too of his love; he could not bear to have her occupied for a moment with anybody else. He wanted their lives to realize the pretty verse, she so often sang to herself, in these days, about two hearts with but one single thought-two beings with one soul.

Three months passed. It was now the first of June.

Mary's cousin, Mrs. Gore, was not well. The physicians advised change of air. She had better agent's hands; but at last the housekeeper re

Edgerton owned a fine villa.

Fred was to follow them very soon, of course, intending to stop at an hotel. Mary had literally never thought about his pecuniary success during these years. Once he said to her,

"You are marrying a poor devil, Madame Millionaire; that is, compared to yourself! Egypt has been rather a failure."

She could not be sorry. It was sweet to think that she could give him all. But she did not suppose he would wish for an idle life. She talked of this sometimes. Fred had various grand schemes, of which he spoke vaguely. He admitted that he hated business. He described the torture of its dry details so glowingly, that she pitied him for the hard life he had led. He meant to be an author, to write books, he said. He read Mary the beginnings of several novels and plays.

He was a genius, she said to herself, when she Why, she had never half appreheard them. ciated him! He would have the whole world at his feet. He would go down to posterity like a brilliant star. And he loved her! No wonder if he were a little capricious and excitable; it was the organization of genius!

She went to Newport with her cousin. Fred was back and forth often. Sometimes, on his return from New York, he looked pale and ill. Mary, on such occasions, feared that he worked too hard over his novel.

When the last of July came, and she discovered that his much-dreamed-of book, so far from being ready for publication, was not further advanced than it had been in May, the first faint cloud overshadowed her happiness. She was a girl no longer, remember, youthful as she seemed in this restoration of her dream. She could not endure the idea of his wasting time, or frittering away what she believed his great talents. So she expostulated, or, rather, tried to urge him on. first he bore her counsels pleasantly. But, before long, the time came when Fred's literary visions became a rather sore subject between them. keep from blaming him, she took refuge in the idea that his health was not good, and frightened herself by all sorts of apprehensions, and Fred did not attempt to ease her mind.

One day she received a letter from her agent. He wrote that he had an excellent opportunity to dispose of some Western property, which she did not wish to keep; but he found that he had not the deeds, and suggested that they must be somewhere among the papers of Mr. Edgerton, which had been overlooked.

Mary thought all business papers were in the

membered, that when the house was shut up, Mr. Edgerton had left a box in one of the attic rooms. So Mary had it brought down, and put in her dressing-room, that she might examine it at her leisure.

That afternoon it rained. She did not expect Fred till to-morrow from New York. So Mary took advantage of her leisure to begin the search. She had to send for a locksmith, as she had no key that would open the trunk.

It was a rather painful business, this turning over the dead man's letters and papers. It brought the cold, hard life back, with dismal vividness. She was sorry that she had not sent the box to Mr. Rowe, and let him examine it.

But the deed was found at last. As Mary unfolded it, to be sure there was no mistake, a loose page fluttered from it, and fell on the floor. She saw her husband's handwriting, picked it up, and, half-mechanically, began to read.

She stopped, looked about like a person wondering if she could be awake, then read on to the end.

She had found a new will. A certain income, not too large, was left to her, as long as she remained unmarried. The rest of the fortune was divided between Mr. Edgerton's relation and a charity.

The first clear sensation which stood up from the whirl of thought in Mary's brain, was a feeling of positive guilt. She had been defrauding others, she felt. She had no right to this money which gilded her life.

The paper was not a regular will, not written in proper form, not dated or signed; but for awhile these facts did not strike Mary. She felt like a culprit, as if she deserved to be dragged off to prison as a criminal.

She sat there alone, till almost dusk, holding the paper in her hands, wondering what were the first steps she ought to take. Her confused meditation was interrupted by a knock at the door.

- "I am busy," she called, impatiently.
- "But, ma'am, if you please, Mr. Liscombe is down stairs," her maid responded.

Ah, here was help! Fred would tell her what to do, how to manage, how to repair the evil as quickly as possible. Without waiting an instant, she hurried down stairs. She never remembered that she was in a loose dress, and her hands dusty from the papers, till she caught Fred's look of disapproval.

"I am so glad you have come, so glad! Please don't look at my dress, Fred, I have been examining papers."

Then it struck her what a blow she was about { irritable."

to deal him. He would suffer. She did not care for herself. But he! He was not rich. His health was delicate She should come to him a beggar.

"Why, how pale you are!" he exclaimed, forgetting disapproval, in wondering anxiety.

She sank into a chair, and stared drearily at him. The paper fluttered in her trembling hand, and attracted his attention.

- "What is the matter? What have you got there!" he asked, impatiently.
- "Oh, Fred! It is what I found," she gasped. "It is a new will."
- "A new will?" he repeated. "Impossible!"
- "Yes, it is. The money is not mine. I have no right to it! Oh, Fred! Fred! I would not mind for myself; but you, you!"

He almost snatched the paper from her hand. He felt his face turn white. He moved toward a window to hide it from her.

He read the pages carefully, and his look changed. He began to laugh.

"You dear little goose," he said. "You know no more about business affairs than a baby."

She looked up at him in surprise.

- "It is Mr. Edgerton's writing," she said.
- "I don't dispute that; but it is not a will," said Fred, still laughing.
- "He meant it for one," she said. "Every direction is explicit."
- "It is not a will," interrupted Liscombe, evidently irritated by her obstinacy in not understanding. "It is a paper on which he jotted down some ideas that he afterward gave up. Why, the will was read and proved, child, long ago."
- "That was the one he made just after—after our marriage," said Mary. "This is dated the very summer we were here."

Fred assumed a resigned air, sat down by her, took her hands in his.

- "There is no possibility of discussion, dear," he said. "Mr. Edgerton made one will—this scrap of paper concerns nobody."
- "It would be a will, if it had been signed and regularly witnessed," she persisted.
- "I should be named Jones if my father had been Jones before me," said he. "Why, Mary, I had no idea you were such a baby about business. I wonder you have not been cheated out of all you have got."

She drew her hands away from him.

"I have not managed my affairs ill," she said.
"I don't pretend to be very wise, Fred. At least, I can read. That paper Mr. Edgerton meant to make his last will. He often threatened me with changing it, when he was—was irritable."

"Then, if he ever meant it, he was served right by being put out of the world before he could do so infamous a thing," cried Liscombe, his face flushing with anger.

From any other, perhaps, this speech might have been natural enough, but in his mouth it sounded coarse, and hurt her.

"For shame!" she said. "You don't think what you are saying."

"Yes, I do!" he cried. "The man treated you abominably. My mother has told me. I'd like—"

"Oh, don't, Fred!" she broke in, with a shudder. "I can't hear you speak like that. I will not! Mr. Edgerton's health was poor. He was often irritable, but never cruel, never intentionally unkind."

Fred saw he had gone too far in his anger. He retreated at once.

"I beg your pardon, my darling! Let it all go. You are to be happy, now, at last. Just let me tear this absurd paper, and be done."

Mary snatched it from his hands. Her face grew paler still.

"You don't think what you are saying," she replied, in a choked voice.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "One would think I had proposed destroying a will! Why, this is fairly insulting."

"Ah, don't be angry, Fred. I am suffering enough now," she pleaded. "I know you did not think."

"Think! Why, that paper means nothing at all."

"Mr. Edgerton meant it for his last will," she repeated.

He looked at her, as if he wondered whether she had gone mad.

"Upon my life, I never heard of such a delusion," he exclaimed. "Well, perhaps it is a subject I ought not to discuss. I only remembered you, not myself."

"I know—I know!" she cried, laying her head on his shoulder, and shedding a few tears.

He soothed her, petted her, and, presently, she could talk again.

"What ought I to do first?" she asked, at last.

"I thought we had done with the matter," groaned Fred, goaded to such a pitch of exasperation, that it was difficult to keep his temper under proper control.

"Oh, Fred, I must consult with you!"

"No! If you cannot let the thing rest, consult your lawyer, Mr. Rowe. He will laugh heartily at your nonsensical idea, that there is anything to do."

"Nothing to do? Why, I am spending other people's money. I have found an expression of my husband's last wishes!"

She choked again. This time Fred did not attempt to soothe her. He saw the dangerous aspect the subject had assumed in her mind. He was afraid to argue further. It would look ill. But something must be done to quiet her.

"Will you let me send for Mr. Rowe?" he asked. "He is the proper person to advise you. I will go and telegraph."

"Yes," Mary said. "He must know at once. He must inform the others?"

"What others, in the name of heaven?"

"Mr. Edgerton's relatives, and the charity people."

"They have nothing to do with it-"

"They have to receive their own," she interrupted.

Alarmed and angry as he was, he began to laugh.

"They would have hard work to prove their rights," he said.

"They are proved to me," she replied, holding up the paper. "Ah, Fred! Fred! and I shall be a burden to you, after all! I have forty thousand dollars my uncle left me. I—— Oh, my poor Fred!"

He put her in a chair, kissed her, and hurried out. He could not avoid giving way to his rage if he stopped.

He came back late, in the evening, but guests were present, and so no further conversation ensued.

The next morning, Mr. Rowe reached Newport. As Liscombe had desired, the lawyer went
to him first. Fred explained the whole matter.
Mr. Rowe agreed with him that the paper was
technically no will, and added that ninety-nine
people would say, that for Mrs. Edgarton to take
notice of her discovery would be simple insanity.
Fred went with him to her house. He was loving and tender. Indeed, she looked pale and
worn enough, after her sleepless night, to have
softened a heart of granite.

"Now I am going to leave Mr. Rowe to dispel the cobwebs in your brain," Fred said, after a little. "I have explained the whole matter to him. I will come back in an hour."

So Mary and her legal adviser went over the affair. Mr. Rowe felt it his duty to tell her she had a legal right to the estate, that the paper had no force in the courts, that many people would think her Quixotic. But she ended where she began.

"If my husband had lived, this paper would have been made his will. I should be as guilty, to my own conscience, if I did not act upon the directions here set down."

"If your husband had not again changed his



mind, I should think he would have executed } this new will," Mr. Rowe said, at last, speaking like any lawver would.

"He was ill, after we went back to town," replied Mary. "He attended little to business. He did not think himself in danger, and so put it off "

"That reason will hardly hold," said the lawver.

"I tell you he said, often and often, that he would not let me have his fortune to waste-

"My dear madam, the irritability of a sick man!"

Finally, Mr. Rowe stopped. Mary had made up her mind what it was right to do, and she would not change.

So Fred Liscombe learned that once again his hope of wedding a fortune was likely to be a failure. He had at one time been engaged to a rich girl in Europe, but her friends broke off the match. At the time he heard of Mary's widowhood, he had got into the power of an unscrupulous woman, who was determined to marry him at any price; but he did get rid of her at last. With all this, he loved Mary, in his impulsive, passionate fashion. But he was in debt. uncle was angry with him. Money he must have.

In a few days came a letter from Mr. Rowe. He had taken it on himself, he wrote, to ask the opinions of various other legal men. There could not even be a moral obligation, they said, upon his client. If Mr. Edgerton had meant to make that paper into a will, there had been ample time, for he lived for months after it was written. The inference, it might be called a certainty even. was, that the deceased had decided not to act upon his idea, which was the caprice, no doubt, of an invalid in some moment of excitement. Even if Mrs. Edgerton persisted, she would have to make a formal conveyance of the property, for the courts could not recognize the will, at least as giving a title.

"Now," cried Fred, "I hope you are satisfied?"

Mary looked at him with a sad smile.

"I will give you my answar in two days," she said.

He meant to let the matter rest; but though he was affectionate and kind, he could not help worrying her. It came with a bad grace, considering the circumstances. She was frightened at last to see the difference between the man and her ideal.

At the end of the time she had set, she wrote him this letter.

"I have sent the paper to Mr. Rowe again.

the parties concerned my decision. My dear Fred. I could not act otherwise. The more I recall the past, the more complete is my certainty that my husband only delayed his intentions too long. I cannot agree with the lawyers in this. I knew my husband better than they do. Had he lived, that will would have been legally made. He sent for Mr. Rowe only two days before his death, and was too ill to see him when he came. Nothing would induce me, therefore, to keep this money. I should never have a happy momentnot an instant of peace! I believe that so to act would lose me my soul. One must obey one's conscience. No other can be a law to one.

"Now, my dearest and best friend, for ourselves! Yet I will not speak of myself. know my heart. This is what I want to say. shall never blame you, if what the world will call my insanity alienates you from me. Had I known this fact, when we first met after our long separation, I would never have engaged myself to you, unless you were sure that a poor woman would not be a hinderance and drag to you. is all in your hands. Whatever you decide, I will obey. Think well before you answer. would rather die, to-night, than that your affection should lead you to take a step, which you might regret in the future; and, perhaps, it would be a future full of care and hard work."

After the letter was gone, she received a communication from Mr. Rowe. He had held an interview with Mr. Edgerton's two cousins. They were upright, honorable men. There was a condition to which they would listen. They proposed that the property should be divided into three equal shares, Mrs. Edgerton reserving a third, the amount intended for the charity to be taken out of the property before any division.

Mary Edgerton's first thought was,

"I am glad I sent my letter before this came." Then she felt ashamed of her doubt and suspicion, and tried to believe in her ideal, and hold fast to her faith.

A week passed, before she received news.

"My one love," Liscombe wrote, "you have broken my heart. I cannot drag you down to poverty. I will not. The fragment of a competency, that you possess, independent of that wicked old man's fortune, will support you, if you are by yourself. I am going back to Egypt. I sail to-day. I dare not even see you again, lest my courage should fail, lest my selfish love should overpower my judgment, and I be cruel enough to accept the sacrifice you are so generously willing to make.

"My affairs have gone from bad to worse. have instructed him at once to make known to have just received letters from my uncle. In

any case, I should have been compelled to return to Egypt. In any case, I should have had to tell you that I was a ruined man.

"Sometime, when we are both long past youth, How can I ask you I may attain a competency. How can I bind you by a promise? Ah, you have been very cruel to yourself and me! We might have been happy! While I worked and proved myself worthy of your trust, we might have been at case and happy. I will not reproach you! Another man might accuse you of having more generosity than heart. I suffer in silence."

So it was all over, her beautiful dream, her idyl? Was her heart broken? She could not It seemed to her that what she felt was a sense of disappointment, of loss. She did not seem to regret so much the lover as the love. Life looked so cold and blank. She read again that shallow letter. Her heart ached, and bitter tears fell from her eyes. Were they for him?

She lived through another month. Then there came to her from a friend, who held proofs to attest her words, of such conduct on Frederic Liscombe's part, that had they come to her on the way to the altar, she must have turned back. His life abroad, the reasons which detained him long after he might with propriety have sought her; they all came; nothing was spared her.

So, once more, she reached that crisis in life, where we cry out that the world has come to an end. She was still a rich woman, but her wealth was valueless now, save as it might help her to aid the poor and suffering.

At last she met Gerald Landon again. He held his peace for a whole year. He was the kind, devoted friend of yore; but he never troubled her, by look or word, that could disturb her sense of rest in his society.

She talked freely with him, looking on him only as a friend. Had he addressed words of love to her, she would have been shocked at the idea, that he supposed she could go thus easily from one man's affection to another. Yet sometimes, when she thought that his love too was dead, she felt a certain sadness.

"I was not born to keep hearts," she would say, drearily, to herself.

Fred Liscombe married a rich Hollander, and returned no more to America. I must tell you that she forced him to live in a stupid Dutch town, and, metaphorically, sat always on his head. I trust this is poetic justice.

In the summer, Mrs. Edgerton went to the coast of Maine, then, as now, less known to tourists than it should be. There was a large party, and Gerald Landon was one of it. Gradually, he

more together. One day she had been admiring the indentations of the shore, and the islands opposite, and expressing a wish that she could see them from the sea, when Landon, to whom she had been speaking, offered to row her along the coast in a light, graceful little boat he had hired. "It is perfectly calm," he said. "The morning has just began; we shall have eight good hours before dinner."

It was one of those heavenly days in August, when the American climate, by the sea-side at least, is at its best. The water glittered like a living sapphire, the sun shone from a heaven as blue, and the soft air cooled an atmosphere that would otherwise have been too heated. For hours Landon and Mrs. Edgerton coasted along the bold, almost mountainous shores, watching the shadows of the clouds move over the hills, or the sea-birds dip into the water, and rise again with their prey, or the opal-lights that shot and quivered along and through the rippling waves. Often it was on Landon's lips to speak of his long-concealed love, but he was restrained by the feeling that it would be ungenerous to take advantage of Mrs. Edgerton's position. "She would never have come out with me," he said to himself, "if she had thought I would persecute her with my protestations." At last, he pulled into a comparatively narrow passage, that ran between an island and the mainland, and did not know, until he was fairly in it, that he would have to pass a dangerous rapid, caused partly by the declivity of the bottom, and partly by the numerous rocks that rose almost to the surface. He had never been there before, and only suspected his peril when he saw the whirling, rushing maelstrom just ahead, and then it was too late to retreat, for, after an ineffectual struggle to return, he was sucked into the boiling vortex.

There followed five minutes of fearful danger. five minutes of superhuman exertions, such as man makes but once in a life-time. While Landon strained every muscle, Mrs. Edgerton sat perfeetly still, holding the tiller-ropes (for she had been steering) and watching the movements of her companion's lips, so as to interpret his orders even before he spoke. He rowed with the strength of a dozen giants, for was he not striving to save a life which was a thousand times more precious than his own? Continually, he looked back over his shoulder, as well as to right and left, to see what obstacles presented themselves, and how to avert them; and often his directions to his companion were indicated by a motion of the head rather than by the lips. His skill and strength, aided by Mrs. Edgerton's nerve and intelligent and Mrs. Edgerton came to be thrown more and assistance, triumphed. After being tossed about,

and several times nearly upset, the boat finally settled on an even keel, for the most perilous part of the rapids had been passed, and went shooting, swiftly, but safely, down the shelving, but now comparatively smooth, current.

Landon dropped the oars, exhausted, and leaned his head on his hand, panting for breath. The strained muscles had given way, and the reaction had come, leaving him, for a moment, as weak as a child. Mrs. Edgerton, to outward appearance, was calmer; but her heart was throbbing violently, and not entirely from the sense of peril escaped. A great revelation had come to her, in that awful crisis, when she seemed hovering on the brink of death. She saw that she had loved Landon, a long while, and that it was for his life, more than for her own, that she had been trembling. Their eyes met.

"Thank God!" cried Landon.

"Thank God!" echoed Mrs. Edgerton. "Oh! if you had lost your life, by my foolish curiosity in bringing you out here." And then, totally overcome, she burst into tears.

"Tell me," cried Landon, in ungovernable excitement, a flood of light breaking on him, "tell me—am I mad? or do you—can you love me?"

Mrs. Edgerton looked up through her tears. "I have loved you a long while, Gerald," she said. And even in that moment of escape from peril, of supreme happiness, her gay, bright spirit broke forth, and she smiled archly at him, as she added, "But, you wouldn't ask me, you see."

They were married, that autumn. For the first time in her life Mrs. Edgerton knows what real happiness is. Her friends cannot resist congratulating her constantly on it, it is so exceptionally perfect even for people who are fitly mated; and she cannot help answering, gayly, as is her nature, "Oh, I had almost to ask him; he had got into such a way of not wishing to persecute me, as he now says, that he would have kept silent forever, I do believe if, when we were in the rapids, he hadn't been frightened into a confession."

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I DEEANT we put to port last night,
I trod the old familiar quay,
And you were standing clad in white,
With hands outstretched to welcome me.
You pointed to the great black ships,
And then toward the starry skies,
The moonlight on your pale, pale lips,
And tears were in your dear, gray eyes.

We were alone there, you and I,
The silent town rose gaunt and black,
We only heard the wind go by,
The moonlit water at our back.
I held your hands, my heart beat fast;
I called you, but you never spoke,
And then into the dark you past,
And left me speechless, and I woke.

There in my hammock as I swayed,
Sudden the place grew all a-gleam,
Far bells a mystic music made—
I knew the sign, I read my dream;
I shall not find you at our hearth,
Sweet wife, I know it now full well,
For you are gone away from earth,
And entered where the angels dwell.
I shall not find you waiting there,
As ever on the crowded quay,
With longing face, so fond, so fair,
To meet and greet me home from sea.
But dwelling in my lonely town,
Or in my ship upon the main,

I feel you look with blessing down,

I know we two may meet again.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

The rose that blows at early morn,
And forth its fragrance casts,
May have its petals rudely torn,
By midnight's ruthless blasts;
And none who prized the gentle flower,
So fresh in balmy day,
Will vigils keep at midnight hour,
To snatch it from decay.

And when, upon the drooping stalk,
Its broken life we see,
And scattered o'er the garden walk,
The faded leaves shall be,
Oh! who will then, with gentle care,
Prop up the falling stem,
Or with a gentle footstep spare,
What lived and bloomed for them?



CHICHESTER'S CHARGE.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD. - (DAIST VENTNOR.)

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 31.

"And what does the likes of you know about the matter?" said fat Mrs. O'Rourke, the cook, as she basted the joint of meat, energetically.

"Me, is it? If you place, me opportunities for_

"Hobservation," interrupted Mr. Charles, the English butler, as Miss Sheehan, with a wrathful sniff, paused for a nod.

"Thank you, Misther Charles. Yes, ma'am, I think I'm a raisonable judge of a lady whin I sees one: more by token, I heard Miss Florence sayin' mane things to her sister about 'the companion,' after Madam Nugent and Miss Lindsay wint to drive; and, says I, 'jealous of the purty face, miss, are you? thin she's more of a rule lady than you,' says I."

"And what did Miss Emily say?" demanded the cook.

"Fired up, quite warrum, like, and praised up the companion till her sister was green wid rage, I know;" and Miss Sheehan nodded, very seriously.

"Here's a dhrop of custard left in the kettle," said Mrs. O'Rourke, diplomatically, thrusting the savory compound directly under the housemaid's nose; "isn't the young master coming the day?"

"Mr. Leslie and his friend, the rich Mr. Chichester, is just arove," said the butler. "Ain't I decanting the '48 wine for 'em?"

"Hum!" said Miss Speehan. "Miss Florence has her eye on him; didn't I hear her telling Rosette to git out her blue crape? Ah, but she'll have to kape purty Miss Lindsay out o' the sight of her brother. Mr. Leslie had an eye for the young ladies before he wint to furrin' parts."

"And has still, no doubt. The fair sect is ensnaring," said Mr. Charles, gallantly. "The companion dines below to-day, Madame Nugent said, for there were thirteen covers, without her, which is unlucky. There's the bell! Mrs. O'Rourke, put a grain more pepper in the soup. Oh, lud! I do believe they'll pull out that bellwire," and the elegant butler vanished up the stair-case.

drawing-room just as dinner was announced. German music, at Madam Nugent's request, Len-

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Lennox, with the assistance of Mr. Sims, made a hurried toilet, and joined the party in the Lindsay played sad, sweet nocturnes, and bits of

Madame Nugent, Leslie's grandmother, a beautiful, stately old lady, with soft, silvery curis against her placid face, put her arm in his to be handed out to dinner, and presently he found himself seated at her right hand, with Emily Nugent upon his left, and her sister Florence opposite him. There were several others at table beside the family. A Mr. Rotherwood and his sister, a pale girl, in blue; two brothers, named Neilson, Miss Clay, a spinster, of uncertain age, and Tom Hastings, a college friend of Leslie's, who was devoted to the pretty Emily. Lennox noticed that there was a vacant seat next Florence Nugent, and wondered why the fourteenth guest was late; but Emily claimed his attention, at that particular moment, and he did not look across the table again, until Madam Nugent's gentle voice said,

"Lennox, I want to introduce you to Miss Lindsay; Miss Lindsay, Mr. Chichester."

A slight, elegant figure, in the simplest of white dresses, a soft, blue ribbon at the throat, her only bit of coloring, pause. an instant at the back of her chair, with a modest inclination of the head. Lennox turned courteously at the sound of his name, their eyes met, and the lovely stranger's vivid blush, and his surprised ejaculation were simultaneous.

"I beg pardon," he said, recovering himself. "Miss Lindsay and I were fellow-passengers in what just escaped being a serious railway accident, from which I hope she felt no ill effects." His words were commonplace, but his eyes, eloquent with glad satisfaction, sought the brown ones opposite. Miss Lindsay thanked him, gravely, and then sat quietly back in her chair, as she ate her soup, but Leslie, leaning forward, under cover of the épergne, said to himself, "By Jove! it's the same girl, and the likeness is amazing! I shall have a five-act drama performed under my very nose, unless I'm mistaken." His sister Emily caught his admiring eyes as they came back from Miss Lindsay's face, and she shook her head at him, playfully; after that the dinner progressed much as all dinners do.

In the drawing-room, afterward, where Miss

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nox had to restrain his impatience, and remain { where courtesy required-in this instance, next to Florence, who noticed the wandering of his eyes with secret wrath. Finally, Mr. Rotherwood and Emily went over to the piano, and thereby afforded Lennox an excuse to follow, which he did, leaving Florence to Miss Clay's terder mercies. Between them, Emily and he drew the stranger into conversation, although it was no easy matter at first to persuade her to raise her soft, dreamy eyes, that sent Lennox's heart throbbing as it had been done before. But when Leslie, attracted by the same magnet, joincd the group, Lennox thought it best policy to offer his arm to Emily for a walk in the garden. He was rewarded by the pretty little coquette's pouring forth all that she knew about "grandmama's companion." Miss Lindsay was a lady, Emily said; she had brought the best of references from Col. Sir Charles Wykoff, of Montreal, whom they knew very well. Her father had been a subaltern officer in the queen's service. Miss Lindsay had told her that she was an only child, and that her mother was living in Toronto, in very moderate circumstances. Then Emily, being anxious to know where Lennox had encountered her, begged for the history, and he gave her a rather sketchy account of the accident. Of the picture, and its curious mystery, he wisely said nothing. But that night, after smoking his last segar, as the young fellow stood in his own apartment, looking out at the water of the Sound, sparkling like silver in the moonlight, he took out the old miniature and kissed it in a stormy, impetuous fashion, that, I am convinced, would have terrified its lovely counterfeit, had she been witness to that eccentric performance.

But Lennox found that he had by no means smooth water to sail in. After the first two days. it became a very difficult matter to find Miss Lindsay, or to detain her, when found. were two reasons for this; first, Madam Nugent was a good deal of an invalid, and seldom appeared, except for her daily walk in the grounds, and after dinner she usually retired early, taking her companion with her; and, secondly, Florence, (as the vigilance committee below-stairs had already discovered,) was determined to fascinate "the rich Mr. Chichester," and was clever enough to feel, instinctively, that the poor companion was her rival. Besides, Florence had an undefined idea that there was more in the matter than met the eye; and after several midnight musings upon the subject, she resolved to write to Elinor Lennox. Upon the whole, she did it

visit at Acquabella, and it was only in her postscript that the gist of the matter was revealed to the keen sense of another woman quite as acute as herself.

Elinor received the letter in due time, and read it with a face of mingled fun and vexation. "Well done, Florence," was her mental comment, as she read,

"Grandma is doing very well, this summer," ran the posteript. "She has a new companion, a Canadian, whom I believe my brother and Mr. Chichester met, in some way, during their trip. She is considered very handsome, (though I don't quite fancy her style,) and is, I am afraid, very sly and artful. Leslie admires her music very much. Do come soon, Elinor, dear, and keep that brother of mine out of mischief."

"For 'mine,' read 'yours,'" smiled Elinor; "and I have a clear idea of the warning Florence wants to convey. I hope Lennox is not entangling himself foolishly. I don't believe a word of it. But anything is better than that wretched fancy of last winter; however, I may as well go on this week. I wonder if the Nugents have heard from Lloyd? If Leslie's story about the Scotch lassie be true, Florence will inform me immediately. Oh, Lloyd!" and Elinor bit her quivering lips as if she already felt the sting of the words, and then draped her beautiful person with costly laces, and rode off to a file champétre, where the men sought her more than ever, and the women groaned and held up their hands over "that flirting Elinor Lennox!"

True to her resolution, the fifth day after the arrival of Florence's letter found Elinor at Acquabella. She was warmly welcomed, for Emily Nugent loved her dearly, and Florence had an object in being civil to her just now. The girls accompanied her to her rooms, and Florence tried to lead the conversation to Lennox, but Elinor, when she chose, could be beautifully obtuse, and, in this instance, she did not wish to discuss her brother, and let Florence so understand: perhaps, with a shade more of acidity than she would otherwise have done had she not chanced to see, glancing out of the window, during the conversation, a tall figure, unmistakably Lennox's, walking along the garden-path. and by his side a slight, girlish form, over which he bent with what seemed to his sister very unnecessary devotion.

panion was her rival. Besides, Florence had an As Elinor was going down the long gallery on undefined idea that there was more in the matter than met the eye; and after several midnight shock, in her turn, which, for a moment, demusings upon the subject, she resolved to write stroyed her self-command. Passing one of Kento Elinor Lennox. Upon the whole, she did it sett's characteristic pictures, she paused for a deverly, under pretence of hastening her friend's moment to refresh her eyes with its beauty, and,

as she turned away, her lace flounces caught against a stand of flowers. Somebody moved to her assistance.

"Let me help you, you will tear it," said a soft voice. Elinor looked over her shoulder, to utter thanks, then stood, transfixed! The beautiful face of the miniature, with its pure, Greek outline, its exquisite mouth, and tender eyes, was before her. Miss Lindsay blushed painfully under Elinor's amazed glance, and her look of embarrassment brought Elinor's senses back again.

"Pardon me," she said, "you are the exact likeness of—of some one I saw, once. How you startled me."

"I am Madam Nugent's companion. My name is Lindsay," the young girl said, gravely, thinking, meanwhile, how strong the family likeness was between Lennox and his sister. Elinor repeated her thanks, and bowed kindly as she left her; but, sooth to say, she felt both annoyed and terrified at this flesh-and-blood apparition, and, during dinner, where Lennox sat on one side, and Tom Hastings the other, she was revolving in her mind the chances of this young girl being Mr. Chichester's heiress, and thinking how hard it would be to lay down their new fortune, and place the old gulf of pride and poverty between herself and Lloyd Cochrane.

Miss Lindsay did not appear that evening, and Lennox seemed determined to avoid any private conversation with his sister, and devoted himself to Florence in an exemplary manner. The next day it was much the same, except that Miss Lindsay joined them at croquet, and gave Elinor an opportunity to acknowledge how lovely she was. And, beginning to grow seriously annoyed, Elinor resolved to waylay her brother before the end of the day; but fate, unfortunately, proved against her, and the mischief was accomplished before her opportunity came.

A heavy storm had been coming up all the afternoon, and the air was full of very sharp lightning. Lennox went to his room to find a pair of light gloves, for dancing, when Leslie's voice and tap at his door, said, "Can I come in? Here's good news! Nothing less than a telegram from Lloyd Cochrane. He arrived in New York yesterday, by the Java, and comes up here by to-night's boat. That brings him here in time for breakfast, to-morrow. Lennox, advise me. Shall I tell Elinor?"

Lennox's face of astonishment was good to see.

"Lloyd, I am amazed! Then your story of
the Scotch girl was all a hoax? I believe you're
trying your hand at match-making No, don't
tell her; Elinor is so odd, that—— Jupiter, what
a flash!"

A terrific peal of thunder, with a crash following it, interrupted them, and Leslie hurried down the stair-case, thinking some tree had been struck, but Lennox saw the white dress and shrinking figure he was looking for, as he passed the bay-window.

"Miss Lindsay?" She started so violently that she almost fell, and he felt that she was trembling. "Are you afraid!" and, in the darkness, a firm hand clasped hers, tenderly.

"I came out of Madam Nugent's room—— Oh, Mr. Chichester!" Another vivid flash—then his arms were holding her closely, and his voice saying, in her ear, "My darling, don't tremble so. I'll take care of you."

There was a sound of voices on the stair-case, and Elinor and Leslie were heard calling "Lennox!" They found him, standing alone, in the gallery, but there was a triumphant look in his handsome eyes; and Elinor, glancing suspiciously up the gallery, saw Madam Nugent's door close.

"Lennox," Elinor contrived to say, as Leslie bolted the window, "where is this going to end? Do you mean to marry that girl?"

"Perhaps she won't have me," he said, gayly, and then Elinor's heart sank, for she knew that the mischief was done.

The storm raged on over Acquabella; it was a fearful night, and seemed to cast a gloom over the house. Miss Lindsay sent down an apology for her non-appearance, and the gentlemen told stories of shipwrecks until the ladies grew nervous and uncomfortable enough. But, before going into the smoking-room, Lennox sent Sims to Miss Lindsay's door with a note, to which she returned a verbal and affirmative reply.

The next morning was one of those exquisite days which often follows a severe storm. Both air and sunshine were perfect, and the waters of the Sound rippled and danced as if they had never seen the black waves and fierce lightning of the previous night. Walking up and down the garden, Lennox waited for the lovely presence that had grown so dear to him, and dreamed of a golden future. At last a light hand touched his arm, and a voice said, timidly,

"Mr. Chichester?"

"Miss Lindsay?" And he raised his hat, and mimicked her grave tone, playfully. "I have the boat ready. Darling, I haven't said good morning."

"Don't you think this is a very bad thing for you?" she asked, anxiously, as they walked slowly down to the shore.

"This is a very sweet thing, he answered, lightly, as he seated her in the boat, and stooped down to kiss the fair cheek, quite forgetting that

they were in sight of the house. Then, more gravely, as they floated off into the bay, "I asked you to come out with me before breakfast, because I felt as if I had taken you unawares, last night. By the way, how long do you mean to be 'Miss Lindsay' to me? What comes after 'Miss' ?"

She laughed merrily.

"I had forgotten. My name? Well, there is a story connected with it, and it's said to be a most unlucky one, according to family tradition. Mamma is sensitive about it. She calls me 'Bee.' I am named after her, Benee Randolph."

"I know it !" burst out Lennox. Then, seeing her surprised face, he said, gently, "Did you ever see any one who resembles that?" and he quietly put the miniature in her lap.

"My mother's picture!" she cried, turning very pale. "I don't understand-why? how?" He was sorry for his abruptness, and soothed her with loving words and kisses, as he told the story of old Mr. Chichester's death, and his singular bequest. It took some time to tell, and he wound up by saying, "There lies your rival! I fell in love with the picture long ago. Aren't you jealous?"

Bee's blush, and tiny shake of the head, answered him.

"How very, very strange!" she said. "Then he was the Edmund Randolph who was supposed to be dead, years ago? Did it ever occur to you that he must have taken another name?"

"That was Elinor's theory. Can you explain it ?"

"It's a long story," she said, nestling closer to him, as he drew up his oars, and let the boat float with the tide. "I shall have to go back to the old tradition, and my cnrious name. I don't wonder you were puzzled by it.

"Long ago," she went on, "in the time of Edward I., of England, and good King Robert Bruce, one of my ancestors, Sir Piers Randolph, of that ilk, a kinsman of the Earl of Moray, after fighting bravely in the wer with England, wandered off to Greece. Tradition is vague, just here, but he became enamored of a beautiful Greek girl, and brought her home to Scotland as his wife, and there had her baptized into his own church. Perhaps he could not tutor his rude, Northern tongue to say her Greek name; at any rate, he named her Bruce, after the king. They came home, as I said, and for awhile the stranger seemed happy and contented at court, with her husband, and a lovely boy, the image of herself. Then strange rumors began to be noised about, of Lady Randolph's wild jealousy

Lily of Mar, and Sir Piers was always at her side. Finally, he took his wife away to his own castle, and left her there, alone, for long months, hinting, darkly, of some dreadful malady; then, more boldly, saying that she was insane. However that may have been, when he did see the unhappy lady, during his rare visits, their altercations were fearful, and at last, on one dark, winter's night, after being closeted with her for an hour, awful shrieks ran through the castle, Sir Piers burst forth upon his frightened clansmen, with blood streaming from his arm, swearing that 'you crazed jade' had attempted to kill him with the dagger that she wore in her hair. The unfortunate lady was found, mortally wounded, upon the floor of her chamber; but before she expired, she cursed Sir Piers with all the wild passion of her nature, and prophesied that no heir should reign at the castle save her own son; that there should never be two living male heirs in the direct line.

"Strange stories were whispered concerning this tragedy; but only a few months after it, Sir Piers brought home the Lily of Mar as his bride. But the dying curse of the unhappy Greek seemed to follow him. His three fair boys died in their infancy, and, in due course of time, Sir Piers followed them to the grave, and the son of the despised Benee reigned at Randolph in his stead. And, to this day, there has been but one only son in each generation, until my greatgrandfather's time. Edmund Randolph was that second son's only child.

"There has always been a superstition against bestowing the name of Benee upon any daughter of the house, lest the curse of misfortune should cling to it; but my grandfather, a stern old upholder of the kirk, scoffed at it, and named his eldest daughter, my mother, so. And, strangely enough, as she grew up to womanhood, she was said to be the image of her Greek ancentress, (except for the color of her hair, which is like my own,) and so bewitched was she with the idea, that she had her miniature painted in the costume of the old portrait, with the heir-loom dagger in her hair. I don't think she knows of this copy; it must have been done without her Edmund Randolph, her orphan knowledge. cousin, had been almost brought up with my mother, and he, poor boy, fell madly in love with her. I cannot tell, Mr. Chichester, how far she may have encouraged his passion, but his must have been a wild, fierce nature, and she is gentle, vascillating, and timid. I think he frightened her into making promises that she never meant to fulfill; however, matters stood thus, when a of the fairest court beauty. She was called the handsome English officer came to stay at my

grandfather's for the hunting season. He fell violently in love with her, and, poor mother! I do believe she loved him better than she ever loved any one again. But I must shorten my story.

"They had a masked ball at the close of the hunting season, and my mother wore her Greek costume, but, before going down, she niet Capt. Arundel in the long gallery, by appointment. Edmund had frightened her terribly that day, for he had discovered that she wore a locket with the Englishman's hair in it, which he took away from her, and swore to be avenged. he kept his oath; for, as my mother stood telling all this to her lover, Edmund sprang out upon the pair from behind a curtain, and after a few wild words, the poor, mad boy snatched the fatal dagger out of her hair, and struck it straight at the Englishman's heart. Arundel fell back, bleeding and senseless, and my mother screamed for help, but, before it came, Edmund dashed out of the open balcony to the ground, and made his escape. No trace could be found of him, and he was never heard of."

"My unhappy old friend," said Lennox, sadly. "I have often heard him tell how he began to make his fortune with a dollar in his pocket. I understand, now, why he never talked of his youth."

"He probably supposed that he had murdered Arundel, and did not dare return home," said Bee. "But it was not a fatal wound, though a dangerous one. It had an awful effect upon my mother; she would not marry the captain; indeed, never saw him again. After some years, she married my father, Ensign Lindsay, and displeased her father by the match, for he cast her off, and then she came with the regiment to Canada. My father died three years ago, and I never heard this story until after his death."

"Don't think of such horrors any more," he said, tenderly, seeing how pale the sweet face had grown. "And this Bence is fortunate, if her name is unlucky, for she will be a very wealthy heiress."

"Indeed, she will not," Bee said, indignantly. "I will not have it, and the will gave it to you."

He laughed, and began to say something about the lawyers, when he was interrupted by a singular occurrence. A few feet beyond them, directly in their path, floated the apparently senseless form of a man, lashed upon something, and both Lennox and Bee started up, with an exclamation,

"The storm! There has been a wreck on the Sound. Bee, dearest, sit quite still, and hold this oar. I think I can reach him with the boat-hook."

The floating object came nearer them; it proved to be a chair of some sort, and was very awkward to seize. Finally, Lennox contrived to pull it alongside, and then, with an effort of which he hardly thought himself capable, since his fever, he cut the rope, and dragged the body carefully on board.

"Heavens!" Lennox knelt down in the bottom of the boat, as Bee took the senseless head on her lap, tenderly. "It's Lloyd Cochrane! This will kill Elinor." Bee tore open the linen, and laid her hand on his heart.

"There is—yes, there is a faint motion," she cried, tears rushing into her eyes. "Make haste, dear," as Lennox sprang at the oars. "I think we can save him yet."

Every moment seemed an hour to the pair; but the shore was reached at last, and with eager hands they laid Lloyd flat on the beach, and Lennox hastily begged Bee to run for assistance. But, as Bee ran off, swiftly, she saw Leslie Nugent coming along the shore with Elinor hanging on his arm, and, regardless of her dress, all drenched with sea-water, and her bright hair falling around her face, she turned back again, only anxious to save Elinor the shock.

"Mr. Nugent," she cried, breathless, "do hurry on to Mr. Chichester; some one was lost in the gale last night. Miss Lennox, will you come back to the house for help?"

An undefinable fear came over Elinor; some strange, wild impulse made her dash off the clinging hands, and rush after Leslie. Her step made no noise on the soft sand, and before her brother could interfere, she was beside him. That white face on his knee, with its chiseled features and long, brown mustache! it smote on Elinor's heart with agonized remembrance. She gazed at him with an awful, stony stare, and then, without a sound, fell prone upon the beach at Lloyd's feet!

The household at Acquabella were driven distracted by the sudden tragedy that had descended upon them. Florence did nothing but wring her hands, and Emily pranced wildly about with a vinegar-cruet in one hand, and a palm-leaf fan in the other, under the impression that the doctor wanted-something! Miss Sheehan carried Elinor up from the beach in her own slender arms, and deposited her on Madam Nugent's bed, who, except Bee, was the only woman who did not lose her wits in the panic. Elinor opened her eyes, at last, only to talk light-headed nonsense about "dancing a German with the Greek princess, while Lloyd waited for her on the rocks of Gibraltar," which terrified Bee dreadfully; but the doctor reassured them, and gave Elinor a powerful anodyne, which, he said, was all she needed. And he was a true prophet, for when Lloyd, a good deal shaken by hair-breadth escape from drowning, and his exposure, was trying to give Madam Nugent and Leslie an intelligible account of the collision with another steamer, which had caused one of the worst accidents ever known on the Sound; as he was telling this story, a half-suppressed sob made him start up from his pillows, to see Elinor standing behind him, with a look of such intense, passionate love upon her lovely, pale face, that he could only hold out his arms, and say, hoarsely,

"Elinor! My own, at last?"

And, Elinor, totally regardless of the two spectators, walked straight into his embrace, saying, "Yes, Lloyd, your own, always!" with a solemn, hushed voice, that told how her coquetry, her fears and her pride had vanished before the awful presence that had come so near them.

Florence Nugent was utterly bewildered by the revelation of the two engagements, having always vibrated between her cousin Lloyd and Lennox Chichester, and the shock of losing both at once, nearly crazed her. Considering all the circumstances, and that Edmund Chichester's family name of "Benee."

long and honorable career had, in one sense, atoned for his boyhood's sins, Lennox and Bee would not permit the story to be bruited about: but he made such magnificent settlements upon his bride, together with a princely gift to her mother, that it set everybody talking-which made little difference to them. Not even to Elinor, who, having told Lloyd every thought of her heart, was content to have gone to him in her muslin morning-dress! However, lest any one should be scandalized by such a suggestion, let me add, that when the stately Miss Lennox did go to the altar, she was attired in real old pointlace, the gift of the sister-in-law, whom she had learned to love dearly, and, awful to relate, she was too happy to care for her flounces.

In the drawing-room, at Edgewater, hangs a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Iennox Chichester, "painted in fancy costume," says the world at large, but, in truth, an exact copy of the Greek miniature. And we may conclude that the charm is broken, and that Bee has lost her old superstition about her name, for the little auburn-haired fairy, who now rules at Edgewater with all the despotism of her baby-years, is called by the family name of "Benee."

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

An, no! I cannot clasp thy hand,
Just as I would another's take,
For we have loved, nor can the past,
Whate'er it was to us, unmake.

Once there was magic in thy giance, Enchantment round thy footsteps flowed; "Twas heaven to be where'er thou wert, My steps on blooms ambrosial trod.

Now all is changed; where'er thou art, I know thy way can ne'er be mine; But once, oh, once! our orbits crossed, And star to star did soft incline. And what hath been, for aye must be, Passed e'en beyond God's awful power, So thou art separate from the world, Even to death's dread, closing hour.

Oh, love! through thy high pain siblime
We learn what else we might not know;
And not, for thy long train of ill,
Would we the dear bought lore forego.

Yet oft the "alaba: ir base" Is lavished on unworthy head; And oft the incense of a life, On worse than pagan idol shed.

THE SILENT SHOWER.

BY MRS. ANN CANN.

The fervid sun sends down its mys
On every tender flower.
Oh! how refreshed all insture seems,
When falls the silent shower.

The birds, they peck their plumage bright, And hop from tree to tree, And warble out their songs of praise, As happy as can be. Still dripping, yet with diamond drops,
The green leaves slowly rise,
And bright again the sun shines out,
Up in the szure skies.

The rose may heavy hang her head, Borne down with weight of rain, But soon a kindly breeze will blow, And set her free again.

NOW HE CHOSE BETWEEN THEM.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"You think you love me well enough to trust your nappiness in my hands, Robert?"

Margery Wayne asked the question seriously. She wanted her lover to think what he was doing, when he asked her to be his wife.

"I do not think. I know," he answered, with all a lover's eagerness. "You will not tell me no, Margery?"

"I will not tell you no, Robert," she answered, with a grave, sweet smile.

He slipped a ring upon her finger, and bent down, as he lifted her face in his hands, and kissed her with a betrothal kiss.

"Mine now," he said, tenderly, "and mine always."

Margery Wayne sat there in the orchard, when he was gone, and thought it all over. A year ago, Robert Earl was a stranger to her. Now he was her lover, her promised husband, and she was so happy.

She wondered if there had ever been so beautiful a day before. The sky was blue as it had ever been on any summer day since Eden. The tall, rich grass in the meadow crinkled like a sea when the warm south wind blue over it. The apple-trees were in full blossom, and the air was full of their delightful fragrance. Every wind that blew up the hill-side shook their pink-and-white leaves down about her like a shower of scented snow. Robins sang in the branches—sang loud, and clear, and long, and over all the sun shone warm and bright.

"A beautiful day in which to have such happiness come into my life," she said, softly, with a deep, exultant stir of gladness at her heart. It was so sweet to know that some one loved her best of anybody in the world. "I wonder if I can accept it as a prophecy of coming days? I hope so. Dear Robert," and then she dropped her head upon her hands, and fell to musing in a quiet, happy way, as maidens will, about the glad, beautiful dream of life, whose other name is love.

"There's a letter for you, Margery," Mrs. Wayne said, as she looked up, when her daughter came in. "I think it's from your cousin, May." Margery took up the letter, and opened it.

"It is from May," she said, when she had read it. "She is coming to stay with us a few weeks, by-and-by. Won't that be splendid, mother?"

"I shall be very glad to see Mary's child," Mrs. Wayne answered. "She was a baby when I saw her last. She is a woman grown, now, I suppose. Dear! dear! How fast time runs away, and how folks change. It doesn't seem more than a year or two ago. Just to think of it, that you were a baby, and your father was alive. Dear John! He's been dead ten years and more!" and Mrs. Wayne looked thoughtfully away toward the hill where the church-spire pointed heavenward. In the grave-yard there, her husband slept beside the boy and girl who had gone to Heaven before him. She often read the names carved on the three white stones, and wondered when hers would stand beside them.

"I am sure you will like her," Margery said, that night, to her lover, as they lingered by the gate, in the shadow of the great lilac-bush, crowned right royally with nodding plumes of fragrant blossoms. "I have never seen her, but I have her picture, and then I have almost come to think that I know her through her letters, you know. Such beautiful letters as they are. I'd read some of them to you, if I thought you'd like to hear them, and she'd like to have me."

"1'd rather have you talk to me," he answered. "Let me crown you, Margery."

He broke some lilac-blossoms from their stalks, and wove them deftly into a wreath. When he had finished it he placed it on her brown hair.

"Margery, my queen," he whispered, and kissed her.

And she, looking in his blue, smiling eyes and tender face, thought that no maiden had ever so true and brave a lover before.

I wonder if every maiden, since the world began, has not thought the same thing? I think they have.

Margery made ready for her cousin's coming. She felt a strange anxiety to see her, and to have her near her. She wondered afterward why it was that she felt so?

"I begin to be half jealous of this wonderful cousin of yours," Robert said to her one day. "You talk about her half the time, now. What will it be when she is here? I shall be crowded into the shade completely. I suppose. I almost wish she wasn't coming."

"Aren't you ashamed to talk so!" cried Margery. "I haven't the least doubt but that I shall

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be the one to complain of being thrust into the shade, and no doubt I shall get fearfully jealous. Of course, you'll admire her pretty face, and the first thing you'll know, you'll be in love with her, and the consequence will be, that I shall be neglected shamefully, all on account of man's fickleness. Oh, you see, sir, that I understand all about you men!"

- "Wise little woman," laughed Robert. " From personal experience, I suppose?"
- "From keeping my eyes and ears open," answered Margery.
- "But I thought you had faith in me?" he said, pulling her brown hair all about her smiling, peaceful face.
- "Well, yes. I have a little faith in you," she admitted, archly.
- "I don't see how you can have, taking your knowledge of the fickleness and insincerity of men into consideration," he said, as he threaded his fingers in and out among her hair. "I should like to hear you explain the seeming inconsistency."
- "Well, you see," with a laugh that was as happy as a bird's song, "you aren't exactly like most men. I think you're a trifle-just a trifle, mind-better than the most of them. And then, you know that you of the stronger sex have a belief which passes current among you, to the effect that a woman is never consistent. Either will explain why I happen to put a little faith in you."
- "A good specimen of feminine logic," he said, laughingly. "How does it happen that you think me just a trifle better than most men, Margery?"
- "Because I love you, I suppose," she answered, softly.

He was there when May came.

"I think the stage is going to stop," cried Margery, all of a flutter with excitement. must be that May is in it."

The stage did stop, and a girl got out. A girl with a sweet, clear face, out of which looked a pair of the most beautiful eyes Robert Earle had ever seen; large, and almost like a child's, in their innocent expression, and blue as morningglories. There was something about them that made him think of that flower the first time he saw them. From under the pretty straw hat, soft, yellow hair fell about her face, and hung over her shoulders almost to her waist.

"You are May, I know," cried Margery, as she ran down the path to meet her. "I can't begin to tell you how welcome you are." And then there were kisses of girlish rapture, and I like better than anything else I have seen for a the usual indescribable demonstration of delight \ long time. Listen,"

which the fair sex is capable of making so expressive, and which is always comically amusing to a masculine looker-on.

- "Mr. Earle, this is Cousin May," Margery said, as they came up the steps.
- "I am happy to meet Cousin May," said Robert, gravely; yet with a twinkle of mischief in his eyes, and a shy look at Margery, who blushed beneath the inquiring glance which May gave her.

May gave him her hand, and said a few halfembarrassed words, but they were enough to make him feel that he should like her. He had a theory that the first few words of a stranger always afforded him a kind of revelation of what the acquaintance was to be, by the way in which they affected him. If that theory held good in this case, the acquaintance would be a pleasant one.

Then Margary spirited her away up stairs. and he saw no more of her till tea-time. Then she came down in a dress of soft, white stuff, with a knot of pale-green at the throat, and a cluster of white geraniums in her hair.

"She is a beautiful little thing." thought Robert. "She is like my ideal of Undine."

Before tea was half over, he felt as if he must have known May for years. He said as much. in a half-jesting wav.

- "Perhaps that fancy of some one's, that you were reading to me the other day, is true," spoke up Margery. "You know what I mean, don't you? that sometimes we come across people who make us feel that we have known them somewhere, sometime, and yet we know that we never have seen them before. The conceit was, that in some other life, some other stage of existence, we knew them, and that when we met in this life for the first time, some strange instinct that could hardly be called memory, told us that we had not always been strangers to each other. Pretty, isn't it, May?"
- "It would make a beautiful poem," answered
- "That probably accounts for your feeling of having known her, Robert," laughed Margery.

After supper they sang. Margery was a fine musician, and played with peculiar power, and sang with a great deal of true feeling and expression. She had a low, sweet voice, which was just suited to some of the old ballads which we so seldom hear in these days. May's voice was more like a bird's, and made Robert think of dropping water in its liquid softness.

"I came across a little thing to-day," Margery said, after May complained of being tired, "which And then Margery sang. The song was set to a tune that was touchingly tender and sweet in itself, with an accompaniment that was full of plaintive minor chords, like an undertone of sorrow that no words could express. The words were sad as any words could well be, and sung in Margery's expressive way; they seemed to come from her own heart.—

When I am covered with the grass, If my low grave you chance to pass, Oh pause one moment, one, I pray, And in that surely-coming day, Say, as you plack the pimpernel, there lieth one who loved me well.

You do not care for me, I know, I grieve to think it can be so; My heart keeps calling unto you, For something that it never knew; But ah! when I am dead, I know, You'll think of one who loved you so!

And so I shall not be forgot; You'll miss me, though you love me not. Love is so sweet a memory. That, though it came to you from me, You'll think of it, and thrill to know That one has lived who loved you so!

Oh! when you pass my grave, and see The Flossams blowing for the bee, And hear the south-wind saying mass, Like wandering friars who chance to pass, Ore incense cups of pimpernel, Oh, think of her who loved you well!

The last low chord of the accompaniment died away like a sigh. There was a silence in the room for some time after Margery had finished the song. Some way it seemed to affect them strangely. She had put so much soul into it, that it was hardly like a song. Like the passionate plaint of a heart to whom love had been denied, rather trying, in a pitiful way, to find some little consolation in the thought, that, after all, it would not be quite forgotten.

By-and-by May broke the silence.

"I don't like your song, Margery," she said, with a shiver. "It is sorrowfully sweet, but I don't like it. I shan't forget it, the whole evening. I never could sing such sad things."

"And yet such songs strike deeper chords in our hearts than any other," Margery said. "I never tire of songs like this; while your gay ones, with not a bit of heart and soul in them, I always sing under protest."

"How sad that life must be which can utter such a sorrowful cry as runs through the song you sung." May said, looking thoughtfully away toward the hills bathed in summer moonlight. "It must be the saddest thing in life to be obliged to sit apart, and see others loving and being loved, while your heart calls for something which is always denied it."

"It would be far better to die," Margery said, earnestly. "If I loved any one with my whole heart, and that love should be put aside as unvalued, or unwolcome, I should want to die!"

Robert wondered what Margery would do if he should ever leave her. It was a strange thought, he told himself, to come into his head, then and there; but it did come, and he could not get rid of it. All the evening it haunted him.

The days went by swiftly, as pleasant days always do.

Robert saw much of May. He liked to talk with her, and watch her beautiful eyes grow darker and wider at some new thought, or some sudden play of fancy. He half thought he could tell what she was thinking of by her face, it was so full of childlike frankness.

From the first May liked Robert Earle. He was different, in many ways, from any man she had ever known before.

"I think Robert is just splendid," she said, one night, to Margery. "I don't know why I like him so well; but I never cared half so much for any man before, unless it was my father, or brother Tom. I think you ought to be very proud of him, Margie. I quite envy you."

She spoke in a playful way, but Margery saw that there was more meaning in her words than she had intended to let them show. Beneath their lightness there was a vein of earnestness which made itself apparent in the thoughtful eyes and serious brow which May turned toward the hills, lying wrapped in holy, peaceful silence, beneath the benediction of the moonlight.

Margery's heart gave a sudden throb that was full of keen pain. Was her cousin learning to love Robert? She couldn't wonder much if it were so, for who could help loving him? But then—did she want any one loving him but herself? No, no! Her heart rebelled against that. She wanted him for herself, and no one else must look with yearning eyes upon that which belonged to her, and her alone.

It is curious how the lightest wind will set us to thinking and watching, sometimes. Those words of May's had that effect on Margery. She lay awake half that night, thinking, what if May loved Robert? She tried to put the thought out of her mind, but it would not go.

"How foolish I am!" she thought. "Of course it would make not the slightest difference between Robert and me, if all the Mays in the world loved him, because he cares for me more than any one else in all the world. He told me so."

And yet that question kept repeating itself over and over for hours, and she could not forget it even when she slept. She watched them when they met next day. She saw May's face grow suddenly gladder and brighter than it had been before his coming, and she fancied that there was the same tender earnestness about it, she thought, and then blamed herself for being so foolish as to think any such thing. He liked May, and it was natural for him to talk to women in that way.

But from that time there was a black cloud on Margery's sky, and it grew larger. For, try to hide the truth as she might, she could not conceal the knowledge from herself, that no common friendship existed between her cousin and the man she had promised to marry. She read the bitter fact in sudden glances of tenderness, in low words, which in themselves revealed nothing, but in whose cadences love spoke in that strange and wordless language of its own. She could interpret it, because it was a language she had been learning to read the sweetest lesson of life in.

At first she fought against the bitter truth, and would not believe that the man who had won her love, and who, before God, was her husband, was no longer hers, as she had always said the man must be whom she married. She tried to make herself believe that she was deceived; that she was jealous of her lover without a cause, because she loved him so, and wanted him always at her side in a foolishly exacting way.

But there will come a time when our eyes, which we shut against a bitter truth, must open, and look the matter fairly and squarely in the face. And that time came to Margery.

She was in the garden one day, alone. Her face, of late, had grown full of thoughtful shadows, and, as she walked up and down the paths slowly, a great pain showed itself in her eyes, and in the lines about her mouth.

"Am I losing him?" she cried, passionately.
"And I thought he loved me so well! He told me so!"

She heard the sound of voices, and, looking up, saw May and Robert going slowly toward the house. A great clump of shrubbery concealed her from them.

Robert was saying something to May in a low, carnest tone. Margery could not tell what it was, but something in his look and manner made her faint and dizzy, for a momont. Then, as they came nearer, she heard him say, passionately.

"God bless you, my darling!" and then he bent suddenly, and kissed May's face, which was wet with tears.

"Oh, Robert," May cried, "you forget! Margery is the only one who has a right to such a kiss as that. If you do love me, you must still be true to your promise to her. I wish I had never come here. If I had stayed away, you and Margery might have been happy; but, now—"

May's voice broke in tears, and she turned and ran away toward the house, leaving Robert standing there alone, with a grave and shadowed face.

Margery could deceive herself no longer. At last she stood face to face with what she had tried so much to avoid.

He loved her! She kept repeating that over and over, as she stood there in the garden, and it seemed as if every bird's song said the same thing.

For hours she paced up and down the walks, thinking, thinking, thinking!

What should she do? Should she give him back his freedom, and thus, with her own hands, put all the sunshine out of her life which his love had brought into it? Her heart cried out against that. But could she marry him, knowing that he loved another? Could she lay claim to that which she had once thought hers, but was hers no longer? No, no!

When she went in, May was not in the parlor. "She has a headache," Mrs. Wayne said. "She told me that she did not wish to be disturbed."

May and Margery shared the same room. Margery did not retire till late that evening, hoping that May would be asleep. But, when she reached her room, May was still up. She was sitting by the window, with a strange, pitiful look on her pretty face.

"Oh, Margie! Margie!" she cried, when her cousin came in, "I am so miscrable. You don't know, you can't know!" and, leaning her head upon the window-ledge, the girl sobbed as if her heart was braking.

"I do know," Margery said, softly.

May flashed a sudden, frightened look into her cousin's face.

"I am not blind," Margery said, calmly as she could, but there was a sound of pain in her voice. "I see how it is, May, and I think it will all come right. If you love each other, I will not stand between you."

No one but herself and God ever knew what an awful struggle it cost her to say that. The words left her lips white as death.

"Oh, Margie, are you an angel?" cried May. "Only a saint or an angel could offer to give up a life's hope and happiness as you have, for another. Do you think I am base enough to accept it, at that price? Never, never!"

"But, May," Margery's voice was low and steady, now, "I want a man's whole love, and a love that is given freely, and not because he thinks I have a claim on it from any promise he may have made before he fully understood his heart. If Robert Earle cannot give me such a love, do you think I could be his wife?"

"But he does love you!" cried May. told me so, to-day. But he took a fancy to me; and, oh, dear! dear! I wish I had never come here, Margie! If Robert and I had never met, he would never have dreamed of loving any one else but you. I have brought trouble to you and to him, and to myself, and I am not to blame, Margie. I wish you would believe that !" added May, earnesly, lifting her great, blue eyes to Margery's face with such a truthful look in them that Margery could not doubt her. "I never tried to make Robert love me. I liked him from the first, but I did not mean to let either of you find it out. But, someway, he did find it out, and I don't know just how it happened, Margie. I think he said some things to-day, before he thought. But it's all over now. I'm not going to see him when he comes here any more, and he will forget all about me in a little while. too good, too honorable to break his word with you, Margie, even if he wanted to; and I don't think he ever thought of that. Forgive me, Margie, but I never meant to pain you."

"Poor little May!"

Margery bent down and kissed the pale, suffering face tenderly, and a tear from her eyelids fell upon May's cheek.

"Oh, Margie, you are so good!" cried May, flinging her arms about her cousin's neck, and hiding her face in her bosom. "I don't believe I could ever kiss anybody like that, who had brought me the trouble that I have brought to you."

"But you didn't mean to," answered Margery, softly. "If you had tried to win Robert away, I think I should have hated you with a terrible hatred. But as it is, I cannot blame you."

"And it's all ended between Robert and me,"
May sobbed. "He understands that."

But there was no comfort for Margery in May's words. Perhaps, in one sense, it might be all ended between Robert and May. But, knowing of the love between them, could she accept such a sacrifice as he must make in giving up May? If he loved her as Margery believed he did, would he ever forget her? Could she marry a man who would have such a memory always before him?

Robert Earle did not come again for a week. When he did come, May would not see him.

"Go down, Margie," she said. "I will not. He is yours now, and I will not come between you again. Remember that."

Margery went down to meet Robert with a pale, grave face. She tried to be calm, and outwardly

she succeeded. But her heart was full of a strange and wild excitement.

At the first glance into her face, he knew that what he had hoped to keep a secret from her was a secret no longer. It is only justice to Robert Earl to say that he meant to be honorable and true. He had resolved that neither May nor Margery should discover the disloyalty of his heart; but in an unguarded moment, his lips had got the better of his intentions, and, in a few, swift, passionate words, he had told May that he loved her.

He never realized fully what his words to Margery were, that day, nor what her replies were. The first that he comprehended clearly was when Margery came up to him, and put her hand upon his arm, and looked him steadily in the face. Somehow that look of hers seemed to bring him to himself. There was no anger in it. It was kind, and sadly earnest.

"I know all, Robert," she said, simply. "May has told me. I do not blame either of you, because you could not help it. We cannot control our hearts. I am ready to give you back your ring, Robert—if you want it!"

She could not help saying those last words. Some faint hope stirred in her heart yet—that selfish heart of hers, she told herself—that he would refuse to accept his freedom—that he would love her most.

"Oh, Margie!"

Robert covered his face with his hands, and was silent for a long time. When he looked up, his face was very pale.

"I do not want the ring," he answered. "Not now, at least. I don't understand my own heart, Margery. I love you, and I try to think of you all the time, and forget May, but someway her face will keep coming before me, and I can't keep the thought of her out of my mind. I don't deserve your kindness, Margery. I'm not half good enough for you, but I'll try to be. I'm going away, to stay until May is gone, and I shall try to forget her, and remember only you. Perhaps I shall understand my heart better when I come back. At any rate it is better for all of us, for me to go away."

"God bless you, Robert," Margery said, softly. "I will keep your ring, and oh, Robert!"—and her voice was full of the passionate yearning for the happiness which seemed slipping away from her—"I would wear it gladly, if your love could be given with it! But if you find that your heart is more May's than mine, I will give it back to you. Unless your heart goes with it, it would be a fetter to me."

"You are a noble woman, Margery," he said,

drawing her down upon his knee, and running his fingers through her hair in the old caressing way. "I wonder how I ever could have cared for any one else?"

After all, he did care for her! The thought was so sweet! Margery laid her head upon his shoulder, and he knew that she was weeping softly.

Robert went away, and the days crept by slowly. A strange, grieved look stole now and then into May's face that was sorrowful to see. Margery always wanted to get away by herself, and cry, when she saw it, because she knew what May was thinking of.

Those were strange days to Margery. Often it seemed to her as if she was a prisoner waiting for her sentence. Would it be life or death? Sometimes she was full of a wild hope; sometimes full of utter despondency.

But as the days passed, and the end of May's stay drew near, she began to feel, in some strange and unaccountable way, that Robert would come back to her, and tell her that he had found out his own heart, and it was hers. She couldn't tell why she felt so. But the feeling clung to her, and she began to be more like the Margery of old than she had been for a long time.

"I shall leave you to morrow," May said, on that last night of her visit, as she and Margery were sitting by the window together. Her trunks were packed, and everything was in readiness for her departure. "But I don't want to leave you, feeling that there is any bitterness in your heart, any blame toward me. You are sure, quite sure, that there isn't?"

"I am quite sure," Margaret answered. "How could I blame you for that which you could not help?"

"I hope you will be very happy, Margie, you and Robert," May said, as she smoothed Margery's hair tenderly back from her face. There was a quiver of pain in her voice, and the tears came in Margery's eyes to hear it. So young, so beautiful, and with such a sorrow to carry with her into coming years! Poor May!

"I hope so," Margery answered, earnestly. "May God be as good to you as I hope he will be to me."

That night Margery was woke, by hearing her name called, wildly,

"Margery! Margery!"

May was sitting up in bed, shaking her.

"What is it?" she asked. "Is anything the matter, May?"

"I think the house is on fire. Don't you hear it roar? And the room is full of smoke."

Margery sprang out of bed, and ran to the door. \ "Perhaps It was as May had feared. The hall, at the \ knows best."

end of which was their room, farthest away from the stairs, was one vast billow of flame.

"What shall we do?" cried May. "There is no way of getting down. Oh, Margery! have we got to die in this way?"

"I don't know, dear," answered Margery, with a white face. "Perhaps we can escape in some way. See! the neighbors are gathering. They will help us."

She ran to the window, and flung it open.

"Help! Help!" she cried. "Get a ladder, if you can. The hall is full of fire."

She saw a man come running down the road, and her heart gave a great leap.

"Robert! Robert!" she cried, "save us. Oh, May, I think God sent him!"

The fire leaped and roared all about them. They heard the crash of falling timbers. Suddenly the ceiling above them fell, filling the room with a whirling mass of flame and smoke.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Margery, to the men below. "The room is all on fire!"

She saw the end of a ladder appear above the window, and heard a man's feet moving swiftly up the rounds.

"Courage, May!" she cried, "they will save us."
A man's head rose above the window-ledge.

"May! May!" cried an eager, excited voice, that was full of a wild passion of love and awful fear. "My darling, where are you?"

"Here, here!" cried May, and sprang toward the window. "Oh, Robert, save me, save me!"

"I will save you, or die with you," he said; and his voice was full of a deeper tenderness than Margery had ever heard in a man's voice before. "Cling to me, May; cling close, and trust me."

And so Robert Earle chose between them! Oh, Margery, where was your hope, then?

"Let me die!" she cried, with pallid lips; but it was not the fear of death which blanched them. "He does not love me. Let me die!"

And Margery's prayer was answered. The flames reached out their fierce hands, and caught her in their grasp, and overshadowed her, before other help could arrive.

Death came to her swiftly and terribly.

There is a grave in the church-yard, upon which the grass has only grown one summer. It is Margery's grave.

Standing by it, not long ago, May said,

"Almost the last words Margery ever spoke to me were to tell me that she had no bitterness in her heart toward me. Dear Margery! I think she is happier now than she would have been if she had lived and lost you, Robert."

"Perhaps so," he answered, reverently. "God knows best."



AMOS HILLARY'S MISTAKE.

BY MAY HOWELL.

"RUTH, child, thee may as well get ready. Amos will be here directly," said Friend Miller, and as Ruth ran gayly out of the room, she added, "Mind that thee wraps up carefully. It is very cold."

Friend Elias Miller was a well-to-do farmer in Hillsdale. Left an orphan at an early age, he came into possession of the ancestral acres, and the comfortable old homestead that had been in the family for generations. He had married early, and in his wife had a priceless treasure. Many children had been born to them: but only one survived, Ruth, their dainty little darling, who tyrannized over them in a loving little way, that her fond father thought perfection.

Possessing a frank, sweet nature, a cultivated mind, and unusual beauty, what wonder was it that she was the idol of her own home, and the admiration of a large circle of friends.

Meantime Amos Hillary had arrived in his sleigh, and soon Ruth came tripping in. Her dress of drab merino fell in graceful folds about her person. Old lace shaded the dainty white throat, and half-covered the shapely hands. A knot of pale-blue ribbon, in place of broach, harmonized well with the otherwise plain dress. Then the big shawl was drawn close around the sloping shoulders, the little white head-gear was tied over the brown curls, and, with merry goodbyes, Amos and she took their seats in the sleigh, and Zeb was put to his speed.

In a little while the speed slackened, and Zeb was allowed to take it more leisurely. There were many things to be talked over. The quilting-party at Enoch Steele's last Fifthday. The marriage of Henry Moore, who had married out of meeting, and, being waited upon by some of the old Friends, had declared that it concerned him only, and had behaved in such an uncivil manner they all left in disgust And so, chatting away, they speed on, and soon overtook several sleighs, filled with young folks, on their way to the house-warming.

Soon the house was reached, and they were warmly welcomed by Nathan Wynne, and his bright little wife, Mary, who had long been Ruth's most intimate friend, and when she had given her hand to Nathan, just two short months ago, Ruth had waited on her, while Amos was best man to Nathan.

No wonder people gossiped, and looked meaningly at each other. When Ruth was seen, one might be sure Amos was near. And, though no words of love had passed between them, yet it seemed to be an understood thing, that these two belonged to each other. In her heart Ruth cherished the secret consciousness that she was beloved. At his coming, her heart throbbed tumultuously, and a tell-tale color would flush the fair face, and the large, dark eyes grow luminous with love's light.

And Amos loved the gentle girl, and only waited till circumstances justified him in offering his hand to her who had been the dream of his boyhood, the only love of his manhood.

"Come, Ruth, I'll take thee up stairs, the girls are in my room, making themselves pretty, though," said the hostess, looking at our heroine. "I don't think thee needs anything at all to enhance thy beauty. Come right in!" And Ruth was ushered into what had been temporarily converted into a dressing-room. The pure, white walls were unadorned, the windows were draperied with snowy muslin, which fell to the floor in soft, graceful folds. The high, old-fashioned bedstead looked like a great snow-drift, with its white counterpane, curtains and ruffled linen. The floor was covered with a homemade carpet, woven in bright stripes, and gave a cheery look to the room. Two or three huge logs in the big fireplace snapped and sparkled away, as if they, too, had entered into the fun and merriment of the thing. The polished surface of the small mirror reflected many blooming faces, many admiring glances. The girls stood laughing and chatting all about the room, shaking out their dresses. smoothing their ribbons, and taking a last glance at the mirror, to make sure they were all right. and would stand the scrutiny of numberless eyes in the lower rooms. Then down the wide stairs they fluttered like a company of doves, and into the best room or parlor.

"Come, Ruth, I want to introduce thee to Alice Raynor," said the hostess, approaching our heroine. "She is my cousin, thee knows, and one of the prettiest girls in Philadelphia, 'tis said. She has been promising to visit me for years, and when she heard that I was about to be married, wrote, saying she would pay that long-talked-of visit, when I should be comfortably settled in my

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own house. She came last night, and I hope will } make a long stav."

"Mary, let me look and admire first. very, very pretty she is!"

"Yes, and beside her great beauty, she has the reputation of being a sad flirt. She told me she was heartily tired of fashion and frivolity, and had come into the country to be natural, and do just as she pleased. Visiting, parties, balls, and beaux had become a bore, especially the latter, and she shrugged her shoulders significantly when she said it. I only hope she won't turn the heads of all our rustic beaux with her bewitching face."

Truly Alice was a pretty sight, as she stood in the soft light talking earnestly to Amos Hillary. She was a blonde of the purest type. A great mass of golden hair adorned the small, queenly head, and fell in shining waves and ringlets to the slender waist. Eyes of the deepest blue, shaded by long, golden lashes, a saucy little nose, "tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower," a charming little mouth, and beautifully-moulded chin, combined to form a very lovely face.

What is it Ruth, that sends that thrill to your heart? Is it the earnest gaze Amos bends upon his gay companion? What is it they are discussing so warmly?

Drawing a little nearer, Ruth discovers that the comparative merits of city and country life is the engrossing subject.

Amos grows very earnest over it, and denounces the artificial life of the city; while the girl, more for the sake of argument than anything else, upholds the advantages of life in the busy, bustling city.

At length some one proposed music, and Alice Raynor yielded with a sweet grace to the solicitations of many.

"I generally sing to an accompaniment; but as cousin Mary is a strict little Quaker, I look about in vain for a piano. Well, I'll do my best. What shall it be? 'The Last Rose of Summer?'" And waves of melody rang through the room. Her voice was highly cultivated, wonderfully pure and sweet. She warbled like a bird, and with as little effort apparently. Song followed song in rapid succession, till, as the last notes of that sweetest of songs, "Joys that we've tasted," fell on the ear, the hearers pressed forward, and expressed their delight.

She bowed her thanks, and turned to Amos. His eloquent glance expressed more fully than words his enjoyment of the rare treat.

The hours passed rapidly with mirth and music. At length the little hostess invited her guests into

display of edibles. After ample justice had been done the delicate viands, the young folks returned to the parlor, for one last game of blind-man'sbuff. After the rollicking, jolly game was ended, shawls and mufflers were donned, many goodnights were said, and the gay party separated.

Amos handed Ruth into the sleigh, and, taking a seat beside her, they were soon gliding over the glittering snow. The drive was a quick one. Amos seemed pre-occupied, and Ruth was heartily glad when home was reached. Wishing Amos "good-night," she hurried into the house, and went right to her own room.

"Well, the long-looked-forward-to evening has come and gone. I confess it wasn't half so pleasant as I thought it would be. And Mary says she is going to make a long stay. Well, really, I believe I am jealous of that pretty girl! This will never, never do," and, hastily disrobing, Ruth was soon sleeping the sleep of youth and innocence; and slept on undisturbed till her mother's gentle voice aroused her.

"Come, Ruth, 'tis time thee was up; see how high the sun is. I wouldn't call thee before. I knew thee was tired out. And did thee have a good time, and who was there? Hurry down, and tell us all about it. Thy father has been down these two hours, and I doubt not is very hungry." And Friend Elizabeth pattered down the stairs, and into the warm dining-room, and busied herself giving the last touches to the nest breakfast-table.

She was soon followed by Ruth, and while enjoying the fragrant coffee and delicious muffins, Ruth told them of the gay doings of the young folks, and called smiles to the kind old faces by her merry description of the scene, feeling sad enough at heart, poor child! as she recalled several little incidents that had rather marred the pleasure of the evening for her.

The weather continued clear and cold, and the sleighing fine; and sleighing parties came to be quite the order of the evening.

But Amos' visits to Ruth were rare. He was completely entranced by the grace and beauty of Alice Raynor. All his evenings were spent in her society. In her smiles he was happy. Listening to her voice in conversation, or drinking in her silvery tones as she sang the sweet old songs, or trilled some opera gem, he forgot her who had been all the world to him, till this charming stranger appeared.

Do not blame him too severely; he was young and, manlike, very susceptible to flattery, and the wiles of this pretty woman overcame him.

It was a bright afternoon. The sunbeams crept the long dining-room, to partake of the tempting in through the clear window-panes, and lighted

up the well-worn carpet, the strait-backed chairs, { and shining mahogany table in the dining-room, where Ruth sat all alone.

Her mother and father had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and would be away till night; so the little maiden, after tidying up, had put on a fresh back-log, taken out her knitting, and was just congratulating herself on the prospect of a nice, quiet time all to herself, when, after a sharp, little tap at the door, the knob was turned, and Dorcas Jones walked in.

Now Dorcas was a great gossip. She was a seamstress, and, in her visits from one house to another, picked up many little bits of news, and rolled them like sweet morsels under her tongue; and nothing delighted her more than to communicate a spicy little piece of gossip to an attentive hearer.

Because of her great propensity for tattling, she was Ruth's special aversion, and her entrance was generally the signal for Ruth's departure from the room. But on this occasion, she saw that escape was impossible, and made up her mind to bear the infliction, secretly hoping something would shorten her mother's visit.

"Good afternoon, Dorcas. Come in. has gone out to pay a visit, but I hope will be in before long. Is it very cold?"

"Well no, 'tisn't so cold as I 'spected to find it. And how are you all? I told Mary Jane it seemed a long time since I'd seen any of you. I thought I'd just run over and spend a sociable evening, so I put my work in my pocket, and started off. I'll just take off my things, for, as Mary Jane says, when I get into this house, I never know when to leave. But, as I tell her, a body always knows when they're well off, and that's the way I feel when I get to Friend Miller's."

And Dorcas laid aside her gray shawl, and prim little bonnet, and proceeded to make herself comfortable by drawing her easy-chair nearer the fire, lifting her petticoats a little higher, and elevating her feet so that her damp shoes might get the full benefit of the heat. Then she took her knitting out of her pocket, and worked away with a will, her thin metalic voice keeping time to the click, click, click of the needles.

"I 'spose, of course, you've heard all about Ella Smithson? No? Do tell! Well, such news flys fast, and I made sure you'd heard it. Well, I was over there last week helping 'bout the boy's clothes, and her mother told me all about it. I promised not to breathe it, but, of course, you won't mention it. It seems Ella visited one of her school friends last summer, and while she was there some city chap fell in love with her pretty } face, though I must say I never did think her; there in the shadows, and recalled the happy

good-looking, with her pink cheeks and blue eyes. Too much like a doll to suit my taste. Well, he must have been struck desprit, for before she came home she was engaged. He wrote to her father, and it was a settled thing that when spring came, he was to come and carry her off as his wife; and she's been as happy and gay as a lark, and so busy getting ready; making up such lots of fine things, all ruffled, and tucked, and hem-stitched. Fortunately, the poor thing hadn't bought her dresses. Well, the other day she picked up a paper, and saw his name in the marriage notices. Think what a blow! At first she doubted it; but, sure enough, 'twas him. got a letter from him, telling her as how he had found out he had never loved her, but had met with some one he really loved, and hoped she would forgive and forget him, and be happier than he could have made her. Poor thing, she looks dreadfully; but, of course, she tries to hide Her mother is so worried about her; but I tell her she's young, and will get over it. What an unprincipled scamp he must be!

"Did you hear about Tom Ellis? No. Gracious me, child! Why, they say he's taken to drink, and is just going to ruin as fast as a man can. I say his wife can blame herself for it all. She has the sharpest tongue and quickest temper of any one round, and leads him a sorry life.

"Of course you've heard the latest piece of news, Ruth. They say Amos Hillary and that cousin of Mary Wynn's, are really engaged. Some one asked Amos if it was true, and he didn't deny it. Well, I must say I used to think it was some one else, but we are all liable to be mis-And Dorcas looked slyly at the quiet taken." figure in the big arm-chair. But if she expected to see any evidence of deep feeling, she was disappointed, for Ruth went on knitting and talking in her usual manner, and the inquisitive little old maid was forced to believe there wasn't really anything in that affair, after all.

Dorcas talked away in an even strain, until Ruth groaned in spirit, and wished that something would occur to put a stop to her garrulity.

At last the merry jingle of bells was heard. and Ruth ran out to help her mother out of the sleigh, and tell of their visitor, and then ran up to her own room-so glad to be alone-to think it all over.

Yes, she felt that it was true, that the love she had thought all her own, was given to another. All the brightness seemed to have faded out of her life, and the future looked so dark, so dreary! And the dark eyes grew mournful, and the color faded from the fair face, as she sat past. "And this lovely woman, with her grace and rare accomplishments, what wonder she fascinates all who come within the magic of her charms; but I thought him so unlike the rest of his sex, so good, so noble, so far above them all!"

Soon the news of the engagement was confirmed. It made quite a stir in the quiet neighborhood.

Many wondered at Amos's choice. What did he want with a city wife, a fine lady, with her airs and graces? Amos had much better have taken a country lassie, who knew what life on a farm was, and could take care of the poultry, and understood housekeeping, and could manage a dairy. Oh, of course, he knew what he was about. Hoped he wouldn't rue it in the end.

As many wondered at her choice. She, who had lovers by the score, to accept Amos Hillary, a plain farmer—it was astonishing. The lovers troubled themselves very little about what others thought, but were wnoily engrossed with each other.

Amos insisted that their marriage should come off as soon as possible, and Alice, at his earnest solicitation, named an early day, and left Hillsdale.

Time passed rapidly, and in the lovely month of May Amos brought his bride home.

What a flutter her first appearance in meeting caused! What a turning of heads! What an eager scrutiny of the young wife! No fault could be found with her charming costume. Her dress was of that soft, silvery tint so p'easing to the eyes of the old Quaker dame, and fitted to perfection the graceful form. Her airy little white hat rested lightly on the golden hair, and gloves to match her dress, completed the simple yet elegant toilet.

Well might Amos be proud of the radiant creature, as she walked into that quiet assembly, proudly conscious that she was the observed of all observers. After meeting, many came up to offer congratulations; among the number Ruth. She approached, and, in her sweet, dignified way, congratulated them on their marriage.

Many bridal parties were given the happy pair, and Alice never wearied of the round, and was always bright and fascinating when surrounded by an admiring circle.

Amos declared he wished the festivities at an end, that they might be allowed to settle down quietly to the enjoyment of each other's society. But to his grief he discovered that home life was anything but pleasing to Alice. She craved the admiration of many, and a quiet evening at home was atterly repugnant to her.

Too soon Amos realized the fact that he had made a fatal mistake. Alice, bright butte fly of fashion, was unsuited to be the wife of a plain farmer. She took no pains to conceal her utter weariness of the life she led, and her husband found he had married in haste, to repent at leisure.

Time passed. "Whether our lives are happy or no, the summers come, the summers go," and on the anniversary of their marriage a little daughter came to bless them.

Amos hoped that the coming of their child would make stronger and warmer the bonds of love that had grown strangely cold. Vain hope! An unloving wife, a careless, indifferent mother! Happiness seemed to have fled their dwelling, never more to return.

This year, that brought sorrow and care to Amos Hillary, brought only peace and joy to Ruth. She found happiness in ministering to the comfort of others. Always busy, always cheerful, with a loving smile, and a kind word for every one, peace, sweet peace, came and brooded in her heart; and, if she ever thought of Amos, it was sorrowfully, for, with many others, she knew that his was a loveless home.

Ruth had many good offers of marriage, but refused them all. She would laughingly tell her parents she was predestined to be an old maid; and Friend Miller, who secretly feared that Ruth would give her hand to some one of her suitors, would caress his darling tenderly, saying, "Ah, Ruth, thee will change thy mind some of these days, when the right one comes," congratulating himself, at the same time, at the non-appearance of the "right one."

His winsome Ruth! How could be give her up to any one? And the father's eyes would rest fondly on his child as she moved defily about the old house, relieving her mother of many household cares. She was, indeed, the household fairy.

Ruth was out in the garden. The April sunshine streamed warmly down on the buds where Ruth was busily engaged pruning, clipping, and tying up the plants. She loved flowers dearly, and was never happier than when tending her fragile darlings. She was leaning over, gathering a handful of sweet violets for the little vase on the parlor mante-piece, when she heard footsteps, and Dorcas Jones' familiar voice,

"Well, Ruth, here you are, sure enough, tending to your flowers. What luck you do have, child. As for me, it seems as if I never have any at all. Either I forget to water them, and the sun scorches the poor things, the chickens get into the garden and pick 'em to pieces, or Jowler and Tib get to frolicking, and just play the mischief with them. Anyhow, I don't appear to be

much of a hand with them. I left Mary Jane, tending to the apple-jelly, and came over to tell you about poor Alice Hillary. I know you hadn't heard. Yes. Amos has lost his life. You know the doctor told him some time ago she had heart disease, and was likely to go off sudden-like. And, last night, as they were sitting at the teatable, she put her hand to her side quick-like, gave a little gasp, and before Amos could get to her, she was dead. Well, we are all poor, sinful creatures. May we all be prepared for death when it does come. And there's Amos left to take care of his little girl; but Nellie is a sensible child for such a young one. Ah, well, so it is! Thank you, Ruth, I will take a few of them violets, and be going, or Mary Jane will let the jelly burn. Goodby, and tell your mother I hadn't time to come in."

Amos' grief was undemonstrative. really sorrowed for his wife, the mother of his child. The unhappy years were forgotten, and he remembered her as she was when she gave herself to him.

His mother, who had been a widow for many years, came and lived with her dear boy, as she called him, and his home became a peaceful, wellordered one. His little Nellie was a bright and beautiful child. She had inherited her mother's rare beauty, and her father's frank, noble nature, and promised to become everything a father could desire.

Of course, people talked about the young widower, and wondered who would be Alice's successor. But Amos seemed in no hurry to take unto himself a second wife.

Two years had Alice slept the dreamless sleep of death, when rumor began to connect the names of Amos and Ruth, as in times of yore. There was some foundation for it. Amos would call to thanked Heaven for the priceless gift of this wotalk over the news with Friend Miller, or bring man's love.

Ruth a new magazine, or help about her flowers. There was always something to be talked over, or consulted about.

And then it was very convenient to stop in after meeting on Firstday. Of course, Friend Miller would invite him to stay and dine with them. And when dinner was over, the old people would doze away in their chairs, and Ruth and Amos would entertain each other.

It was a lovely evening in August. The two friends sat on the little vine-covered porch. The full moon threw her silvery light over the scene. The air was laden with the delicious fragrance of hiliotrope-roses, and jasmine; a gentle breeze just stirred the branches of the tall trees, that stood like sentinels before the old stone mansion. A sweet calm pervaded all things.

Amos and Ruth had been talking quietly and earnestly of life and its responsibilities, death, and the unknown future. How was it they had touched on such themes? And now an eloquent silence had fallen between them. The moonlight fell softly on Ruth's brown tresses, made fairer still her pale, pure face, gleamed whitely on her muslin robe, and fell in great patches on the broad porch steps.

Amos gazed at the quiet figure, and a great tide of love rolled up in his heart, and once more the old, yet ever new story, was told with thrilling, passionate carnestness.

"Has thee no answer for me, Ruth, dearest? Say thee will bless me with thy love, and let the years to come prove the strength and depth of my devotion!" And Amos drew the little hand away from the blushing face. Their looks met. In that one glance Ruth's love was revealed; and, drawing the unresisting figure to his arms, Amos

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

SUCH beautiful, beautiful pictures, Surpassing any of art, Do I keep, oh, friend of my childhood! In the chambers of my heart, Some are of smiling faces, Some are of pasturess green, Well-loved and remembered places, And faces that I have seen.

And here, whatever the weather, I have a world of my own; I live in a world together With friends that my heart has known.

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The vine of memory clambers, Having its own sweet way, All over the precious chamber Where these pictures hang alway.

I love to look at my pictures, Surpassing those of art. As they hang in the sunny chamber Of the palace of my heart. Some are of beauteous faces, Some are of pastures green, Well-loved and remembered places, And faces that I have seen.



LOVE AND BEAUTY. QUEEN \mathbf{OF}

BY CARRIE A. SAGE.

BLANCHE'S DIABY.

January 1st .- Oh, how tired I am! But I can't wait until morning to write an account of this wonderful, this deliciously eventful day. now past one o'clock; but, though my feet ache, I am not sleepy, and I don't fancy going to bed yet.

This is my first attempt at writing a journal, so I will begin by describing myself, though I cannot imagine whom it will ever benefit.

I was nineteen last month. I shall soon be out of my teens! My name is Blanche Van Arden, and I have been "out" just one season. And now for my personal appearance. I am rather short, I grieve to record. Frank calls me petite and mignonne; but I admire tall, stately, regal beauties, like Madge, for instance. My eyes are dark-blue, with long eye-lashes; they are, I think, my only beauty, for my hair is of an ordinary brown, neither light nor dark, and my complexion, though fair, is generally so pale, that a little rouge would vastly improve it. Oh, dear! What a very commonplace description! I surely was never intended for a heroine!

This day has been, I believe, the happiest one of my life. It being New-Year's Day, of course I've "received," and had any quantity of callers. My new dress was a lovely pink silk, trimmed with white lace, and it lit up beautifully. Kate Stanton "received" with me. I should have preferred to be alone with Madge, but mother had invited Kate, so I had to make the best of it. She dislikes me most heartily, and wore green, because she thought my dress was to be blue; fortunately. I decided on pink at the last moment, so the spiteful thing was disappointed. Poor Kate! I pity her because she has so few friends, notwithstanding her great wealth; but I feel that such petty malice is contemptible.

Madge was sweetly dressed in white, with only damask roses in her hair, which was arranged in her usual faultless style of elegant simplicity. She outshone us all, though

"No jewels so fair did entwine in her hair!"

I was becoming very tired, toward the middle of the afternoon; for there is nothing more wearisome than the constant, parrot-like repetition of the inanities of New-Year's Day conversation; and I was longing to see some one, whose ideas extended beyond the state of the weather, the ! "I am sorry, Kate," I replied. "But I cannot

number of calls that had been made, and those yet impending, when Charlie Carlisle entered, and, with him, a perfect stranger. I was at the farther end of the room, at the time, listening to the affectations of Will Stanton, (mother is determined that I shall marry Will, but I despise him,) so I lost his name when he was introduced to mamma; but his appearance struck me at once. Such dark, wavy hair, and such glorious eyes! There was something in his expression, that reminded me of the pictures taken of Raphael in his youth. I excused myself as well as I could from Mr. Stanton, on the plea of welcoming the new comers, and on my drawing near, mamma presented Mr. St. Deloraine.

He at once entered into conversation, and, from certain allusions, I discovered that he was an artist just returned from Rome, where he had been studying art. He never once mentioned the weather; but his eye falling on one of those fearful pictures by Doré, he was induced to make some remarks upon it, and this led him to describe many of the wonderful works of art to be seen at the Louvre, and in the galleries of Rome and Florence. I was perfectly enchanted with his conversation, for I love pictures, and when Mr. Carlisle summoned him to depart, I was amazed to find that an hour had unconsciously slipped away.

As Mr. St. Deloraine took leave, he said, "I hope to meet you this evening at Mrs. Detour's, Miss Van Arden. I shall be delighted to continue our acquaintance, and I have to thank you for the most agreeable visit I have made to-day."

I had almost given up the idea of going to Mrs. Detour's, but now I found an attraction there, so I answered, "Oh, yes, I shall certainly be there."

Mother looked pleased as she heard my reply, for she knew well that if I went, Will Stanton would be my escort, and she had felt very much disappointed in the morning when I had declared I should send a regret instead of accepting Mamie Detour's invitation.

My new friend left his card on the table, as he went out, and I hastened to discover his first name. I found it written in large, bold characters, "Claude St. Deloraine." Kate came up at that moment. "You rather monopolized Mr. St Deloraine," said she. "Will is highly offended." help it. I am sure you will agree with me that one should be attentive to strangers, if only from motives of common politeness. Mr. Stanton," as that gentleman approached, "I have decided to attend the party this evening."

"Aw, Miss Van Arden," said the exquisite, stroking his mustache. "Delighted, I'm sure. Must go now and call on the Misses Caldwell. Dweadful boah! Will return at nine, precisely. Au weapir!"

He was as good as his word. I insisted that Kate and brother Frank should ride in our carriage; so we all went together, while Madge was escorted by Capt. Halstead. Kittle Carlisle was in the dressing-room when we entered, and her first salutation was, "How do you like Charles' friend? Isn't he magnificent?

I agreed with her, as I shouldn't with any other girl, for I don't like people to know my opinions too decidedly; but Kit is a dear little thing, and I hope sometime to have her for a sister.

Of course, I danced the first set with Will Stanton, and not a glimpse did I catch of the handsome artist until, just as the musicians struck up the "Blue Danube," and I was trembling, (for I saw Dick Stanley making his way toward my corner,) when Mr. St. Deloraine appeared before me, and requested my hand for the waltz. Soon we were whirling away to the delicious strains a music, which it seemed could put life and spirit into the feet of even a wooden image. He danced divinely, and when the music stopped, and we were promenading through the spacious rooms, he said, "Miss Van Arden, you dance like the Italian ladies, as if you enjoyed it. May I not have one more this evening?"

"You are very modest," I replied. "I shall be very happy to grant your request; but, here is Capt. Halstead. I am engaged to him for the 'Lancers.'"

I saw him dancing during the evening with Kittie Carlisle and Mamie Detour, but spoke to him no more until after supper, when he claimed the second waltz. Oh, it was heavenly! I could have danced on until morning.

Mr. St. Deloraine is evidently accustomed to have his own way. When the waltz was over, he said, "you are tired, Miss Van Arden, and must rest. Come into the conservatory."

I looked at him in amazement at his tone. He smiled, and said, "You think me peremptory and presumptuous. Perhaps I am. It is nearly a year since I have mingled much in lady's society, so that I am afraid I have become a perfect barbarian. Let that plead my excuse, and, in your sweet elemency, grant my pardon."

While he was speaking, we had approached

the conservatory, and he led the way to a rustic seat, concealed from view by a bower of immense orange and lemon trees.

"Here is a quiet place, and I wish to know something of the people we have met to-night. Please tell me who is that pretty young lady with the black eyes—the one I met at your house. Is she your cousin?"

"Oh, no. She is my little sister's governess; but I love her like a sister. Margaret Ryder—I call her my Madge—is the sweetest girl I ever knew."

"She is cartainly very handsome. She resembles a lady I met in Paris." He frowned, and his eyes flashed as he spoke of this strange lady.

"Was she a friend of yours?" I asked, innocently.

"Yes, she was once; but, Miss Van Arden, she proved a—a deceitful coquette." The frown grew deeper as he went on, "This young woman resembles her strangely."

"I hope you will not allow that to prejudice you against my poor Madge. She is not deceitful; she sometimes has a little harmless flirtation; but that is all; and I am afraid if any of us girls were tried for that offence, we should all be found guilty."

"There is a great difference," he said, "between flirtation, and drawing a man on merely to attract some one else, and then casting him off with insult and disdain. But, if you please, we will talk of something else; it is not a pleasant subject to me; and you surely are too young and guileless to have had much experience in that sort of thing."

We sat, for nearly an hour, in that fragrant retreat, and to you, journal, I make a confession, which no living mortal could wring from me. I am completely fascinated with the man.

Will was furious with me for remaining so long with the agreeable stranger, and scarcely spoke to me on the ride home. But I cared not for that; my thoughts were busy with recalling the delights of the evening, and I was rejoiced to say goodnight to my companious, and seek the solitude of my own apartment, and the society of my joyful auticipation. I shall see him again soon, I know, for he requested permission to call again this week. Madge says she don't like him. There! The clock is striking three! I ought to have dated this the second instead of the first. Goodnight, oh, journal! I must retire, or I shall look like a glost to-morrow.

MADGE'S JOURNAL.

Januazy 4th.-Miss Van Arden, or Blanche, as



she desires me to call her, has commenced to keep a journal, and as a "cat may look at a king," I suppose a poor governess may scribble down her thoughts, feelings, and adventures, as well as a petted heiress.

Blanche Van Arden is certainly the greatest hypocrite I ever met, a regular cat in disposition. She pretends to love me very much, comes in, and hears Maud's lessons, when I have a headache, tries to get me to wear her cast-off finery, and, altogether, plays the patronizing young mistress to perfection. Oh! Ciel! how I hate her. The other day she endowvored to force me to accept, and wear, on New-Year's Day, a black and scarlet silk dress, which is not becoming to her majesty; but I refused it, not with the scorn with which my heart was filled, but with the hamility which beseems one in my lowly position; and I flatter myself that I outshone the meek-eyed little cat, in spite of her pink silk and costly point ap-My white muslin, which I embroidered myself, (thanks to my French mother, and the instructions of the sisters in the Parisian convent.) fitted beautifully, and the lace, which was Annett's parting gift, set it off wonderfully.

I enjoyed myself all day. Captain Halstead brought me a lovely bouquet, and was devotion itself. I am fond of attention, so, for that day, at least, I was really happy. About five in the afternoon Mr. Carlisle called, and with him a Mr. St. Deloraine, and, from the moment he was introduced to me, until yesterday afternoon, I racked my brain to recall where I had seen him before, for his face was strangely familiar, and his name "Claud St. Deloraine," struck upon my ear like music heard long ago, and brought back scenes in my own fair, sunny France. I worried over the mystery for three days, when yesterday it all came across me like a flash of light, and was as clear as the day.

Claude St. Deloraine is the handsome student who used to spend his mornings in the Louvre, when we went there with Sister Maria from the convent; and who was so much in love with Annette. Poor Annette! She did adore le bel Americain, but we were comparatively poor, and le charmant Claude was not wealthy, so she renounced him for the rich M. Beauchant. But not until she had the artist at her feet, so that she right reject him gracefully. Then she married Monsieur two months afterward. Poor, dear Annette, she loved a scene!

St. Deloraine acted most disappointingly on the occasion. Annette expected, of course, that he would either blow out his brains, or swallow a dose of morphine, and thereby confer on her the glory of having at least one lover die for her sake.

But no, what does this cold-blooded foreigner do? Instead of dying honorably, as a Frenchman would have done, he writes her a letter, accusing her of disgraceful coquetry, and even had the impudence to declare that she married M. Beauchant for his money. Vulgar creature! It almost broke poor Annette's heart. N'importe, ma belle saur, you shall be avenged, if it is in the power of Madge—pah! Marguérite Ryder.

He is evidently *tpris* with my Lady Blanche, and at the Detour's *bal* spent an hour with her in the conservatory. Last night he came to see her, and I heard him invite her to visit his studio.

Mrs. Van'Arden wishes her daughter to marry Mr. William Stanton—and she shall doit. What is more, Mr. Claude St. Deloraine shall marry Marguerite Ryder, and then he shall rue the day he met the half-sister of Annette Lorine.

BLANCHE'S DIARY.

February 10th.—Last month was one of almost perfect bliss. I was sure it could not last. Mr. St. Deloraine came here nearly every evening, and, although he divided his attentions almost equally between Madge and me, I really thought he cared a great deal for me.

He had invited me several times to visit his studio; so, one fine afternoon, Madge and I went. We found the place without trouble, and, after climbing several flights of stairs, we at last reached the door on which was inscribed, in gilt letters, the name of Claude St. Deloraine.

We were admitted by a colored boy, who replied to our inquiry, that the artist was within, and ushered us into the studio, which was richly furnished, and which was lighted by a sky-light from above.

The walls were covered with pictures, mostly copies from the old masters. Numerous busts and marble statues adorned the shelves and brackets. The master of this miniature art gallery sat before an easel, on which rested an unfinished picture. He was dressed in a loose, velvet coat, and on his head was a fantastic scarlet cap, which was wonderfully becoming.

He advanced to meet us, palette in hand, and laughed, gayly, as he apologized for his appearance. "You find me in my working-costume," he said. "I am quite oriental in my passion for bright colors. I have always preferred the gorgeously bright pictures of the Venetian school to the more delicate tints and subdued shades of Raphael and his followers. In the human countenance, alone, do I admire softness of outline, and delicacy of coloring," and he bowed to us in his graceful way, thus turning his words into a compliment.

I blushed, foolishly, but Madge, who always has her wits about her, bowed, and said, "Thank you. Such delicate flattery as yours, Mr. St. Deloraine, is always acceptable," and, walking up to the easel, she asked, "At what are you at work now?"

The picture represented a most beautiful garden, where flowers bloomed in great profusion. In the background, a flight of marble steps led from a terrace, on which a fountain threw its sparkling waters in the air. In the foreground were two female figures, one, which was simply in outline as yet, was kneeling at the feet of the other. This latter was standing erect, and robed, as she was, in blue velvet, and adorned with the rarest jewels, one could not fail to recognize the auburn hair and haughty mein of England's Virgin Queen.

"It is intended to represent," said St. Deloraine, "an interview between Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, as I saw it once upon the stage; but I have pictures that I greatly prefer to this."

"Show us your favorite, among your own produtions, Mr. St. Deloraine," I said.

"I hardly know which that is, Miss Van Arden." I have always fallen so far short of my ideal, in the execution, that I am never satisfied with my poor performances; but perhops this may be considered my chef d'auvre." As he spoke, he drew aside a silk curtain, which hung at one side of the apartment, and disclosed a picture much larger than the unfinished one on the casel. "I call it," he said, "Innocence Triumphant."

A young girl, of almost dazzling beauty, sat upon a mossy bank, by the side of a rippling stream. Her golden hair fell almost to her feet the sweetest smile wreathed her lips, and her blue eyes were bent upon a lovely child, who was asleep in her lap, and whose gayly-colored robe contrasted finely with hers of snowy white. One dimpled hand, grasping some faded flowers, hung over her knee, while the other nestled in her neck. In the background was a dense wood, and between two parted branches appeared a man, whose dark, forbidding face expressed vice and wickedness in every line. He held a dagger in his hand, but his arm had fallen at his side, and he stood apparently abashed at the sight of this helpless innocence.

We stood, for some moments, contemplating the picture in silence; then I exclaimed, "Mr. St. Deloraine, it is lovely! Is it a creation of your own brain? Surely, you never met any one half so beautiful as that girl. Why, her face is angelic!"

"Indeed, Miss Blanche, I painted that figure from life, and my brush has not done justice to the extreme heauty of the original."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"My only sister," replied he sadly. "She was the sweetest creature I ever knew. That was painted when she was eighteen. She died at twenty. The child was taken from a little Italian peasant boy, whose mother once gave me shelter for a night." He dropped the curtain, and turned away, and I asked him no more questions.

A similar curtain hung at the other end of the atudio, but this he did not remove until, as we stood before a beautiful copy of the "Sistine Madonna," I heard a startled exclamation from Madge, and, turning, found that her dress had brushed aside the curtain, and she was standing as if petrified before the portrait of a brunette, whose back eyes and wavy hair, I noticed, closely resembled her own. Mr. St. Deloraine also turned, and as he observed what had happened, started forward, but, restraining himself, said, "Why, Miss Ryder, does that portrait cause you so much astonishment?"

"Because," she replied, "I think I know the original. Is it not a portrait of——?" She whispered something in his ear, and I saw the frown I had seen there once before gather on his brow, as he answered, "Yes; we will speak of this another time." And he hastily drew the curtain over the handsome, though scornful face.

After that his manner was distrait, although he was perfectly polite, and we soon took our leave. As we were going out of the door, he turned to me, and said, "Miss Van Arden, I have been contemplating a new picture, which, I hope, will surpass anything I have yet executed. It is to portray a scene laid in the 'Days of Chivalry.' May I ask you to sit to me as the Queen of Love and Beauty?"

"Certainly, I will sit for the picture," I answered, "if mamma has no objection," I added, "and you think me a worthy subject."

"I could not find a fairer," replied he, gallantly, as he bowed low over my hand, and assisted me to enter the carriage.

Mamma gave a ready consent, and since then I have been often to the studio. The picture will soon be completed—and, what then?

Mr. St. Deloraine's behavior to me is wholly inexplicable. He visits us often, but he now confines most of his conversation to Madge, and sometimes, when I have been engaged with other visitors, I have noticed that they seemed to be conversing on some very interesting subject, and once or twice I have heard the name "Annette" pass between them. I asked Madge about it, one

day, but she said Mr. St. Deloraine knew some of her friends in Paris, and then she began to laugh at me, and charge me with jealousy; so I changed the subject.

Well, if he loves her-I cannot think he cares more for her than he does for me! I never move in his presence but I feel that his eye is upon me, and I know that he watches me constantly. Oh, Journal, I am afraid I have given my heart away to one who, perhaps, is trifling with both Madge and me. Well, I will try, at least, not to be jealous, and if my friend is happy, to rejoice in that happiness; but it will be a hard struggle. Will Stanton has again asked me to marry him. Mother urges me to accept him; but, oh, I cannot, I cannot. I do not love him. I could not love him, even were not my heart filled with thoughts of one of whom it may soon be wrong to think.

MADGE'S JOURNAL.

February 28th .- The leaven is working, and the whole lump will soon be leavened. Already Mr. St. Deloraine shuns Blanche's society, and seeks consolation in the corner where I ensconce myself each evening, and wait for his coming. I have hinted, pretty plainly, that Blanche is engaged to marry Mr. Stanton, and his sense of honor will not allow him to interfere with a favored rival.

About a month ago Maud and I were just going out for a walk in the Park, when I saw Mr. St. Deloraine driving up in an elegant turn-out. I had my wits about me, and recognized a fitting opportunity for carrying out my plans. So, I asked Maud to run up to my room, and bring me my scarf, which I had forgotten, and I stood there alone to receive Blanche's admirer.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ryder," he said, with a profound bow. "Is Miss Van Arden at home?"

I knew perfectly well that Blanche was in her room, but the ready fib came to my lips, and I answered, "No, she went out, about an hour ago, with Mr. Stanton."

"Indeed! I am very sorry," he exclaimed. "But, Miss Ryder, will you pity my loneliness, and accompany me to the Park this glorious afternoon?"

"I shall be charmed," I said. "If I can leave Maud. Excuse me, while I speak to Mrs. Van Arden.'

. I ran up stairs, and soon returned, equipped for the drive. Mr. St., Deloraine had remained at the door, and I found Maude there with him; so I stood, unobserved, in the background, to hear what they were talking about.

8ау. "Was it a gift from one of your little lovers?"

"Oh, no, not my lover," with great emphasis on the 'my.' "Mr. Stanton gave it to me; he's not my lover, but mamma says maybe he'll be my brother, some day. She says he's very rich, and that when Blanche is married, she can have all sorts of beautiful things, and go to Europe, and everything. But, I don't like Mr. Stanton, he called this ring a little ring."

I saw a blank look come over his face, and so I advanced toward the door, just as Maud asked, "Are you going to take Blanche to ride?"

"No, little Chatterbox, I intend to steal Miss Ryder away from you, this afternoon. is, so, good-by, little Maud."

We had a delightful ride, for Mr. St. Deloraine is very charming, and I feel rather glad than otherwwise that he did not die for Annette's sake. I skillfully introduced the subject of my sister. I told him that she was a school-companion of mine, but hinted no word of our relationship. I discussed her character, and quite agreed with him in condemning her coquetry and want of truth. What an actress I would make!

Blanche was standing at the window when we drove up to the house, but Mr. St. Deloraine did not see her, as she stepped back immediately. He left me at the door, and, when I entered the drawing-room, Blanche was at the piano, singing a plaintive little French song, to which she has lately taken a great fancy. I went up to her, and kissed her, and there were tears on her cheek; her voice trembled, too, as she hoped I had had a pleasant drive. Eureka! The brilliant mistress weeps, while the humble hireling laughs!

Since then, Mr. St. Deloraine has paid me many attentions, and I am troubled to find that he is gradually winning my heart, notwithstanding my efforts to hate him. I repeat, over and over again, the bitter things he said to Annette, and of our whole nation, in his last scorehing letter to her, but I tremble lest I shall end by loving him as Annette never loved him. will not, I will not love him!

Blanche begins to look pale, and, though she constrains herself to appear gay, I can see that she grieves in secret. I am sure she loves Claude. and is fearfully jealous of me. My young lady's pride is wounded by the fact that the governess is preferred before her, the pampered darling of the household. Will Stanton is devoted to her. the bete. The foolish fellow cannot see that with his money and family connections he might se-"That is a pretty little ring," I heard him | cure a finer mate than Blanche Van Arden, even

Marguerite, the French-Irish girl, who, in confidence, tells you, oh, journal! that one of the principal counts she has against Blanche Van Arden, is that all the good things of this life seem to be lavished upon her, while poor Marguerite has only her beauty and her scheming brain.

Mr. St. Deloraine is painting her picture, as the 'Queen of Love and Beauty.''

BLANCHE'S DIARY.

March 5th .- To-day I sat for Mr. St. Deloraine's picture. One more sitting, and then it will be finished. I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry. The happiest hours I have had of late, have been spent at the studio, among the beautiful works of art, where I can almost imagine myself in Rome or Florence. No, journal! I am deceiving you. The principal charm I have found in that studio, is the presence of its master, whose brilliant conversation, albeit, not addressed to me, possesses a wonderful fascination for me. Oh, dear! I have promised mamma that I will try to accept Will Stanton, if she will give me a week or two to consider the matter. I am utterly wretched! Oh, if the handsome artist had never crossed my path, or if he would love me as I love him, how different it might be.

My cheeks even now burn with shame, when I remember how I have deferred to his taste in dress. Knowing his preference for bright colors, I have worn only dresses of the richest, warmest tints, whenever I knew I should meet him. Even my black walking-costume I have brightened with scarlet or pink ribbons, in my hair, or at my throat. Hearing him once express a preference for French songs, I have from that time practised nothing else, and the duets we sing together are all in that language. His admiration for Madge seems to increase, and, henceforth, I will never try to stand in her way, for I am sure she is deeply interested in him. She, too, is beginning to consult his taste in dress.

The company was at the Carlisle's, and after the music there was dancing. I was standing in the set with Mr. St. Deloraine, when I heard a lady behind me ask Mrs. Carlisle, "Who is that young lady dancing with the handsome artist?"

"That," said Mrs. Carliste, "is Miss Van Arden."

"Van Arden!" exclaimed the lady. "Is she the one who is betrothed to Will Stanton?"

"Yes, I believe so. Such is the report."

Mr. St. Deloraine heard their words also, but { but I is he did not look at me; for which forbearance on a fide the his part I am devoutly thankful. My first impulse was to go at once to Mrs. Carlisle, and consulted.

tradict the report; but then I remembered that I had promised mother to accept Mr. Stanton in a week, if I can do so; and this might be only anticipating events a little while. I hope something will be settled between Madge and Mr. St. Deloraine before that time.

He has told me a great deal about his sister, the original of the golden-haired peasant girl in the picture. She was to have been married in two weeks to his dearest friend, when, while sailing one afternoon on the beautiful lake of "Como" with her fiances, the boat, in some way, upset. Her lover swam with her to the shore, but she took a cold which was followed by a fever, and on the day appointed for her nuptials, she died in the arms of her sorrowing brother. We were gazing at her likeness this morning, when he said,

"I hope, Miss Van Arden, your engagement will have a happier termination than did my poor sister's."

"I hope it will," I said, "if such a thing as my being engaged, ever comes to pass."

"But, I suppose those gossips behind us last evening, only spoke the truth?"

"Indeed," I said, "Mr. St. Deloraine, you and they are mistaken. I am not engaged to Mr. Stanton."

"You are not!" he exclaimed. "Surely you would not deceive me; but, the statement was confirmed by both Miss Ryder and your little sister."

"I should never deny an engagement in which there was no cause for shame," I answered. "And you must have misunderstood Madge; and as for Maud, she is not in my confidence."

"I am very glad you have told me this, Miss Van Arden. Pardon me, if I ask, as a friend, another question, a momentous one to me. Is there a prospect of your marrying this gentleman?"

"My mother desires me to do so, but it remains with me yet to consent. I have promised to decide in a week."

He said no more on the subject, and I left soon after. But what could Madge mean by letting him think, for a moment, that I was engaged, when she knew perfectly well that it is not true. She has a terrible headache to-day, which accounts for her not being at the studio with me this morning. If she were not really suffering, I would demand an explanation from her at once; but I must wait now; so, journal, to you I confide the fear that my sister's governess is not my friend. To-morrow I shall know all, till then addea.

MADGE'S LETTER.

March 10th, 18-

MA CHERE ANNETTE.—The fates are unpropitious, and I greatly fear that our brilliant hopes and plans are about to be dashed to the ground, and perish ignominiously. Still, I do not quite despair. I wrote you all about your recreant lover, and my employer's beautiful daughter, (there is no denying that she is very fascinating to gentlemen,) and all my plans for punishing her for her fortunate lot in life; and the schemes I had devised for bringing Mr. Claude to my feet, and thence to the altar; and my blissful anticipations of dismay when he discovered that he had married Annette's sister, and a "detested" Frenchwoman, etc.

Since then, my plans had somewhat changed, for not only have I discovered that he had succeeded to a large property; but I had foolishly allowed his manly beauty and fascinating manners to ensnare my heart a little; and I had almost resolved to be a loving and tender wife to him, when all was changed by an untoward headache of mine. I was unable to accompany Blanche to Claude's studio, as I had usually done, so she went there to sit for her picture alone. I was ill all day, so did not see her, till the following morning, when she accused me of having told Mr. St. Deloraine that she was betrothed to Mr. Stanton.

I assured her that there must have been a mistake, and told her that in answer to Mr. St. Deloraine's questions on the subject I had merely replied, that I knew Mrs. Van Arden was desirous to marry her daughter to Mr. Stanton. She evidently did not believe me, though she said very little about it; but her manner is changed, and she is as cold now as she was formerly affectionate. The following evening Mr. St. Deloraine came in, but instead of sitting near, and conversing with me, as he usually did, he seemed to see only Blanche. Soon they went into the musicroom, where they sang duets and songs, entirely ignoring the visits of Mr. Stanton, and other gentlemen who were there during the evening.

I have one hope still left, and that is, if Claude does not declare himself before next Friday, Blanche may fear that he is trifling with her, and consent to marry that patient donkey, Will Stanton. In such a case, I shall certainly catch Claude's heart in the rebound.

I have ventured a great deal in this enterprise, and I must succeed by fair means or foul.

MARGUERITE RYDER.

BLANCHE'S LETTER.

New York, March 28th.

My Dearest Belle.—I have not forgotten the

promise I made you when we were school girls, and hasten to fulfill it. There is a report floating around that your friend Blanche is engaged to the artist Claude St. Deloraine; and I suppose it is true, so I shall keep to my word, and tell you how it all came to pass.

My letters have been so full of Claude this winter, that I imagine you are somewhat prepared for my announcement in spite of your teasing about Will Stanton. Oh, how glad I am to be free of him! Claude has been apparently so devoted to Maud's governess, that I was sure he loved, and would marry her; but it seems she was a friend of a lady to whom he was once betrothed, and she had positively asserted, and induced him to believe, that I was engaged to marry Will Stanton. I never was so deceived as I have been in Madge Ryder!

I had almost decided to accept Will, as mamma was so desirous of it; but I was truly unhappy about it, when, on the very morning of the day on which I was to give my decision, I went to Mr. St. Deloraine's studio for my last sitting. He had only to give the finishing touches to the pieture, so I did not expect to remain as long as usual; but he lingered over it until nearly two hours had slipped away. At length he turned to me and said,

"Miss Van Arden, I should like to relate to you a portion of my past history—that part of my life which was most closely connected with this lady;" and he drew aside a curtain which covered a picture of a brunette. I had seen it once before.

"This portrait," he continued, "is that of a French girl, whom I once knew in Paris; her name was Annette Lorine, and it is the name of one who changed me from a gay, light-hearted boy into a stern and almost misanthropic man. I was just twenty when I went to Paris and commenced my studies, under M. Boucicault. I daily frequented the 'Louvre,' and made copies of some of the pictures I particularly admired. There, one day, I met this Annette Lorine, who was also an art student. She was then about eighteen years of age, and one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. I soon made her acquaintance, for she was not very reserved. I, seeing her through the rosy veil of love, was charmed with her French manners and vivacity. How could I know that she was as deceitful and as designing as she was beautiful? I loved her devotedly, and for a year I believed her an angel in purity and truth. I was young and enthusiastic, and Annette's manner assured me as plainly as if she had sworn it, that my devotion was fully reciprocated

"At last my eyes were opened. I was not so

rich then as I am now, since my uncle left me ; his property; and I offered her my hand and an artist's humble home, which I told her would be a brighter abode than any this earth could offer, if it were only lighted by her smile, and hallowed by her presence. You can imagine my dismay, when I received a decided refusal. I pleaded with her. I used every available argument to induce her to revoke her decision, but in vain; and, at last, in a most scornful manner, she informed me that she had only drawn me on, in the hope of arousing the jealous fears of a wealthy avocat, for whom she had laid a snare, and who had at last been led to make her an offer of his fine mansion and portly person that very morning. I left her in a rage, and the next day set out for Italy, resolving to love only my art in future. I left a letter for Annette, in which I reproached her for her perfidy, and bade her a final farewell.

"Did she marry the lawyer?" I asked.

"She did, I believe, very soon after. I have never seen her since. I know not why I have kept her picture, but I shall do so no longer. Look, for the last time, on that haughty face."

As he spoke he lighted a match, and applied it to the canvas, which caught fire immediately.

Claude stood, during the burning, watching it with folded arms; and, as the last spark expired, he turned from it to the picture on the easel.

"There," he said, "lies my first love, and here, on this canvas, is my last, while the living, breathing image is by my side. Blanche, will you be, in reality, what you have long been in fancy, Queen of my heart, as well as of Love and Beauty?"

My answer, dear, you must imagine. I can is Claude, kno only say that Will Stanton has sailed for Cuba. Am coming. F. Mamma was disappointed, at first, but is now signature of

quite reconciled to the change. Who could long resist my handsome, noble Claude?

Madge leaves us in three days. We have discovered that she has acted in a most treacherous manner to both Claude and myself. He has also found out that she is the half-sister of Annette, which accounts for her resemblance to the portrait in Claude's studio. She says she always disliked me—why, I cannot imagine. I have ever tried to be kind to her, and to make her life agreeable. But I am too happy, now, to feel any resentment toward any one.

Your loving friend,

BLANCHE VAN ARDEN.

MADGE'S JOURNAL.

March 23d.—It is all over, my treachery is discovered, and Claude St. Delonaire is to marry Blanche Van Arden. I have received my dismissal, also; for Mrs. Van Arden politely informed me that any one who could act such a deceitful part, was not a proper instructress for her daughter; so to-morrow I sail for ma belle France, and Annette. My trunks are all packed, but I shall find a corner for this journal; it is too much of a confidante, it might tell tales, if left behind. May my next plan succeed better than this one has.

BLANCHE'S JOURNAL.

June 10th.—It is my wedding-day. I am already dressed for the ceremony, and my veil brushes the page on which I am writing, while the air is heavy with the perfume of orange-blossoms.

I shall show this journal to Claude when we return from our wedding-trip. May our married life be as happy as my girlhood has been. Belle is here. I hear her calling me, and there is Claude, knocking at the door. Yes, dearest, I am coming. For the last time, I write the familiar signature of BLANCHE VAN ARDEN.

DAWN.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. JOHNSON.

YONDER, the sun in splendor advances;
Mists from the lowlands are fleeing away;
Fleecy white clouds, as o'ar them he glances,
Blush with a rose-tint, so ardent the ray,
As they sail slowly through
Heaven's celestial blus,
Types of the beautiful, pure, and good,
Bathed like the sunny skies,
Earth, in its beauty, lies
Burnished and glorified, too, by the flood.

Wondrous ocean, on its wave's foamy crest, Sparkles in sunlight with beauty untold; Or, when its surface lies peaceful at rest, Seems it a molten expanse of pure gold; Mountains and forests green, Hills and their vales between,
Baptized in the sunshine, glitter with dew
"Till it does really seem
Earth, from chaotic dream,
Basks in the smile of its Maker anew.

Oh! that more human hearts, weary, grieving,
Would drink in the freshness, beauty of dawn,
More of gladness in life's loom be weaving.
More of the faith of our life's primal morn;
More of the tired feet
Treading the dusty street,
Would quicken with joy, more hearts the while

As day casts night's fetter. Grow bright in the light of day's glorious smile.

Grow warmer and better.

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MES. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUTH JESSUP was almost happy, now. From a fever of care and dread her father's sick room had become a pleasant little haven of rest to her. Perfect confidence had returned between the father and child, broken only by a consciousness of one secret, which, sooner or later, he should know, and rejoice over a noble son which it had given him. Of course, the girl thought all things must be well, now that her father had communicated with the young master; otherwise, that look of calm tranquillity would never have settled so gently on the face that seemed to have given up its pain, from the moment she had gone forth with that letter. All was right between those two, and, knowing this, the girl felt her secret only as a sweet love-burden, which, sooner or later, should make that dear old man proud and happy, as she hoped to be herself.

Thus, all the day long, the girl flitted about the cottage, doing her humble household work with dainty grace. Now she was sitting on her father's bed, and dropping strawberries into his mouth with a little start, when he made a playful snap at her stained fingers, which was pleasant, though the effort brought a twinge of pain to him, and a pretty, affected cry, which broke into a laugh from her.

"There, now, you shall not have another," she said, taking the hull of a luscious berry between her thumb and fingers, and holding it out of reach, tempting his thirsty mouth with its red ripeness. "Bite the hand that feeds you—oh, for shame!"

"Nothing but a false hound does that," said the old man, far more seriously than the occasion demanded.

"A hound! oh, father, that is too bad. I meant nothing like that. See, now, here is the plumpest and ripest of all. Wait till I dip it in the sugar. It seems like rolling it in snow, don't it?"

The old man opened his mouth and smiled, as the rich fruit melted on his feverish tongue.

"What is it, father?" questioned the girl, as a shadow chased away the smile. "What is the matter, now?"

"Nothing; really nothing, child, only I thought there was a step under the window."

Ruth listened, and the color left her face. Then she bent down to her father, and stole an arm around his neck. Then he felt that the arm was trembling like a reed in the wind.

"Oh, father, you will not let him come here again? It will kill me, if you do."

"Hush, hush, lass! Remember, he has my promise."

"But, not mine. Oh, father, do not be so cruel."

A step sounded in the lower passage-way. Ruth grew pale as she listened. The footsteps paused near the stairs, and a voice called out,

"Ruthy! I say, Ruthy!"

Ruth sprang from the bed with a little cry of joy, and, flinging open the door, looked over the banister.

"Is it you? Is it only you, godmother? Come up, come up!"

Mrs. Mason accepted the invitation, planting her feet so firmly on the narrow stairs that they shook under her.

"Of course, I know he is better by the look of your fade," said the dame, pausing to draw a deep breath before she entered the sick man's room. "You need not trouble yourself to ask; all is going on well, at the Rest. The young master walks across the room now, and lies on the couch, near the window, looking out as if he pined for the free air again, as who wouldn't, after such a bout of illness."

Ruth did not speak, but her face flushed, and her eyes sparkled through the droop of their long lashes. She knew that the window her godmother spoke of looked across the flower-garden to their own cottage, and her fond heart beat all the faster for the knowledge.

"So, at last, an old friend can win a sight of you," said Dame Mason, crossing over to the bed where Jessup lay, and patting the great hand which rested on the coverlet with her soft palm, "and right glad I am to find you are looking so well"

Jessup looked at Ruth, and smiled.

"She takes such care of me, how can I help it," he said.



"Aye, truly. It will be hard when you have to part with her, I must say that; but, such is human nature. We rear them up, get to loving them like our own hearts, and away they go, building nests for themselves. Her mother did it for you, remember; and so it will be while human nature is human nature."

Jessup heaved a deep sigh, and looked at his daughter with wistful earnestness. She answered him with a glance of tender appeal, from which he turned to the dame with a little gleam of triumph.

"There is the rub, Mrs. Mason. My lass will not listen to leaving her old father, but fights against it like a bird that loves its cage, all the more fiercely now that I am down."

Mrs. Mason wheeled round, and looked at Ruth from under her heavy eyebrows, as if she doubted what the father had been saying.

"Aye, little one, we know better than that," she said. "But I don't quite like this. Cheating a sick man may be for his good; but I don't like it, I don't like it."

"Cheating," faltered Ruth, conscience-stricken.
"Oh, godmother!"

"Well, well, the old saying, that all things is fair in love or war, may be true; but I don't believe it. According to my idea, truth is truth, and nothing can be safer or better, in the long run. Mark this, goddaughter, the first minute you get out of the line of truth, casts you, headforemost, into all sorts of trouble. One must wind and turn, like a fox, to get out of a deceit, if one ever does get out, which I'm not sure of."

Ruth stood before the good housekeeper, as she promulgated this homely opinion, like a detected culprit. Her color came and went, her eyelids drooped, and a weight seemed to settle, like lead, upon her shoulders. This evident distress touched the housekeeper with compassion.

"There, there," she said, "I did not mean to be hard. Young folks will be young folks—ha, Jessup? You and I can remember when more sweethearting was done on the sly than we should like to own up to; and young Storms is likely to be heir to the best farm on Sir Noel's estate, though, I must say, he was never much to my liking. These sharp, weasel-faced young men never were. Mason was of full weight and taliness, or he never would have fastened a name on me."

Ruth was no longer blushing one instant and paleing the next, for a vivid flush of crimson swept her whole face.

"What are you talking about, godmother?" she questioned, with a little, scornful laugh, which irritated the good dame.

"What am I talking of? Nay, nay, I have made you blush more than is kind already. Never heed my nonsense. It is natural that I should think no one good enough, and feel a little uppish that things have gone so far without one word to the old woman that loved you as if you were her own."

"What do you mean? What can you mean, godmother?" cried Ruth, with unusual courage.

"Oh, nothing. The news was over the whole neighborhood before I heard of it; but, that's nothing."

"What news? Do tell me?"

"Why, that young Storms and my goddaughter would be wedded as soon as friend Jessup, here, is well enough to be at the wedding."

"Father, father, do you hear that? Who has dared to slander me so cruelly?" cried the girl, bursting into a passion of tears.

Jessup was greatly troubled by his daughter's grief.

"Nay, nay, it has not come to that as yet," he said, "and, mayhap, never will."

"Oh, father, how good you are!"

In her passionate gratitude the girl might have shaken the wounded man too sorely, for her arms were around him, and her face was pressed close to his; but, even then she was thoughtful, and, lifting her face, said, with a sert of triumph, "You see, godmother, how impossible it is that this story can be anything but scandal?"

"Scandal? But Sir Noel believes it," answered the puzzled dame.

"No! no!"

"But he does, and Lady Rose was consulting with me this very day about the present she would give. I never saw her so interested in anything."

"She is very good," said Ruth, with bitter dryness.

"Indeed she is. A sweeter or more kindly young lady never lived. The Rest would be gloomy enough without her."

"I suppose you all think so?" questioned Ruth, with feverish anxiety.

"It would be strange if we did not. I'm sure Sir Noel Ioves her, as if she were his own child, which, please God, she will be some of these days."

"Godmother! godmother! don't make me hate you!"

"Hoity-toity! What is the meaning of this? I didn't think there was so much temper in the child. Why, she is all afire! Oh, friend Jessup! friend Jessup! this comes of rearing her all by yourself! If you had sent her to me at the Rest a little wholesome discipline would have made such; rough words to her mother's friend impossible!"

Ruth dashed the tears from her eyes, and held out both her hands.

"Godmother, forgive me! I am so sorry!"

Mrs. Mason turned half away from that imploring face.

"I was wrong-so wrong."

"To talk about hating me. The child she laid in my bosom almost in her dying hour."

"The wicked, cruel child! Oh, if you only knew how sorry she is? Godmother, oh, godmother, forgive me for her sake!"

Mrs. Mason wheeled round, and gathered the penitent young creature to her bosom, then turning her head, she saw that Jessup was greatly excited. and had struggled up from his pillow.

"There, there! Lie down again. This is no affair of yours," she said, hastily waving her hand, which ended in a shake for the pretty offender. "Can't I have a word with my own goddaughter without bringing you up from your bed, as if something terrible were going on? Looking like a pale-faced ghost, too! No wonder the poor child gets nervous. I dare say you just worry her to death."

"No, no! godmother! He is patient as a lamb." cried Ruth. "Don't blame him for my fault."

"Fault! What fault is there? Just as if a poor child can't speak once in a while, without being blamed for it. I never knew anything so unreasonable as men are—magnifying mole-hills into mountains. There, now, go and sit by the window while I bring your exasperating father to something like reason. No one shall make you cry again, if I know it."

Ruth went to the window, rather bewildered by the suddenness with which the good house-keeper had shifted the point of her resentment to the invalid on the bed. But Mrs. Mason seemed to have entirely forgotten that she had been sharply dealt with. Seating herself on the bed, which creaked complainingly under her weight, and settling her black dress with a great rustle of silk, she dropped into the most cordial relations with the invalid at once.

"Better, and getting up bravely. I can see that. Sir Noel will be more than glad to hear it. As for the young master, I think the thought of you is never out of his mind. 'When shall I be well enough to walk out?' he says, each day, to the surgeon. 'There was another hurt at the same time with me, and I want to know how he is getting on.'"

"Did he say that, did he?" questioned Jessup, with tears in his eyes; for sickness had made him weak as a child, and at such times tear-drops come to the strongest eyes tenderly as dew falls. "Did he mention me in that way?"

"He did, indeed. Often and often."

"God bless the lad. How could I ever think----"

Jessup broke off, and looked keenly at the housekeeper, as if fearful of having said too much. But she had heard the blessing, without regard to the half-uttered conclusion, and echoed it heartily.

"So say I. God bless the young gentleman! For a braver or a brighter never reigned at the Rest, since its first wall was laid. Well, well! what is it now?" she added, addressing Ruth, who had left the window, and was stealing an arm around her neck.

"Nothing, godmother, only I love to hear you

"Well, we were speaking, I think, of the young master. It was he that persuaded me to come here, and observe for myself how you were getting on."

"Did he, indeed?" nurmured Ruth, laying her burning cheek lovingly against the old lady's.

"Yes, indeed. The weather is over warm for much walking; but how could I say no when he would trust only me. 'Women,' he said, 'took so much more notice, being used to sick-rooms', and he could not rest without news of your father—something more than 'he is better, or he is worse', which could only be got from a person constantly in the sick-room."

"How anxious! I—I—— How kind he is!" said Ruth.

"That he is. Had Jessup been akin to him, instead of a faithful old servant, he couldn't have shown more feeling."

Ruth sighed, and her sweet face brightened. The housekeeper went on.

"We were by ourselves when he said this, and spoke of the old times when I could refuse him nothing, in a way that went to my heart, for it was the truth. So I just kissed his hand—once it would have been his face—and promised to come and have a chat with you, and see for myself how it was with Jessup."

"You will say how much better he is."

"Yes, yes! He seems to be getting on famously. No reason for anxiety, as I shall tell him. Now, Ruth, as your father seems quiet, let us go down into the garden. I was to bring some fruit from the strawberry-beds, which he craves, thinking it better than ours."

"Go with her, and pick the finest," said Jessup. "I feel like sleeping."

"Yes, father, if you can spare me!"

The housekeeper moved toward the door, having shaken hands with Jessup, cautioned him against taking cold, and recommending a free use of port wine and other strengthening drinks, which, she assured him, would set him up sooner than all the medicines in the world.

When once in the garden, the good woman grew very serious, and stood some time in silence watching Ruth, who, bending low, was sweeping the green leaves from a host of plump berries. clustering red ripe in the sunshine. At last she spoke, with an effort, and her voice was abrupt if not severe.

"Ruth," she said, "I have a thing to say which troubles me "

Ruth looked up wistfully.

- "Why is it that you try to keep secrets from your sick father?"
 - "Secrets!" faltered the girl.
- "If you mean to wed this young man, why not say so at any rate to your own father. It is the best way out of this difficulty."
 - " Difficulty !"
- "There, there! I can see no use in all this blushing, as red as the strawberries one minute, and denying it the next. Ruth, Ruth! deception and craft should not belong to your mother's child. I don't pretend to like this young man over much, but, under the circumstances, I have nothing to say. If your father is against it, a little persuasion from Sir Noel will set all that right."
- "What-what do you mean, grandmother?" questioned Ruth, hoarse with dread.
- "I mean to stop people's mouths by an honest marriage with a man, who, after all, is a good match enough. If you have ever been uplifted to thoughts of a better, it has come from too much notice from gentle people at the Rest, and from too much reading of poetry books; but for that, there would never have been these meetings in the park, and moonlight flittings about the lake. to scandalize people. Think better of it, Ruth, or worse mischief than the scandal that is in everybody's mouth may come out of it. Nothing but an honest marriage can put an end to it."
- "Scandal!" whispered the girl, rising slowly, and turning her white face on the housekeeper. " What scandal?"
- "Such as any girl may expect, Ruthy, who meets young men in the park, and, worst of all, by the lake."
- "The lake! The park!" repeated the poor girl, aghast with apprehension; for every walk or chance meeting she had shared with joung Hurst rushed back upon her, with accusing vivid-"Who has said-who has dared."

Here the frightened young creature burst into a passion of tears. The walks, the chance meet-

of and hoard up in her thoughts, like a poem got by heart. Who could have torn them from their privacy, and bruited them abroad to her discredit. In what way would she deny or explain them? More and more pale her face grew, and her slender figure drooped with humiliation.

"There, there, little one, do not look so miserable. I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Of course. I remember you have no mother to say what is right or wrong. Only this, never meet the young man again. It breeds scandal."

Ruth looked up in amazement.

- "I know I know your father is ill, but that should keep you in-doors."
- "Godmother, I do not understand. How is it possible?"
- "It is not possible for you to meet him in outof-the-way places without casting your good name in the teeth of every gossip in the village. Nay, I have my doubts if the young man has not helped it on, else, how did that brazen-faced maid at the inn know about it, and taunt him with it before a half-score of drinkers?"

The eyes of Ruth Jessup grew large with wonder.

- "Among drinkers? He at the public inn! Godmother, of whom are you speaking?"
- "Who should I speak of, but the young man himself, Richard Storms?"

As a cloud sometimes sweeps suddenly from the blue sky, the shame and the fear left that young girl's face. A glow of relief came into her eyes, and dimpled her mouth.

- "Oh, godmother, were you only speaking of him ?"
- "Who else should I be speaking of, Ruth? As if his name and your's were not in every one's mouth, from the highest to the lowest."

A faint, hysterical laugh broke through the sobs that had almost choked the girl, and alarmed the good woman.

"There, there," she said, "only be careful for the time to come, an honest marriage will set everything right. I only wish the young man were of a better sort, and went less to the public; but he will mend, I dare say. That is right, you have had a good cry, and feel better."

Ruth had wiped the tears from her face, and, after drawing a deep breath, was stooping down to the strawberry-bed again, and dashing the thick leaves aside with her hands, was gathering the fruit in eager haste. So great was her sense of relief, that she could feel neither resentment nor annoyance regarding the scandal that had so troubled the good housekeeper. Though she still trembled with the shock which had passed, this ings, each a romance and an adventure, to dream { lesser annoyance was nothing to her. In and out, through the clustering leaves, her little hand flew, until the great china-bowl, into which the gathered fruit was dropped, brimmed over with its rich redness. Meantime the housekeeper pattered on, bestowing a world of advice and matronly cautions of which Ruth never heard a syllable until the name of her lover-husband was mentioned. Then her hand moved cautiously, that it might not rustle the leaves as she listened.

"He took Mr. Webb up, scornfully, as you did me, when he mentioned the gossip, and would not hear of it, calling young Storms a hind and a braggart, of whom the neighborhood should be rid, if he were master. So Webb said nothing more, though his news had come from some of the gamekeepers who had seen you once and again in company with the young man."

The blood began to burn hotly in Ruth's cheek.

"I wonder only that you should have believed such things of me, godmother, and almost scorn myself for caring to contradict them," she said, placing the bowl of strawberries in a shady place, while she began to cut flowers for a bouquet.

By this time, Mrs. Mason had unburdened her mind of so many wise sayings, and such hoards of good advice, that her goddaughter's indiscretions seemed to be quite carried away. She was weary of standing, too, and seating herself in a rustic garden-chair, over which an old cherrytree loomed, waited complacently, while Ruth flitted to and fro among the rose-bushes, singing softly as a dove coos, as she plundered the flowerbeds, and grouped buds and leaves into a sweet love-language, which her own heart supplied, and which he had studied with her, when their passion was like a poem, and flowers were its natural expression.

"He will read these," she thought, clustering some forget-me-nots around a white rose-bud, which became the heart of her sweet epistle. "Let him only know that they come from me, and every bud will tell him how my very soul craves to see him. Ah, me, it seems so long-so long, since that day."

As she twined each flower in its place, a light kiss, of which she was half-ashamed, was breathed into it as foolishly fond women will let their hearts go out, and still be wise, and good, and, in the fact of doing it, prove themselves superior to the common herds, who have no such fancies, and scorn them, because of profound ignorance, that such gentle follies can spring out of the deepest feeling.

When all was ready, and that bouquet, redolent of kisses, innocent as the perfume with which they were blended, was laid, a glowing web of colors, on the strawberries, Mrs. Mason } gone out with Mrs. Mason."

prepared to depart. With the china bowl held between her rotund waist and the curve of her arm, she entered into the shaded path, promising Ruth to deliver both fruit and flowers to the young master with her own hands, and tell him how well things were going on at the cottage.

"You will do everything that is kind, godmother, that I know well enough; only never mention that dreadful man's name to me, let people think what they will. I can bear anything but that."

"First promise me never to see him again till he comes like an honest man and asks you of your father."

"That I promise; nor then, if I can help it. Oh, godmother, how can you think it of me?"

The good lady shook her head, kissed the sweet mouth uplifted to hers, and went away. muttering.

"I suppose all girls are alike, and think it no harm to keep back their love-secrets. I haven't forgot how it was with me and Mason. How many times I met him on the sly, and hot tongues wouldn't have forced me to own it. So, thinking of that, I needn't be over-hard on our Ruthy, who has no mother to set her right, poor thing.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Ruth left her father, he was overtaxed by the excitement of seeing his old friend, the housekeeper, and more than usually disturbed by the drift of her conversation. Kind of heart. and generous in his nature, he could not witness the repugnance that his daughter exhibited to the marriage he had arranged for her without tender relenting. Still, no nobleman of the realm was ever more tenacious of his honor, or shrank more sensitively from a broken promise. Languid and weary, he was thinking over these matters, when some one, stirring in the hall below. disturbed him.

"Ruth, Ruth, is it you?" he called, in a voice tremulous with weakness.

Some one opened and shut the parlor-door, then steps sounded from the passage and along the stairs. A man's step, light and quick, as if the person coming feared interruption.

"Ruth, Ruth," repeated the gardener.

"It is only I, Jessup," answered Dick Storms, stealing into the room. "There was no one below. I heard voices up here, and took the liberty of an old friend."

"You are welcome," answered the sick man, reaching out his hand, which had lost its ruddy brown since his confinement. "I think Ruth has "So much the better that she can leave you, I suppose," answered Storms, still holding the sick man's hand, with a finger on the pulse, while a slow cloud stole over his face. "The fever all gone? Why, man, we shall have you about in another week."

Jessup shook his head, and laid the hand he released from the young man's grasp on his heart.

- "I fear not. There is a weakness here," he said.
 - " And pain?" questioned Storms, eagerly.
- "Yes, great pain, at times; but you must not say as much to Ruth, it would fret her."

A glitter, like that of disturbed water, flashed into the young man's eyes.

- "Then, as to the fever," continued the sick man, "it comes, on and off, with a chill, now and then; not much to complain of, so I say nothing about it, because of the lass."
- "Oh, that is nothing, I dare say; but the people in the village hear that you are quite strong again."

Jessup smiled, a little sadly.

- "So, being a little anxious, I dropped in to have a little chat with you. It's hard waiting so long, when a man is o'er fond of a lass, as I am of your daughter. One never gets a look of her in the regular way."
- "Ruth has been with me so much," said Jessup, with a feeble effort at apology. "It has been hard on her, poor child."
- "Yes, but you are so much better now, and the old man is getting vexed. He thinks Sir Noel is putting off the new lease because nothing is settled about the marriage. Things are going backward with us, I can tell you. It will never do for us to put things off in this way."

Jessup was greatly disturbed. He moved restlessly, clasping and unclasping his hand on the coverlet with persons irritation. At last he spoke more resemblely than he had yet done.

"Storms, your father and I have been neighbors and framels ever since we were boys together, and we had set our minds on being closer still; but Ruth's heart goes against it, and I cannot force her."

Storms drew close to the bed and bent his frowning face near to that of the sick man.

- "I have been expecting this. Like father like child. But a man's pledged word isn't to be broken through with by a girl's whim; or, if so, I am not the one to put up with it."
- "You were always a hard one," answered Jessup, and a little strength flamed up into his gray eyes. "From a child you were that, and I have, more than once, had misgivings; but I did

not think you would be bent on marrying with a lass against her will."

"Yes, I would, and like it all the better, when her will was broken."

Jessup shrunk down in his bed. There was something savage in that stern, young face that terrified him. Sterms saw the feeble movement, and went on.

- "Never fear, man, I will find a way to bend her will, and make her love me afterward."
- "I would rather have her placed by my side in the same coffin," answered the old man.
- "You take back your word?" repeated Storms, savagely.
 - "Yes, I take back my word."

Storms turned on his heel, and, without a syllable of farewell, left the house. As he paused a moment under the porch, a glint of Ruth's garments caught his eye, as she was coming down the shaded wood-path, after parting with Mrs. Mason.

Ruth saw him coming, and stopped, looking around for some chance of escape, like a bird, threatened in its cage.

There was no way of escape, however. On one hand lay a deep ravine, with a brooklet at the bottom, and clothed with ferns up the sides. On the other, wild thickets, such as make that portion of a park called the wilderness picturesque.

"So, sweetheart, you were waiting for me. I thought it would come to that," said Storms.

Ruth moved on one side without answering. Storms could see that a shudder passed through her as he drew near, and the evil light that had almost died out of his eyes when they fell upon her wild beauty, came back with fresh venom.

- "So you think to escape, ha! You shie on one side, as if a wild beast blocked the path. Be careful that you don't make one of me."
- "Let me pass. I wish nothing but that," faltered the girl, moving as far from her tormentor as the path would permit.
- "Not till we have come to an understanding. Look you, Ruth Jessup, if you think to pull me on and off like an old glove, I am not the man for your money."
- "I-I have no such thought. I have no wish to see you at all."
 - "Indeed!" sneered the young man.
- "After what has passed, it is better that we should be strangers!"
- "Nay, sweetheart. I think it is better that we should be man and wife."

A disgustful shudder shook the girl where she stood.

Storms saw it, and a cold smile crept over his face. "That is what I have been telling your father."



"My father! Surely, surely you have not { been torturing him!"

"Torturing him! No. But we have come to an understanding at last."

Ruth grew pallid to the lips.

"An understanding? How?"

The terror that shook her voice was triumph to him. At least he had the power to torment her, and would use it to the utmost.

"You ask? I thought you might know what manner of man old Jessup is, without asking."

"I know that he is just, but never cruel."

"Cruel! Oh, far from it. Go ask him if you doubt."

"Let me pass, and I will," answered the girl, desperately. "At any rate, he would not sanction your rudeness in keeping me here."

"Rudeness! Of course, you have never been here before. Oh, no! I haven't seen you, over and over again, watching the path. Only it wasn't rudeness when he came. There was no trembling then-nothing but blushes."

"Let me pass, I say," cried the girl, tortured into courage, "if you would not force me to tell the whole world what I know of you. Let me pass, and never dare to look upon me again."

Storms started, and a grayish pallor spread over his face. What did she know? What did she mean?

Ruth shrunk from the cowardly glitter of his eyes, and wondered at the sudden palor. had she said to daunt him so? Directly, the coward recovered himself.

"And what would you tell?" he said, with forced audacity. "Is it a terrible sin for a man to stop the lass he is to wed, for a word wherever he chances to find her. What worse can you say of me than that?"

Ruth saw the dastardly anxiety in his face; but did not comprehend it. He seemed almost

"Is it nothing that you force your company upon me, when it has become hateful to me? Is it nothing that you harass a sick man with complaints, and thrust him back with unwelcome visits, when he might otherwise get well? Is it manly to come here at all, when I have told you, again and again, that your presence is the most repulsive torment on earth to me?"

The man absolutely laughed again. He was once more at ease. Her words had meant nothing more than the old complaint. stood in the girl's path.

"Why will you torment me so?" she pleaded, with sudden tears. "What have I ever done that you should haunt me in my trouble?"

for bitter words, insult for insult. You can stop them all with a word!"

"A word I will never speak!" answered the girl, firmly. "Hear me, once for all, Richard Storms. There was a time when you were dear to me as a playfellow, and might have been my life-long friend-

"Friend!" repeated Storms, with a disdainful fling of the hand. "You might say that much of a hound."

"But now," continued Ruth, desperately, "there is not a thing which creeps the earth that I foathe as I do the sight of you.'

This was a rash speech, and the most bitter that had ever burned on those young lips. She felt that on the moment, for the man's face turned gray, as if invisible ashes had swept over it. For awhile he stood motionless, then his lips parted, and he said, in a deep, hourse voice, that made her shrink in every nerve.

"There is one other sight that shall be yet more loathesome to you!"

Ruth attempted to speak, but her lips clove together. He saw a paleness like his own creeping over her face, and added, with ferocious cruelty,

"Shall I tell you what it is? That of your lover-of the man who has stolen you from mein a criminal's box, with half the county looking on."

If the fiend had intended to say more, he was prevented, for the poor girl sank to the earth, turning her wild look on his face, like a deer that he had shot.

There might have been some relenting in the man's heart, hard as it was, for he partly stooped. as if to lift his victim from the earth; but she shrunk from his touch, and sunk into utter insensibility.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I must see him. I was se will tell me the truth but hime. I must know it or die!"

Ruth stood alone within the honeysuckle porch, white as a ghost, and rendered desperate by the words that had smote her into insensibility. How long she had lain in that forest-path the girl scarcely knew. When she came to herself, it was with a shudder of dread, lest that sharp, evil face should be looking down upon her; but all was silent. The birds were singing close by her, and there was a soft rustle of leaves, nothing more. She lifted her head, and with her hands, searched for marks of the blow that seemed to have leveled her to the earth. A blow! She remembered now it was a word that she had sunk "I only give you trouble for hate, harsh acts { under-a coarse, cruel word, that brought a hor-

rid picture with it, from which every nerve in { that which had been to her a proud hope was her body recoiled.

She was very feeble, too, and could scarcely walk. It seemed as if she never would get to the house, the distance appeared interminable. She could not keep in the narrow paths that coiled along the flower-beds, but wavered in her steps from weakness, as her enemy had done from wrath, until her feet were tangled in the creeping flowers and strawberry vines.

Her father was lying with his eyes closed when she went in, and a smile was upon his mouth. Even in his feeble state, he had found strength to free his child from a hateful alliance, and the thought made him happy. Ruth stooped down, and kissed him with her cold lips. The touch startled him. He opened his eyes, and saw how wan and tremulous she was.

"Do not fret!" he said, tenderly. "Why should you, darling? I have sent him away. have told him that the child God gave to me shall never be his!"

At another time this news would have thrilled the girl with unutterable joy; but she scarcely felt it now. The fear of that man being urged upon her seemed a small trouble, while the awful possibility he had fastened on her fears was so vivid and so strong.

"I thought it would please you," said the sick man, disappointed. "I did."

"And so it does, father; but we will not talk of it now. His coming has tired you, and I-I, too, am wanting a little rest. If you do not care, I will go away, while you sleep, and rest in my own room."

"There is wine on the table. Drink a little. I suppose it may be shadows from the ivy, but you look pale, Ruth."

"Yes, it is the shadows, but I will drink some wine!"

She poured some wine into a glass, and drank it thirstily; but it brought no color into her cheeks, and none came there until she stood in the porch, after night-fall, and said to herself.

"I must see him! I will see him! I must know the truth, or die!"

This resolve had made her stronger; perhaps the wine had he ped, for she was not used to it, and so the effect was all the more powerful. At any rate, she drew the hood over her face, wrapped a dark mantle about her, and went out across the garden, into the path of the wilderness, and on to the home of which she might some day, God willing, become the mistress. When she thought of this, came the shadow of that other picture, which had taken away so much of her life in the path she had trod only a few hours before, and } Vol. LXVI.-10

blotted out.

"I will believe it from no lips but his," she thought, looking out from the shadows at the vast gray building that held her heart in its cham-"Oh, that I knew what was in my father's letter."

She left the shelter of the park, and walked cautiously across the lawn, sheltering her progress as best she could among flowering thickets. or a great tree that spread its branches here and there in forest grandeur.

She entered the flower-thickets under that window, the only one she cared for in all that vast building. A faint light came through it, softened by falls of lace, tinted by a gleam of silken curtains, and broken into gleams by the very leaves outside. Her heart gave a wild leap as she saw that the shutters were unclosed; then a great dread seized upon her; some person might be within the chamber, or lingering in the grounds. Cautiously, and holding her breath, she crept toward the masses of ivy that wound its thick foliage up to the balcony. If it stirred in the wind she shrunk back terrified. Where it cast deep shadows downward, she fancied that some man was crouching.

Still the girl crept forward, her anxiety half lost in womanly dread of being misunderstood, even by the beloved being she sought. But, for the great agony of doubt at her heart, she would have turned even then, so strong was the delicacy of her pride.

She was under the balcony, now, behind the ivy, which covered her like a mantle. Up the narrow steps she crept, and, crouching by the window, looked in trembling. No one was moving. A night-lamp shed its soft moonlight on a marl'e console, on which some wine and fruit cast gorgeous shadows. In the middle of the room stood the couch she had seen but once, shaded with clouds of lace, snow-white and filmy, seeming to cool the air, it was so frost-like. This lace was flung back at the pillows, and there she saw her husband in a sound sleep. She held her breath. she laid her face close to the window. Then with impotent fingers, tried the sash. It was fistened on the inside.

What could she do? How arouse the sleeper? Impatiently, she beat her hand on the glass. Still more recklessly she called her husband's name.

"Walton! Walton!"

As the words left her lips, a hand was laid on her shoulder, from behind, and the shadow of a human being fell upon her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, first, a sea-side costume of navy-blue chintz. The under-skirt may be of



the same material or of a fine blue flannel, and the ornamentation of it may follow the design, or be somewhat simplified. This under-skirt is trimmed with eight ruffles, alternately gathered and plaited. The plaited ones are laid very fine, and ironed flat before placing upon the dress. Of course, the skirt is made just to touch, and has additional buttons and loops to shorten it at pleasure. The over-skirt is cut about the same length of the under one, and looped quite high at both sides, forming a short apron front. At the sides there is a large bow, the ends of which are ornamented with two rows of white worsted or cotton braid—the kind called "Hercules"—very

coarse. The anchor ornaments are cut out of white cloth or linen, and appliqued on with a chain or button-hole stitch. There is a skirtwaist, with close sleeves, under the jacket. The jacket is double-breasted, with a rolling collar. We would advise the jacket to be made of blue fiannel, as a little extra warmth is often found quite desirable for a boating excursion. These blue chintzes cost twenty-five cents per yard, and some of them have printed borders in white, which make a very pretty trimming, either for ruffles, or to stitch qn plain. Trimmed as this dress is, fifteen or sixteen yards will be required.



Above is a traveling-dress of de bége. We give

the front and back view. It is a simple Redingote, with the addition of a small circular cape. May be worn over a skirt of the same material, or a different one. The American de bege can be



bought for twenty-five cents per yard—the imported cost thirty-seven or fifty—in all shades of gray. For the Redingote only, ten yards will be required.

In the front of the number we give a bathing-dress of flannel. Gray or blue is the most serviceable. The drawers are fitted to an underwaist of flannel, and we would recommend it to have long sleeves. The over-dress is cut in a loose blouse, with large sailor collar and short sleeves, belted in at the waist with a strong leather belt—the whole trimmed with white cotton braid, stitched on. The oil-silk cap is finished in front with a plaited frill of colored flannel, or it may be made of oil-silk, bound with a colored worsted braid. Eight or nine yards of flannel, half a yard of oiled silk for the cap. Also,

in the same engraving, we give a bathing costume for a little girl of six years. As will be seen, it is after the same pattern as the one described.

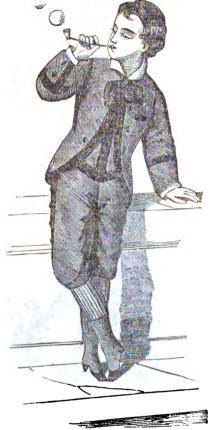
A little girl's dress, made of mohair, percale, or pique, comes next. The petticoat is kilted, and the front of the over-skirt is cut long enough, to allow for the three deep plaits, where it joins the back breadth. These plaits are laid first, then the ends, pointed and ornamented with a covered button, on each plait. The jaunty little basquine is pointed in front, and the postillion at the back forms a hollow box-plait in the middle, with long points at the sides, simply bound with braid. A



frill of the material, scalloped out, finishes the sleeves and neck. Eight to ten yards of material, according to the age and size of the miss.

In the front of the number, we give a Polonaise of plain or dotted Swiss, or white grenadine, to be worn over a black or colored silk skirt, suitable for a dinner-dress or a small even-

The trimmings are gathered ruffles of ! ing party.



the same, put on with a heading to stand up. { lady.

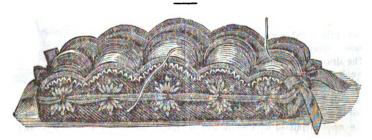
The bodice is cut heart-shape at the throat, and finished with a double ruche of the same. Puffed sleeves, with two ruffles reaching to the elbow, complete, this Polonaise. A belt ending with a bow and long ends of ribbon, four inches wide, of the color of the under-skirt, is added. Bow to match for the hair. Of white grenadine, which is two yards wide, three and a half yards will be required; single width material, such as dotted muslin, eight to ten yards. Dotted muslin costs fifty cents per yard: Grenadine one dollar seventyfive cents per vard.

Opposite, we give, for a boy of eight years, a blue flannel suit, with Knickerbocker pants and jacket, cut with vest attached-the whole trimmed with wide, black worsted braid and black buttons. Striped and colored stockings are usually worn.

We also give, in the front of the number, a very pretty house-dress of black grenadine. It has a cut flounce, twelve inches deep on the under-skirt, headed by a double quilling of the material, bound with silk, either colored or black. The Polonaise is cut without darts, and belted in at the waist. The trimming only extends down the front, and around the neck-the edge is simply bound. The tight coat sleeve has a plaited cuff, finished with ends placed under the quilling, and buttons. Belt of the same with falling bow and ends, to which is attached the chatelain for fan. Sixteen to eighteen yards of single width material. Two and a-half yards of silk for the binding. Black, bound with blue or pink, makes a very handsome and stylish dress for a young

SPOOL-WAGON.

RS. JANE



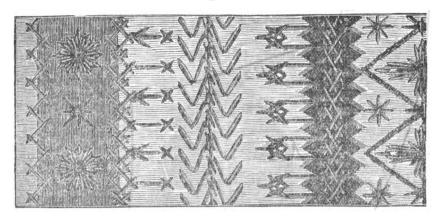
one piece, and turned up to form the sides. The | pass the ribbon through, and a little star is whole is covered and lined with silk. A simple worked round each. Ribbon is passed through pattern is worked at the edges, which are neatly ! the reels to keep them in place.

The foundation is of cardboard; it is cut in bound with ribbon; eyelet-holes are pierced to



STRIPE FOR CUSHIONS,

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



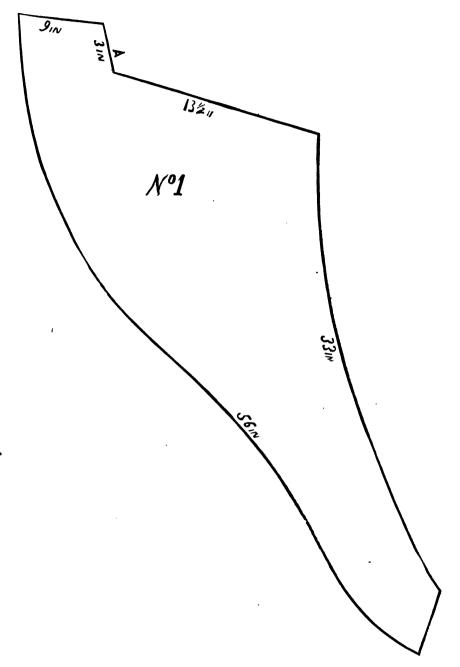
This is a stripe for a cushion, or any other colored silks. It is a kind of work convenient to piece of ornamental fancy work, and is done in carry when spending an afternoon at a neighbor's.

FICHU MANTELET-BACK AND FRONT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here, as is our custom, a diagram for { cashmere, and trimmed with guipure lace and the Fichu Mantelet, which will enable our fair ribbon, or jet and silk fringe. At A, in the



readers to cut it out and make it themselves. { diagram, the fullness is to be formed into a box-No. 1, is half of the fichu; to be made of black { plait, which comes in at the waist.

DOLL'S TROUSSEAU.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

During the summer months, we have observed a prevalent complaint among the juveinexpensive remedy, in the shape of illustrations
nile members of families, and the name of the
and directions for making up a doll's trousaffliction is "Nothing to do." In compassion to seau.

MORNING DRESS.



bric, and is trimmed round with narrow edging.

DOLL'S CHEMISE.



The shoulder-piece of the pinafore is of inser-

The dress is of a small pattern of figured cam- } tion, edged with lace. A slide or not, according to taste, may draw the waist of the pinafore.

CHEMISE RUSSE.



145



WALKING COSTUME.



little dress. The tunic is cut straight, except at { may be made of fine merino, and is worked round the front, where it is rounded off, and it is with a row of chain-stitch.

Any material may be chosen for this pretty (fastened to the waist by a band. The baschlik

CIRCULAR CLOAK. Make of dotted flannel, and button-hole the edge.



Bow and ends of silk, trimmed with fringe.

DOLL'S PALETOT.



Make of merino, and trim with braid.

MORNING DRESS,



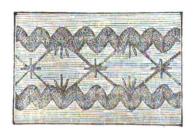
DOLL'S PALETOT.

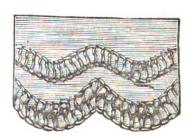


The frock is of white pique, trimmed with is of black sllk, edged with braid and narram narrow, plain, and waved braid. The aprom black lace.

INSERTION AND EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give, here, a design for edging in button- braid. Both are new in pattern, and exceedingly hole stitch. Also one for an insertion in waved pretty, we think.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

What is a Good Novel?—This is a question often asked of us, by young writers, who wish to enter the lists as literati. It is a question often answered in the most contradictory manner. One critic will maintain that no novel is good unless it is like Thackersy, and another will claim perfection for tales of an entirely different description. For our part we should prefer to divide works of fiction into those that delineate character, and into those that are given up to the story. To the first belongs "Middlemarsh." To the last belongs "The Woman in White."

For popular purposes there is no question that the latter kind of novel is the best. There are ten persons who will read a work of fiction for its plot, where there is one who will read it for its analysis of character. Even in the best productions of Fielding and Sir Walter Scott, where both descriptions of the novel are to be found united in one, the majority of readers are those who are carried away by the story. Take "Quentin Durward," as an example. How few, comparatively, peruse it for the sake of its descriptions of Louis the Eleventh and Charles the Bold. It is read, as a rule, because of its brilliant and exciting succession of incidents.

Of course, the highest kind of fictitious writing is that which rises into the ideal. Shakspeare's "Lear" is an illustration in point. Tell that sad tale, in an ordinary, realistic way, and it is simply painful. But tell it as he tells it, and lo! the pain disappears, and we are lifted out of ourselves and carried upward into an ideal region of sympathy and admiration, and heroism and tears. To see Lear die fills us with something of the same holy rapture with which we behold a martyr at the stake. Yes! to depict the struggle against temptation, or the warfare against wrong, is the noblest object that a writer can lay before himself, or herself. But in order to do this the writer must have genius. No mere talent will suffice. And how few have genius!

There is, for example, Anthony Trollope. He is not a genius, but merely a man of first-rate talent, and he has the good sense to confine himself accordingly to the common-place. Hence he succeeds. If he were to attempt a higher flight, he would fail. Our advice to young writers is to start with the safe conviction that they are not geniuses, and therefore to rely, first on plot, and then on delineation of character for success before attempting the ideal. They may be geniuses, but if they are, it will appear, in due time; and in the meanwhile they will be none the worse for their hard work and the knowledge they have earned, so to speak, of their handicraft.

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER we shall begin the publication of "Pretty Polly Pemberton," by our talented and popular contributor, Mrs. Fannie Hodgson Burnett. None of our contributors have a firmer hold on the public than this young author. Her stories and novelets are characterized by a purity, a truthfulness, and often a pathos, which very few equal. Her "Theo," given by us last year, was a novelet of rare power; and her "Pretty Polly Pemberton," is even better, if possible.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, is from a very popular German picture. Compare these engravings of ours with those that appear elsewhere.

SUMMER COSTUMES continue to be made of lawn, with sleeveless jackets, and with basques which, if square, are invariably short, but if round, they are generally longer. Net mantelets, embroidered with jet, will be fashionable for summer wear; they are all tied round the waist with an inner band, the bow to which may be either visible or invisible, according to taste. There is no better investment at the present time than the tablier and sleeveless tacket of jet embroidery, for they can be worn over almost any dress. The tablier is long and round; it has no back, but is hooked behind the waist, and terminates with loops and sash-ends; the jacket is finished off with a rich jet fringe. Both are easily put on, and require no adjustment. Similar tabliers and sleeveless jackets are also made of black silk, which is covered with open embroidery; they are rich looking, but not so effective as the jet, which glistens in every light.

It is Not a Chromo that we give for a premium, as our fair correspondent H. K. thinks, but a superb steel engraving, a very much more costly affair. A chromo is simply a wood-cut, or lithograph, printed in color, and is produced in precisely the same way as we produce our colored patterns Three or four times a year we give Berlin patterns, in from six to twelve colors, which cost more than most chromos: yet we make no great boast of this; it is only, on an occasion like the present, when we have to remove a misconception, that we allude to it at all. Our premium engravings, on the contrary, are printed from elaborately engraved plates, that cost from one thousand to two thousand dollars to engrave. The one we are preparing for 1875 will have cost more than two thousand dollars, and it is from an original picture. When persons get up clubs for "Peterson," therefore, they receive a premium of some value.

LIGHT SILK DRESSES that have lost their first freshness, and are otherwise out of date, can be made to look very elegant and fashionable in the following manner. Take, for example, a peacock-blue faille skirt, cover it with plaitings of grenadine, striped with a pencil line of black; the top only should remain plain. A wide sash of the blue faille commences on the hips at each side, and is tied under the pouf and plaits at the back. The sush-ends also are covered with grenadine, and edged with passementeric and frings. Muslin plaitings are again used on silk dresses, but these are a costly trimming; they soon rumple and require renovating.

A New STYLE OF CHIGNON has been introduced by Philippe, the celebrated hair-dresser of Paris. He calls these chignons the Directoire. They are very eccentric, forming a sort of queue at the back which is fastened toward the end with a square buckle, either of blue steele or faille ribbon. We hardly think they will take, at least on this side of the Atlantic.

NEVER GIVE UP till you have exhausted every means of success. A great many things seem impossible, at first sight, that yield to persistent efforts. Difficulties are very like supposed ghosts at nightfall; they look terrible at a distance; but when you approach them, they prove to be a sign-post, or some other innocent white object.

Do Nor Worky over little things. It spoils the temper, and impairs your good looks.



A New Volume began with the last number, affording a good opportunity to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers to January inclusive. The newspaper press everywhere, as well as the general public, pronounces "Peterson" to be the chaopest and best of the lady's books. This superiority is so incontestible, that all we ask is that persons wishing to subscribe, would compare this magazine with other lady's books. The premiums we offer for getting up clubs are also more elegant and costly than those offered by rival publications. On this point also we solicit comparison. In remitting, state whether the subscriptions are to begin with January or July. Back numbers can always be supplied.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE and concession are indispensable to happiness in the family. The greatest mission of love, whether between husband and wife, parent and clilid, or brother and sister, is to make us, as if instinctively, "bear and forbear" with each other.

For MORNING WEAR, linen and batiste costumes are now made in every variety. Dark-blue is still the favorite, and will share popularity with stones and grays. Embroidery in white cotton is preferred for ordinary linen or lawn costumes before any other ornamentation.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Woman's Education, and Woman's Health: Chiefly in Reply to "Sex in Education." By George F. Comfort, A. M., Dean of the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University, N. Y., and Mrs. Anna Manning Comfort, M. D. Suracuse: Thomas W. Durston & Co.-This is a very able attack on the opinions expressed by Dr. Clark, in his recent work, "Sex In Education." It is, as will be seen, a joint composition, and in that respect, as representing both the male and female intellect, may be considered worthy of especial attention. The authors are quite methodical. They begin by stating the propositions that Dr. Clark seeks to maintain, and then proceed to pass them in review, one by one, and so reply to them. The book is written in the plainest terms, so that there can be no misunderstanding. We have not the space, in these pages, to take part in this discussion, but we may be allowed to observe, in passing, that we think that both Dr. Clark and his opponents exaggerate the ill-health of American women. They seem to us to judge the whole sex, by a narrow observation, derived from our great cities, or from particularly unfavorable localities. Whatever crotchety writers may assert, our own experience is, that American women, as a class, are as healthy as women elsewhere, the conditions of life being the same. The volume is neatly printed.

Meridiana. By Jules Verne. Translated from the French. With numerous Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scriber, Armstrong & Co.—The author of this work, which professes to narrate the adventures of three Englishmen and three Russians in South Africa, has a rare faculty of interesting the reader. Like all French writers of the superior class, he is an artist, and never leaves a bit of slip-shod work leave his hands. He appeals to the scientific tastes of the day, and in this way adds greatly to the reality of his stories. His "Journey to the Moon," and "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," are both remarkable books. This, his latest production, is in no way inferior. The illustrations are numerous and good.

Some Women's Hearts. By Louise Chandler Moulton. 1 vol., 12 no. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A very pleasant volume of love-stories. Mrs. Moulton is one of the most conscientious authors we have in America: she always tries to do her best; and hence she writes better and better as years roll on. No nicer book, for summer reading, has appeared this season. It is very tastefully printed and bound.

John Worthington's Name. By Frank Lee Benedict. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.-The readers of this magazine have been familiar, for so many years, with the writings of Mr. Benedict, that it is not necessary for us to enlarge on his merits as a novelist. The English critical reviews accord him the very highest rank, and assert, that, in many respects, he is distancing their own authors of fiction. The present is his latest novel. It is a vigorous, racy sketch of New York society, full of originality, and sparkling with that brilliancy of style which distinguishes him at his best. We must caution the reader, especially the foreign one, however, against taking Mr. Benedict's picture of New York society as a true picture of American society generally. While this novel is not equal, in some respects, to " Miss Dorothy's Charge," in others it is greatly superior. On the whole, there is, and has been from the first, a steady advance in Mr. Benedict. He is always faithful and conscientious, working in the spirit of a true artist; and therefore, with every year, he achieves loftier results.

Out of the Hurly-Burly; or Life In An Odd Corner. By Max Adeler. With nearly Four Hundred Illustrations, by Arthur B. Frost, Frederick B. Schell, William L. Sheppard, and Edward B. Brusell. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada; "To-Day" Publishing Co .-The one thing in which American literature is the most original is its humor. No other nation has, in this generation, produced such a galaxy of laughter-moving writers as the United States has produced in Artemus Ward, in Mark Twain, and in numerous others. This author, though a new one, is a formidable rival to his predecessors. For some time his articles have been appearing in the newspapers, but this is his first attempt, we believe, at a book. He is not a copyist; his humor is his own. Nor does he seem, as yet, to wear out. His jokes, his quips, his odd turns of language, his indescribably funny way of putting things, are as fresh, in his last page, as in his first. The illustrations are very good, and add greatly to the value of the book.

Sea and Shore. A Collection of Poems. 1 rol., 16 140. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—These selections have been made with unusual taste, and comprise some of the best poems in the language. The volume is most daintily printed and bound, and is not too big to put into the pocket, when one is about to take a summer stroll. It is a real treasure for persons of taste.

Beaten Pulhs, or A Woman's Vacation By Ella W. Thompson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A narrative of a trip through Europe, quite pleasantly told, and really agreeable reading, though the subject is the most hackneyed possible.

True to Him Ever. A Novel. By F. W. R. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleto & Co.—This is a love-story, which ends happily, as all such stories should, though not till the heroine has long tried her lover by waywardness and perversences. It is capital summer reading.

The Log of Commodore Rollingpin. By John H. Carter. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—A humorous story, narrating adventures afloat and ashore, and profusely illustrated with comic sketches, of which some are good, but others quite indifferent. Very good.

The Queen of the Regiment. By Catharine King. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: James R. Ospood & Co.—A very inferior novel, quite third-rate indeed, exaggerated and improbable in both characters and incidents.

Margaret Hamilton. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A novel by the author of "Kate Kennedy," "Trodden Down," etc. Mrs. Newby is a favorite with a large circle of readers.

The Conscript. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Phiada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The period of this novel is that of the latter days of the reign of the First Napoleon. Like all the stories of this writer, it is full of movement and life,

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—As some of our subscribers, perhaps, take no other magazine than this, it may be as well, occasionally, to quote a few, out of the hundreds of notices of "Peterson," which we receive every month, so that our readers may see that this is really, as we claim, "the cheapest and best" of the lady's books. Says the Boonville (Ind.) Engineer:-It is far ahead of any other work of the kind." Says the St. Sophia (La.) Sentinel :- "The steel engravings are more beautiful and better executed than the illustrations of any other publication in the country." "Ahead of all," says the Kirksvill (Mo.) Register. "In every respect equal to higher-priced magazines," says the Conansville (Canada) Observer. Says the Shieldsborough (Miss.) Republican, "Peterson leads all others in fidelity to fashion." "A splendid magazine, and getting better all the time: we couldn't do without it," says the Milan (Mo.) Standard. "Its fashion-plates are superb," says the Ballston (N. Y.) Journal. "Excellent literary matter always characterizes Peterson," says the Canajohoire (N. Y.) Radii. Says the Delhi (La.) Chronicle, "Peterson is always mailed promptly on time, so that subscribers never have any reason to complain of negligence on the part of the publisher; and it is besides the best and cheapest ladies' magazine in the United States."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, for problings, jellies, custards, etc., is considered a great delicacy. It is highly recommended by physiflians for invalids and infants as a nutritious food, very palatable, and easy of digestion.

HORTICULTURAL.

"THE PANSY, THAT'S FOR THOUGHTS," says poor distraught Ophelia. Indeed, few flowers have been more popular, wherever known, than this chaste and elegant object. One marked advantage that the pansy enjoys over many other high-grade florists' flowers, is the simplicity of culture, and its versatility, or readiness of adaptation to a variety of soils, circumstances and localities. It may be grown, with a little attention, almost anywhere, and wherever grown, admirably repays the trouble devoted to it. The pansy may be considered especially the flower for ladies, requiring just such patient management, without much labor and its dirty work and handling of the soil, as suits the idiosyncrasies of the fair sex. In fact, it is just the subject to make a floral pet and the present improved race affords such an infinite variety of markings, such a charming substance and texture, and such a succession of bloom, that there is practically no limit to the interest and amusement to be derived from its cuttivation.

We recommend, therefore, every lover of the garden, however small it may be, to devote a bed to pansies. The border should be on a somewhat dry subsoil, to allow moisture to drain away, stagnant water being an abomination to the plants; for this reuson raised beds are advantageous. Sandy loam, enriched with rotten manure—some prefer cowdung—and leaf-mould, forms a suitable staple, and there should be enough of it in depth. The primary rule of correcting deficient soils applies here. If too stiff and adhesive, open it with light additions; if too porous and light, solidify it with admixtures of a stronger character. The locality selected ought to be free, for a few hours, from the ardor of the

noontide sun, which bakes and shrivels up all flowers more or less, and which the pansy is too feeble to resist. Still, a moderate amount of morning sunshine in all but the hot summer days will be beneficial.

The pansy may be propagated by seeds and cuttings. It may also be purchased at any time at the first-class nurseries, in plants from the open ground, at the ordinary season for removal, or in pots at others; and this is the way named show varieties are usually obtained by others than the raisers themselves. The number of these exhibition kinds is now considerable, most of them being great improvements on those of bygone times. It is an advantage connected with this pretty favorite that any one is likely to obtain flowers equal to the best from a packet of seed saved from good strains. Seed should be sown in pans, in the usual manner, in March or the beginning of April. The seedlings will soon be ready to plant out in favorable weather, nor will they fail to bloom during the summer. Those which prove inferior should at once be destroyed, lest they should at the period of fertilization injuriously affect the produce of better kinds. With respect to this, however, it is hardly worth while for amateurs to trouble themselves about the operation, except as an amusement or experiment, superior seed is so cheap and easily obtained. Cuttings (the plan adopted to reproduce varieties strictly true to name) are made whenever strong, stubby side shoots can be had. These make the best plants. They may be struck in the shade under hand glasses all the summer months. A frame is suitable for the operation, which may be commenced in June. Fifteen inches apart, and nine or ten inches in the rows-in fact, sufficiently asunder to allow for hoeing down the weeds (pansy borders must be kept clean)-is a convenient arrangement. A careful watch must be kept for slugs, snails, grubs, and other vermin, who love young pansies as babes love sugar. The main shoots which have flowered are not good for cuttings. Cut through the bottom joint with a very clean, sharp knife, as in fuchsia cuttings. Leave two or three pairs of leaves; in fact, follow the ordinary routine of other soft-wooded subjects. As soon as thoroughly struck, plant them out as seedlings are planted. Water them judiciously, they will take the pure element freely where drainage is efficient. Shade blooms, if intended for show purposes. Keep dead leaves removed-in fact, everything neat and clean-and you will have success. The best way to furnish a bed will be to turn out plants, such as are sent out from the nurseries, in three-inch pots early in spring.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII .- THE SECOND SUMMER.

THE term "second sammer" has become a by-word and words of dread to every mother solicitous for the well-being of her child. Experience, the great teacher, has taught her, perhaps, the danger incident to this period, or if not, observation at least has shown her that many anxious, sleepless hours, maybe, attended with many tears, are required to bridge over the life of children at this critical age.

She is well aware that during the period of teething, many die; and again, that the "second summer" claims its many victims. But let the mother be assured that these results are not inevitable, that they are not the dispensations of an over-ruling Providence, who "would that all should live," but that they do ensue from neglect of duty, from violations of manifest laws, from injudicious habits, and most culpable carelessness in nursing, feeding, and clothing the infant and child. If the mother, during the period or gestation

even, is careless in diet, and becomes very dyspeptic, irritability of the stomach and bowels is apt to be transmitted to the child, which favors diarrhea, and renders the disease also more intractable. If she nurses too frequently, or begins to feed the child at the table too early, (before teething,) giving it a "little of everything," as most mothers admit they do, the disposition to summer complaint is seriously fostered, and the "second summer" bodes evil to the child, and deep solicitude to the mother. If its neck and arms are bare, and the lower extremities nearly so, whilst its body is rather closely and warmly clad, the changes of temperature during the day, or the great difference between mornings and evenings and mid-day, causes a repelling of blood from the extremities to the body, and all exhalations from the surface are checked, whilst the internal vessels become gorged, and the alimentary canal necessarily suffers.

These facts are patent to any mother who will permit herself to reflect one moment; and she should not pooh, pooh, them, and boast that she will harden her child to these vicissitudes, and to the errors of her own conduct. Ah! this hardening of children has robbed many a mother of her only babe, and doubtless will continue to do so, not-withstanding the self-evident nature of the case; just as ladies continue most cheerfully to decimate themselves annually by diseases of the lungs, rather than abate one iots of what fashion and folly demand of them.

During the "second summer," then, as well as at all times, let all nuts, burnt almonds, and other such confectionery, green fruits, and gross food, be entirely discarded; in other words, let the child's diet be simple and plain, consisting of milk and farinaceous articles, well cooked; attention to the body of the child, by daily spongings, tepid or cold, and with or without the addition of salt and the use of "salted towel;" out-door exercise; well-ventilated rooms; and at the first symptoms of derangement of the bowels, administer a small dose of castor oil, with two or three drops of laudanum; spiced symp of rhubarb, or rhubarb cordial, with the addition of lime-water, if sickness of stomach, or acidity be present, and observe greater vigilance as to the regimen of the child.

In these "words to mothers," the means of preventing diserases through correction of errors, are considered of far more value to them than any detailed course of treatment could possibly be, and therefore therapeautics proper are left almost entirely with each one's family physician.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES.

Cherry Jam.—To every pound of fruit weighed before stoning, allow three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar and half a pint of water. Stone the cherries, and place in a preserving-pan, with the sugar and half a pint of water; boil for three-quarters of an hour, stirring gently; have about half the kernels ready, and throw them in at the last moment; give one stir, and pour into pots to cool.

Another.—To every pound of fruit weighed before stoning, allow half a pound of sugar; to every six pounds of fruit allow one pint of red-currant juice, and to every pint of juice, one pound of sugar. Stone the cherries, and boil them in a preserving-pan until nearly all the juice is dried up; then add the sugar, crushed to powder, and the currant-juice. Boil all together until it jellies, which will be in from twenty minutes to half an hour; skim the jam well, keep it well stirred, and, a few minutes before it is done, crack some of the stones, and add the kernels; these impart a pleasant flavor to the jam.

Quince Marmelade.-Pare and quarter quinces; weigh an equal quantity of sngar to four pounds of the latter; put in a quart of water, boil and skim, and have it ready against four pounds of quinces, made tolerably tender by the following mode: Lay them in a stone jar, with a teacujout of water at the bottom, and pack them with a little sugar strewed belween; cover the jar close, and set it on a stone or cool oven, and let them : often till they become red; then pour the fruit syrup and a quart of quince juice into a preserving-pan, and boil all together till the marmalade be completed, breaking the lumps of fruit with the preserving ladle. This fruit is so hard, that if it be not done as above, it requires a great deal of time. Stewing quinces in a jar, and then squeezing them through a cheese-cloth, is the best method of obtaining the juice to add as above; and dip the cloth in boiling water first, and wring it.

Another.—Quinces for this purpose must be fully ripe. Pare them, cut them into quarters, take out the core, and put them into a sauce-pan. Cover them with the parings, fill the sauce-pan nearly full of spring water; cover it closely and let them stew over a slow fire till they are soft and of a pink color. Then take out all the quinces from the parings, and beat them to a pulp in a marble mortar. Take the weight of the fruit of fine loaf sugar; put as much water to it as will dissolve it, and boil and skim it well. Then put in the quinces, and boil them gently for three-quarters of an hour, stirring them all the time, otherwise they will stick to the pan and burn. When cold, put into flat jars and tie down closely.

Clear Syrup for Fruits.—Take two pounds of sugar, threequarters of a plut of water, and one egg. Put the sugar and water together over night, and when all the sugar is dissolved, add the well-beaten white of an egg; place this mixture on the fire, and when it boils, throw in a cupful of cold water, and do not stir the sugar after this is added. Bring it to the boiling point again, and then place the pan by the side of the fire for the preparation to settle; remove all the scum, and the sugar will be ready for use. The scum should be placed on a sieve, so that what syrup runs from it may be boiled up again; this also must be well skimmed.

Apple Jelly.—Take about a dozen apples of a kind that will boil soft (Codlings or Lord Suffield;) cover thom, after peeing them, with water; boil them fast till the water is half boiled away, then take them off, and strain the juice. To each pint put one pound of fine loaf sugar; set it on the fire, boil it very fast, and take off the scum. When it has bolled a quarter of an hour, put in one large spoonful of strained lemon-juice to each pint of the liquor, keeping it still boiling fast, and skimming it. As soon as you find it will jelly, put it into shape or glasses. If the flavor of lemon-peel is approved, put the thin peel of a couple of lemons to boil with the apples at first.

Another.—Peel, core, and quarter any kind of apples, and to half a pound of fruit put one pint of cold water; boil until quite soft, strain through a jelly-bag, and to every pint of liquor, which will be thick and muddy, add ten ounces of white loaf sugar; boil the liquor ten minutes before adding the sugar, then boil until it jellies and is quite transparent. When taken from the fire, add essence of lemon to taste. The remaining pulp makes an excellent marmalade by boiling with equal weight of light-colored moist sugar, and, after boiling, flavoring strongly with essence of lemon.

Siberian Crab Apples.—Boil one pint and one and a half pounds of sugar to a clear syrup; skim it, and let it go cold; pierce the crabs with a needle, having wiped them clean. To this quantity or syrup put one pound of fruit, and simmer them till tender; take them out separately, and pour the syrup over them when a little cooled; add a little lemon and orange-peel boiled tender. The preserve is very nice if half the syrup is taken away and brandy supplied instead.

Tomato Figs.—Take six pounds of sugar to one peck, or sixteen pounds, of ripe tomatoes—the pear-shaped look best put them over the fire, without peeling, in your preserving-kettle, their own juice being sufficient without the addition of water; boil them until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. They are then taken out, spread on dishes, flattened and dried in the sun, or in a brick oven, after the bread is taken out. A small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them whilst drying; after which, pack them down in jars, sprinkling each layer with powdered sugar. The syrup is afterward concentrated and bottled for use. They retain surprisingly their flavor, which is agreeable, and somewhat similar to the best figs. Ordinary brown sugar may be used, a large proportion of which is retained in syrup.

Blackberry Jam.—Take twelve quarts of blackberries, three pounds of sour apples, ten pounds of sugar. When the juice is drawn, and the sugar dissolved, take out three pints, and strain for jelly or blackberry syrup, (for each of which I append directions,) then boil down as usual, and put into either moulds or jars. For the Jelly.—Add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and the juice of half a lemon to the strained blackberry juice, and boil till it jellies. For Syrup.—Take half an ounce each of ground nutmeg, allspice, and cinnamon, and a quarter of an ounce of ground cloves; boil these in the juice till all strength is extracted, then, while hot, add a pint of French brandy.

To Preserve Peaches or Apricots.—The fruit must not be too ripe; choose the largest when they begin to soften, cut them in half with a silver fruit-knife; weigh the same quantity of sugar as you have of fruit, and strew a little over it; next day pour the syrup that will have run from it and the rest of the sugar into a clean suuce-pan; boil very gently for six or seven minutes, keeping it well skimmed; add the fruit and kernels, which have been previously cracked and blanched; simmer till it clears; put the fruit singly into pots, and pour the syrup and kernels over it.

DRINKS.

Ginger Beer.—Take two and a quarter pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce and a half of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, two lemons, and nearly three gallons of yeast. Bruise the ginger, put it into a large earthen pan, with the sugar and cream of tartar. Peel the lemons, squeeze the juice, strain it, and add, with the peel, to the other ingredients; then pour over them three gallons of boiling water. When it has stood until it is only just warm, add the yeast. Stir the contents of the pan, cover with a cloth, and let it remain near the fire for twelve hours. Then skim off the yeast, and pour the liquor off into another vessel, taking care not to shake it, so as to leave the sediment. Bottle it immediately, cork it tightly, and in three or four days it will be ready for use.

Gooseberry Wine (Sparkling.)—To every pound of gooseberries, (they must be full-grown, and not turned for ripening.) when picked and bruised, put one quart of water; let it stand three days, stiring it twice a day; to every gallon of juice, when strained, put three pounds of loaf sugar; barrel it immediately, and to every twenty quarts of liquor add a bottle of brandy. Suspend a small bag of isinglass in the barrel; keep it in barrel a year, unless the sweetness goes off sooner. A brandy cask is best.

Santa Liqueur.—Take the rind of six Seville oranges. Put it into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cover with rum. At the end of a week, pour off the rum. Put two pounds of Jamaica sugar, and pour over it two pints of boiling water Stir till dissolved. Squeeze the juice of the oranges into the syrup; add the rum; stir all together; strain through a jelly-bag, and bottle. The liquor should be quite clear.

Elder Wine.—To a gallon of elderberries put an equal quantity of water; boil them till they dimple, (about three-quarters of an hour,) then straft clear off, pressing the berries a little; then to each gallon of liquor put four pounds of moist sugar; boil it full half an hour, until the scum has done rising, with some ginger and cloves tied up in a piece of muslin; then set to cool, and when nearly cold put into it a yeast toast; let it work gently three days, then put it into the cask with some spice, as before; when the fermentation ceases, stop it close. Add some brandy of you like.

Bitters.—Take one ounce of Seville orange-peel, half an ounce of gentian root, quarter of an ounce of cardamoms; husk the cardamoms, and crush them with the gentian root. Put them in a wide-mouthed bottle, and cover with brandy or whisky. Let it remain for twelve days, then strain and bottle it for use, adding to it one ounce of lavender-drops.

Essence of Ginger.—Take one pound and a half of unbleached ginger, powdered very fine, to a quart of spirits of wine; cork it tightly, and shake it every day for a month. Strain it through fine muslin before using it.

Lemonade.—Upon the very thin rind and jujce of four good sized lemons put sugar to your taste, and three pints of boiling water. The lemonade should be made thirty-six or forty-eight hours before using it. Leave the peel in one day. Strain before using.

Another.—Peel too large lemons very fine, trim off all the white rind, and cut the lemons into thin slices, place them and the thin rind into a jug with half a pound of white sugar; pour in a quart of boiling water; cover over and leave it until cold; strain into a jug or decanter, and

Another.—Put two pounds of white sugar into two quarts of water that has been boiled; add this to the juice only of eight lemons; when the sugar is melted, strain through a napkin, and serve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Breakfast Dishes.—To one tablespoonful of rice, boiled till soft and drained, add a piece of butter, the yolk of an egg, one tablespoonful of Harvey's sauce, a little white pepper, Cayenne, and salt; set on the fire, and stir well together; add any dressed fish, cut into pieces, warm it gradually, and send to table. Soles and haddock are excellent. West-phalian Croquettes.—Mix a little grated ham with some mashed potatoes, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, butter, pepper, and salt, and make into croquettes.

Scrambled Eggs.—Break four eggs into a sauce-pan, into which a large pat of butter has been thrown, and keep stirring the whole until they are cooked, which will be in a few minutes. You will know when they are done by their appearance, as they will get into lumps. Some buttered toast should be ready on which to spread eggs, and then pepper and salt them. Some people add the latter while cooking. The are eaisly prepared and very good.

Oyster Sauvages.—Take half a pound of lean mutton, threequarters of a pound of beef-suet, two score of oysters; scald them and take off the beards. Chop all together, and some bread-crumbs and yolk of an egg. Season with salt, white pepper, and mace. Mix these together into the form of sausages; fry them in the usual way.

Scalloped Oysters.—Toast several slices of bread quite brown and butter them on both sides; take a baking-di-h, and put the toast around the sides instead of a crust. Pour your oysters into the dish, and season to your taste with butter, pepper, and salt, adding mace or cloves. Crum bread on the top of the ovsters, and bake it with a quick heat about fifteen minutes,

Ham Tout.—Chop some lean ham fine, put it in a pan with a little pepper, a lump of butter, and two eggs beaten; when well warmed, spread on hot buttered toast, and serve.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY FOULARD, with plain skirt, trimmed with rose-colored bows down the front, each bow edged with guipure lace. Small, puffed tunic at the back. Over the plain waist is worn a loose rose-pink silk lody, edged with white guipure lace, and fitting closely at the back. Black velvet bow at the neck; and bands of black velvet divide the puffs of the sleeves.

FIG. II.—WALKING-COSTUME.—The petticoat is of black silk, with one deep flounce. Polonaise of écru-colored batiste, long, and closed in front, and round and open at the back, edged with black and white striped lawn. The sash, top trimming of the sleeves, front and neck of the dress, are trimmed with the same lawn. Black straw hat, with écru-colored feathers, and gray veil.

Fig. 111.—Walking-Dress of Gray Mohair.—The upper part of the skirt is made of blue silk; and one blue silk ruffle, with two gray mohair ones, finish the lowor-skirt. The upper-skirt is of the gray mohair, simply hemmed, pointed in front and at the back. Gray mohair sleeves, with deep cuff of blue silk. Blue silk vest and over-jacket of black silk. Black chip hat, trimmed with blue and gray feathers, and blue veil.

Fig. IV.—Carriage-Dress of White Barege.—The skirt has one ruffle, headed by a band of blue ribbon. A blue silk coat-basque, with black velvet buttons, and having the front tabs edged with a blue and black netted fringe. Black lace hat, trimmed with white roses and blue ribbon.

FIG. V.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, worn over a white foulard skirt, the bottom of which has one deep flounce of white and lilac striped foulard. Lilac bow at the back of the waist, and a plaiting of lilac ribbon at the skirt and sleeves; a blond lace also trims the skirt and sleeves. White chip hat, trimmed with bunches of lilacs. White parasol, with an edging of lilac silk.

FIG. VI.-HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK GRENADINE.

FIG. VII.—POLONAISE OF WHITE MUSLIN OVER A PINK SHIR SKIRT.

We also give a style of linen collar, edged with guipure lace, for either a boy or a girl. Also two summer hats, and a black velvet belt and bag, embroidered in jet.

GENERAL REMARKS .- We have given the newest and prettiest of the many styles of bonnets, hats, fichus, etc., and have but little to say of the fashions generally, as there is usually no change at midsummer; and each lady dresses so much to suit her own ideas of beauty, that it is almost impossible to give any fixed rules; but it is rather taken for granted that the more dressy habits of silk and grenadines have basques, and fully-trimmed skirts, with tablier, which is sometimes only a separate apron, and sometimes not. Polonaises are seen yet in cashmere, linen, cambric, and other morning costumes; likewise in the new transparent silk canvas and elaborately embroidered silks. Basque bodices retain a simpler outline, but are more trimmed than formerly. The fichu basques that cross in front over the chest, look well in grenadine, especially when the folds are edged with lace. Black silk basque bodices are elaborate with steel and jet embroidery with lace, passementerie, and fringe, all jetted.

POLONAISES are usually of a different color or pattern of material from the petticoat, but the sleeves and sash are often of the color and material of the petticoat. Sometimes, where basques are worn, the plain, solid color is used for the petticoat, basque, and sash; the over-skirt and sleeves being of the figured material. The bodices are all finished at the top with collars of the same material, laid flat in front, but standing upright, and wide at the back, either plain or in full box-plaits.

OVER-SKIRTS are not draped on the hips, but are merely long aprons hooked together at the back, under sashes made up with loops. When either cashmere or camel's-hair forms

the tablier, it consists of two breadths, cut with a seam down the centre of the front and drawn upward on the dress improver, terminating at the back with straight frills and many loops and ends of ribbon. Bows of ribbon, or else a tuck are placed down the front seam. These deep tabliers are also successfully simulated with trimming. Plaitings and flounces are still plentifully used on lower skirts; the former are caught to the skirt twice, once at the upper edge and once in the centre, giving the effect of a flat plaiting, with a loose frill below. The front breadth is trimmed with one or two of these double-stitched plaitings, which are curved higher at the back until five or soven are introduced, this curve serving to outline the tunic or upper-skirt.

BONNETS .- As for bonnets, there is no end to the variety and fertile invention of the Paris milliners. The latest novelty is a plateau of fine straw, which is not trimmed at all, but has an enormous wreath inside, which consequently rests on the hair. These wreaths are formed either of corn flowers and popples, or of shaded roses of all colors, and the brim, being lined with black velvet, the flowers show to advantage. For these enormous wreath, sprays of lilac, paleblue convolvuli, and wood violets are also used. The style of the bonnet consists in having nothing outside, not a flower nor a bow of ribbon, not even a spray of leaves round the crown. The wreaths are formed in a particular manner, and produce a charming effect, especially at the side. Black straw bonnets are ornamented with white lilies of the valley. A vast quantity of bonnets, made of coarse straw, called "Paillasson," have been introduced. They have China crêpe crowns the color of the dress, and are trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with a single flower nestled at the side. Bonnets are also trimmed with wide scarves of soft twilled silk, which are white or any plain color, and sometimes have jet figures on their pointed ends. Some of the scarves, such as violet ones, are scalloped at the edge, and button-hole stitched. All are placed in soft folds, or loops, round the crown, and either a wing or a flower added at the back. Valenciennes lace is much used on black chip bonnets; and white chip bonnets, when trimmed with velvet, have coquillés of lace, with a stemless pale pink or creamy white rose, and without foliage in the centre. Crimped plaitings are very general inside both ordinary and dressy bonnets.

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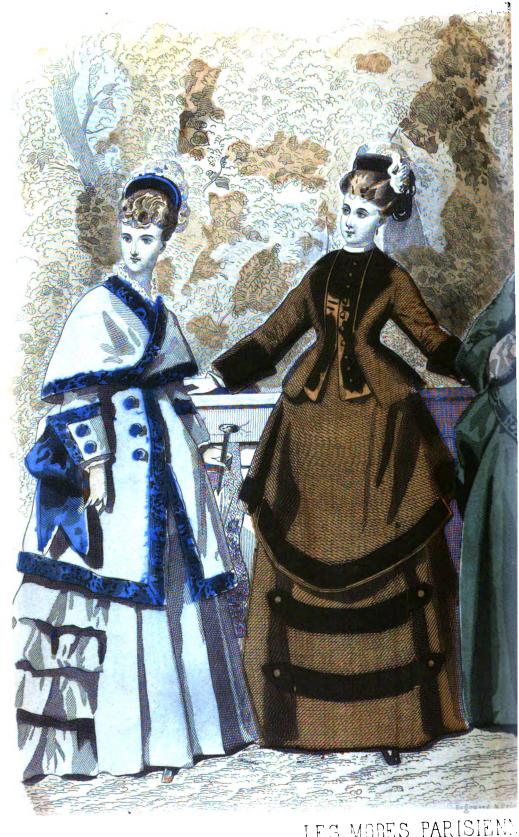
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—September, 1874.



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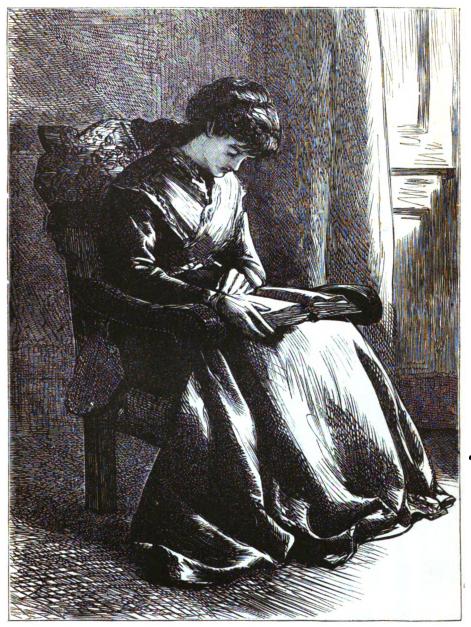
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WITH MY BIBLE."

[See the Story, "The Secret Pancl."]







CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

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MORNING COSTUME. CIRCULAR CLOAK.

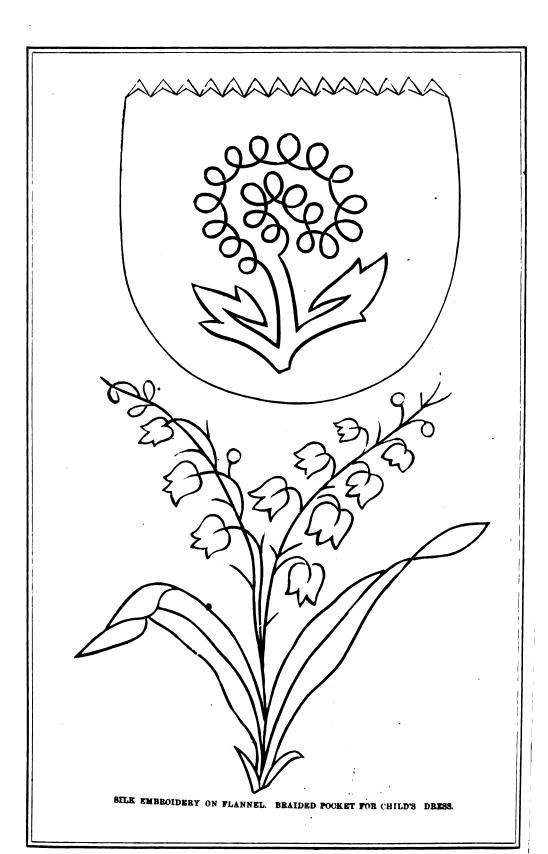


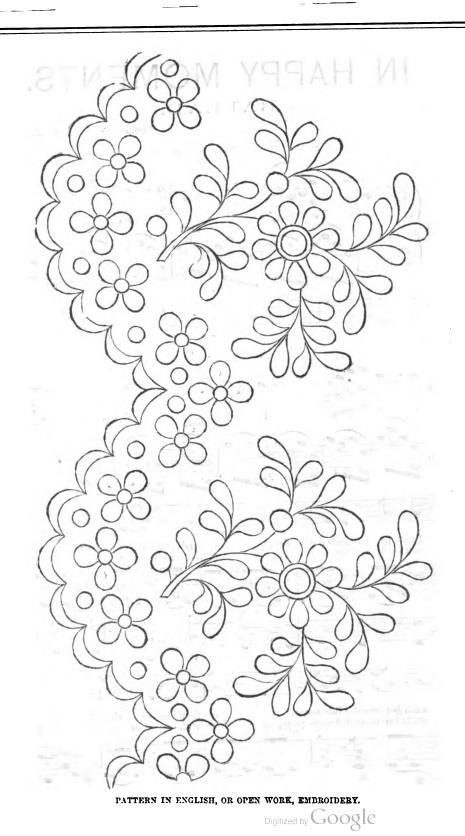




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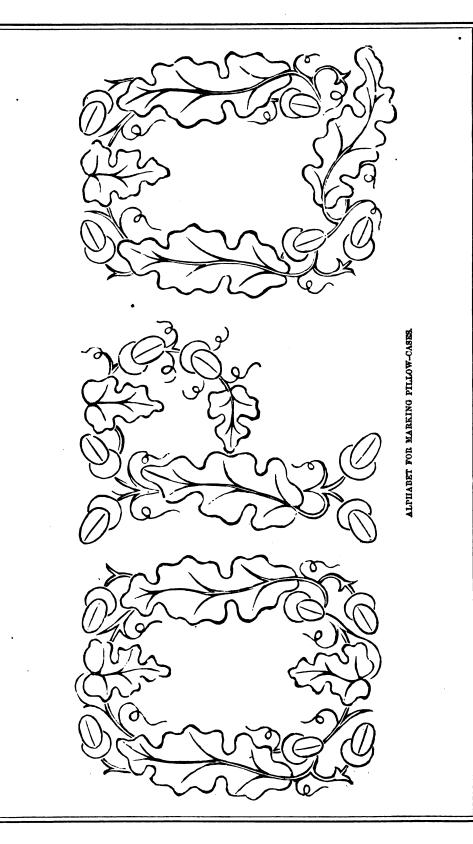
IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

BALLAD.

Composed by W. V. WALLACE.







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 3.

THE SECRET PANEL.

BY RUTH SIDNEY.

I had been darning stockings all the morning for those four great, romping, precious boys until my head ached violently, and my heart beat very impatiently. I had hoped to secure time for at least fifteen minutes' practice on Beethoven's lovely "Moonlight Sonata," that morning, and now the hands of the little bronze clock pointed to two o'clock, the children were just home from school, and the last hole just latticed over. No music for me that day! My assistance would be urgently needed in the afternoon with lessons, and other mending, and I must forget my desires for reading and practising. Oh, dear!

Don't think, gentle reader, that I was an impatient, querulous mother, repining at those legimate duties, which every maternal heart loves to perform. I was only an aunt, just nineteen, with the cares and responsibilities of a woman of thirty. When sister Bessie died, her husband would allow none but myself to act as her substitute. I understood the children, and dear Bessie's disciplinary methods, he said, better than any of his family. So, young as I was, I cheerfully undertook the charge, simply because I loved Bessie so much.

The circumatances of that morning had been peculiarly trying; and, completely discouraged, I felt anything but patient and gentle. The cares of a wife and mother come so geadually, that a woman is fully prepared to meet them, and can bear submissively the troubles which her own offspring bring. But when these same heavy burdens fall upon the shoulders of a young girl, whose education is still unfinished, and whose mind and heart need much moulding, it is more than she can carry uncomplainingly.

young, leaving me to Bessie's faithful keeping.
So, when God took her, I was left alone, indeed, in this strange world. And at the time of Bessie's death, I lost one whom I had thought to call my best earthly friend always. Philip Carrington and I had grown up together with that

peculiar love which, commencing at infancy, I might say, grows and strengthens with the years. until it has twined itself so tightly around the natures of its victims, that to root it out seems like snapping the tendrils of the heart. The histories of our lives were singularly similar, with this one exception, that while his father, a rich banker. left his family abundantly provided for, mine, a a poor minister, left scarcely enough to clothe me. Mr. Carrington died when Philip was only a year old, leaving six children and a very delicate wife, who survived him only a year. A maiden sister of Mr. Carrington then undertook the charge of his family, bringing the children up wretchedly. and spoiling them all but Philip, who was too noble to be influenced by her proud, mercenary ideas. As father had labored very assiduously in seasons of affliction in the Carrington family, doing all in his power to relieve and help them when they were too sorrowful to think for themselves, Mrs. Esther, the aristocratic spinster, deemed it her Christian duty to call upon us once a year. She would sail in upon us with majestic dignity, talk to us as though we were servants, and advise us with startling authority. Her visits lasted, happily for us, about ten minutes, when, realizing the exceeding greatness of her modest charity, she would rise ostentatiously, hand a five-dollar bill to me, as a "little pin-money, poor dear, don't speak of it to the church people," and leave. Even after "rich George Thurston'' married Bessie, she continued her annual call and donation, much to my humiliation and disgust. She would allow none of the girls to visit us; "children of poor ministers, my dears, are unsuitable companions for David Carrington's daughters," she used to say; but, after Bessie became Mrs. Thurston, she so far forgot our degradation as to permit their calling upon us occasionally. With Philip she could do nothing. So, finally dismissing him from her thoughts, as "democratic and ungrateful," she never mentioned

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Vol. LXVI.-12

What a deplorable crime this poverty is! Philip loved Bessie dearly, and often, laughingly, told George it was nothing but his George's, age which secured her for him, for Bessie was ten years older than Philip, and she had been an invalid for two or three years, but was seriously sick only two weeks. Every day Philip's card was sent up with choice fruit. exquisite flowers, and refreshing delicacies of all descriptions. Dear sister, I knew from the first she was getting ready for the "New Jerusalem," and yet no one else could see the "angels' wings." George, so completely blinded by the physician's words of comfort, confidently expected that she would be well in a week or two. But Bessie and I knew. And she was "only waiting till the angels opened wide the mystic gate."

But how mysteriously Philip and I were separated. So it is, our joys and sorrows come to us in lightning flashes; stunning us so suddenly that it seems, when we arouse ourselves, like a wonderful dream. She, sister, died on the 5th of November, Philip's twenty-first birth-day; an occasion anticipated with much expectation by him, as giving him possession of his handsome property, and his liberty. Only a month ago Bessie and I had hoped to assist merrily at this celebration. And now she was lying cold and still.

At such times no human sympathy, not even the dearest, can give us consolation. It is only in the Word of God that we can find comfort. I was sitting, with the big, old-fashioned Bible in my lap, reading the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, and repeating to myself, again and again, the glorious promises, "for the dead shall be raised," "the corruptible shall put on incorruption," "the mortal shall put on immortality," when I heard, through the open door of my room, the voice of Philip in the hall below. He was asking Jane, "if Miss Ruth would see him." I had given orders not to be disturbed, for I felt that I could not bear the sight of a strange face; and I hardly expected him to call, on that day at least. at the sound of his voice. I almost resolved to change my resolution; and yet, somehow, I could not let even Philip break in on that solemn hour. While I hesitated, I heard the outer-door shut, and the question was decided for me. He was gone.

He never came to the house but once after that, and then it was to bid us good-by, preparatory to starting for Europe. I had just returned from Greenwood, about a week after Bessie's death, when he was announced. With a glad, little flutter of my heart 1 went down, sadly, but camly to meet him. As I entered the parlor, little Howard was lamenting, most clamorously, over something, body will think strange of it," etc., etc., until in

which seemed to distress him exceedingly, and upon inquiry, I found it was in connection with Philip. "Oh, dear!" sobbed Howie, "Mr. Carrington's going away to 'Rope,' and I love him, and don't want him to go; and mamma's gone, and everybody. Oh, dear!"

With faltering and astonished voice I turned to Philip for his explanation. With a strangely dignified demoanor, he answered evasively. "Howard is excited, and makes a great deal of nothing." "Aint you going?" shouted Howard, from behind the door, where he had hidden to conceal his tears. Anxiously I waited his reply, looking steadily at him. "Yes, I sail on Wednesday, Miss Ruth. Won't you give me your blessing, and as many commissions as I can conveniently execute in three years?"

I almost fainted, I was so overcome with astonishment and sorrow. Was this my old Philip? We were certainly not engaged, but still we had loved each other before Bessie died. Happily, my pride came to my assistance, and I answered haughtily. "Thank you. I can purchase what I need here."

With a few affectionate farewell words to the children, he rose, and taking my hand in his, said, "Take care of yourself, Ruth; when you need a friend, think of me. Good-by, and God bless you all;" and hastily kissing little three-year-old Ruth, he was gone.

When the front-door closed I flew to my room, where only God knows how I suffered

But, how my tide of recollections have drifted me away from that unhappy Wednesday, and my stocking-darning. We were just scated at dinner, I, with disheveled hair and morning-dress, for it was snowing hard, and I had expected no visitors, when Mabel Carrington's little coupé drove up, and she, with her sister Edith, alighted. For a moment I felt wickedly rebellious, and wished I was fashionable and rich; but I soon forgot these inconsistent emotions in my desire to touch up my appearance before they should enter. But a little reflection induced me to conclude that I would see them in my housewife garb. They both rushed at me with such vehemence and affection, that I was nonplussed, and really would have preferred their stateliness. "My dear Ruth," simpered Mabel, "we are getting up tableaux for Saturday night, and you must form one of the party; we need you for several characters. Let me see, what are they? 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Faith.' Now don't shake your head, we have calculated upon your lovely face, and certainly shall expect you. Your sister has been dead over a year, and you must come: noperfect desperation, I promised to be present at the rehearsal the next day.

I knew full well that somebody had failed them, and in an extremity they had thought of me; still I decided to go, for I felt impelled by a strange force, which I could not explain, to enter the Carrington's house. I wanted to see Philip's home.

I was in a strange flutter of excitement from Wednesday until Saturday. It was not that I feared my ill-success in the personification of the various characters assigned to me, or that I anticipated with enthusiastic delight the fashionable and uncongenial entertainment; but there was that premonition of "coming events." how often "they cast their shadows before." The intervening days flew by swiftly, and with strange emotions, I recognized myself in the elegant mirror occupying the pier in "Miss Esther's boudoir." I was actually permitted to dress in this fastidious lady's-room. The house was so immense, that the amateur performers had ample accommodations, each young lady being offered a separate dressing-room. By a strange accident, or as it afterward proved a loving Providence, Miss Carrington's charming little apartment was chosen for me. My coadjutors all being well acquainted, preferred to arrange their toilets merrily in trios, and quartettes, rather than be located alone. I had noticed when I entered the room a very old-fashioned cabinet, occupying an obscure corner, and looking decidedly lonely, and out of place among its very modern neighbors. Being extravagantly fond of antiquities, I prepared for a leisure examination of it, during the long intermission between my first and second The top was glass, and underneath were choice specimens of shells, which attracted my eye and attention so much, that I sat down, and proceeded to look them over, leaning unconsciously against the side of the cabinet. In doing so, I must have touched a secret spring, for the whole paneled side fell out, as the lid of a desk when you drop it to write upon, and letters, books, and papers were scattered around. placed all the articles, without glancing at their wrappings, until I picked up a little box neatly tied, whose handwriting was so singularly familiar, that I allowed myself to stop and read the "Miss Ruth Sidney." Certainly, signature. that was my name, and this package belonged to me indisputably. I determined to open what I felt must be mine. So, closing the panel as best I could, I undid, with trembling fingers, the mysterious bundle. Enclosed was a dainty white box, with a few withered flowers, and a letter for me, the perusal of which produced such mingled }

emotions that I cannot now tell whether joy, or sorrow, love or anger, were the most prominent. It was from Phillip, revealing his passionate love for me, and requesting me to put the accompanying rose-buds in Bessie's hand, when she was laid in her coffin. "I shall learn my fate from these flowers," he wrote. "If they are in dear Bessie's hand, I shall be with you this evening; if not, the alternative remains with God. I cannot send a gift of formal flowers to precious Bessie, and I want her linked with my love in some way."

How well I remembered Miss Esther's officious call the morning of the funeral; but how she secured possession of these love-freighted articles, I could not tell. Just then the summons came for me to prepare for my second and third tableaux, and with a happy, angry, vindictive spirit, I quickly equipped myself for the farcical performance. When it was over, I retreated hastily from the congratulations and flatteries of the insipid fops who laid in wait, with rude compliments for the successful participants, and fled to the room for my quiet black dress, preferring not to be seen in my fancy dress again. Then with a swimming head, and a raging heart, I walked straight toward the unapproachable Miss Esther, and in an authoritative voice, which she seemed to understand, for she rose immediately. I said,

" Miss Carrington, I would like to see yourself and nieces alone in your private room; if you refuse, I will proclaim my business before all these, your friends; so you had better accede to my request." Then turning toward George, who was waiting for me, I bade him follow us to the room. When all were seated I produced the flowers and letter, explaining its sudden appearance to me. Without a word of reproach to her, poor, humbled woman, I told Mary, the youngeet daughter, to bring her aunt's writing materials. and there I, simple Ruth Sydney, dictated to her, proud Esther Carrington, a letter to Philip, recording her mean and wicked deception. I made her direct and seal it, while George, with significant look, suggested that he should post it. After this I slowly put on my wrappings, never deigning another word to the dishonorable enactor of the uncomfortable scene; while she, with pale face and cringing manner, begged me not to mention it. She had meant to give it to me some day, if I didn't marry, she said. I couldn't forgive her then, as I have now: so, turning unchristianly from her, George and I left for our home.

Week after week passed, bringing no word from Philip, until it was just six weeks since

Miss Esther's letter started for London. Although there was the possibility of delayed mails, still I began to feel that Philip had found some other, fairer woman to be his bride. I watched for the postman so anxiously that morning, that little Ruth, who scrutinized my face for indications of "clear weather," as closely as George watched his barometer, confidentially whispered to Howard, "I dess Aunt Ruth is thinkin' of mamma, she looks so dispinted, and won't eat no breakfast; let's be real dood to-day, Howie."

I was too disappointed and heart-sick to attend to household duties, so, slipping away from the shock was so them all, I stole in to my dearly-beloved piano.

With a gush of feeling I could not express, I before I could restairly poured forth my soul in one of Mendle-Ruth Carrington.

sohn's exquisite little songs. I had heard the bell ring, when I first opened the piano, but was too listless to inquire who the new comer had been, thinking it was too early for calls. When the song was finished, I bowed my head on the rack before me, to listen to the flood of memories which the pathetic music suggested. I did not hear the parlor-door open. When I looked up, Philip stood before me.

With one eloquent glance, he said, "Is this, indeed, my Ruth?"

As for me, I ignominiously fainted in his arms, the shock was so great and so sudden.

That is all of my love-story. But it was long before I could realize that I must prepare to be Ruth Carrington.

MY LILIES.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Two stately lilies, fair, and snowy white,
Erect and blooming on their slender stalks;
Two fair white vestals holding, day and night,
Their ceaseless watch beside my garden walks,
Pure as a vision in Apocalypse,
And steeped with odor to their waxen tips.

With soul all fragrance, and with lips apart,
By sunshine ripened, and by breezes fanned,
Snow-white, and bearing each a golden heart,
Spotless, erect, my garden beauties stand,
Each pearly chalice wrought divinely fair,
Its boon of incense flooding all the sir.

And you, who strayed with me adown the walk, And hung above my lilies, speaking low; "Two snow-white miracles upon one stalk! Do angel-wonders in your garden grow?" And when you breathed the odor-laden air, You sighed because the lilies were so fair.

The flowers wooed, and won you with their grace, I, stepping softly, paused and made no sign; But to my vision came a vanished face, And by my side I felt, oh, friend of mine! A vanished form; the lily-giver came, And sweetly smiled, and softly called my name.

A wee, brown bulb she gave me, years ago,
And defuly hid it—oh, the sweet design!—
In faith that, somehow, God would let it grow,
To be to us a token and a sign.
And thus upon the lily's snow I trace,
Something beside its beauty and its grace.

And so, whene'er the lilies bloom, her face, Surpassing fair, bends to me from their shade; Her presence makes an Eden of the place, Until the waxen things begin to fade. I love the flower, but half, methiaks, I make My homage to it for the giver's sake.

ANGEL MOTHER, WATCH FOR ME

BY MARY ANNIE BROWN.

On that bright and shining shore, Just beyond the waters dark; Watch for me, sweet angel ma, When the boatman lands his bark.

Watch for me, for soon I'll come, With the boatman, pale and cold; Watch to catch the first faint gleam, Of the sails white fluttering fold.

Wilt thou be so dazzling bright, Robed in heavenly garments fair, That thy child may know thee not, Know thee not, though thou art there?

Oh, among that countless throng, Just beyond that darksome sea, When the boatman lands his bark, Angel mother, watch for me!

Bright and lovely is that land,
Where God's ransomed people be;
There upon that shiring shore,
Angel mother, watch for me!



TAMING AN AMAZON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE Lady Arabella Grahame was two-andtwenty. The cold-blooded manner in which Debrett gives dates, where the ages of unfortunate peeresses are concerned, makes any reticence on this point useless. There is no possibility of giving a personal description any significance except by comparisons, so I will tell you that, since the famous Duchess of Marlborough, no English woman ever possessed such beautiful hair, or so firm a determination to have her own way. Lady Hester Stanhope was not more eccentric, and as the young lady's income nearly equalled that of Miss Burdett Coutts, she was able to gratify her whims to any extent. She was the despair of guardians, governesses, and the whole troop of relations, who wished to mould her into a decorous doll of society; yet those whom she chose to conciliate could not help idolizing her. She was a creature toward whom nobody could hold half feelings. She was extreme, and made others so where she was concerned.

I want you to understand how womanly and fascinating she could be, how kind and generous she was at heart, else you will condemn her as utterly unfeminine, on account of the caprices which had made her celebrated from London to St. Petersburg. She actually kept a betting-book, and Penthesilea herself had not a greater passion for horse-flesh. She was much more merciful to beasts than to men, for the latter she treated with cruelty, driving her lovers and her relatives to despair by the summary way in which she rejected the most eligible offers.

She thought it hard enough to be worried by her kinsmen's interference, while still under tutelage; but she resented bitterly the advice and anamadversions wherewith they pursued her, after her majority, on each occasion that she threw away some fitting match.

This spring, that saw her twenty-two, the whole clan, from the noble Earl who headed the family down to the poorest hangers-on, was shocked and outraged by her disdaining a ducal coronet laid at her feet. The troop teazed her to such an extent that she deserted London. Accompanied by her ancient governess, her pet vassals, and her Irish mare "Spittire," the handsomest and worst-tempered brute outside of Pluto's stables.

golden-haired Aurora upon Paris. Now the Lady Arabella detested the "city of all delights," and had an old-fashioned British scorn for everything Gallie; but as she said to her old instructress,

"Purgatory in peace is better than Paradise made a howling wilderness by one's relations."

Mrs. Mocourt looked depressed in spirit by these irreverent comparisons; but recollecting how much her charge had lately been forced to endure, forbore to indulge in a sermon.

"My family!" continued her ladyship, perhaps spurred on to further exaggeration by her companion's melancholy. "Why, I'd rather have hyenas for cousins, and a jungle tiger would be preferable as an uncle to old Faulconbridge."

"My dear!" expostulated Mrs. Mocourt, "there is not a more delightful man in the world than the Earl; such perfect manners, such-

"I vote for the tiger," interrupted Lady Arabella; "he'd crunch my bones quietly, and be done; but my uncle wants to give me to some worse brute, to be baited, tortured, bound down, tied up, sold, hampered, berated, be---'

"My dearest child!"

"Oh, I don't care! I dare say it's coarse and wicked-so much the better! I vow, I'm driven out of my senses, and unless you want to superintend my keep in a mad-house, don't mention marriage or relations in my hearing for at least three months."

"Indeed, I will not," replied the old lady, frightened into temporary submission.

"And we'll do everything they call wrong, because it's sure to be enjoyable," pursued Lady Arabella. Mrs. Mocourt looked still more depressed, whereupon the young woman added, venomously, "We will! If you don't stop looking shocked, I'll dress in boy's clothes, and dance at Mabille! I'll poison the Empress's monkey;" (the events I have to relate took place during the Empire.) "I'll shoot peas at the Prince Imperial, and sing the Marseilliese in the operahouse! So be warned in time, you old darling!"

Lady Arabella rode her demon-haunted Irish mare in the Bois de Boulogne, snubbed every English acquaintance who called upon her, was oblivious of the British Ambassadress' invitations, sent back her cousin's letters unopened, and finally caused the family hair to stand on she set sail for France, and descended like a end by a scorching note to the Earl.

The epistle was read in full conclave. The spirit of prophecy entered the Earl's soul, and his oracular assertions caused the feminines to weep, and the masculines to shudder.

"What," said he, "can be expected of the common herd when the daughter of an almost royal house avows her contempt for birth, station, all that keeps chaos aloof! It is democracy, radicalism—the off-shoot of the hydra-headed monster which rules rampant in that unnatural America, the home of revolt, the land of abominations, including free speech."

The Earl groaned, the family groaned; but no echo of their lamentations disturbed the recalcitrant Lady Arabella in her pleasant retreat far up the Champs Elysees. At last, the august conclave had to cease its moans from lack of breath. smooth its hair, out of a regard for appearances, and allow this way ward scion of the race to follow her caprices in peace. They did not seem very dangerous caprices at present. Mrs. Mocourt consoled the Earl by a secret letter giving an account of their quiet life. She was only obliged to chronicle one painful eccentricity on the part of her former pupil. Lady Arabella had seen fit to make a pet of a young bear, which she kept chained in the court-yard, frightening the whole neighborhood into fits at least six times each day by reports of its escape. The neighborhood complained, the police interfered, Arabella laughed in their faces, and stood by her bear. The Earl was glad to compound for so innocent an eccentricity, and Paris regarded it as another specimen of British insanity.

But in less than a week the soothing effects of Mrs. Mocourt's missive were done away by an act on the young woman's part which caused telegraphs and newspapers to be busy with her name, and made her more stared at when she appeared in public than anybody since the days of the Siamese twins.

The Marquis de Cherville had for some time past devoted himself to training a filly for pretty Madame de B.——, the most timid of equestrians, and graceful of women. The Marquis was really a charming specimen of the gilded youth of the noblest faubourg, but he had never succeeded in ridding himself of one prejudice—he detested the daughters of Albion, and held the Lady Arabella in special abhorrence.

The autumn previous, the Marquis had stayed at a friend's house in the Highlands. During the first days of his sojourn the Lady Arabella was there also. Her great wolf-dog nearly ate him up as he descended at the door, and the unreasonable damsel hated him in consequence. They would never be introduced, and while she re-

mained she excelled herself in outre opinions and performances, in order to horrify her enemy. She nearly shot him by accident one morning, never hesitated to express her conviction that he was a muff, and physicked her dog lest he should run the risk of being poisoned from that nip at the Frenchman's calves.

Naturally, neither forgot or forgave. The peeress's name had the same effect on the Marquis
that a red rag has on a mad bull. He charged
full tilt at Albion and its maids with bitter
anathemas. In return, Lady Arabella made his
title synonymous with everything silly or effeminate; whatever she wished to stigmatize as utterly
unendurable she denominated a "de Cherville."
As they had scores of mutual friends both in
England and France, of course each heard all
the harsh criticisms pronounced by the other,
and was spurred on to increased enmity.

On an ill-fated Tuesday the Marquis was exercising the filly in one of the broad alleys of the Bois. He was in an especially amiable mood, the most stylish possible costume-altogether quite a modern Apollo. Rush-whiz-flash, out of a narrow path that made so short a turn that nobody but a maniac or an English woman would have ridden fast around it, darted Lady Arabella on the back of her fiend of an Irish mare. She saw nothing, and could not have checked the brute if she had seen. Like a cannon-ball, the Hibernian fury dashed against the filly, knocked her down, added a vicious kick, which settled the business, and, when the Marquis could realize anything, he found himself lying on the ground with his shoulder-blade broken, and the filly absolutely uttering a dying groan.

Only Spitfire's strength and her mistress's quickness prevented their also having an ugly tumble. On they dashed, like a female impersonation of the Centaur, but, as soon as she could, Lady Arabella reined in the mare, and turned her, prancing and rearing with all her imps fully roused, back to the spot where the accident occurred.

The unfortunate Marquis was trying to raise himself from the earth. His eyes met the lady's: each recognized an implacable foe. She looked contemptuously past the wounded man, gazed, for an instant, upon the quivering frame of the expiring filly, then regarded her own steed. She saw that not a scratch had befallen the mare; then, without a word, or another glance at the prostrate Frenchman, she put Spitfire at her speed, and vanished down the alley. Presently ber groom appeared in view, but he was too much occupied getting within sight of his mistress to notice any other mundane object.

Of course, before night the story was all over Paris. If the Marquis had been inclined to keep the affair a secret he could not have done so. But he had no such desire. Gallant son of Gaul though he was, the blonde beauty's cold-blooded disregard of the consequences of her recklessness, upset his self-control. He had the victim buried, and over her grave he erected a wooden monument, with this inscription,

"FAUVETTE, aged four years and eight months. Murdered May 10th, 18—, by Lady Arabella Grahame, Englishwoman."

The grave was at Montmorenci, and the curiosity-devoured Parisians rushed in shoals to read the epitaph, abuse the British peeress, and scatter garlands over the tomb of Fauvette.

The Marquis submitted, with such patience as masculine nature can summon, to the decrees of the doctors, lay in bed, nursed his shoulder, and meditated some sweet revenge. Everybody was interested in his state, except the Lady Arabella. She played with her bear, rode Spitfire, and made no sign. Wherever she appeared, people stared at her as if she were a Frankenstein monster; but she seemed unconscious, and even Mrs. Mocourt dared not hint a word of reproof, or name the subject in her presence To add to the scandal, the history of her first meeting with the Marquis in the Highlands was narrated and enlarged, until the mildest form it took was, that she had set her wolf-dog on him, challenged him to a duel, and when he refused, fired a pistol at The overthrow of the filly was decided to be a deliberate attempt at assassination.

De Cherville recovered from his hurt, but his wounded spirit was by no means healed. He flung gallantry to the winds. Supported by the unanimous verdict of his friends, he resolved to treat the creature just as one would a man under similar circumstances. He sent his lawyer to her, demanding payment for the filly. Lady Arabella chanced to be in the court-yard, feeding her bear, as the legal emissary applied for admittance, having explained his business in the clearest language.

"Show him here," said the irate daughter of the Grahames, when the footman repeated the message as nearly as he dared.

Into the court-yard marched the avocat, very stately and grand, but his composure gave way at the sight of the lady standing under a lindentree with the half-grown cub, erect on his hindlegs, his forepaws resting on her shoulder, bound only by a chain, which looked very frail and insecure to the startled servant of justice.

"What are you skipping into the air for?" demanded Lady Arabella, at a sudden but not

unnatural movement on the lawyer's part. "Did you come from Charenton?"

"From the Marquis de Cherville," stammered he.

"You came from a mad man, instead of a madhouse! What do you want?"

The lawyer explained, his eloquence sorely disturbed by sundry growls from Bruin. Lady Arabella heard him through, burst out laughing, then rushed suddenly into a tremendous rage, and said,

"Walk through that gate in half a second, or I'll set the bear on you!"

She made a motion to undo the animal's chain. Bruin was growling again, and showing his sharp, young teeth in a frightful grin. The lawyer gathered up his dignity, and the skirts of his long coat and fied, pursued by a burst of laughter from Lady Arabella, in which the bear joined with alarming energy. The crest-fallen avocat returned to the Marquis to report his ill success, of course, embellishing his account, till, by the time it was thrice repeated, the story ran that Bruin had been set on him, and that he had narrowly escaped with his life.

The Marquis was not inclined to forego vengeance, nor was he at the end of his resources. He renounced the idea of a civil suit, and carried the matter into a more powerful court, so far as the world of fashion and the turf were concerned. Everybody knows that the Jockey Club in Paris is a tribunal from whose decisions no gentleman would dream of appealing, and it has frequently been called on as umpire in equine difficulties.

The case was brought before the club, and a unanimous verdict rendered against the Lady Arabella. She was reprimanded severely for her recklessness, and adjudged to pay the price of the filly. The decision was transmitted to the young woman, written on illuminated parchment, made awful by historical names and tremendous seals.

The Lady Arabella rent the sheet carefully into sixteen pieces, crowded the ends into a small, white glove, and sent the whole back to the club in a dainty, silk-lined work-basket.

She had committed the crowning insult—the unpardonable sin. If she had boxed the ears of the grandest duchess in the Faubourg St. Germain, society could not have been more outraged. The newspapers teemed with the quarrel, and Gavarin published caricatures of the British peeress. The market-women chose her name as a new expression of abuse for their wide vocabulary. The gamins chanted original songs of condemnation under her windows, and nothing

short of a republican outbreak could have roused such a disturbance. English, and titled though she was, the verdict of White's, and New-Market went against her. Punch, with his customary disloyalty, where the sacredness of the nobility is concerned, improved on Gavarnis' caricatures, introducing the Earl, and several other prominent members of the illustrious family. The noble relations nearly went mad, and debated the propriety of immuring Lady Arabella in a private lunatic asylum—a design only relinquished from a fear of the retribution the abandoned young woman would surely work, sooner or later.

The sole person, utterly unmoved, was the Lady Arabella. Mrs. Mocourt wept herself half blind; the maids lived in hysterics; at every sound in the street the male servants rushed to barricade the entrance, under the impression that the enraged populace, headed by the Marquis and the Jockey Club, were coming to tear the household limb from limb. But her ladyship preserved her composure unbroken, and even began an elaborate piece of embroidery as an occupation for her mornings. It was odd enough to see her sitting tranquilly at work, looking so beautiful and refined in her white draperies, while the people shouted her name in the streets, and her subordinates trembled in corners. was deaf to the entreaties of those faithful adherents that she would leave Paris-never, till the storm subsided; it should not be said she ran away! Some new excitement diverted public attention. Lady Arabella was left in quiet, save so far as letters or daily demands from the Marquis were concerned. Then aprivate affliction befell her; the cherished bear died so suddenly that his demise was attributed to poison, but the culprit could not be discovered.

So Lady Arabella rushed back to England in such haste that her servants had scarcely time to pack the boxes. She absolutely paid the Earl a visit, and conducted herself with such utter unconsciousness of having given offence, that the family was aghast at her assurance, but dared not so much as whistle.

The Earl, softened by her charms, and the witty stories wherewith she lightened the patrician dulness of the castle, determined to set matters straight in spite of her; he could not help loving the wayward creature. He knew that the Marquis still besieged her with letters; newspapers, averse to the family, kept the affair fresh in peoples' minds, and he found somewhere a brilliant idea upon which he decided to act. He would write to de Cherville in his niece's name, pay the price of the murdered filly, and end the scandal.

But no member of the Grahame race could ever do anything without first bringing the matter before the family conclave. The consequence was, that Lady Arabella discovered what was going on, and descended, like an enraged Juno, on the august junta, when it was assembled for the purpose of concocting a suitable epistle.

"You are writing a letter to the Marquis de Cherville," said she, and the instant the assembly heard her voice it trembled. The tone was ominously calm. When Lady Arabella paused, the family knew she might be coaxed; but when she spoke with that slow coldness, the family had learned it would be safer to trifle with a lion, or any other wild animal of which she might chance to make a passing favorite.

The family stared at the Earl, the Earl shook in his shoes, but feeling there was no escape, said, haltingly,

"My dear, I thought—we all thought—-

"I beg none of you will weary yourselves by so unusual an effort," returned Lady Arabella, sweetly, as her noble relative broke down.

"This," said the Earl, making a dash at his dignity, "is—is a matter in which the family honor is concerned. You—you really must permit us to—to act, my love."

"The family honor!" quoth she. "When was it grafted on the ancestral tree? Much Jack wonder knows about it."

Jack was a titled cousin, with many aristocratic follies written down against his name.

"I should think Mary would like to talk of it," pursued her ladyship. Mary was a marchioness, who had not lived with her legal master for some years, of whom ill-natured people said that if her private diary could be printed, it would be the oddest chronicle since the days of Louis XIV.

The marchioness burst into a flood of hysterical tears; the other women gathered sympathetically about her, and there would have been a very lachrymose scene if that blundering Jack had not thrown dirty water over her from a bouquet-glass in his bewilderment. The feminines flew at him in a body, the marchioness called him several names which had no place among his ancestral titles, but Lady Arabella interrupted the side tempest.

"One moment," said she. "You can follow up your private quarrels at any time, good people! Just now I am the person under consideration, and I want my affairs settled before I leave the room. What have you to say further, Lord Faulconbridge?" she asked, turning toward the Earl.

"If you would only be reasonable!" he groaned.

"And I a Grahame!" returned she. "My dear uncle, don't expect impossibilities."

Her jest encouraged the relations to think she was giving way, and there was a faint chorus of expostulation, which she checked unceremoniously.

"Ah, you want war!" said she. "Well, you shall have it."

"My dear niece!" began the Earl, but she had gone into one of her passions, and was past listening.

"Take one step toward meddling with me, or anything that concerns me, now or in the future, and I will make you long to emigrate in a body to some South Sea island, where the Grahame name never was heard of," cried she, in her clearest, most deliberate voice, which sounded as hard as iron.

New expostulations from the Earl, outcries from the women, threats from the men. Grahame blood was well up on all sides. Lady Arabella conquered. She stung each one of them neatly and fearfully in turn, she covered the group with confusion, paralyzed it with wrath, then added,

"Do this if you dare-mind, if you dare! Ι am Helena Faulconbridge's granddaughter! Some of you remember her, and were in the castle the night she set it on fire to punish this wonderful family for its insolence. I have as much courage as she had, and more brains. I'll do worse than burn you in your beds, my cousins!"

The women wept, the men cursed, but standing there in their midst, cold and white, the girl looked so much like the portraits of the dreaded ancestress, whose name had scarcely been mentioned aloud in forty years, till Lady Arabella uttered it as a battle cry, that the whole troop was speedily struck dumb. She saw her advantage, and followed it up without mercy.

"If you presume to interfere," she went on, and her words cut like hail-stones, "if one among you, from Lord Faulconbridge down to the poorest, neediest, laziest of the name-who prefers to be a fawning dependent, to earning his living like an honest mane has the intolerable impertinence to meddle in this matter, I will write letters to the newspapers in London and Paris denying this grand family's authority to act, and if you use my name I will bring an action against you in a court of justice."

She swept out of the room, and left the conclave reduced to a state of coma.

For three days she made their waking hours forture by the pitiless lash of her tongue, all the time appearing in her sweetest, gayest mood, and agonized their rest in the quiet watches with fearful nightmares. She caused each in turn to dis-

body rushed frantically through the galleries in costumes more picturesque than decent, mad with fears that the girl possessed by the spirit of old Helena had set fire to the illustrious mansion.

Having tormented and frightened them until the work ceased to be amusing, she summoned her faithful Mocourt, her private maid and men, and with scant leave-taking to the Earl, and none whatever for the rest of the clan, she departed. Secret intelligence had reached her that the Marquis was coming to England, and though not in the least disposed to yield the conflict, she wanted a short armistice.

So she and her train floated over to Switzerland, and for a time she was left in peace. Mocourt's passion for letter-writing, and her loyal desire to relieve the Earl's uneasiness, again exposed Lady Arabella to the enemy's attacks.

During the long midsummer days, while the Amazon was reposing amid the beauties of Interlachen, renewed epistles from the Marquis beset her, a daily shower, thicker than the locusts in Egypt. At last, John brought news to James, and James to the maid, and she to Mrs. Mocourt. The wretched old lady flew in despair to her pupil. The Marquis had arrived, and set up his tent in Interlachen! She was so long in getting out her tidings that Lady Arabella lost patience.

"You stupid old dear," said she, "unless you speak and have done, I'll not let you open your mouth for a week. What is the Earl at now?"

"It's not the Earl," moaned Mocourt. the Marquis-right opposite our hotel. Came this evening!"

There never was any counting on the way in which Lady Arabella would receive unpleasant tidings. She saw fit to be immensely amused by this proceeding on the Frenchman's part, and being rather tired of Interlachen and its loveliness, determined to give him the slip.

At break of dawn, she and her troop departed, and she did not allow them to rest till they reached Baden. But in less than a week, the crowds that thronged the cursual had a fresh topic of conversation. The Marquis appeared; the old stories were revived, and Lady Arabella stared at, as if she had been a two-faced woman, or any other startling monstrosity.

"Since he likes traveling he shall have enough of it," she vowed. "He shall turn himself into a new addition of the Wandering Jew, if he follows me."

Mocourt wept, maid and men groaned, but off they had to set. Along the Rhine went Lady Arabella and her flock, and the Marquis pursued. The adventure grew more interesting. The Amaturb the silence by hideous outcries, so that every- { zon found excitement in eluding his pursuits, and orced her people to submit to out-of-the-way routes and unheard-of disguises. But the Marquis proved as keen of scent as a sleuth-hound. No matter what cunning she displayed, or how retired the spot in which she hid, there never were many days of quiet. He found her out, followed, and she again took up her march. She grew tired of obscure routes and small villages; autumn had come, and she sought Berlin. In three days the newspapers announced the Frenchman's arrival, detailed the romance, gave her portrait, made her once more the mark of all eyes and tongues.

She fied to Dresden; the Marquis hunted her among the countless marvelous teapots, and again rendered life a burden. She debated with herself whether she should try Russia, and have the pleasure of meeting her enemy, with his nose frozen; but recollecting that her own might freeze while she was enjoying his misfortune, she turned in another direction.

She reached Munich. The Marquis was there six hours after. Away to Prague; but the Marquis was on her track. She went several days' journey down the Danube, disguised as a peasant, with poor old Mocourt transformed into a spectacled market-woman, the maid's existence rendered torture by an unbecoming dress, and John and James attired as huntsmen. To support the character properly, the men drank more beer than was wise, and told the whole story to some English-speaking Germans on board.

A boat passed as Lady Arabella sat on deck, looking like one of the disguised princesses of fairy tales. She beheld the Marquis tranquilly smoking his cigar. He lifted his traveling-cap courteously at sight of her, but she was too weary to enjoy the absurd side of the encounter. Instead of going on to the town where she had intended to stop, she halted at a wretched little village, in which there was no place to sleep, nothing to eat, and no post-horse to carry her forward. The next morning steeds were provided; away she dashed, and at the end of the day learned she had been traveling at the Marquis's expense! He had sent the horses, and paid the bills. Lady Arabella actually cried from vexation.

She got to Milan, but De Cherville was there before her. The story of the flight and pursuit had spread, and every tongue wagged in eager recitation. As she passed through the station, worn out, dusty, miserable, with her more miserable train, half the idle people in the town were collected to stare at her.

Give in, she would not. The Marquis should be killed with fatigue, if she made a cripple or an idiot of herself in the work.

By rail to Bologna, Ancona, Rome. The Marquis enriched the telegraph by the occupation he afforded it, and saved his laziness a tiresome journey. He went to Genoa, dropped down to Civita Vecchia, by steamer, and met her in the Eternal City, looking as amiable and elegant as if he had just strolled out of his club on the Boulevard des Italiens.

The stories followed and grew, but Lady Arabella did not know that the imaginative Romans were adding fresh romance to the chronicle. was said, and believed that there had been lovepassages between the two; that she had shot him in the Highlands from jealousy; but nobody ventured to tell her ladyship. She received frequent letters from her pursuer; encountered him wherever she turned, on the Pincio, in picturegalleries. If she took a box at the opera, he was visible in one opposite. Worse than all, he adopted the plan of doing every sort of courteous thing by her, and she began to understand that. for the first time in her life, she had met more than her match. It annoyed her beyond measure to discover that he was wonderfully handsome, and not a day passed without her hearing of words and deeds, which proved him possessed of a good head and heart; and altogether she had to fight hard with herself in order to hate him as bitterly as was desirable.

She went to Naples—sailed to Sicily. He confronted her on the Via Toledo, and bowed to her in the shadow of Etna, having made her inland journey easy, and nearly driven her out of her senses by his kindness. The very flowers she admired in her room were placed there by his orders. All she could do was to fling them out of the window, and then be ashamed of displaying such weakness before such profound generalship.

It was more than a year from the luckless Tuesday on which Lady Arabella and the Irish mare slew Fauvette and maimed the Marquis, that the damsel found herself in Florence. Now. Florence is one of the mat bewitching places this side of Paradise. Everybody does what he pleases there, and everybody else talks about it, not in a censorious way, but with frank approval, imputes the most atrocious motives to all actions, thinking it no more harm to commit the sins so openly canvassed.

The Marquis arrived; took rooms in face of Lady Arabella's apartment; sent her bouquets; followed her carriage on horseback; quarreled with a man for nearly being run over by her coachman; watched her in her lôge at the Pergola: and Florence caught up the romantic side of the story, and believed it.

There had been a secret marriage: an unscrupulous rival had made trouble at the very altar, by some proof-attested tale of the Marquis's treachery. Lady Arabella fied in wrath, after a terrible scene, which the story-tellers elaborated with great talent. She had renounced him for ever, rent her wedding-veil, flung the nuptial-ring at his feet, and rushed from the sacred edifice, calling down the vengeance of heaven upon her newly-plighted lord. The Marquis wanted an opportunity to clear himself from the ingeniously concocted plot, and whithersoever she journeyed he pursued, besetting her with entreaties and prayers, to which she would not listen.

But this narrative, interesting as it was, speedily palled on the jaded appetites of Florentine gossips. They required something still more highly spiced. They reversed the incidents in the melodrama. It was Lady Arabella who had been denounced in the church! Some fiend of a woman whom the Marquis had slighted, hired a villain to trouble their peace; and he succeeded so well that the Marquis burst away with frightful curses. Since that evil hour he had scoured Europe to escape his bride, but she followed him everywhere, hoping against hope, trusting that time and perseverance might clear up the mystery, or soften the Marquis into belief of her protestations.

This version of the chronicle reached poor old Mocourt at length, and her last glimmer of sense and reason gave way. She was worn to a shadow by endless pilgrimages over land and sea; her nerves had grown frailer than thread paper, and her religion a dumb fatalism, which let in no ray of light, but this was the crowning blow.

She lay down on her bed determined to die; but between her gasps and sobs, made so much worse in reaching the final consummation, that Lady Arabella was disturbed, and rushed in to learn what had happened. At sight of her, Mocourt went off into spasms. Evidently, the first thing to be done was to restore the poor creature to composure. Aft Arabella had spilled a great bottle of aromatic vinegar over her, scorched her with ammonia, and dosed her with red ink, which she mistook for lavender, Mocourt was able to sit up, wring her hands, and weep like a fountain, which did her good.

- "What on earth is the matter?" cried Lady Arabella. "Is it your stomach or your heart?"
- "Oh, oh," squeaked Mocourt. "Don't laugh
 —you'll make me worse than ever. I'd as soon
 see you laugh at your own funeral."
- "I only wanted to cheer you up a little, my \ "The wretch ought poor old dear," said her pupil. "I don't sup- all come from him, I pose anything has happened! You are com- \"Hideous monster!"

pletely worn out, and the least thing upsets your nerves."

- "It's not my nerves!" moaned Mocourt. "Oh, what will the Earl say? I shall be blamed; the whole family will believe it my fault; they'll all pounce on me; I know they will!"
- "Let me see them try it!" returned Lady Arabella. "But what is it they will think your fault?"
- "The whole story! Oh, nothing so dreadful ever happened to anybody! My poor dear girl—my own love!"

She began to kiss her former £lève, and dampen her with fresh tears. Lady Arabella was forced to submit for fear the wretched old soul would become an utter lunatic if not humored.

"Now try to tell me what troubles you," she said, after Mrs. Mocourt was restored once again to a semblance of composure.

So, in a series of jerky squeaks, interspersed with much red-lavender drinking, the old lady related the slanders in their full atrocity. Her listener quailed for the first time. It occurred to her that she was paying rather dearly for gratifying her obstinacy, and her love of wayward freaks. But she had self-control enough left to hide the full extent of her dismay from poor Mocourt.

"It doesn't matter what the Florentines say," she averred. "They are noted for never telling the truth—the English and Americans here are worse than the natives."

"Slander is always believed," groaned Mocourt; "everywhere, and always will be, this side of heaven."

There was so much truth in the assertion, that Lady Arabella, staggered for an instant, and could not speak.

"Slander will fly of itself," sobbed Mocourt, waxing oracular in her anguish. "The winds carry it; the birds of the air repeat it; just remember your Virgil! Remember how it always is," she continued, shaking like an inspired Pythoness, between the effects of her own eloquence, and her dread of rousing her friend's anger. "Look at history; read the newspapers; no, don't; they're not fit— Oh, oh, if you would only have listened to me!"

- "What can I do?" asked Lady Arabella, almost humbly.
- "For Heaven's sake, pay the man, and go straight back to England," shricked Mocourt.
- "To be nagged by the whole tribe! Never!" cried Arabella,
- "The wretch ought to be killed. These stories all come from him, I am sure," wept Mocourt. "Hideous monster!"

- "Don't slander his personal appearance. He is very handsome!"
- "I never look at him. I turn my head always, and we meet him so often that I feel like a te-tototum," gurgled Mocourt.
- "I have a dozen of his photographs," replied Lady Arabella. "He sent me so many I got tired of tearing them up. But, come, you must go to sleep now."
- "I shall never sleep again," replied the governess, in a tone as despairing as Macbeth's. "If we stayed here a twelvemonth, I should not doze during the whole time!"

But Lady Arabella secretly vowed that she should slumber tranquilly within two hours. She administered a dose of morphine in the lavender, and at last Mocourt buried her tear-stained face in the pillows, and slept in spite of herself.

Lady Arabella bent over her, kissed the wrinkled forchead, filled with remorse when she saw how sorely her kind old friend had aged during the past weary year. She went softly out of the room to visit the maid, who was ill in bed with a feverish cold, but heard only a new monologue of entreaties, and fled in haste. James met her, respectful, but full of grievances, and John's voice rose from below stairs, crooning a dismal chant, interspersed with drunken hiccoughs.

The old palace turned into a dungeon, in which she could not breathe another instant. She ordered James to call the carriage, and bid a groom take her saddle-horse outside the San Gallo Gate. She arrayed herself in her habit, put on a thick veil, drove outside the town, and mounted her horse. She would not let the groom follow. The carriage could go up to Fiesolé, and wait for her there. She would drive home.

So she rode up the winding road, and by the time she reached the quaint old town, it was almost sunset. Beyond stretched a road where she could have a good gallop. But first she reined in her horse, and sat looking down upon the beautiful scene spread out beneath her, though it was half-hidden from her eyes by an unaccustomed rush of tears.

She was looking back over her life, so lonely and unsatisfactory, in spite of its splendor. She regretted now the unfeminine spirit which had animated her in this contest with the Marquis. She tried to shift the blame from her own shoulders, but it was impossible. It had been such idiotic folly—worse! Scandal had attacked her now, and would never leave her alone till she was dead. She had always relied on the purity of her motives and conduct to keep the coarsest tongue from assailing her name; but she realized at length that no human being who transgresses if she had been sixteen.

He the set laws of society can escape. Her exalted rank would only make the tale more widely ays, spread—every man's hand, or worse, every wo-to- man's hand, would be against her.

She cried a little, then she took refuge in thoughts of the Marquis. She could not help fancying how pleasant such care and attention as he had shown during the past months would be, if fate had not put it out of their power to be friends. Then she grew angry with herself for such silly imaginings, wiped away her tears, and set off at a mad canter.

She thought she heard horse's hoofs behind her, and rode the faster. Her fiery gray took fright at some object in the road, shied suddenly, stumbled fell, and, for the first time in her life, Lady Arabella was thrown from the saddle.

When she came to her senses, she was neither dead or harmed. She had been moved to the road-side, where was a stone bench under an image of the Virgin—a fountain at a little distance. Somebody was standing beside her; he turned at a sound she uttered. She was face to face with the Marquis!

"Don't try to move," he said. "Let me give you some more water."

She had no intention of stirring, simply because she could not. She leaned back helpless, faint. He looked so handsome in the soft twilight, standing bareheaded before her, his dreamy eyes full of interest, his voice so gentle.

"I—I should like to get back. I can ride now I think," was the first remark she hazarded.

But she was informed that her horse had galloped back to Fiesolé, and his had followed it. A ragged boy passed, and the Marquis ordered him to send on a carriage he would find waiting in the village square.

"I-I can't thank you," she murmured.

"There is no need!" he replied. "I am very grateful that I was able to help you."

Was it possible that he did not recognize her in the dim light? If he remembered her could he stand there and talk like that? She must make her identity known. His scorn and anger would be a little punishment for all her silly conduct—she would have applied a harsher name now.

"Perhaps, if you had known, you would not have helped me," she began, had to stop a little, then vexed with her own timidity, went on in a firmer tone, "I am Lady Arabella Grahame."

"Of course, I know it!" he exclaimed. "Of all human beings I could have aided, I am most thankful that it was you."

The conquered Amazon sank back in her seat, and burst into a fit of weeping as tumultuous as if she had been sixteen. near hysterics for the first time in her life, that ? she could neither speak nor hear, could do nothing but sob, and choke, and make faces.

When the faculty of hearing returned, she concluded that she had gone stark, staring mad. Her senses refused to give credence to the words the Marquis poured out. He was in the middle of his speech, and evidently supposed she had heard what went before.

"You will drive me from you; but, at least, it is a comfort to say it-I love you !-I love you ! I can't tell when it began. I think now in the early days of my unmanly pursuit. But, since then I have followed, because to breathe the same air with you, catch sight of your face, was heaven itself-the only happiness I could ever hope for."

Lady Arabella checked her sobs, held her reeling senses fast, sat upright, and stared at him.

"You-you are punishing me too severely," she said. "Be generous; content yourself with having saved my life. Don't laugh at me."

"Can you think it?" he cried. "I love you, I say-I love you! I know I am wrong to persecute you, now; but try to think kindly of meto tolerate me."

Like a handsome hero in the by-gone days of chivalry, he sank on his knees, and told his story, and she listened, entranced, while the nightingale sang a soft refrain to his words, and the Italian moon rose suddenly from behind the hills, and floated in glory up the sky.

"Speak to me!" he pleaded. "Tell me that I don't seem a complete stranger! Let me hope, { mad as the maddest Briton of them all.

"I-I can't bear it." she gasped, then was so { at least, to be ranked among your friends-I will ask no more as yet. I will be patient as man never was: live on a look-a smile-"

> He stopped abruptly. Some incoherent exclamation she uttered, made him lift his eyes to hers. He read the consciousness which had suddenly dawned upon her own soul. During these months in which he had played so important a part in her life she had learned to love him! In an instant the truth became so familiar that she could hardly believe she had never known it before

> It was sometime before they remembered the proprieties of life. By this they had talked themselves far past the possibility of misunderstanding.

The carriage drove up, and halted near.

De Cherville led her toward it. He was saying, "You will even consent to go to England, and gratify the Earl, by having the marriage at home?"

"I will do whatever you tell me," she an. swered, trying to laugh, and beginning to cry-"It's of no use for me to rebel! The Amazon is tamed, and I am glad to relinquish the charge of

The family beamed with delight, welcomed the prodigal rapturously, and the Earl made a speech so full of remarkable similes and tautological strophes that it was considered the crowning effort of his

The approaching nuptials were announced, and Paris went wild with astonishment, but consoled itself by deciding that the Marquis had given in to English manners and habits, until he was as

MY LITTLE WIFE AND I.

BY GEORGE H. CORMICK.

WE are traveling o'er life's road together, My little wife and I; We are happy in fair or stormy weather, My little wife and I. The reason why is very plain, There's nothing queer about it; We never give each other pain, When we can do without it.

We have toiled o'er many a road most dreary, My little wife and I; But our hearts were light, when our feet were weary. My little wife and I; The reason why we journeyd on, Since hand in hand we started, We ne'er have seen the battle won, By those that were faint hearted.

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Though our home be plain, that never teazes, My little wife and I; Though a humble cot right well it pleases, My little wife and I. The reason why we are content, We do not fear to labor, And though in toil our time is spent, We envy not our neighbor.

We never dream of ill for the morrow. My little wife and I; But take what may come, be it joy or sorrow, My little wife and I. The reason why we do not fret, And you'd do well to try it; We ne'er have found a person yet, That was the gainer by it.



"PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER I. "PRETTY POLLY P."

"FRAMLEIGH," ventured little Popham. "You haven't spoken for half an hour, by Jupiter!"

Framleigh—Capt. Gaston Framleigh, of the Guards—did not move. He had been sitting for some time before the window, in a position more noticeable for ease than elegance, with his arms folded upon the back of his chair; and he did not disturb himself, when he condescended to reply to his youthful admirer and ally.

"Half an hour?" he said, with a tranquil, half drawl, which had a touch of affectation in its coolness, and yet was scarcely pronounced enough to be disagreeable, or even unpleasant. "Haven't I?"

"No, you have not," returned Popham, encouraged by the negative amiability of his manner. "I am sure it is half an hour. What's up?"
"I'n?" still half abstractedly. "Nothing!

"Up?" still half abstractedly. "Nothing! Fact is, I believe I have been watching a girl!"

Little Popham sprang down, for he had been sitting on the table, and advanced toward the window, hurriedly, holding his cigar in his hand.

"I girl!" he exclaimed. "Where? What sort of a girl?"

"As to sort," returned Framleigh, "I don't know the species. A sort of girl I never saw before. But, if you wait, you may judge for yourself. She will soon be out there in the garden again. She has been darting in and out of the house for the last twenty minutes."

"Out of the house?" said Popham, engerly. "Do you mean the house opposite?"

"Yes."

"By Jupiter!" employing his usual mild expletive, "look here, old fellow, had she a white dress on, and geranium-colored bows, and——"

"Yes," said Framleigh. "And she is rather tall for such a girl; and her hair is cut, on her round white forehead, Sir Peter Lely fashion, (they call it banging, I believe,) and she gives you the impression, at first, of being all eyes, great dark eyes, with—"

"Long, curly, black lashes," interpolated Popham, with enthusiasm. "By Jupiter! I thought so! Its pretty Polly P."

He was so evidently excited, that Framleigh looked up with a touch of interest, though he was scarcely a man of enthusiasm himself.

"Pretty Polly P.!" he repeated. "Rather familiar mode of speech, isn't it? Who is pretty Polly P.?"

Popham, a good-natured, sensitive little fellow, actually colored.

"Well," he admitted, somewhat confusedly, "I dare say it does sound rather odd, to people who don't know her; but I can assure you, Framleigh, though it is the name all our fellows seem to give her with one accord, I am sure there is not one of them who means it to appear disrespectful, or—or even cheeky," resorting, in desperation, to slang. "She is not the sort of girl a fellow would ever be disrespectful to, even though she is such a girl—so jolly and innocent. For my part, you know, I'd face a good deal, and give up a good deal, any day, for pretty Polly P.; and I'm only one of a many."

Framleigh half smiled, and then looked out of the window again, in the direction of the house opposite.

"Daresay," he commented, placidly. "And very laudably, too. But you have not told me what the letter P. is intended to signify. 'Pretty Polly P.' is agreeable and alliterative, but indefinite. It might mean Pretty Polly Popham.'

"I wish it did, by Jupiter!" cordially, and with more color; "but it does not. It means Pemberton!"

"Pemberton!" echoed Framleigh, with an intonation almost savoring of disgust. "You don't mean to say she is that Irish fellow's daughter."

"She is his niece," was the answer, "and that amounts to the same thing, in her case. She has lived with old Pemberton ever since she was four years old, and she is as fond of him as if he was a woman, and her mother; and he is as fond of her as if she was his daughter; but he couldn't belp that. Every one is fond of her."

"Ah!" said Framleigh. "I see. As you say, 'She is the sort of girl."

"There she is, again!" exclaimed Popham, suddenly.

And there she was, surely enough, and they had a full view of her, geranium-colored bows and all. She seemed to be a trifle partial to those geranium-colored bows. Not too partial, however, for they were very nicely put on. Here and there, down the front of her white morning dress, one prettily adjusted on the side of her

hair, one on each trim, slim, black kid slipper. If they were a weakness of hers, they were by no means an inartistic one. And as she came down the garden-walk, with a little flower-pot in her hands—a little earthen-pot, with some fresh gloss-leaved little plant in it—she was pleasant to look at, pretty Polly P.—very pleasant; and Gaston Framleigh was conscious of the fact.

It was only a small place, the house opposite, and the garden was the tiniest of gardens, being only a few yards of ground, surrounded by iron railings. Indeed, it might have presented anything but an attractive appearance, had pretty Polly P. not so crowded it with bright bloom. Its miniature-beds were full of brilliantly-colored flowers, blue-eyed lobelia, mignonette, scarlet geraniums, a thrifty rose or so, and numerous nasturtiums, with ferns, and much pleasant, humble greenery. There were narrow boxes of flowers upon every window-ledge, a woodbine climbed round the door, and, altogether, it was a very different place from what it might have been, under different circumstances.

And, down the graveled path, in the midst of all this flowery brightness, came Polly, with her plant to set out, looking not unlike a flower herself. She was very busy, in a few minutes, and she went about her work almost like an artist, flourishing her little trowel, digging a nest for her plant, and touching it, when she transplanted it, as tenderly as if it had been a day-old baby. She was so earnest about it, that, before very long, Framleigh was rather startled by hearing her begin to whistle, softly to herself, and, seeing that the sound had grated upon him, Popham colored and laughed half-apologetically.

"It is a habit of hers," he said. "She hardly knows when she does it. She often does things other girls would think strange. But she is not like other girls."

Framleigh made no reply. He remained silent, and simply looked at the girl. He was not in the most communicative of moods, this morning; he was feeling gloomy and depressed, and not a little irritable, as he did, now and then. He had good reason, he thought, to give way to these fits of gloom, occasionally; they were not so much an unamiable habit as his enemies fancied; he had some ground for them, though he was not prone to enter into particulars concerning it. Certainly he never made innocent little Popham, "Lambkin Popham," as one of his fellow-officers had called him, in a brilliant moment, his confidante. He liked the simple, affectionate little fellow, and found his admiration soothing; but the time had not yet arrived, when the scales not yet having fallen from his eyes, he could read {

such guileless, almost insignificant problems as "Lambkin" Popham clearly.

So his companion, only dimly recognizing the outward element of his mood, thought it signified a distate for that soft, scarcely unfeminine, little piping of pretty Polly's, and felt bound to speak a few words in her favor.

"She is not a masculine sort of girl, at all, Framleigh," he said. "You would be sure to like her. The company fairly idolize her."

"Company!" echoed Framleigh. "What company?"

"Old Buxton's company," was the reply. "The theatrical lot at the Prince's, you know, where she acts."

Framleigh had been bending forward, to watch Polly patting the mould daintily, as she bent over her flower-bed; but he drew back at this, conscious of experiencing a shock, far stronger and more disagreeable than the whistling had caused him to feel.

"An actress!" he exclaimed, in an annoyed tone.

"Yes, and she works hard enough, too, to support herself, and help old Pemberton," gravely.

"The worse for her," with impatience. "And the greater rascal old Pemberton, for allowing it."

It was just at this moment that Polly looked up. She raised her eyes carelessly to their window, and doing so, caught sight of them both. Young Popham blushed gloriously, after his usual sensitive fashion, and she recognized him at once. She did not blush at all, herself, however; she just gave him an arch little nod, and a delightful smile, which showed her pretty, white teeth, and then she went so far as to hold up for his inspection her hands, displaying to him the earth-stains the gardening operations had left.

"Let us—let us go across to her," burst forth little Popham. "I will introduce you, and——" Framleigh opened his eyes,

"Let us!" he repeated. "By George! You don't stand on ceremony, it seems, with your little Polly P., if that is your style."

"She doesn't care about ceremony. You know, I told you, she was not like other girls. It isn't her way to be ceremonious," explained her champion.

"I should judge not," from Framleigh, dryly; and then his eye caught once more by the geranium-colored bows, he relented suddenly. "If it is allowable," he added, "let us go, by all means. She is a pretty creature."

It was only that outward charm he thought of as he spoke, and of that only he thought, as he followed his companion down staffs. Only because she was a "pretty creature," and because his mood was a dull one, he cared to speak to the { girl. If the truth must be confessed, he was making the great blunder of rather superciliously classing her with a dozen or so other pretty actresses he had met. He had known many in his day, particularly in his budding youth, and his recollections of them, of the pink and pearl powdered Celestines, and Maries, and Leyettes, were not always of the pleasantest description. might be a wise little girl enough, this pretty Polly P. Certainly she was wise enough to study through a window, but he scarcely cared to form her acquaintance.

Still he found himself following Popham down the stairs, and across the street; and the next thing, there he stood, on the narrow gravel-path, between the over-running borders of blue, deep, deep-blue lobelias; and Polly was looking straight into his eyes. It was a way of hers, to look very straight into a man's eyes, when she talked to him, and she looked very straight at Framleigh. Truth to tell, she was taking stock of him, somewhat severely. As to Framleigh himself, he was conscious of appearing rather inane and foolish. He had nothing to say, and in a very few minutes began to anathematize Popham inwardly, for bringing him into the scrape.

"Your flowers seem to thrive wonderfully," he hazarded, as an original remark.

"My flowers always do," she answered. suppose it is because I am so fond of them."

"One may be sure of that," he returned, making a languid effort at tacking together such a gallant speech as would have pleased Marie or Celestine. "Their thriving would be a natural consequence of your being fond of them, of course."

If she had simpered, or blushed, it would have been just what he had expected; but she did neither; she opened her immense, densely-dark, gray eyes, gave her shoulders a little shrug, and laughed at him, "at," not "with" him, be it remarked, though her laugh was by no means illnatured. But though she made no other comment, that one moment showed Framleigh his blunder, and proved to him that he had, by his own act, given this sharp, unrefined young woman the upper hand. She walked up the short path with them, stopping every step or so to tie up a plant, or clear away a dead leaf, and it was toward Popham all her small efforts to please were directed. And her mode of entertaining him had a sort of originality in it It would have been amusing to a man, in an amiable mood, to hear her odd talk. Her bits of gossip about theatres and theatre people; her straightforward enjoyment of theatrical jokes; her unconscious

combination, even if a trifle startling, at times, to people unused to the style.

"We are rehearsing a new piece, Mr. Popham," she said. "Something about a lot of French and German students. I am a grisette, with a horrible old mother, and there is a wicked marquis in it, who drugs me, and tries to run away with me; but Franz stops him. Franz is my lover, you know, with big, yellow mustaches, and long hair, and a big pipe. I am Desirie, and Josie Benson is Angelique; in fact, there are a lot of us; and we have a party at the room of Franz and Victor; and we dance and drink toasts, and I sing 'Vive l'Militaire,' because there is a little lieutenant there, and I want to make Franz jealous. Montmorenci is making my dresses now. Come into the house and see them."

Wondering who Montmorenci was. Framleigh obeyed Miss Polly's "This way, if you please," by following her into the parlor, a small, bright, square room, with much pretty, inexpensive adornment about it. "Montmorenci" was sewing at the window, and proved to be Polly's duenna. costumer, and commander-in-chief; and her rich Milesian accent was rather a grotesque accompaniment to her noble name. Truth to tell, report had whispered that "Montmorenci" was merely a result of the good taste of a manager, who, in Madame's theatrical days, had preferred that name to the less striking one of O'Whiffiker.

"'An' is it wan of Mister Popham's frinds ve "On me sowl, then, are?" commented the lady. I'm glad to say yez; fur it's Popham that's a good young man, an' a thrue frind to Polly there, ever since she was a slip of a gurl, playin' in the Fairy Cave, at the pantomime."

Framleigh bowed with a grave air, as he seated himself.

"When a man finds himself among such people," he was saying to himself, ill-humoredly. "he may as well resign himself to it as calmly as possible; but I wish I had stayed where I was, confound it!"

Yet, notwithstanding his irritated feeling-a feeling brought about, I may add, more by that consciousness that he had blundered, than by anything else, though he would not have confessed it-he watched Polly, in spite of himself. There was no denying that the girl was ten times handsomer than he had given her credit for, at the first glance. She was taller than he had thought her, or looked taller in the little room: her figure was more perfect; the manner in which her head was set upon her shoulders was actually faultless; the round, white forehead, shadowed by that picturesque, quaint fringe of hair, so few tendency to innocent slang, was a racy enough { women can effect without looking fast, was with-

out fault too; and her eyes. Oh! her eyes, so an' smooth-tongued, and light-hearted as a burd, mellow, so large-irised, so changeable. Those great eyes themselves were a stage property, and without a single other attraction, would have been worth so much per week.

"I wonder if she languishes at the men in the boxes with them," thought Framleigh. But, mind you, he would not have made such a cowardly, mental comment, if he had been in a respectable frame of mind.

But little recked Polly, whether his opinions were flattering, or otherwise, just or unjust. She was amusing herself and Popham, rattling on at a fine rate about this new piece of old Buxton's. She seemed quite to enjoy the thought of taking part in it. She was not a star among her fellowartistes, never had been, and never would be, though her pretty face and charming good-nature made her such a favorite; but if she was not a star, certainly she enjoyed her part of the work far more than if she had been the adored object of the people's most feverish admiration. All her parts were simple ones, calculated to show her picturesque, innocent beauty and naive vivacity: and even old stagers who knew, and had known from the first, that Mademoiselle Pauline (see play bills) would never make a Siddons, were pleasantly impressed, and were quite enraptured with her bright way of filling her little parts, and singing her artless songs. And what a favorite she was with the Montmorenci. the good soul fell in with her moods, and laughed at her jokes, and delighted in her triumphs; for, if her theatrical triumphs were small, Polly had triumphs of another class, not to be slighted. Was not old Buxton himself ready to marry her off hand, and make her manageress of the Prince's, at any moment? Did not that aristocratic old sinner, Lord Cairngorm, throw her bouquets, night after night, and had he not once even sent her a diamond bracelet, which Miss Polly, to her credit be it spoken, had packed back to him, per bearer, with a message that ought to have extinguished him, if it did not? Did not half-adozen "heavy swells" congregate in the greenroom, after the evening's performance was over, just with the hope of gaining a few words with her; and had not the whole -th regiment, stationed at Banmulloch, fallen in love with her, in a body? And all this the Montmorenci confided to their visitor, in a triumphant aside, while Polly was chatting with Popham.

"An' it's few gurls of her age, but would have their heads turned off their shoulders wid the flattery of the men; fur, sure enough, some of them makes great fools of themselves. But, Polly, faith, it's Polly knows how to be winnin', capable, and, rather to the relief of her fellow-

an' vet kape thim at arms-length."

And so passed the time. Polly filling the soul of her young adorer with ecstasy with her good spirits; the Montmorenci rambling on in the best of humors; Framleigh professing to listen, but alternately criticizing Polly, and finding himself mentally entangled by her fresh face, and radiant He was glad when Popham, after an ardent struggle, summoned up resolution to rise from his chair, to make his adieus. He was glad it was over.

But if Framleigh was not sorry to leave this dubious field, he left it with polite dignity, at least. He bowed his straight six feet of height suavely before the placid Montmorenci, and the grisette's cap she was making; he bent low before Polly, and replied by polite equivocation to her faint hope that they might see him again; and he stood uncovered on the path before the door, while Popham lingered on the threshold.

"If you will only let me send you some roots and things, you know, Miss Pemberton." he heard Popham say, "I will go to Pruner's to-day. and pick out the best he has, and-and I shall be delighted. I should like," almost pathetically, "to see something I had given you, grow in your garden, and to know you took care of it."

But, though he heard this, Framleigh had not heard what Polly had said to her friend, in the hall, when his own back was turned.

"I say, Teddy," she had observed, with the usual admixture of naiveté and slang phrase, "your friend is an awful swell, isn't it? He is a bigger swell than Cairngorm or Delaplayne, any day. Never mind bringing him again. I don't like him."

CHAPTER II.

"MRS. POMPHREY'S 'EVENING.'"

Bur when she said this, Polly knew nothing of that "evening" of Mrs. Pomphrey's. And. for the matter of that, how could she know anything about it? She had never been called upon to assist at one of the Pomphrey "evenings" before, and accordingly did not anticipate that pleasure. But it came, nevertheless. Mrs. Pomphrey was young, Mrs. Pomphrey was fair, Mrs. Pomphrey's pet insanity was a tendency to break out into amateur theatricals. At Christmas-tide, this tendency usually evinced itself most strongly, and it was at Christmas-tide that Polly found herself drawn, somehow or other into her service. A young lady, who had promised to enact the part of a certain attractive little Marquise, in a certain little comedy, had proved herself inher part. Mrs. Pomphrey was in despair. Only a week left, and nobody, positively nobody, to rely upon! Did not somebody know somebody? Did not anybody know anybody? She almost tore her charmingly-dressed hair. And then, one of the more youthful amateurs, who had seen Desirce, and had, of course, been desperately enamored of that harmless young syren, ventured to speak up in her behalf.

"I-ah-think-ah-I know some one who would do," he said, making a transparent effort "There's-ah-a girl at old not to look eager. Buxton's-the Prince's, you know, who does such things well. Pemberton, her name is. Perhaps you could engage her for the part."

"Pretty Polly P. !" exclaimed a languid, elderly "By Jove, yes! Let us have her, by all means. Pretty Polly P. will carry us through, without a blunder."

Mrs. Pomphrey took out her tablets and a pencil, with an air of resolution.

she demanded. "What is her address?" "Where shall I find her? I will put it down, now, and call on her this afternoon."

And she did call on Polly, and, finding Polly at home, by dint of some seductive argument, persuaded Polly to promise to take the part.

Thus, on this eventful "evening," Polly found herself figuring upon the small, elaborate stage, and appearing before the rose-colored, silk curtains, to receive additional applause from an enthusiastic audience, which had fallen in love with her pretty, innocent face and lovely figure at first sight.

But it is not with this part of Mrs. Pomphrey's "evening" we have to do; it is with what occurred after the acting was over, and people, both audience and actors, were mingling on level ground, flirting, flattering, dancing, jesting, and scandalizing. Then, I am obliged to say, Polly's occupation has gone. On the stage, the participants in the pleasures of Mrs. Pomphrey's "evening" had admired her; but off the stage, what could they do with her? She was not of themselves, she belonged to a different class of beings; human beings, it is true, but still human beings with whom they had nothing quite in common. She was a very handsome young person, they all saw. But were not handsome young persons in that grade of life often rather dubious young persons? They did not mean to be ill-natured, at least all of them did not, but was it not rather awkward for them? Perhaps this poor little raven among doves ought not to have stayed; but you see she did not know enough for this.

amateurs, it must be confessed, had thrown up { side of high life, and she had thought it quite probable that she should enjoy the after-ball. and the fine people, and the fine supper, as much as she had enjoyed Angelique's supper, and the little dance they had had after it.

> But, alas! her eyes were soon opened. There she sat, in her picturesque stage-grandeur, of blue and silver brocade, with the powder on her hair, and the great paste buckles on her highheeled blue and silver shoes, for they were to wear their costumes all the evening. phrey's was becoming to her, which, perhaps, was the reason. In half an hour Polly had found out, being as sharp as she was pretty, that she had nothing to do with these grand people, and they had less to do with her. Even the gentlemen had, for the time, deserted her, somewhat against their wills, it must be admitted, but they could not help themselves. Their sisters, and mammas, and young lady-friends, had taken them in tow, and kept a sharp eye upon them, a keen, priety-suggesting eye. Dance with the youngest Miss McIntosh, Charles, love," said mamma, to her eldest hope, seeing him cast a longing eye at that dangerous Polly. "Go, and rescue Clara Thorbury from that horrid Lethered," coaxes Edward's artful sister. And to Beverly the Dashing, who, during the performance, remarked that Polly was "stunning," pretty little Miss Penstock says, artlessly, "What a dreadful thing it is, you know, that such a lovely creature should have to live such a horrid, demoralizing life, and lose all her freshness through paint and things. I wonder if she would look faded now, if that rouge was washed off. I have heard Francis say that they do fade and get sallow even when they are quite young."

Rouge indeed! The time had not come yet when Polly needed rouge. The fresh young tints of red and white would have set at defiance any "pink saucer" extant; and Miss Penstock knew this too; but at the same time there was a little consolation in suggesting that it might be rouge. And Polly sat in her finery, trying to be amused, but, at the same time, wishing herself at home; wishing she had left herself a loop-hole for early escape, instead of believing her hostess' neat, diplomatic speeches, and relying on them so far as not to order her modest cab until half-past twelve. She opened and shut her silver-flowered, blue, satin fan, and looked about her, as the only way of whiling away the time.

"Swells off the stage are enough like swells on it," she said to herself. "That old woman, in velvet and point lace, reminds me of the Duchess in 'May-fair'; and I am sure the tall. It was her first experience of the feminine fair girl she is talking to, might be Pauline Deschapelles. Yes, and there is Madame! And there are Romeo and Juliet, and that uncomfortable-looking woman, in black velvet, might be Hamlet in disguise. And there—— Why, there is that friend of Teddy Popham's, and he is coming this way!"

She had not seen anything of Framleigh since that summer morning, when Popham had brought him across to her little garden; and she had not been sorry. Teddy had taken her hint, and had not brought Framleigh again; and the truth was, she had quite forgotten his very existence, until he "turned up," as she put it, in this very way. And he? Well, he had not forgotten her quite so completely, because Teddy Popham would not let He had heard from Teddy of her successes at the theatres, and of her charms, and of her brilliance; but he had not thought of her, on his own account. He had not even been to the Prince's to see Desirèe. But he was in a better humor now, than he had been when he met her first. He was in a better humor, because he was in better spirits. He was beginning to hope that he had some prospect of tiding safely over the troubles that had made him moody and unamiable then; and, as a consequence, he was more open to impression, to being impressed pleasantly by this pretty sight of Polly, attired as a Marquise in blue and silver brocade, with dazzling buckles on her dainty shoes, with powder on her hair, with that carnation color on her cheeks, with that fine glow in her immense changeable eyes. He was so pleasantly impressed, that he made up his mind to stop and speak to her. What color were those immense eyes? He thought they were a sort of warm, yellow-brown, when Polly raised them to his face, as he addressed her.

- "Miss Pemberton, I believe," he said.
- "Yes," answered Polly, quietly. "Miss Pemberton."
- "I wish he had forgotten," she was saying to herself.

But there was no help for it. He had made up his mind to talk to her a little, and there was no preventing him, without being ruder and more ungracious, than it was in Polly Pemberton's sweet-tempered nature to be toward even her worst enemy, if she had one. So she permitted him to seat himself at her side, to open a quiet little conversation, to inquire about her flowers, to pretend to be interested in the bodily health of Montmorenci: in fact, to make himself extremely agreeable. After listening a while, she began to be rather entertained too. He could be entertaining, if he chose, mark you this—Capt. Framleigh. His style was a somewhat quiet and languid one, but it was a good style, and a nolished

one. His low, half-confidential tone was pleasant too, and his tendency to satirize the good people about them made her laugh. Those large and rather indolent-looking blue eyes of his were a taking feature, and after her attention had been attracted by them, Polly thought them as fine as he was thinking her own chameleon orbs.

"Were you enjoying yourself, when I came in?" he asked, letting these lazy blue eyes rest upon her face.

"No," answered Polly, fearlessly. "I wasn't. I don't know any one here, and no one knows me, and what is more, no one wants to know me; and I don't like to sit still, while everybody else is dancing."

- "Then you are fond of dancing?"
- "Yes. And I am used to it."

An idea presented itself to his mind, suddenly. He had not thought of such a thing before; in fact, he was not fond of dancing, but it just occurred to him that he would like to try the seductive waltz the musicians were beginning with pretty Polly P. Why not? And he was in the mood to assert himself before society a little tonight. He did not pause to put his request into very ceremonious form.

"Will you dance with me?" he said, briefly. Polly smiled.

"It will be better than sitting still," her frankness getting the better of her. "And that is a lovely waltz they are playing now. Yes, I will dance."

People stared at them when he led her out upon the floor, and put a firm, light arm about her lovely, pliant waist. Could it be possible that this was Gaston Framleigh, whose very pride and exclusiveness made him anything but a favorite? The women looked grave; and the men a trifle envious, but it was Framleigh of the Guards, after all. And he was waltzing round the room with those long, easy strides, and that cool, untranslatable air, Polly floating with him as lightly as a thistle-down. Polly never noticed the grave faces; she cared very little about the matter; she enjoyed the music, and her partner's good time and step; but she would just as readily have waltzed with Teddy Popham. Capt. Framleigh had not "impressed" her yet, even if she was beginning to relent toward him, and decide that, "swell" as he was, he was more agreeable than she had given him credit for at first. She had seen too many men to be susceptible.

"Do you know everybody in the room?" she asked him, as they went round.

taining, if he chose, mark you this—Capt. Fram- "I know nobody," he answered. "I dare say leigh. His style was a somewhat quiet and lan- I have met most of these people before, and I guid one, but it was a good style, and a polished know most of their names, and nearly all of their

faces: but as to knowing them-- Stay, I think I see a young lady there- But, no! I don't know even Diana Dalrymple, and we have been on decently friendly terms for ten years."

"Which is Diana Dalrymple?" Polly asked thinking how well the name would look on a playbill, and rather envying the girl who had been born to it.

"We shall pass her in a moment or so. A tall blonde, waltzing toward us, with a man in uniform. She wears pink brocade and pearls."

When this young lady passed them, Polly cast a rapid glance over her, ran her over after the manner of women, with a swiftly-comprehending eye. A beauty, a magnificent, cold, white creature, with finely-cut, delicate face, and downdropped eyelids, and with a great, graceful rustle of that rich and exquisite brocade following in her wake, and yet never seeming to get in her way, or trouble her in the least.

- "Her name suits her," said Polly.
- "I have thought so, often," he replied.
- "She must have been very young, when you knew her first!" she hinted.

"Ten years old," answered the captain, his eves following the pink brocade train, and marble-white shoulders. "She is my cousin."

They passed each other twice or thrice before they ended their waltz; but Miss Dalrymple did not raise the down-dropped fringes of her handsome eyes. When Gaston chose, she said to herself, he was at liberty to leave his partner, and come to make his bow to herself; but until then-

What would you have? Certainly, it could not be expected of her, that she should recognize the existence of a dubious young person, who had been brought before them for their entertainment. She could not see Gaston, without seeing Polly; and Polly she would not see, or rather she would not observe that she was dancing with her cousin, the handsomest, the most unimpeachable man in the room. So she saw neither of them.

Polly knew all this, too. Had she not seen it at once, with those sharp eyes of hers? And yet, would you believe it, she did not pause the sooner for it, or care very much. She was used to it, perhaps.

But at length she brought her dance to an end. "I will sit down, if you please," she said to her partner; and so was led to her seat, and handed to it, with a low bow.

She had little chance to sit again, until the cab came, however. The ice being broken, partners came in rapid succession; they quite flocked about her chair, in fact, and beseiged her, des-

mammas and modest daughters. Her little programme was handed about, and name after name went down, until it was full, yes, up to that last dance, which would end somewhere about halfpast twelve.

"I am like Cinderella," she said, in that cool, undisturbed way of hers, to Gaston Framleigh. "When the clock strikes twelve, the spell will be broken; the blue and silver will turn to sober gray; and I shall leave the glass slippers behind me. What a pity there is no prince to pick them up, and send a courier after me. If you should hear of one making inquiries, just send him to the Prince's. I shall be playing 'Madelon,' there, to-morrow night; and he won't have any trouble in finding me."

She had the best of it, after all, if the just and upright matrons did gather their innocent broods about them, and look askant at her. She danced her fill, and was made much of, and when she made her modest curtesy to the audience, her exit had its eclût. And Gaston Framleigh, who was bending over Diana Dalrymple's chair, and talking to her, in that low, half-confidential tone, followed Polly with his glance until she was out of the room, and had passed down the hall on her escort's arm. He felt lazily attracted, and would not have been sorry to follow her in person-more for variety's sake than anything else. perhaps. There was not very much variety in Diana's high-bred repose of manner, and sometimes, just now and then-shall we confess the heresy-he was a little bored by its suggestion of sameness.

"Is it that girl you are thinking of, Gaston?" said the young lady, not deigning to appear disturbed in her placid hauteur. "You are certainly not listening to me. But don't exert yourself to make any effort, I beg. I can wait until you are at liberty."

CHAPTER III.

"By Degrees."

Or course, you will be very much surprised to hear that, after this, Gaston Framleigh and pretty Polly met often enough. Else why did I introduce them to each other, and why did I bring them together, at Mrs. Pomphrey's chaste entertainment? Of course, the wiseacres know very well that a writer of love-stories does not bring two people together, without some deep-laid plan in prospect. You know, at once, when Aurelia drops her fan at Mrs. Cingmar's reception, and Augustus picks it up, and hands it to her, and their eyes meet, you know at once that I mean to earry Aurelia and Augustus through two pite the decorum-suggesting glances of virtuous \ volumes of agony, and unite them in the third.

So, if you are in the habit of wasting your time upon love-stories, you know, in an instant when, in the first chapter, Capt. Gaston Framleigh announced that he was watching a young person in a garden, that the young person in question did not come into that garden without its being intended that she should suffer and sigh, laugh and be happy for your benefit and Capt. Gaston's, before I dropped my curtain upon my little stage, and turned my footlights out.

There were half-a-dozen places where Gaston Framleigh met pretty Polly. He met her in the street, going out to do her modest shopping; he met her going to rehearsal, and coming home; he met her, sometimes, going to the theatre, at night, under Montmorenci's guardianship, that good soul helping her to carry her little wardrobe, and, not unfrequently, he saw her at her own house. He could hardly have told you how it happened, that he began to find himself in the small, square parlor so often. He remembered the cause of his first few visits, it is true, but that was all. He had found himself dull and tired in his own room, on one or two occasions. and the nearness of the house opposite had suggested Polly to his wandering mind. And, after the first few times, it became a sort of habit. Popham was quite surprised to find Framleigh there so often, and, indeed, might have been alarmed, had Polly's manner toward him not been exactly what it was. She certainly showed Framleigh no special favor. In the beginning of their acquaintance, she was not nearly so fond of him as she was of Popham himself. treated him just as she treated Delaplayne, and Despard, and Burroughs, and a dozen others. And, perhaps, it was this very indifference of her, which drew Framleigh on to some slight indiscretions. If she had valued his attentions more, his fastidiousness might have taken the alarm; but, as it was, he felt perfectly safe.

"He is not exactly a favorite of mine," said Polly, to Popham. "And I don't exactly see why he comes; but he does come, and so it rests there."

"He is a queer fellow," remarked Teddy, reflecting. "But, he is awfully clever, you know, Miss Polly, and all that sort of thing."

Polly, stitching busily upon a smart, little piece of costuming, to be worn upon the stage, began to carol softly the tag-end of the children's song,

" Of all the king's knights, 'tis the flower Always gay."

"I should like to know what is the matter remembered the time when she had been both with him, sometimes," she said, ending her little hungry and cold, when there had been no Montcarol abruptly. "He is stupid enough. He looks morenci, and no bright, square parlor, when her

as if he had something on his mind. He reminds me, in some of his moods, of one of those villains in tragedies, who confess to a murder in the last act, and stab themselves just before the curtain goes down."

"He is a little gloomy, now and then," acknowledged Popham.

"Well, he is a particular friend of yours," said Polly, succinctly. "So you ought to ask him why? I would."

"I think I know the reason," confessed Teddy, half reluctantly. "I won't be sure, but I think it is—money."

"Money?" echoed Polly, looking up from her stitching. "A swell, like him!"

"Ah, you see," was the reply, "that is the trouble. If he was not a swell, he would find it easier. The fact is, he was brought up to expect money, and then thrown on his own resources without any. They have their place somewhere in Yorkshire-the Framleighs; and their branch of the family is a very poor one. But the proudest of the lot, people say, and the Framleigh pride, is a proverb, Framleigh, himself, was not brought up at home. An uncle took him when he was a child-the uncle, whose name they gave him, Gaston, of Gaston Court. He trained Framleigh like a prince, and intended to leave him all his money. But he was a savage, self-willed, irascible old fellow, and Framleigh's pride stirred him up against his overbearing ways; and a couple of years ago they had a final quarrel, and Framleigh's whole life was changed by it. Old Gaston will not hear his name mentioned; and Gaston Court, and all the money, are to go to a distant relative; and, altogether, Framleigh has rather a poor prospect of it."

"It is rather a poor prospect, after expecting so much," admitted Polly. "Is he in debt?"

"I am afraid so."

Polly broke into an exclamatory whistle, which would have sounded very shocking, if she had not been so very pretty, and it had not seemed so very natural.

"That is a bad look out," she said.

Perhaps this caused her to show Framleigh a little more favor. She had more sympathy with a man in rough waters than with a man who seemed to be sailing smoothly. She knew what the rough waters were herself. She had not had an easy life. Her adopted father, old Jack Pemberton, as his friends called him, was very fond of her, and she was very fond of him, but he was a disreputable old rascal, nevertheless. Polly remembered the time when she had been both hungry and cold, when there had been no Montmorenci, and no bright, square parlor, when her

amiable relative had, in the excitement of a convivial evening, forgotten to call for her at the theatre, and she had run home alone, through the wet streets, a forlorn little, six-year old sprite, to find their poor rooms dark and fireless. As Montmorenci said, it was a wonder of wonders that the child had fought her battles so bravely, and had come to no harm. She had often met with what would have been temptation enough to a weaker and less spirited girl.

Framleigh found her easier to talk to, after his trouble had been revealed to her, though he knew nothing of Teddy Popham's confidence, and possibly might have resented it, and Polly found it easier to listen to him. When his manner did not exactly please her, she forgave him for it more readily. "If I had ever been in his place, I should be as savage as he is," she would say; and, now and then, she even condescended to try to while away his gloom with some simple act of pleasantry, or good humor. And yet, surely, there were never two people who were less inclined to fall in love with each other at the outset.

"It is actually a sort of rest to a man to go there," said he.

"Let him come," said Polly. "He wants something to amuse him, and he does nobody any harm."

"A well-behaved, quiet young man," said the discreet Montmorenci. "An' Polly knows how to take care av herself; so why should I be raisin' objections?"

If they had been left to themselves, it is just possible that this record of mine would not have been written. But are people ever left to themselves, I ask you? Is there not always some interested or disinterested friend to open one's eyes to one's shortcomings, to one's unconscious motives, to all sorts of things, of which one might remain blissfully ignorant, but for the kindly hints of these disinterested beings?

It was Popham who first upset Polly's equilibrium; Popham, who would have readily cut off his right hand, rather than have spoken, if he had only known what a train he was applying his spark to. Let us set Teddy Popham upon a right footing. His was not a hopeful case, and he was conscious of the fact. On the contrary, it was an utterly hopeless one. His admiration for Polly was a sentiment of long standing. He had fallen madly in love with her at an early stage of adolescence. He had fallen in love with her from the boxes, on the occasion of his first dress-coat and her first benefit, when she had played some bewitching part in the costume of a Vivandier. He had hung about the theatre for weeks, and humbly and despairingly curried the iterrupted Popham.

favor of supernumeraries, who were not of the slightest assistance to him, in his efforts to obtain an introduction. Pretty Polly P. had been his first youthful passion, and there the matter had ended.

When he managed to establish an acquaintance with her, he had found her simply immovable. She was not a young lady of susceptible temperament, and he merely astonished her. She was sorry for him, and that was all. If he had made love to her, for a thousand years, he could never have stirred a kindred sentiment in her good-natured, soft, little heart. Polly had not an easily awakened nature, it seemed. Up to the time she met Gaston Framleigh, she had not known what love was. She had acted it, she had studied her parts in comedies, tragedies, and farces, in which it was the point and principle; she had had lovers; she had laughed at or pitied them, liked or disliked them; but as to returning their tender passion, she could not do so, for she knew nothing of it, and some of them had been able to give her her first lesson. Some of them had even accused her of being somewhat phleg-And perhaps she was, during one period -the chrysalis period-of her existence. But she had always liked Popham. He, at least, had possessed the good sense to see himself beaten: to know that the obstacle lay in himself, and not in Polly alone; and he was faithful, and sweetnatured enough to want to be her friend, when he was compelled to give up all hope of being her lover. And when the first pang was over, both faced the matter sensibly, and settled down into an honest enough Arcadian sort of friendship, tinctured, of course, on Popham's side, with the fondness of the old passion, and on Polly's with the kindliness of sympathy. So, certainly, the slight blunder the young man made was an innocent one. Framleigh, as I have said, was one of his ideals; and Polly being in his eyes the most perfect of her sex, it was natural that he should be generously interested in the welfare of both. Accordingly, he was led to commit himself.

"I met Framleigh, this morning, Polly," he ventured, on one occasion.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Polly was standing upon the hearthrug, before him, studying her part with great earnestness, and as she was not quite sure of her perfection in said task, she rather slighted this mention of Framleigh, by mixing him in with a hurried run of words.

"'Soft! He comes! Now weakling heart be still!' Yes, he was here. Daresay you met him just after his call. 'How pale his cheek——'"

"He comes here very often, doesn't he?" interrupted Popham. ing up from her book. "'Why do I blush? Why -why this-' I say, Teddy, isn't it stuff? Where's the use in asking why? I wonder if I shall need much prompting?"

But Teddy Popham was thinking of something else, a little mournfully, perhaps. And who could blame him?"

- "Framleigh's a very handsome fellow, Poll,"
- "Yes," indifferently, from Polly. "I suppose he is."
- "Don't you know he is?" suggested Teddy. Something in his voice, perhaps the suspicion of a tremor-for unselfish as he was, how could the poor young fellow forget that there had been a past, before the cool friendly present in which he was thinking of a future for his friend. Something in his voice arrested Polly's wandering attention, drew it from the yellow-covered old play-book, and made her look at him with some wonder.
- "I know!" she echoed, and then-it seemed as if it was all in a flash-she blushed almost angrily. "What do you mean?" she demanded.
- "I mean," answered Popham, quite pathetically, "that he knows you are handsome, Polly."

Handsome! And how handsome she was just at that particular moment, as she stood there, her

"Often enough," answered Polly, without look-, arm dropped suddenly down by her side, her fine hand still holding her book, a slim forefinger between its pages, her tall girl's figure looking its full, fine height in the unconscious attitude she had struck, with her head lifted, her cheeks touched with that sudden red, a little annoyed fire in her eyes.

- "If you mean," she began, scornfully, and then broke off. "I don't know what you do mean," she said.
- "I wonder at that," said Teddy. "You, who are so used to seeing men fall in love with you."
- "In love!" cried Polly. "Bah!" And she shrugged her shoulders.
- "That means," said Teddy, "that love is not your style, and I know it hasn't been, so far: but it must come some day or other, Polly; to you, just as it has come to the rest of us, and somehow it has seemed to me that Framleigh-
- "Teddy," said Polly, recovering herself, and speaking quite good-naturedly. "Framleigh is not the man." And yet, the next instant, the great pupil of her eye dilated, as if with a little feeling of quick fright, and she laughed, nervously.
- "I never thought of him," she said. "Why, it's a joke, Teddy. No end of a joke, to think of -of such a thing!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAMENT OF JUDAHI

BY BELLA BREMER.

'Tis evening in David's city. The sun has crimsoned the West; The wind blows sweet from Sharon, The doves are going to rest. And out from the Moslem temples Is floating, upon the air. The solemn cry of the muezzin, The evening call to prayer.

To the South, the swarthy Arab Turneth his dusky face, Looking to holy Mecca, The Prophet's resting place. " Allah, Il Allah, hu akbar, In him I put my trust, And Mohammed is his prophet," And he bows him to the dnst.

The city is wrapped in silence, Only the evening breeze Is sighing among the olives And stirring the cypress trees. The Syrian moon is rising. And flashing across the rills, It rests, like a crown of glory, On Zion's sacred hills.

The infidel, Turk and Arab, The wandering traveler meets; No tread of Jew or Christian Echoes along the streets. But, hark ! there's a sound of weeping Breaking the silence deep; It comes from the place of wailing, Where Judah goes to weep.

Where she wails over vanquished glory, Over Zion's mournful fall. And wet with their bitter weeping Are the rocks on the rugged wall. "Oh, look on thy chosen people; Pity their fallen state. How long, how long, oh, Jehovah. Must outcast Judah wait!

"Oh! God of Isaac and Jacob. Restore unto us our fance. And build up our broken temple, And sever these Moslem chains!" And high on the Mosque of Omar, Flashing o'er Kedron's vale, Glitters the golden crescent. Mocking that mournful wail.

BELINDA, CAROLINE, AND HENRIETTE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Livingstone Manor lay in ashes, with but little insurance to give comfort, there was, of course, a great excitement in the minds and hearts of the villagers. But time passed on, the village was rebuilt, and peace brooded again over the place. Later, when the lawyer's only daughter eloped with the village shoemaker, the public mind was agitated to an extent rarely witnessed.

But all of these former excitements paled, and were as nothing before the furore caused by the announcement that Paul Livingstone was not only coming home to live, after his long sojourning abroad, but was actually engaged to preach to them, in the old stone church, which his grandfather had built, and which was the only one in the place. Paul Livinstone's father had been the great man of the place. His stately, stone manor-house looked down upon the Little village, from its sunny oak-crowned eminence, half a mile away. Mr. Livingstone had owned nearly all the village, and had marvelous wealth beside in stocks and lands; but, for years he had lived abroad, ever since his young wife died, leaving little Paul to half-break his father's heart at first, with the same blue eyes and sweet smile, that had faded forever from his sight, and in time to heal the sharp wounds of his bereavement with his filial love and rare promise. When Paul became of age, he chose the profession of the ministry, from pure love to God and humanity. And when his father died, and he came home to the old manor-house to live, and was really engaged to preach in the village-church, as we have said, the excitement was fearful, especially among the unmarried females of the village, for he was young, wealthy, and attractive in every way, and rumor said he was not unwilling to wed, but as yet had found no woman to suit his rather fastidious tastes. He was very noble, and grandlooking, too, and his handsome, blonde face was filled with a purity and earnestness of expression that would have rendered common features attractive. The few weeks before his first sermon were laborious, anxious weeks to the village dressmaker and milliner. Indeed, the dressmaker. from sheer over-exertions, was supposed to injure her spine, and being frightened at her state, she absolutely refused to quill the thirteenth ruffle on Belinda Moss's new poplin dress. She said, that they had thought themselves that Hope,

WHEN nearly the whole of the main street of } openly, that twelve ruffles were all she would undertake. Caroline Winters, who took time by the forelock, succeeded in getting her dress made to suit her, but her bonnet tried her; her mind was wrought upon, not knowing whether blue or green were most becoming to her complexion. Henriette Cole was made unhappy to the last moment, by the dressmaker absolutely refusing to prune her over-skirt the eighth of an inch, Henriette firmly believing that it would improve it by having it so much shorter.

> But the day came at last, and it would seem. truly, that the eloquent, earnest, loving words of truth and pleading would lift the minds of his hearers above the petty things of earth and sense. A true, earnest teacher was Paul Livingstone to the people. A loving and devout follower of the Master he had renounced the ambitions of the world to follow. Never had Livingstone Manor witnessed so large a congregation as flocked every Sabbath to hear the young minister; and especially, rain nor cloudy winds hindered not the young ladies of his flock from punctual attendance. But he had not dwelt at Livingstone Manor but a few weeks, before he discovered that Hope Winston had the sweetest face, and the most wonderfully sweet voice of any young lady in his congregation. After he knew her better, he found that her charms of mind and soul far exceeded those which had first attracted him. He thought he had never before met a woman who was so gifted and lovely, and yet so modest and unaffected. He gave saving evidence of this conviction: whereat Belinda Moss remarked to Caroline Winters, that "she never thought Hope Winston anything extra."

> Then Belinds found that Caroline had long and silently entertained the same opinion. And as the two chanced to mention this belief of theirs to Henriette Cole, she went a little further. "She mistrusted:" but this was in strict confidence. "She mistrusted that Hope wasn't any better than she should be."

> The mothers of these young ladies, when the subject was mentioned incidentally to them, reproved their daughters gravely for the sin of evil-speaking, and reminded them, looking benignantly over their spectacles, of the duty of exercising charity. But they ended by declaring

although she was very lady-like and modest in her manners, still she was a little too free to talk to the young minister about poetry, and books, and the like. She was a little too free to talk with him, considering he was a man; she actually didn't seem to be a bit more afraid of him than if he was a woman.

And these excellent old ladies, each of whom had lived nearly half a century with one of these fearful beings, men, without being devoured by them, ended with a deep sigh, as if a well-grounded and evident distrust of man was the one thing needful to complete a perfect womanhood.

Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette were rather commonplace women, and so, as a matter of course, they disliked genius, originality, and enthusiasm in a woman. They detested it, for they feared it bordered upon that dangerous state, the state of being strong-minded. They almost knew Hope was inclined that way; for had she not been overheard to say that she preferred Mc-Donald's and George Eliot's novels to those of Mrs. Holmes; and, as Belinda well remarked, "What right-minded woman ever felt in that way, or would make that remark, unless she were inclined to be strong-minded." 'And they felt that they would either of them rather be dead than to be suspected of that, for men so detested strength of mind in a woman. They knew that men loved, above all things, a winning weakness in women. They had read their well-rounded periods in praise of doll-women. But still these same men, after spending an evening exclusively in the society of ladies of this type, after listening to the argument, whether to view the subject in all its bearings, and its results, clover-leaf tatting is really superior to other varieties of the same species; and if the report is credible, and worthy of full belief, that over-skirts are to be worn longer. After listening to this conversation for hours, the advent into the room of such a woman as Hope Winston, is hailed by these masculine admirers of feminine weakness, with a relief that, considering their belief, is marvelous.

The little village of Livingstone Manor was frequented in summers by sojourners from the neighboring city. Hope could never be anything but gentle and womanly; but when Professor Caldwell, at their little picnics and parties, spoke to her about that last thing of Ruskin, "had she seen it? Wasn't it beautiful? Grand?" how her eyes shone, and her face kindled. Whereat old Mrs. Moss, looking on, and who had a dim impression that Ruskin was a new sort of winter apple, greatly wondered and greatly disapproved, of Hope's glowing enthusiasm over it. Carl Doran, the young artist, and Charles Hermann,

who had a true poet's soul, if not his utterance, found a few hours of Hope's society more inspiring than any sunset or scenery. Talking with them of books, old and new poets, and most of all, of that most marvelous book of poetry, old, yet forever new, illustrated as only its author can illustrate it, with wonderful sea views, the glint of blue waves on silvery beaches, sunny vallies, mountain gloom and grandeur, white clouds, and mosses, and all the endless, endless pictures, changeless, yet forever changing, old as creation, yet forever new.

They found when they left Hope, that the world seemed better and brighter, and they more hopeful.

We have all met people who depress us, who make life seem to us as a gloomy march down to a dark grave; who contract the world to suit their own narrow souls, hang it in leaden drapery, sackcloth, and gloom. Take an impressible, sen_ sitive person, and subject them to constant companionship with such, and life becomes to them a dirge, instead of the glorious anthem it should be. But, thank Heaven, there are those who inspire us with a new faith and trust in God and humanity, in the sacredness and divinity of our own life; in whose presence the world grows larger and nobler, full of a boundless possibility for good. Hope was one of these. I think Mrs. Browning must have been thinking of such a woman as Hope when she spoke of one.

"Who never found fault with you, never implied Your wrong by her right; yet men by her side Grew nobler, girls purer, as all through the town The children were gladder who pulled at her gown."

Now Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette did not care particularly about the earnest respect and admiration Hope received from these gentlemen I have named, for Professor Caldwell had a wife, who loved, and made a particular pet of Hope. Carl Doran was engaged to a young lady of Boston, Hope's school-mate and warm friend. And as for Charles Hermann, Hope had refused him, but retained him as a close friend still, for with such a woman as Hope it is possible for a lover to change to a friend, but never to an enemy. But when the young minister, whose favor they more desired than any other sublunary thing, when he forsook their society, and cleaved to that of Hope, as Belinda well remarked to Henriette, "It was aggravating, considering what they had done for him, and Hope had never worked a single stitch for him."

When Belinda made this remark, the young minister had been with them some six months, and each of the young ladies, Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette, had presented him with two pairs of slippers, lavish in embroidery, in which the

high price of zephyr was accounted as nothing. They had also given him a cashmere dressing-gown, silk-lined, glorious with more colors than Joseph's coat. It was, indeed, as Belinda said, "aggravating."

Now, after having said that "Hope wasn't any better than she should be," of course it became their first duty and privilege to prove the fact; for it is an impulse of our nature, when we have made an assertion, to endeavor to substantiate it with a l the proof possible. But they found it exceedingly difficult to do so in this case, so quiet, and ladylike, and exemplary was Hope's conduct, and so well-beloved was she by all her friends, except indeed those who were aggravated by the young minister's attentions to her. But they were watchful, hopeful, that at last their zealous search after some suspicious circumstance would be rewarded with success.

I think Hope, sensitive, tender-hearted Hope, could hardly fail, with her woman's intuitions, to discern their state of mind toward her, and to be annoyed by their petty hints and malice. But above the low grounds, where buzzing insects sting, and darken the atmosphere, and vex the soul with their petty, meaningless whirlings, and circles, and tiny stabs, there is a calmer, purer air, that blows from diviner realms, sweet with glimpses of heavenlier skies. Hope breathed this higher, clearer air habitually. And so, as she had always done, she carried her sweet face, like sunshine, into the homes of those who loved her, prized her as she deserved, and like one of God's angels, into the abodes of want and dolor.

The Witch of Endor was once permitted to speak to Saul, and when success at last crowned Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette, these earnest seekers after darkness, it was only proper that Belinda should be the vehicle through which this darkness should be made manifest.

She was passing Judge Winston's. It was a lovely spring day, and they were cleaning house, for, as she passed, she saw a housemaid framed in the empty window of Hope's room, like a full-length picture of Labor, washing the window-casing

At this moment a paper, evidently part of a letter, came fluttering along in the light wind, over the svringas, under a clump of lilacs, over a bed of fragrant English violets, down under the maples, through the palings, directly to Belinda's feet. Here a clump of tall, delicate grasses, through some loving kinship of nature to Hope, would have fain concealed it. But Belinda's fingers, though not so spotless, were stronger. She took it up, and read it. It commenced,

"Dearest Hope, -My wife has gone, to-day, { is a very poor character."

visiting some gossiping crone just like herself, and I improve the welcome solitude to write to you, my love, my darling."

It was quite a long letter, filled with passionate avowals of love, a love that was a crime.

As Belinda read this letter, she was, to outward appearances, an ordinary young lady, with elaborately frizzed hair, over-skirt, and flounces. Nothing demoniac in her appearance. But I think that He who reads our hearts, discovered in her a strong likeness to that evil spirit who rejoices in all human sin.

Belinda was happy. I think Satan himself could not be happier than she in this crime she had discovered. True, it looked more like a woman's writing than it did like a man's; but that was only an added proof of her guilt; it was a disguised hand.

There was a sewing-circle, that afternoon. Hope was away for a few days, visiting an aunt, and her mother's unusual work would be likely to keep her at home. Belinda was happy. She went to the sewing-circle early. There were but few present beside Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette, and their mothers. As is usual on these bloodless battle-fields, needles and tongues were sharpened meet for the occasion, and moved rapidly. When a woman has a secret to keep, she yearns to have other women help her keep it. Belinda was anxious, but still she wanted 10 restrain her triumph to an appearance of moderation, and not seem abrupt and over-anxious to complete Hope's downfall. Many absent womenand house-cleaning made many absent-were dealt with as was considered proper and needful. but still Belinda spoke not. But at last the conversation took a turn that gradually led to her communication. There was a new book just out, "The Story of a Wrecked Life," that had proven to be more than a success. There was an enthusiasm of admiration concerning it, and curiosity concerning its author, for it was published anonymously. Most of those present had read it, and all admired it, not that all had heart and soul enough to appreciate it, but because it was the fashion, and therefore the proper thing to admire it.

Mrs. Beazely, whose sister was housekeeper at the Manor House, said to Belinda, that the minister was dreadful took with it. He thought there was a freshness and originality about it not often met; and he said that "whoever the writer was, she was a true and earnest woman, who lived for some purpose in life."

"Yes, it contains a good deal of religious truth," said Henriette Cole. "But Hope Hartly is a very poor character."

Then Belinda felt that her hour had come. She rose equal to the occasion. One mysterious, meaning glance she gave to the assembled women, then she said, in the short, terse sentences a deep purpose gives, "I guess there are other bad characters besides her."

They all felt that this remark of Belinda was not a trifling one, made simply to propel the car of conversation. Women's unerring intuition taught them that here was some other women to be dealt with by them. They asked her at once, "Who she meant? Who was it?"

Now, Belinda, like other wise men and women, on finding herself the object of first importance, did not reveal her meaning immediately, and by so doing came down upon a level with the rest. She played with their curiosity as a cat plays with a captive mouse. Finally, after she had goaded them nearly to desperation, she said, with comparative complacency,

"I guess there are other bad characters by the name of Hope."

And so the truth came out. The letter was produced, set open by this voluntary inquest, and Hope was unanimously condemned. And as is usual with a last clause, divers enormities were brought against her, which the speakers had heretofore passed unnoticed in their blindness. Old Mrs. Cole thought "it never had looked we l for her to be a riding off so much out in the country on her pony, it might be all right, but it didn't look well."

"That is so," said old Mrs. Moss, and it is believed that nearly all the other women repeated, "that is so."

Old Mrs. Winters, who lived on the borders of the woodland, said, "Time and time again, I have ketched her a comin' from the woods with her apron full of moss and ferns, and such ordinary trash. If she wanted posys, why didn't she come to me for merrygoolds and China Oysters?"

This speech was well received by every woman in the room.

Then old Mrs. Moss said that, "though she had always considered Hope a likely girl, still she had thought she had too many letters to look well for a woman, sometimes as many as three at one time, she had been told. And though she always seemed pleasant enough, and friendly, still she believed in her soul Hope felt above her neighbors, for she never seemed to take half the comfort a visitin' 'em as she did when she was with them stuck up city friends of hers."

"Stuck up," was Mrs. Moss's synonym for intellect, culture, and refinement.

was laid, of which, although no officers were her all, or all he knew, which was enough to

named, and lawfully appointed, Belinda Moss might be considered president, Henriette Cole, vice-president, and Caroline Winters, secretary. They were not content with having the fact of Hope's impurities published abroad; they yearned to humiliate her publicly; and as simply a matter of justice, it must be before the young minister.

The village choir was very small at present, owing to the sickness of some of the members, and the absence of others. Indeed, at the present time, the three young ladies we have named, and Hope, constituted all the female element, the male members being the three brothers of Henriette, and the father and brother of Belinda. They would all refuse to sing the next Sabbath, and have it plainly understood by all, that the reason was, they would not sing in the same choir with Hope Winston.

"They guessed that would open the young minister's eyes. They guessed that would take the scales off of 'em. Mebby after this he would think there was some other women in the world beside Hope Winston; he didn't seem to think there was now. And as for her, wouldn't she be so ashamed and mortified, that she wouldn't know where to put her head?"

The next Sabbath rose calm and cloudless, and fair and serene as the morn. Hope went up the little flight of steps into the old-fashioned gallery. She was rather late though, her innocent, little heart rather condemned her for it, for she was not belated by any sickness or calamity. She had only returned home from her visit late the night before, and had overslept herself. when she reached the church, she found the service already begun. She waited in the porch till the prayer was ended, and then she went up the little steps into the gallery. Not a soul was there, only the little tow headed boy who blowed the organ. The young minister looked up, and his eyes met hers. He hesitated for a moment, and then evidently wishing to save her any embarrassment, he opened his MSS., and commenced his sermon.

What was the matter! Had some sudden pestilence taken off all the choir? Hope looked over the railing of the gallery. There was Caroline Winter's blue bonnet below; Belinda's and Henriette's white straw ones. The male members were also living, and apparently in sound health. In common times, Hope would not whisper in church; but now curiosity got the better of her, and she asked Johnny Watts, "if he knew why the choir were not in their places."

Johnny loved her-all children loved Hope-Before that charmed circle broke up, a plan and he, loyal soul, burning with indignation, told prove to her that gossip had done its worst. All through the sermon, and it was no common one, I assure you-Paul Livingstone never preached a common sermon-Hope sat with her head bent down upon her clasped hands. But after the last prayer, as the young minister looked up inquiringly again into the gallery, Hope rose and walked to the old organ, and seated herself. The choir were wont to select the closing piece. Johnny, who felt that he could show his respectful homage, and reverent affection for Hope, only by blowing his loudest and strongest, put forth such giant strength, that the organ pealed forth in clarion tones, filling the church with its melody. But above it, Hope's wonderfully sweet voice rose, singing,

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures-He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Many of the congregation thought that there had been some misunderstanding, such as is not unusual in choirs, and such applauded Hope's bravery in doing her duty regardless of all others. But others thought, and the young minister among them, that Hope gave these beautiful words a meaning, and a power they had never had before. Such a perfect, childlike trust in the Good Shepherd, such an earnest faith that she "should not want" anything needful for her, and that there was no possibility of her being harmed by anything, while His hand was leading her.

As she came down out of the gallery, and faced the congregation, all that her voice had expressed was written in her countenance. All who looked into that pure, spiritual face, knew that her Lord was indeed leading her by still waters, for their peace was reflected in her eyes.

The young minister was beset as usual by Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette, and sundry other young female sheep of his flock. But, as he caught sight of Hope's pale, glowing face, he left them with a hasty apology, and went up to her, greeting her with more respect and deference than he had ever shown her before. Talking to her still, he passed out of the church porch, and left her only at her own door.

Belinds thought, "after all that had been said about Hope, after all that had been proved about her, it was a shameful piece of business, and aggravating." It is supposed that Caroline and Henriette entertained the same opinion. But although this plan had failed, and Hope was not only not humiliated in the eyes of the young minister and the world, but had actually triumphed over them, and turned her ignominy into victory; yet, "Thank fortune!" they said, "they could come right out, and speak plain, and they

would. Next Tuesday night the letter should be produced, and Hope should see it, and the young minister should see it, and see then how she would feel—see then if she could lift up her head."

So spoke justice, in the form of Belinda Moss, not so commonly painted, with one eye bandaged, but with both eyes wide open, looking into the sympathizing orbs of Caroline and Henriette.

On Tuesday evening there was to be a meeting for a charitable purpose, and Hope and her mother were not to be hindered from doing their duty by any fear of what man, or rather women, should do unto them. Belinds went early, and she had the letter in her possession, but Caroline and Henriette were also suffered to share in the honor of its possession, and were regarded with some jealousy by a couple of female cousins of Caroline, who were present, who could boast no further connection with it, only they had read it, as had all of those present. With Hope and her mother came the young minister, which so worked upon Belinda's excitable feelings, that she went directly up to Hope, and, presenting the letter to her like a musket, asked her with the voice of an avenger, and the mein of a Nemesis.

"If that was her property?"

Hope took the letter, glanced at it, and then said, simply,

"Yes, it is my property."

"I told you so," said Belinda, looking round, triumphantly. And it is believed that Henriette and Caroline also said, "I told you so."

Hope's face was calm as ever, only there was a pink flush on each cheek that made her look more beautiful than usual, even. She folded up the paper, and leaned her hand on the back of a chair by which she was standing, and commenced to say, and her voice was low and sweet as ever,

"In explaining how this letter came in my possession——"

But, before she could add another word, the young minister came forward and laid his own hand tenderly, protectingly upon Hope's, and said, in very distinct tones, as he turned his handsome face toward the inquisitors,

"Hope—Miss Winston, has promised me to let me care for her, through all her life and mine, and so anything that affects her cannot fail to be of interest to me. Whatever annoyance or trial you may see fit to bring upon her, it is my privilege and my happiness to share it with her."

umphed over them, and turned her ignominy into

If Belinda's dress had not been made of the
victory; yet, "Thank fortune!" they said, "they
could come right out, and speak plain, and they
under the tremendous, muffled coatings of her

heart. She was, for the first time in the memory of man, beyond words. But the vice-president came nobly to her relief.

"Read that letter, and see what letters she can receive from a married man."

The young minister turned to Hope. She smiled.

"I will explain it, Paul," she said.

"No, no," he interrupted, "you shall not explain. Do you think I could doubt you, Hope?"
But she continued, gently,

"I think it will be better, and set the minds of my friends here more at rest. But in order to explain how this letter came to be written, I shall have to reveal a little matter that I have kept secret for reasons which it is needless to name——"

"Yes, needless to name," said Belinda. "You dassent name them, that's it."

"Yes," says the vice-president, "she dassent."

And the voice of the secretary sounded from
the other side of the room, like a distant echo,
"she dassent."

The young minister's face flushed red, and he was about to speak, but Hope detained him, by saying,

"Well, then, if you insist upon it, I will explain fully. You have, most of you, read 'The Story of a Wrecked Life.' I think, in reading that book, you will find a letter written to the wretched heroine, Hope Grantly, in nearly the same words as this. I am the author of that book. I wrote it for a purpose;" and Hope's face lighted up, as it did in the old church as she sang "The Lord is my Shepherd."

Her voice grew a little tremulous, in speaking of these things, so near her heart. But she went on.

"It seemed to me that I could do a little good by writing it. The world seemed to me to be so full of sin and wretchedness; my heart ached so for God's erring and sorrowful; I wanted to do something, write something, that would help these poor creatures to remember that they were God's rejoiceth in the truth."

children still, and Heaven was still possible to them. I thought, perhaps, if I wrote lovingly, prayerfully, or in His name, they would listen, and it seemed to me to be more sacred, more as if it were, indeed, His message, if no one but God and the angels knew who wrote it."

Here Hope seemed suddenly to remember that to most of her hearers her generous enthusiasm was an unknown tongue. So she finished, by saying, in a few words, "that this letter, which she changed some and re-wrote, was doubtless thrown out of her room in house-cleaning, with other old papers."

That night, on her return from the meeting, Hope stood upon the portico. She had turned to bid her companions good-night. Her white scarf, which she had thrown over her head, had fallen back, and the moon, shining out just at that moment, fell full upon her beautiful face, and her large inspired eyes.

Paul was standing upon the step beneath her, and as he looked up to her, holding her hand in his, he said,

"Hope, if I do not respect you more, and love you better, after to-night, it is because I could not."

As they stood thus, three drabbled damsels passed by, in a melancholy procession. When I say drabbled, I speak not unadvisedly, for a light rain had fallen during the evening, and, in their gloomy state of mind, these damsels had forgotten to hold up their dresses.

The limp, water-soaked trails of muslin and poplin were not bad exponents of their feelings. They felt dejected, low-spirited, unhappy.

But let us hope that as our trials, and sometimes even our errors, are transformed by a benignant Providence to stepping-stones, by which we rise to a higher life, let us hope that Belinda, Caroline, and Henriette, by this experience, became wiser in that divine wisdom of charity, that "thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

ON THE SANDS.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

How radiant is the glow,
That gilds the ocean sheen;
While soft the South winds blow,
And not a sail is seen.

Like Heaven's ethereal hue, 8e placid is the deep; Vol. LXVI.—14 I would, oh, waters blue, Lie on thy breast and sleep! So pure, and still, and bright, It seems like Beauty's death, Of the a symbol right, Of true-love's holy faith!



HOW JEP PROPOSED.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

JETTHAH NORTON, or "Jep," as he was familiarly called, had been thus named by his grand-mother, to whose tender mercies he was confided while yet a nameless infant. As there was no prospective fortune coming to him from any direction, the young Jepthah, at fourteen, was placed in a store, and gave such strict attention to business, that at thirty he found himself occupying an important position among men, and possessed of considerable wealth.

Although Jep had an unusually thorough knowledge of business, yet there were some parts of his education which had been fearfully neglected. One of these was the art of conducting himself with ease and grace in the presence of ladies. Never having been placed in a position where he was called upon to mingle much with the opposite sex, he felt shy and awkward in their society; he never knew what to do or say, and always felt fearful of being ridiculed. His acquaintances had frequently volunteered to introduce him to some pretty girls; but he always shrunk from embracing their offers, as he dreaded the awful pause which he felt sure would ensue after the introduction was over, and "good evening" said. And thus he had become quite an old bachelor without the slightest prospect of ever being anything else.

The city had been his home from infancy, and during all the years that had followed, he had seldom left it, except on business. But the time had come when he felt that he wanted a change; and he resolved to leave his affairs in the hands of his confidential clerk, and board for awhile in Elmtown, a pretty, rural village, quite remote from the city, where there was good fishing.

This move was the beginning of a new era in Jep's life. His first Sunday in the little village-church was a day never to be forgotten. He was shown into a pew, and seated beside one of the loveliest girls he had ever beheld; a petite figure; bright, dancing black eyes, which looked the impersonation of mischief, peeping out from the heavy, silken fringes; a clear, brown skin, with soft roses embedded in the cheeks, from which a lovely red bud had strayed down to form the mouth. This beautiful creature shared her hymn-book with Jep; but she might as well have kept it to herself, for his eyes were too much dazzled to make out the words. The pages

seemed to him to be constantly breaking into dimples, and possibly his head was not held at the right angle for reading from the book. He saw bright, wavy hair, pretty half-blushes, rosy lips, tiny hands, and a profusion of beauty very interesting to observe, but not usually recorded in hymn-books.

It is to be feared that Jep was not especially improved, spiritually, by the services of that Sunday morning; and yet he returned to his hotel in a very meditative frame of mind. Having reached his room, he threw himself into an arm-chair, and so lost was he in a vision of a pretty home which should be all his own, that the dinner-bell fairly startled him.

He went to church again in the evening, but was ushered into a seat in the opposite part of the building from that which he had occupied in the morning. When the services were over, it would have been utterly impossible for him to tell either the text or the subject of discourse.

By inquiring, he succeeded in ascertaining that the name of the young girl who now absorbed his thoughts was Florence Bridewell, and that she lived in a brown cottage just out of the village. Jep immediately discovered that the road to this house was the pleasantest walk he could take, and sometimes, as he cast a hasty glance at the windows-his natural bashfulness forbade anything more than this-he would be rewarded with a glimpse of the black eyes which were forever dancing before his imagination. Finally, he was so fortunate, on one of these excursions, as to meet Miss Florence's six-year-old brother. Our hero immediately captured this young gentleman, regarding him as a possible first-step in the ladder which was to lead him to the pinnacle of his hopes, invited him to walk, and put him in a state of rapture, by telling him long yarns about remarkable horses.

"You are real bully," was the little brother's remark, after listening attentively to an account of some wonderful exploits, "and I'm going to ask my mamma to let me go to see you. What's your name?"

"Jepthah Norton."

"Can't I call you Jep?" asked the youth. "I used to know a boy, once, named Jep, and it comes so handy."

Anxious to propitiate any relative of the beauti-

ful Miss Florence, Jep readily accorded permission, and the two turned to go home. But clouds had gathered in the heretofore clear sky, and when they reached Charley's residence the rain was pouring down in torrents. Mrs. Bridewell had opened the door to look for her little son; and as that young gentleman bounded in, he exclaimed.

"Mamma, here's Jep! Can he come in, too? He's got on his white pants, and they'll be all spoiled in this rain. Besides, he lives an awful way from here."

Mrs. Bridewell smiled at her little son's unique introduction; then, turning to the stranger, she said, pleasantly,

"Will you walk in, sir, until the rain is over? I fear you will, as Charley remarks, spoil your clothes, if you undertake to go any farther."

Jep's natural timidity would have impelled him, under ordinary circumstances, to give a hurried refusal to this kind invitation, and then pass rapidly on. But the opportunity of gaining admittance to the home of Florence Bridewell was not to be lightly thrown aside; and now, although he blushed, and stammered, and made free use of his handkerchief to wipe the imaginary perspiration from his face, yet he managed, awkwardly, it must be confessed, to accept the invitation. He soon found himself in the drawing-room, and face to face with the little gipsy who had haunted his imagination. Here Charley took it upon himself to play master of ceremonies, and again introduced his friend, before his mother had time to make a remark.

"Here, Florie, is that tall gentleman who sat next to you in church one day, and you said you'd like to know him! He's Jep—— Well, there! I've forgotten his last name."

While Mrs. Bridewell applied herself to the task of extinguishing her hopeful young son, before any further developments should be made, Florence arose, without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, to receive her visitor, and remarked, laughingly,

"Charley has told the truth. I did say I should like to know you. It is so dreadfully stupid in this place, that we hail the advent of a respectable-looking stranger as quite an event."

This version was not especially complimentary to Jep. Still, it was some comfort to him to know that he had comparatively a clear field to work in. As, in the embarrassment of meeting a beautiful young lady, he could think of nothing appropriate to say, and as the volubility of his companion rendered any such effort on his part unnecessary, he flourished his handkerchief, by way of disposing of his hands, and remained silent.

Mrs Bridewell soon returned, and, upon entering into conversation with her guest, she discovered that he was from Philadelphia. She informed him that this city was also her native place, and she immediately became very much interested, inquiring after various friends whom she had not met in many years. Our hero, being very well connected, was able to give a most satisfactory account of himself, thus rising to a high place in the estimation of his hostess.

As the afternoon advanced toward evening, Jep arose to go; but Mrs. Bridewell insisted upon his spending the night, as it was still raining hard, and she felt sure that, being so thinly clad, he would take cold by exposure to such weather. And so Jep stayed. Before the evening was over, he was on such good terms with the elder lady, that he had proposed to her to take him as a boarder, interesting her in his behalf by picturing to her the loneliness of hotel life. Owing partly to her sympathy for him, and partly to her desire to have a protector in the house, and also because she had taken a very great fancy to him, she consented; and from that night Jep was to be looked upon as a member of the household.

"It is all owing to my white pants," thought Jep, that night, as he retired, "that I have gained an entree to this house; her sympathy seemed to be much more with them than with me in the storm."

Jepthah Norton's dreams, that night, were of a home of his own; he was sitting at a little, cozy tea-table, agreeably unlike the long, uninviting board at which he had for so many years, partaken of his daily food; and a bright, loving little sprite sat at the head of it, pouring out his tea, chatting merrily with him all the while, and casting loving looks at him over the bright silver. When he awoke in the morning, he seemed to be in Paradise; and all day he went about in such a charmingly forgetful frame of mind, that his clerk detected several errors in the business letters he wrote, a state of affairs which had never before been known to exist. At night he partially awoke from his dream, and remembered that he had merely effected an introduction to the little queen of his affections; the acquaintance and the lovemaking still remained to be accomplished, and in this latter art Jep was certainly a novice. He had been from home most of the day, and now, as he entered the house, a trepidation seized him, and he proceeded to wipe his face with his handkerchief. This article of his wardrobe was generally made to do duty upon all occasions, when he felt embarrassed; so frequent was his use of it, that it might reasonably be supposed that he

He, moreover, had a peculiar way of twisting it through his hands, and wringing it out, and working it up into every conceivable shape.

Thus he returned, evening after evening-for his days were generally spent in fishing, or taking excursions—to meet the one who was never out of his thoughts, wondering what he should say to her, how he should entertain her, and wishing that some one well versed in the art, would write a book on the subject of love-making, adapted to his particular case; for Jep, like many other old bachelors who fell in love for the first time, imagined that a certain process must be gone through with; and that it was something in the style of an intricate dance, where every step and figure must be performed according to rule, in order to make it all come out right in the end. He fairly envied those of his friends whom he saw conversing easily with young ladies, paying them empty compliments, and entertaining them with mere nothings, quite ignoring his own superior worth of heart and mind in the comparison.

But to a man much better versed than our hero in the intricacies of the feminine heart, Florence Bridewell would have proved an enigma; sometimes so free, almost bold it might have seemed in any one else, in her remarks, that Jep would feel that he had the prize fairly within his grasp; when suddenly she would become so shy and distant that he would almost wonder if she were the same being.

One evening the family were sitting in the drawing-room; Jep, as usual, surrounded by the younger portion of the heusehold, for he had the faculty of making himself so very entertaining to children, that they were generally sitting upon his knee, and climbing upon his shoulders very much as if he were a tree. Presently, Florence sprang up, exclaiming,

. "Oh, I'm tired of sitting still. Mr. Norton, you look just like the old woman in her shoe, surrounded as you are! Come, let's take a walk, and call upon Myra Brush. But you will have to run up stairs and smooth your hair, for the children have stood it up like porcupine quills all over your head."

Always pleased to be in Florence's company, Jep arose with alacrity, and, in the excitement of being thus unexpectedly called upon to act as her escort, he proceeded to wring some imaginary tears from his handkerchief.

"There, let your handkerchief alone, do!" exclaimed Florence, "or there will not be a thread of it left. Why, when you and I get married, and go to housekeeping, I never can afford to keep you in handkerchiefs, never! if you use

them in this style, it must cost a small for-

At this unexpected sally Jep opened his eyes wide in astonishment, while Mrs. Bridewell exclaimed.

"Florence, child! what are you talking about?

Don't make such shocking speeches, even in fun."

"But you are going to have me, aren't you, Jep?" continued the little gipsy, casting upon him the most demure look, and standing in an expectant attitude, as though waiting for an answer.

"To be sure I am," replied her companion, with a warmth which rather startled her.

"Florence! Florence!" broke in Mrs. Bridewell, "You quite forgot yourself in speaking thus familiarly to Mr. Norton; are you aware of what you called him?"

"Yes, mamma; but I can't always call him 'Mister.' You will let me call you 'Jep,' won't you?" she added, again turning to the gentleman, "and I'll be your sister."

As this was not exactly the relation that Jep desired, his "yes" was uttered rather reluctantly.

"Well, there," said Florence, "make haste, for it is getting late."

Jep disappeared, returning in a short time, and they both left the house.

"I am all out of patience waiting for you!" was Florence's exclamation, "what kept you so long? Doing your back hair, I suppose."

"Oh, no," replied her matter-of-fact companion.
"I did hurry; if you could only see how my hair is all frizzed under my hat---"

"Stopped to friz your hair, did you!" interrupted the young lady. "Oh, the vanity of you men!"

Earnest thoughts were passing through Jep's mind, and he had no answer for the unexpected turn which Florence had given to his remark. But the laughing, restless little woman at his side would give him no chance to utter anything serious. Finally, she inquired, with a rather embarrassed suddenness,

"What are you thinking of, Jep? Are your thoughts away off in those stars that are twinkling up there in the heavens?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "Far nearer to earth than those stars. I was thinking, Florence, how pleasant it would be to have a home of my own; and a little lady to preside over it, who would watch for me every evening, and think about me all day; who would walk with me, and talk with me, and read to me, or be glad to have me read to her."

and go to housekeeping, I never can afford to "I know the very one that would suit you," keep you in handkerchiefs, never! if you use broke in Florence. "It is Sally Meigs; poor old

thing! I have often heard her say she wished } she had some one to talk to, and keep house for;" and Florence's eyes sparkled with mischief, as they were raised saucily to her companion's face.

"But I don't want a 'poor old thing,' like Sally Meigs. I want-

"By the way, Jep," interrupted Florence, "Have you met old Sally's nephew, who is staying with her now? He is one of the finest-looking fellows I have ever seen, and he is so full of fun."

Jep's brow clouded, and he sought to look into the eyes of the little mischief at his side; but they were cast down, and the long lashes rested upon the soft, bright cheeks, and the small, rosy lips were drawn demurely together.

"It is getting cold," continued Florence. "Let us go home, Jep; for now I remember that Myra was to go to the city to-day, to spend a week. I think we shall soon have snow, don't you? I am sure I hope so, for I want a sleighride," and thus she rattled on until they reached

Jep retired to his room almost discouraged. He loved Florence Bridewell with all the strength of his great, loving heart; yet, whenever he sought to tell her so, this young girl, not more than half his age, would baffle him, and render him speechless, while she could rattle on with an ease which perfectly astonished him. She seemed to be not wholly indifferent to him; and yet so inconsistent was she that he sometimes wondered whether he had any place in her thoughts, much less in her heart.

The next morning the ground was covered with snow, and Florence readily accepted Mr. Norton's invitation to take a sleigh-ride in the evening. A ride in a handsome sleigh, drawn by two spirited horses, while the merry bells jingle in the clear, cold air, is sufficient to drive away all sadness, and make one feel that the world is rather a pleasant place to live in; and thus it was with Jep and Florence, as they seemed almost to float through the frosty air. Still, Jep had undertaken to solve a difficult problem, and nothing was able to drive it, even for a short time, from his mind.

"Florence," said he, abruptly, "how do people propose!"

"How do people propose?" she repeated, rather startled by the unexpected question.

"Yes, I am a perfect novice in the art; but I doubt not you can enlighten me on the subject."

"Well," replied Florence, "there are various ways of performing this little duty; there was the renowned Barkis, you know, he had a way peculiar to himself."

"Yes, yes! I know; but as I have no idea of in a tone of feigned surprise,

proposing to a Peggotty, I am afraid that Mr. Barkis' example will not benefit me."

"Well, then," continued Florence, "there is a way of looking and acting a proposal, without exactly saying anything."

Whether Mr. Norton intended to begin acting immediately, is best known to himself; but it is very certain that his hand went on a hunting expedition under the wolf robe, and it did not rest until, through his thick driving-gloves, he felt something soft and warm thrust into it.

"Then," continued Florence, "there are still other ways of proposing. I was reading the other day, in a novel, of a hero who had a very peculiar way of making his wishes known," and she related the whole story to him. When that was finished, taking care to have something else to say; very much in the style of the unfortunate wives in the Arabian Nights, who took this means to prolong their lives.

Jep flattered himself, however, that he had made a good beginning, and seemed satisfied with this for the present.

When they reached home, and our hero was about to alight, he was considerably chagrined to find that he had been affectionately caressing a corner of the robe.

"Why, Florence!" he exclaimed, quite thrown off his guard by the discovery, "I thought I had hold of your hand!"

"Oh, no," she replied, laughing. "I don't leave my hand around loose in that style;" and touching his shoulders with the tips of her fingers, she sprang lightly to the ground, and ran into the house before he had a chance to reply.

That night was a wakeful one to Jepthah Norton. Florence's inveterate coquetry only drew him more deeply in love with her; and now, summoning all his powers to bear upon the subject, he formed his plans for carrying the war into the enemy's quarters, and he only awaited the time to execute them. The next evening, at the teatable, having been away all day, he was remarkably cheerful, and far more talkative than usual. When the meal was ended, instead of going into the drawing-room, as his custom had been, he went immediately to his own apartment. This programme he continued for some time; he was gone more frequently through the day, and often returned at quite a late hour, taking care to keep out of the way of the family as much as possible.

One evening, after this had been going on for several weeks, knowing that Mrs. Bridewell had gone out to visit a neighbor, and that Florence would be likely to be alone, he went down into the drawing-room, looked around, and then asked.

"Is not your mother at home, Florence?"

"No," was the reply.

Mr. Norton turned, as though about to retrace his steps; then seemed suddenly to change his mind, and re-entered the room. "She will be in soon, I suppose. I believe I will wait, for I must see her."

Florence had been sitting in a musing attitude, with her face upon her hand. It was a quiet, sad expression, which rested upon the usually bright, laughing countenance of the young girl. But now, perverse little thing, she sprang up, and going to the piano, began to sing a gay, careless air; there was a very slight quiver in her voice, however, which did not escape the notice of her attentive companion.

"I think mamma will not be in until quite late, Mr. Norton," she remarked, as she finished the song. "Can I do anything for you? Perhaps I will answer as well as mamma."

There was a coldness in her tones, and a bitterness in her utterance of "Mr. Norton," so different from the frankness of her old manner when she had called him "Jep," which pleased him; he had been able to pique her, and this was something gained; had she been totally indifferent to him, there would not have been this change in her manner.

"No, thank you," he replied, carelessly turning over the leaves of the music. "I merely wished to speak to your mother about my leaving."

"About your leaving!" exclaimed Florence, completely thrown off her guard. "Are you really going to leave us?"

"Yes," he replied. "I must return to the city. Look at me, Florie, I have a secret to whisper in your ear."

She raised her eyes to his with a half-sad, half-imploring expression, and he said,

"I expect to be married, Florie."

Instantly the lids dropped, concealing the expression of her eyes, and she turned her head quickly away; not so quickly, however, but that Jep had seen something sparkling among the long silken lashes. His natural diffidence must have forsaken him most mysteriously, but it is always thus when we are with those who are more confused than ourselves, for he passed his arm around Florence's waist, and whispered,

"I am going to be married, if you will consent to be my bride."

It was too late to retract now; she had been fairly entrapped, and taken prisoner. This time, when Jep sought to take her little hand in his, she offered no substitute, but suffered him to have his own will. Jep had evidently discovered a way to propose which had surprised Florie into a meek acquiescence, without even an attempt at coquetry.

The evening passed rapidly away; and when Mrs. Bridewell returned the two lovers seemed to have only just begun to find the use of their tongues. Florence, half-laughing and half-crying, slipped quietly out of the room, and up to her own apartment; while Jep, agreeably to the intention which he had previously anneunced, remained to speak to her mamma. Mrs. Bridewell was not wholly unprepared for the revelation which was made to her by Mr. Norton, and she readily accepted him as her future son-in-law.

Not many months after this Jep's dreams of a home of his own were realized; with the cozy table, the bright little wife, the loving looks, and all. So very proud is he of his conquest, that it has quite elevated him in his own estimation, and given him a better idea of his powers than he ever possessed before. He is able, now, to carry on a conversation with ladies without embarrassment, and without the aid of his hand-kerchief.

DAY-BREAK AT VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

MORNING at Venice! Slow the fog is lifting,
That late the city held;
And magic domes and mystic isles are drifting
Out from the realms of Eld.

Strange shapes of ghostly ships, at anchor swinging,

Loom through the mist away;

The Orient breess, that ripules up, comes bringing

The Orient breeze, that ripples up, comes bringing
The spices of Cathay.

Far down the Grand Canal the sunbeams darting, On Moorish windows gleam. Up from the deep weird palaces are starting, As in some Afrite dream. Along their door-steps, green with sea-weed, flowing Murmurs the drowsy wave. High o'er their fronts the lichens gray are growing,

As on a wizard's grave.

No sound of wheel comes up, no cry of driver,

The silence is profound;
Only the flow as of some hidden river,
In caverns under-ground.

Across the haze a hearse-like barque is stealing,
By shadowy oarsman sped,
Gloomy and black as Styx—is morn revealing
A city of the dead?

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139.

CHAPTER XX.

- "Down upon her two knees, by the window, with the ivy all around her, looking in upon him so hungry, like a cat watching a canary; you never saw anything like it."
- "You saw this, Matt, with your own eyes? You saw it?"
- "Saw it? I should think so. She was so keen wa'ching through the glass that I cropt up to the balcony, and had my hand on her shoulder before she knew it."
 - "What did she do, then?"
- "She gave out a little cry, like a trapped hare, and withered up under my hand like a parched leaf. I never saw such a scared face in my life."
 - " Did she tell you why she was there?"
- "Tell me? I should think not. Before I could say a word of the many that crowded up to my lips, she had drawn herself up as proud as proud could be, and, putting me on one side, walked down from the balcony like the queen we saw at the theatre that day, you know, only quieter, and without the least sound of noise. Before I could get down the narrow steps she was half-way across the garden."
 - "But, you overtook her?"
- "Of course, I did; though my feet got tangled in with the ivy, and I almost fell down the steps; but, once on the ground, I tracked her swift enough, for she seemed to scorn moving beyond a walk, or to turn her face away, though it was white as snow, when my shadow crossed hers in the moonlight."
 - "But, you spoke, then?"
- "Spoke? I should think so. Trust me for that. 'So, ho,' says I, 'we have our little outs on the sly as well as them that we look upon as dirt under foot.' She went on, still as a ghost, and proud as a peacock, saying never a word. That sharpened my tongue a bit, and I stung her again."

"That I'll be bound you did," muttered Storms, who lay at full length in the Lake-House, as Martha Hart engerly related her adventure.

The girl took this as a compliment, and gave the han I, which was dropped listlessly into hers, a grateful pressure.

- "'It was awful ungrateful of the young gentleman, though, to be so sound asleep,' says I. 'Don't you think so, Miss? If it had been my Richard, now.'"
- "Did you say that?" cried Storms, starting up in sudden wrath. "Did you dare say that to her?"

Martha started to her feet, also. He had jerked his hand from hers, and stood frowning on her in the moonlight, while defiance kindled in her eyes.

- "That is what I said, and what I mean to say again, Dick; not that she cared a brass farthing. Such words would have been hot coals to me; but she didn't seem to heed them; only walked a little faster, looking as if she hated your very name, which I think she did, for all your talk that she is dying for you."
- "Do you think she would stoop to bandy words with such as you?" said Storms, softening his wrath into a malicious enjoyment of her jealous passion.
- "Such as me, indeed! What is the difference, I should like to know? Only this. I come here because you ask me and urge me to it, while she hasn't the courage, but sits worshiping her sweetheart like a rabbit peeping into a garden he has not the spirit to enter."
- "Worshiping! As if she cared for the 'ellow!" said Storms, with supreme disdain. "There is nothing in it. She only wants to make me joulous, thinking to bring me back again in that way."
- "It seems to me as if you were jealous."
- "Jealous?" repeated the young man, growing cautious on reflection. "As if I cared enough for Ruth Jessup for that!"
- "I am not so sure," answered Martha, as if talking to herself; "but when I am, it will be a dark day for one of us."

Dick laughed.

"Always threatening some terrible thing," he said, putting his arm rather roughly around the girl's waist, "as if there was any need of that. As for jealousy. How came the girl I mean to make a lady of to be wandering about the Rest?"

"I saw that girl as I was coming this way.

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She was standing in the cottage porch, giving frightened looks around. Then she stole out, as if in search of some one. I thought she was going into the wilderness."

- "Ah, ha! Who was jealous then?"
- "Who denies it? That minute I could have killed her. She turned toward the Rest. I followed thinking—"
 - "Thinking that I might come that way."
- "Well, yes. I did think just that, and followed her softly as one of your own hounds could have crept. When I saw where she was going, the fire all went out of my heart. I could have cried for joy that—that it was no worse."
 - "Still you hated her!"
 - "Because she dared to love where I did."
 - "Do you indeed love me so, Martha?"
- "Do I love myself, so common and worthless, compared to you? Do I love the air I breathe? Do I love sleep, after a hard day's work? Oh, Dick! Dick! Why ask such silly questions?"
- "Why? Oh, because one is never certain. Girls are so fickle now-a'-days."
- "As if any girl who ever loved you could be fickle, Dick."

Storms looked into the girl's face as she nestled close to him, and a strange, fond light came into his eyes. He was thinking how much she looked like Ruth Jessup, with that warm love-light in her face. How beautiful she really was in the refining moonlight. Tenderness with him at the moment was not all a pretence. But Storms was a man to bring the worst as well as the best passions of any heart down to his own interests, and never, for a moment, since he had seen old Jessup's letter in Martha's hand, had he ceased to devise some means of gaining possession of it.

- "Words are so easily spoken," he said; "but I like deeds. I want the girl I love to trust me."
- "And don't I trust you? What other girl would be here at this time of the night, risking her character, when she has nothing else in the world, just because you want things to be kept secret, while I can't for the life of me see the reason of it."
- "That is what I complain of. True love asks no questions."
- "How can you say that when you have done nothing but ask questions ever since I came here? All about her too," retorted the quick-witted girl.
- "That is because I am interested in everything you do," was the prompt answer. "How could I watch here half an hour, and at last see you rush in so wildly, half out of breath and panting, to tell all that you had seen, without feeling some curiosity?"

- "Yes, indeed, I can understand that."
- "Then there is another thing."
- "Well," said Martha, more quietly; for she guessed what was coming. "What is it?"
- "That paper. It is of no use to you, and might help me a good deal."
 - " How!"

The girl spoke seriously, and he could tell by her voice that her lips closed with a firm pressure when she ceased.

"It might help me about the lease."

Martha seemed to reflect a moment, then she looked up quietly, and said,

- "When we are married, Dick."
- "Why, child, it is only a scrap of paper that no one but Sir Noel will ever care for."
- "I know that, and sometimes wonder you are so sharp after it. My arm is all sorts of colors yet, where you grasped it, after that race down the banks of the lake. If the game-keeper had not come in sight, I don't know what might have chanced. Oh, Dick, your face was awful that day. It frightened me!"
- "Too much. I dare say that you never keep the bit of paper about you?" questioned Storms, with a dull, sinister look, which was so perceptible in the moonlight that the girl shrunk from him unconsciously.
- "No," she answered. "I never keep it about me, and never shall tell we are wed."
 - "And then?"
- "I will give it to you, as you crave it so much, and in its stead take the marriage lines. If it were worth a thousand pounds I would rather have the lines."
- "A thousand pounds! Why, lass, what are you thinking of? Who ever heard of giving money for a scrap of writing like that?"
- "I don't know, I'm sure. Only you wanted it so much, and if you were to play me false, as people say you have done with many a sweetheart before me, it might be put to a bad use, and in a sort of way belie other things that I know."
- "But they slander me. I never yet betrayed a sweetheart," said Storms, eagerly.
- "Then it is true that Ruth Jessup was the first to give you up. No, no, do not say it. No woman on earth could do that. I would rather think you false to her than not. The other I never could believe—never."
- "Well, believe what you like; but do not come here again without that bit of paper. I did not fairly read it."

The suppressed eagerness in his voice aroused all the innate craft in the girl's nature. He had outdone his part, and thus enhanced the advantage that she held over him, to a degree that made her determined to hold it. In her soul she had no trust in the man; but was willing to win him by any means that promised to be most effectual. But she was capable of meeting craft with deception, and did it now.

"Well, if I think of it."

Storms read the insincerity of her evasion, and seemed to cast the subject from his mind. But he felt the thraldom of this girl's power with a keenness that might have terrified her, had she comprehended it. Besides, the news she had brought to him that evening was of a kind to make him hate the bearer, and intensify his thirst for vengeance on young Heath.

"What are you thinking of Dick, with your eyes wandering out on the water, and your mouth so set?" asked the girl, after some moments of silence that began to trouble her.

Storms started, as if a shot had passed him.

- "Thinking of- Why nothing that should trouble you.'
- "But you don't care to talk, and me sitting by !"
- "What is the difference, so long as you were in my mind. I was thinking that there might as well be an end of this. We could have the matter over, and no noise about it, you know."

Martha's heart made a great leap.

"Were you thinking of that, Dick? Oh, tell me?"

She was sitting on the floor, leaning her elbow on the bench, where Storms had flung himself with an utter disregard to her comfort. Now she leaned forward till her head rested on his bosom, and she clasped him fondly with her firm. white arms.

"Were you thinking of that now, really, darling?"

Storms did not actually push her away; but he turned over with his face to the wall, muttering,

- "Don't bother. What else should it be?"
- "Then I must be getting ready, you know. The mistress must have warning," said the girl, too happy for resentment.

"The mistress! There it is. You cannot expect me to take a wife from the bar-room. No, no! We must manage it in some other way."

Martha drew a deep breath.

"I will do anything you tell me-anything at all." she said. "Only let me make sure that you are as happy as I am."

"Happy! Of course, I'm happy. Why not?" answered the young man. "Now, you'd better be going home. It is getting late."

Martha arose, drew her scarlet sacque closer around her, pulled the jounty little hat over her } building was quite dark, except the faint gleam eyes, and stood in the moonlight, waiting for her { of a night-lamp in the sick man's room. At the

lover. He arose heavily, and dropping both clasped hands between his knees, sat in the shadow, regarding her with sullen interest. She could not see his face clearly, but there was a glitter of his eyes that pierced the shadows with sinister brightness. The picture of the girl was so vivid, framed in the old door-way, with that deep, background of water over which the moonlight seemed to leap, leaving that in darkness, and herself flooded with light, so fearfully vivid, that whom she hoped to marry could never afterward sweep it from his brain.

- "Come," she said, "I am ready."
- "And so am I," he answered, starting up, and dashing his hands apart, as if a serpent had entangled them against his will. "What are you waiting for?"
- "What have I been long and long waiting for?" said the girl; "but it has come at last. Oh, Dick, say that it has come at last."
- "Yes, it has come at last," broke forth the man, almost savagely. "You would have it so. Remember, you would----'
- "Why, how cross you are, Dick. Was it I that first made love?"
 - "You? Yes. It always is the woman."
 - "Oh, Dick, how you love to torment me!"

The girl took his arm, as she said this, and held to it, caressingly, with both hands, while her eyes, half-beaming, half-tearful, sought in his face some contradiction of his savage mood.

- " Is the torment all on one side?" he muttered, enduring her caressing touch with surly im-
- "There, Dick, only say, for once, that you are happy."
- "Oh, wonderfully happy. There, now, let us walk faster."

They did walk on; now, in the moonlight, now, in deep shadow, she leaning upon him with such fond dependence, which he appeared to recognize, though few words were spoken between them.

Once, as they passed a sheltered copse, halfway between the Lake and Jessup's cottage, both saw the figure of a man retreating from the path. and knew that he was regarding them from under covert. Then Dick Storms did meet the girl's bright glance, and they both laughed with an undertone of merriment.

"He is following us. I hear his step in the undergrowth," whispered Martha, and Storms answered back,

"Give him plenty of time."

When they reached Jessup's cottage, the little

gate they both paused. Martha turned with her face to the moonlight, and offered her lips to the kiss Storms bent lovingly to give her. Then they stood together, hand-in-hand, as if reluctant to part for a minute, and he went away, looking back now and then, as if anxious for her safety, while she stood by the gate, watching him.

When the young man was quite gone, Martha opened the gate, without even a click of the latch, and stole like a thief toward the porch, which was so laden with ivy and honeysuckles, that no one could see her when once in its shelter. Still she shrunk back, and dragged the foliage over her, when the game-keeper came out from his concealment, and walked back and forth before the cottage. At last his steps receded, and, peering through the ivy, Martha saw him move away toward the Lake. Then she stole out of the porch, crept, with bent form, to the gate, and darted, in a contrary direction with the speed of a lapwing. Somewhat later, the girl stole through the back yard of the inn, tried her key in the kitchen-door, and crept up to her room in the garret, where she carefully put away her outer garments, and went to bed so passionately happy that she lay awake all night with both hands folded over her bosom, and the thoughts of Dick Storms trembling now and then up from her heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ir was a bright day at Norston's Rest, when its young heir came from his sick chamber, for the first time, and leaning on Webb, entered the pretty little parlor in which Lady Rose sat demurely busy with some trifle of richly-tinted embroidery, which, having a dainty taste, she had se'ected, I dare say, because it gave a touch of rich color to her simple, white dress, looped here and there into soft clouds by a broad blue sash, which might have lacked effect but for this artistic divise. Perhaps the invalid understood this, for he smiled when the fair patrician just lifted her eyes, as if his coming had been quite unimportant to her, and settled down into one of the loveliest pictures imaginable, working away at her tinted silks with fingers that quivered among them, and eyes that no whiteness of lid or thickness of lash could keep from beaming out their happiness.

There had been a time when this fair girl would have sprung from her seat and met him at the threshold; but now, she bent lower over her work, fearing that he might see how warmly-red her cheek was getting, and wonder at it; and he well might, for what word of love had he ever made no answer. He was heart-sick.

spoken that should have set her heart to beating so when she first heard his uncertain step on the

All at once the young lady remembered that she was acting strangely. Starting up, she gave him her place among the blue cushions of her own favorite couch; then sat down on a low ottoman, and fell to work again.

"How natural everything looks," said the young man, gazing languidly around. "I could be sworn, Rose, that you were working on that same bit of embroidery the day I was hurt."

Lady Rose blushed vividly. She had snatched the embroidery from her work-table, as she heard him coming, and was in fact working on the same leaf in which her needle had been left that day.

- "We have all been so anxious," she said, gently.
- "And all about me-troublesome fellow, that I am. It may be fancy, Lady Rose, but my father seems to have suffered more than I have."
- "He has, indeed, suffered. One month seems to have aged him more than years should have done," said the young lady.
 - "Have I been in such terrible danger then?"
- "For a time we thought you in great danger, and were in sad suspense." She spoke with hesitation, and Hurst noticed it with some surprise.
- "Why, Rose," he said. "It seems to me as if you had changed, also. What has come over you all?"
- "Nothing, but great thoughtfulness that you are better, Walton.'
- "And do you care so much for me? I hardly thought it," said the young man, a little sadly.
 - "Oh, Walton, can you ask?"

The great blue eyes, lifted to his, were swimming in tears, yet the quivering lips made a brave effort to smile.

A painful thought struck him then, and his heart sunk like lead under it.

"It would be a strange thing if you had not felt anxious, Rose; for no brother ever loved only sister better than I have loved you."

As he uttered these words. Hurst was watching that fair, young face with keen interest. He saw the color fade from it, until the rich red of the beautiful mouth had all died away. Then he gathered the silken cushion roughly together, so as to shade his own face, and a faint groun came from him.

"Are you in pain?" questioned the young lady, bending over him. "Can I do anything?"

Her breath floated across his mouth, her loose curls swept downward, and almost touched him.

The young man turned his face to the wall, and

And so was she even to faintness.

He lay minute after minute, buried in thought. The poor young lady had no other refuge for her wounded pride, so she fell to work again; but not on the same object. Now she sat down to a drawing of the Black Lake. The old summer-house was a principal object in the foreground, and the banks, heavy with foliage, and broken with ravines, completed a gloomy but picturesque scene, which had more artistic effects than sunshine in it.

"What are you doing there?" questioned Hurst, after a long silence.

"It is a sketch of the Lake which I am trying to finish up at once, in case pretty Ruth Jessup takes us by surprise."

There was something in the girl's voice, as she said this, that made Hurst rise slowly to his elbow.

"Takes us by surprise! What do you mean, Rose?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? I forget. Webb was told not to disturb you with gossip; but Ruth's little flirtation with young Storms has been progressing famously since you were hurt, and I am thinking of this for a wedding gift."

"For a wedding gift. Ruth Jessup—young Storms. What romance is this?"

The young man spoke sharply, sitting upright, his face whiter than illness had left it, and his eyes shining with more than feverish lustre.

"I do not know that it is a romance," answered Lady Rose. At any rate, I hope not. Ruth is a good, sweet girl, and would never encourage a man to the extent she does, if a marriage were not understood; besides, old Storms was here only a day or two ago wanting more land included in his new lease, because his son thought of setting up for himself."

"Setting up for himself! The hound!" exclaimed Hurst, between his teeth. "And Sir Noel. I dare say he gave the land. He has always been exceptionally eager to portion off pretty Ruth. Of course, old Storms got the lease."

- "I do not know," answered Lady Rose.
- "But I mean that this farce shall go no farther. This man Storms is a knave, and should be dealt with as such."
- "I am inclined to think Ruth Jessup does not think so, for scarcely a night passes that she is not seen with him in the Park."
- "Seen with him! What! My---- With him!"
 - "So it is understood in the servants' hall."
 - "The servants' hall!"

Hurst fairly ground his teeth with rage. Had Ruth's good name fallen so low that it was a matter of criticism in the servants' hall?"

- "You know Mrs. Mason is her godmother?"
- "Well!"
- "And, of course, takes a deep interest in the matter. She talks all her troubles over with Hipple, and even came to me about the weddinggifts. Of course, I took an interest. Ruth has so long been the pet of the house, and I love her; that is, there was a time when I loved her, dearly."
- "Loved her dearly? And now you speak with tears in your voice, as if that pleasant time had passed. Why is that, Lady Rose?"

The young lady grew pale, and her voice sunk low as she answered,

- " I-I think we have both changed."
- "But there must be some reason for this. What has Ruth done that you should shrink away from her?"
- "Perhaps she feels the difference of position," faltered Rose.
- "But that has changed in nothing, at least in her disfavor," answered Hurst, flushing red with a remembrance of that day in the little church.
- "She was so dainty, so sweetly retiring. It seemed to me impossible that she could ever have been brought to care for a man like young Storms. Now that it is so, how can I help feeling separated? No one can expect me to associate with that man or his wife, after she is married to him."

"After she is married to him. By Heavens! Lady Rose——" The young man checked himself suddenly, adding, with haughty decision, "We have dropped into a strange discussion, Lady Rose, and are handling the name of a young girl with less delicacy than becomes me, at least. Shall we speak of something else."

A flood of haughty orimson, and a struggle against the tears that rose in spite of herself, was all the reply this curt speech received from Lady Rose. The poor girl was not quite sure of her own disinterested judgment. For the world, she would not have said a word against Ruth, believing that word false; but she was conscious of such infinite relief when the news came to her of the engagement between Ruth Jessup and Storms, that the joy of it made her self-distrustful. How could she be glad that a creature so bright, so delicate, and thoroughly well-bred, should be mated with this keen, sinister man, whom no one loved, and who was held, she knew well, in little respect by his own class. Was she willing to see this sacrifice, that her own jealous fears might be appeased, and did Walton Hurst suspect the feelings which were a wound to her own delicacy? Were his last brief words a reproach to her?

Tours of wounded pride, and bitter self-dis-

trust, rose to her eyes, so thick and fast, that the lady almost fled from the room, that Hurst might not hear the sobs that she had no power to suppress. The young man was scarcely conscious of this. His feeble strength was taxed to the That one burst of indignant feeling had utmost. left his breath in thrall, and his limbs quivering. At length he became conscious that he was quite alone, and starting up, with a sudden effort of strength, flung open the glass door, which led out upon a flower-terrace, and would have passed through on his way to the cottage, for his brain was all on fire, but that Mrs. Mason stood there, talking to one of the under-gardeners, who was trimming the rose-bushes, while he talked with her.

"Mercy on me!" cried the dame, breaking off her stream of gossip with this cry of amazement, "If there isn't the young master now, looking like a beautiful, tall ghost of his own dear self. Never mind cutting the flowers now. I'll be back for them presently."

Young Hurst had forced his strength too far; a swift dizziness seized upon him, and, but for a garden-chair, that stood near, he must have fallen before the good housekeeper reached him. As it was, he half lay upon the iron seat, grasping it with his hands, or he would have entirely dropped to the ground.

"My master! My dear, young master!" oried the good woman, half-lifting him to a sitting posture. "What could have tempted you out in this state. No wonder you were taken faint, and this the first time down stairs. There, now, the fresh wind is doing you good. Dear me, it does one a pleasure to see you smile again."

"The air is sweet, and you are very kind, Mason. I felt so strong a minute ago; but see where it has ended."

"Oh, that is nothing. The first step always counts for the most. To-day across the terraceto-morrow in the park !"

"Do you think so, Mason? Do you really think во ?''

"Think so? Of course! Young people get up so quickly. If it were me now, or that old man at the garden cottage, there would be no telling."

"You have seen him, then? Is he better?

"Seen him? Of course, I have. It is a heavy walk, but Mike told me how eagerly you took to the strawberries; so I bade Ruthy save the ripest for you every morning; not that she needed telling, for she has picked every one of them with her own fingers, and the flowers, too."

smiled as if the strawberries were melting in his mouth.

"Yes, indeed, this morning, when she got here with her little basket full, her fingers were red with them; for she came directly from the beds, that you might have them in their morningdew, as if they would be the better for that, foolish child."

"Is she well? Is she looking well, Mason?"

"What, Ruthy? No; I can't just say that. With so much sickness in the house, how should she? But a rose is a rose, whether it be white or red."

"Does she ever inquire about me, Mason? We used to be play-fellows, you know."

"Inquire? As if those great eyes of hers had done anything but ask questions; but then years divide people of her rank and yours. Children who play together are master and servant as they become men and women, and my goddaughter is not one to forget her place."

A faint smile quivered over Hurst's lips.

"No, she is not one to forget her place," he murmured, tenderly. Then, remembering himself, he said, with an attempt at carelessness, "But is there not some foolish story afloat about young Storms? That might trouble her, I should think."

"Trouble her? Why, the child only laughs, as if it was the most maidenly thing on earth to be roaming about with the young man by moonlight and starlight, for that matter, and protesting to her best friends that there is nothing in it; that she has no thoughts of marrying him, and never leaves the cottage on any pretence after night-fall. Of course young women think such things no lies, and never expect to be believed; but Ruthy has been brought up better, and need not attempt to throw sand into her godmother's eyes, whatever she does with the rest of the world."

"You speak as if you believed all this nonsense," said Hurst, with quick fire in his eyes.

"Believed it? Why, there isn't a man on the estate who has not seen them, over and over again. Not that there is harm in it, because old Storms and Jessup have agreed upon it while they were children, and Ruth was ever obedient. Only I don't like her way of denying what everybody knows, especially to me, who have been a mother to her. It isn't just what I had a right to expect, now, is it, Master Walton?"

"I cannot tell; your statement seems so strange."

"Oh, it is only the old story. Girls never will tell the truth about such matters; besides, I "Indeed!" murmured the young man, and he { do not wonder that my goddaughter is just a one to boast of overmuch; though, they tell me, no needle was ever so sharp on money. There he beats old Storms, out and out. Jessup has laid by a pretty penny for his child, to say nothing of what I may do. So Ruthy will not go away from home empty-handed, and one may be sure he knows it.

Walton Hurst broke into a light laugh, but he became serious at once, and, looking kindly on the genial old woman, said,

"You always were good to her, God bless you!"

"Thank you, for saying so; but who could help it, the pretty little orphan? It was like taking a bird into one's heart."

"It was, indeed," answered Hurst, thinking of himself, rather than the old woman.

"And then to think that she must fly off into another nest. Well, well, girls will be girls. Speaking of that, here comes my Lady Rose, looking more like a lily, to my thinking, so I will go my way."

Mrs. Mason did go her way, leaving the young man for awhile perfectly alone, for, though Lady Rose was hovering about her own pretty boudoir, she did not come fairly out upon the terrace, waiting, in her maidenly reserve, for some sign that her presence there would be welcome.

No such sign was given her, for Hurst was greatly disturbed by what he had heard, and an almost frantic desire to see Ruth, and hear a contradiction of these base reports from her own lips. Not that he doubted her, or gave one momen'ts credence to rumors so improbable, but, with returning health, came a feverish desire to see the young creature for whom he had been willing to sacrifice everything, and redeem her, so far as he could, from the snare into which he had led her. In his hot impetuosity, he had involved himself and her in a labyrinth of difficulties that led, as he could not help seeing, in his calmer moments, to deception, if not dishonor.

"I will atone for it all," he said to himself. "The moment I am strong enough to face his just resentment, my father shall know everything. God grant that the disappointment will only rest with him," he added, as his disturbed mind turned on Lady Rose with a thrill of compunction! "In my mad haste I may have; but, no, no! she is too proud, too thorough-bred for a grand passion. It is only such reckless fools as I am that risk all at a single throw. But Ruth, my sweet young wife, how could I force this miseraable deception on her. Had I but possessed the courage to assert my own independent manhood, { my dear father would have had less to forgive, meant yes, when the time came. For his part,

little shamefaced about her sweetheart. He isn't { and I--- But, no matter, I have made my bed, and must lie in it, which would be nothing if she did not suffer also."

> Thus the young man sat thinking, while Lady Rose flitted in and out of the little boudoir, striving to trill soft snatches of song, as she moved about to hide under music the anguish that had drawn her from the room.

> Hurst heard these soft gushes of melody, and masked his previous anxiety with a smile.

> "What a presumptuous cad I am, to think that she will care," he muttered, with a sense of relief

> Lady Rose opened the glass-door, and looked out smiling, as if care had never touched her heart.

> "Shall I come and read to you?" she said, coming out on the terrace.

> "No," he answered, rising. "I will come to you."

CHAPTER XXII.

RUTH JESSUP had no courage to attempt another interview with her bridegroom. morning she made an excuse to visit the rest with fruit from her own garden, arranging her pretty bouquets with a touch of loving poetry, which he began to read eagerly, now that he knew from whom they came. Once or twice she met Sir Noel, who, for the first time in his life, seemed to avoid her. The pleasant greeting which her rare beauty and brightness had been sure to win from him, no longer welcomed her; but was exchanged for a grave bow, and sometimes—so her tender conscience read the change—by a look of reproach. Lady Rose herself avoided; partly because a sense of deception hung heavily upon her, and partly because of the restless jealousy, which sprang out of her own intense love, that admitted no other worshiper near her idol.

Mrs. Mason, too, had taken to lecturing her, making her discourse offensive, by constant allusions to young Storms, and the household arrangements which must soon be made at the farm. No denial or protest had made the least impression on the good dame, who had made up her mind that such things were to be expected from over-sensitive girls, like Ruth, and must not be set down against them as falsehoods, being, at the worst, only a forgivable exaggeration of natural modesty. Besides, she had taken an opportunity to speak to the young man himself, who had laughed knowingly when she told him of Ruth's denial of all engagement between them, and replied that a woman of her age ought to be old enough to understand that a girl's no, always

he was only waiting for the lease to be signed. I this awful feeling gnawing at her heart, with such Anyway, Ruth would set no day till that was done, and no blame either. So if Mrs. Mason wanted to do her goddaughter a good turn, and stop people from talking, she had better help that on. Everybody knew that she had great influence with Sir Noel, and the lease was all that was wanted to make things go smoothily between him and her goddaughter.

Against all this evidence, it is not wonderful that the housekeeper went quietly on with her preparations, and gave no heed to Ruth's denials, tearful and even angry as they often were.

All this was very hard on Ruth, who found herself miserably baffled at every point. All her friends seemed to have dropped away from her. Their very affection was turned into mockery by persistent disbelief of all she said. She still hovered about the Rest House each morning as a frightened bird flutters around its nest, but with little chance of contentment, for, except the housekeeper's room, all the establishment seemed closed to her.

One day the poor girl saw her husband on the flower-terrace, moving slowly up and down among the roses, and a cry of such exquisite delight broke from her, that Mrs. Mason rose from her easy-chair, and came to the window, curious to know what had called it forth.

What was going on? What had she seen to brighten her face so? Had the sullen old peacock at last spread himself, or was she wondering at the great show of roses? Something out of the common had happened to set that pale face into such a glow. Would Ruth tell her what it was?

No, Ruth could not tell her, for the rich color had all died out of her face, while the old woman was talking, and the glorious show of flowers had turned to a misty cloud, in which a beautiful young woman was floating, angel-like, toward the man she loved, who went to meet her. Dashing both hands to her face. Ruth shut out the sight, and, when Mason insisted on questioning her, turned upon the good woman, like a hunted doe, and, stamping her foot, declared, with great tears flashing in her eyes, that nothing was the matter. Only-only so much watching made her nervous, hysterical, some people might call it; but that did not matter. Laughing and crying amounted to the same thing. She would go home. There nobody would trouble themselves about her.

With this reckless burst of feeling, Ruth flung herself away from the outstreached arms of her half-frightened godmother, and ran home, sobbing as she went. Would this miserable state of anxiety never end? Must she go on forever, with a talk with the young master."

longing for protection, such baffled tenderness? Ah, she understood now the depths of God's punishment to poor Eve, when the angel was placed at the gates of Paradise to keep her out. Was Lady Rose Houston chosen to guard her Paradise, because of the sin by which she had entered How like a glorious angel she looked in the soft whiteness and tender blue of her garments that floated around her like a cloud. How bright and rich was the waves and ourls of her hair! Surely no angel ever could be more beautiful!

This passion of feeling, which combined so many elements of unrest, was thrown into abayance when Ruth got home; for looking up, with her hand on the gate, she saw her father sitting at the chamber-window waiting for her. It was the first time he had crossed the floor since his illness. The thought that he had made the dangerous attempt alone struck her with dismay.

"Oh, father, how could you?" was her first anxious question, as she entered the room. "Have I been gone so long that you got impatient?"

"No, no! I felt better, and took a longing to look on the garden. I never was so many days without seeing it before," said the old man. "I think it has done me good, child."

"I hope so. I hope so, father?"

"See how well I walk. Never fear, lass. old father will soon be about again."

The gardener got up from his chair, with some difficulty, and walked across the room, waving Ruth aside when she offered to support him.

"Nay, nay, let me try it alone," he said, with feeble triumph. "To-morrow I shall be getting down stairs. I only hope the young master is as strong."

"Oh, father, he is better; I saw him on the terrace, this morning."

"Ah, that is brave. But how did he look? Thin, like me?"

"No, not like you, father. He was always more slender, you know; but I think he was pale."

"Of course, of course. He has a hard bout. Not this, though, and I'm thankful for it."

Jessup put one hand to his wounded breast as he spoke, and Ruth observed, with anxiety, that he breathed with difficulty.

"You must not try to walk again, father," she said, arranging his pillows, and wiping the drops from his ferehead. "It exhausts you."

"Nothing of the kind, lass. I shall be all the stronger in an hour. Why, at the end of three days, I mean to walk over to The Rest, and have

- "Oh, how I wish you could !"
- "Could? I will. I thought he would have answered my letter by a word, if no more. But I have no doubt he is o'er weak for writing. Anyhow, we shall soon know."

Again Ruth breathed freely. The father was right. In a few days she would hear directly from her husband—perhaps see him. If he wished it, as she did, nothing could keep him away, now that he had once gone into the open air. Surely she was brave enough to bear her burden a little longer.

It was growing dark, now. Jessup had been sleeping most of the day; for, in his feeble state, crossing that room had wearied him as no jour ney could have done in health.

Ruth had been restless as a caged bird all day. Her load of apprehension had been lightened only that the keener trouble, deep down in her woman's heart, should come uppermost with new force. Those two persons among the roses on the terrace, haunted her like one of those pictures which the brain admires and the heart loathes. Was not this man her husband? Had he not sworn to love her, and her alone? What right, then, had Lady Rose by his side? How dared she look into those eyes whose love-light was all her own a few weeks ago? Alas! those weary, weary weeks! How they had dragged and torn at her life. How old she had grown since that circlet of gold had been hidden in her bosom.

Ruth was very sad that evening,—sad, and strangely haunted. It seemed to her that, more than ever, she was waiting for some great catastrophe. Black clouds seemed gathering all around her; difficulties that she had no strength to

fathom or combat seemed to people the clouds with ruin. Yet, all was vague and dreary. The poor child was worn out with loneliness and watching.

All at once she heard a footstep. Not the one she dreaded, but the slow, faltering walk of some one who hesitated, or paused, perhaps, for breath.

Up to her feet the girl sprang, leaned forward, and listened, holding down her heart with both trembling hands, and checking the breath on her parted lips.

The door opened softly.

"Ruth!"

She sprang forward, her arms outstretched, a glorious smile transfiguring her face.

"Oh, my beloved! My husband!"

She led him to the little couch on which so many bitter tears had told of his misery. He was worn out with walking, and fell upon it, smiling as she received his head from the cushions, and pillowed it on her bosom, folding in his weakness with her young arms.

"It may kill me, but I could not keep away.

Oh, my darling, how a have longed for a sight of you," said the young husband.

Ruth gathered him closer in her arms, and, forgetting everything but his presence, kissed the very words from his smiling lips.

"Ah, you have come. It is enough. It is enough!'

Something startled her; a faint noise near the door. She lifted her head, and there stood her father, looking wildly upon her—upon him.

Before she could move or speak, the old man swayed, uttered one faint moan, and fell at her feet—dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN DREAMS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I DEEAM of tender voices, That I have never heard, As full of gladdest music As the song of any bird.

I dream of fair, strange faces, That I have never seen; They come to me at midnight, And o'er my slumbers lean.

And soft hands on my forehead Their tender touches lay, And cares that fill the daytime, Rise up and go away.

Oh voices, soft and tender! Oh, faces strange and fair! Come, in my waking moments, And drive away my care.

Come, lay upon my forehead, Your spell, oh tender hands, Like a breath of coolest breezes Blown from enchanted lands.

Come out, come out of dreamland, Oh, dreamed-of, yet unknown; Come out into the real, And make your presence known.

Oh, come, for I have called you;
Oh, come! I wait for you!
Pray God you hear and answer,
And that my dreams come true!

"PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH."

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

chair, with spectacles on nose, darning a stocking. Aunt Hannah was sixty, an old maid, and rather eccentric. She had a way of speaking her mind, which every one did not fancy, and sometimes made enemies for her.

"How do?" she said, looking up, as a shadow darkened her door-way, and her neighbor, Mrs. Simmons, entered. "All well, I hope?"

"Yes, we're all well, Aunt Hannah. No, I won't take a sest," as Aunt Hannah rose and offered a chair. "I've but a minute to stay. The fact is, I came on business. Are you getting up a club, for 'Peterson's Magazine,' for next year?"

"Well," said Aunt Hannah, deliberately finishing a rather difficult bit of darning, and then as deliberately stopping to contemplate her visitor, "I can't say I ever got up a club for 'Peterson;' they mostly gets themselves up. People come and tell me they want to subscribe, and I send on the money. I've been doin' it nigh about for twenty years. But seems to me, Mrs. Simmons," and she regarded her guest severely, as if the latter had been a culprit in the dock, "You didn't come around, last year."

"No," was the answer, a little abashed, "and that's what I wish to speak about. I've missed 'Peterson' dreadfully. I used, when tired after a day's work, to sit down and read a story in · Peterson; and you don't know how it brightened me up----''

"Du tell!"

Aunt Hannah said this rather sarcastically.

"And many is the new dish I've cooked for my husband from its famous receipts."

"Du tell!"

' Yes! And I made the children's clothes, for years, by it; and always found something pretty in the 'Work-Table,' for Christmas presents; and had all my embroideries copied from it."

"Du tell!"

Aunt Hannah's "du tell" was making Mrs. Simmons nervous; but she went on, bravely; for she had come "to make a clean breast of it," as she phrased it.

"Last year, when I took 'Peterson,' there was always a jubilee in the house, when my husband brought the book home from the post-office. My little daughter, Nellie (she that's crippled, you son' has such a large circulation, and has had

Aunt Hannah sat, in her well-worn split-wood | know) would ask to see the pictures; her elder sister would stand behind my chair to take a peep at the fashions; and all would be crazy to go on with the continued stories, or to read the others."

"Du tell!"

Aunt Hannah, as she said this, reflectively regarded her guest, as if this was news.

"Well, the long and the short of it is," cried Mrs. Simmons, quite cowed by this time, "I've made up my mind never to do without 'Peterson' again, and I want to join your club."

"Just so," said Aunt Hannah, removing her spectacles, a sign that the culprit was nearly forgiven, if not quite, and might expect hereafter to have some little Christian sympathy accorded to her. "That's talking sense. Repentance is allers a good thing, 'specially when it's followed by reformation. And now may I ask," here there was a partial return, in look and tone, to her former severity, "what you did take?"

"Well!-I subscribed for the 'Lady's Own Bombast;' it promised so much, you know," she hastened to add, as Aunt Hannah gave a sniff of contempt.

"And you found it kept its promises, as 'Peterson' does, for instance?" Quite sarcastically.

"Now, Aunt Hannah, don't be making fun of me. I know I made a goose of myself; my husband tells me so, whenever we speak about it."

"Yes, and a very big goose," retorted Aunt Hannah, emphatically.

"But others got served worse than I did," said Mrs. Simmons, apologetically. "There was Mrs. Pettigrew. She took the 'Everlasting Boaster:' and she never received but half the numbers: for the 'Everlasting' stopped after the first six months.''

"A fool and her money are soon parted," sententiously put in Aunt Hannah. "Anybody might have foretold what would come of the 'Everlasting.' It promised to give ever so many dollars worth of things for one, or two, or three, er four dollars, (I forget which,) and a child in arms would have known that it wouldn't, for no one gives more than they can afford. Somebody had got to be cheated, that was sure, and it wasn't the publisher, mind you."

"That's what husband said," was Mrs. Simmons' meek reply. "And he adds, that 'Peter-

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it for so many years, that he can afford to give more for the money than any body else."

"I never had a husband, but yours seems to be sensible, at least for a man, and I haven't lived more'n sixty years for nothing," replied Aunt Hannah. "I allers stick by a good thing when I get it. Now I recollect a dozen magazines that have sprung up and died, 'mushrooms,' I call 'em, since I first knew 'Peterson.' see, as a young gal, I was allers fond of literary people and literature. And I was peculiarly favored, I may say. I once saw Washington Irving at the theatre. I was on board the same steamboat with Fenimore Cooper, on the Hudson, and sat only half-a-dozen seats off from him at the dinner-table. Fanny Forrester was pinted out to me, in Philadelphy, riding in a carriage, with some grand editor's wife. I took all the new magazines. There was the 'Ladies' Luminary,' and there was," beginning to check them off on her fingers, "the 'Milliner's Own Manty-Maker," and there was the 'Woman's Wail,' (that was a sort of free-love, turn-the-world-upside-down affair, that I stopped after the first number,) and there was the 'Feminine Factotum,' and ever so many more, all with high-sounding names, as you see, but none of 'em good for anything. They mostly blew up, after a year or two, and allers in the summer, when they owed you for six months."

Aunt Hannah stopped for a moment, and then said, in a less belligerent tone, indeed, quite softly,

"They was like a young man I once knew, my dear. He was a handsome young man, was Jabez Poffer; but as lazy a do-nothing as ever lived."

Here Aunt Hannah put on her spectacles again, and regarded her guest for a moment, steadily, as if revolving the problem whether the latter could be trusted with the love-story which her poor old heart was longing to tell. The inspection seemed satisfactory, for she went on.

"If it hadn't been for that, I'd have married him, I suppose, like any other fool of a gal." This snappishly. "But I used to say to him, when he came a courtin' me of Sunday nights, 'Jabez,' I would say, 'you can't support yourself; how are you ever to support a wife?' At last he comes, one day, and says, 'I'm goin' into business: now, you'll marry me, Hannah, won't you?' 'Goin' into business,' I cried: 'Where did you get the money to go into business from?" 'Oh!' says he, 'I don't want any money to go } into business. I intend to buy on credit. If I thing I can't afford to do without. Giving it make, I make. If I lose, why somebody else,' } up, is being, to my thinking, PENNY WISE AND and then he laughed, 'will have to pay the piper.' } Pound Foolish."

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"I looked at him pretty sharp, I tell you; and I says, says I, 'Jabez Potter, I allers knew you were a good-for-nothing, but I never before knew you were a rascal.' And so we parted.

"He opened his store," said Aunt Hannah, after a pause, "and had big posters stuck up everywhere, and put advertisements into the newspapers in capital letters, just as the 'mushroom magazines' do, promising everything; nobody, he said would have such cheap flour, or teas, or coffees; and as for sugars, he was a most ready to give 'exh away, with molasses candy, free gratis for nothing, to every customer, for the children, and mint-stick to the bachelors for their little nieces and nephews. Well, to cut a long story short, he cheated in weights, and sold chicory for coffee, and adulterated everything. But it wouldn't do. Honesty's the best policy, after all. as Jabes found at last. He couldn't pay his debts, and had to run away between two days. He went to Texas, and the last I heard of kim," and here Aunt Hannah heaved a sigh. "he had been killed and scalped by the Injuns. Scalped! Think of it. It was a pity, wasn't it? For, with all his faults, Jabez was a handsome man."

The old lady drew the back of her hand across her eye as if to wipe away a tear. Even after the lapse of almost half a century, it stirred her withered heart thus to rekindle the memory, thus to re-light the ashes, of a dead, an almost forgotten, love.

But, after a moment's silence, she resumed.

"It's the same with these 'mushroom magazines;' they've nothing to lose: whatever happens, them that starts 'em are no worse off."

"But some people say they can't afford to take a magazine. Mrs. Bellows, for instance-"

"Mrs. Bellows," interrupted Aunt Hannah. "Say it's her husband. Oh! I know them, I know them," she said, savagely, "they spend all they can spare on cigars, and then tell their poor wives to do without 'Peterson.' But it's just like the men. It was a man that told on Evethe cowardly sneak."

"I declare I must be going," said Mrs. Simmons, rising, for she knew that, if once Aunt Hannah got fairly started on her favorite theme, which was the short-comings of man from Adam downwards, her tongue would not cease its clack till sundown. "I want to join your club, remember. You'll not forget."

"No: I'll not forget. I've been taking 'Peterson' for five-and-twenty years, and it's the one

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS,

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-dress made } of two materials—a plain and a striped one are re-



quired. The skirt is trimmed with alternate crossbands of the two materials, sewn on the upper edge only. The Polonaise is made of the plain material, edged with a band of the striped. Over this is worn a sleeveless jacket, slashed in the back and on the sides, which is made of the striped material. Large pearl buttons. Six yards of striped, and ten yards of plain material, will be required. Any of those satin striped poplins or begé material will look well for this costumeof course, of the same color as the solid part of the dress.

for a little boy from four to five years, made of gown, as may be seen. 212

a light gray Irish poplin or merino, and trimmed with black velvet, velveteen, or poplin. It is made to button over on the left side, and ornamented with buttons and cord. The right side the button-holes are only simulated with the cord. The front piece, and the band around the bottom, as also the cuff, are finished with a large cord, covered with white merino or serge.

Next, we give a pattern for a gentleman's dressing-gown. It is reversible cloth, one side gray and the other black-and-white check. It is made with revers at the neck and wrists, and down the front, and is confined at the waist with a worsted cord and tassel. The pockets are also



made of the check side of the cloth. Just under We give, in the front of the number, a dress the collar, in front, there are loops to fasten the

We give, in the front of the number, a walkingcostume of brown reps or poplin, trimmed either with silk of a shade darker, or a darker shade of the same material of which the dress is made. The under-skirt just touches, and is only three and a half yards in width. It is trimmed with two bands of the darker shade, four inches in width, cut on the bias, and corded on both edges with a There is a short tunic, thick covered cord. trimmed with one band, the same width, looped quite high at the sides, forming an apron front. The jacket is cut with a rather deep postillion in the back, which fits tightly to the vest, forming thus a simple basque. The loose fronts are cut separately, and join in the seams upon the shoulder and under the arms. The vest and trimming are of the darker shade; also the cuffs and collar. This is new, and exceedingly stylish.

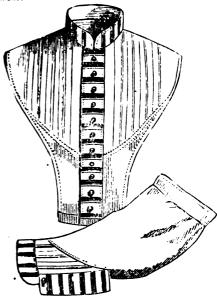
Something new, in the way of a water-proof cloak, is next on our list. It is made of navy-



blue cloaking, and trimmed on the edge of the cloak proper, and the cape, with a narrow worsted braid, sewed on flat. The cape is a circular one, with a large double box-plait in the

back, fitting it at the waist. The hood is the old-fashioned milk-maid hood, with the cord passed through eyelets to place the fullness. This same cord is finished with tassels, and tied at the back. Four to four and a half yards of cloaking, costing from one dollar fifty to two dollars fifty cents per yard, a long piece of alpaca braid, two dozen buttons, worsted cord and tassel, and half a yard of black silk, to line the hood, are required.

We add a pretty chemisette and under-sleeve of striped percale, now so fashionable for morning wear.

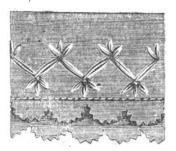


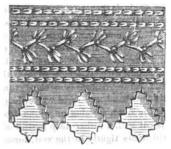
In the front of the number, we give a pretty costume for either the house or street. The combination is charming, and suggests an economical as well as effective way of disposing of two halfworn dresses. In our design, the skirt of the dress is of a light tan-colored cashmere, while the apron-front and basque is of black silk. There is a band of the colored cashmere ornamenting the bottom of the apron, to which is added a black silk fringe, four inches deep. In front, the basque has a vest of the colored cashmere, and the front of the basque, as well as the postillion at the back, is trimmed with a band of the cashmere, two inches deep. The tight coatsleeves have a double frill of the cashmere forming the cuff, separated by a band of black silk. The plaiting around the neck is also of the cashmere. Any of the light shades of gray or blue, would look equally well for this costume.

We also give, in the front of the number, a small circular coat, with hool made of light-gray cloth, and trimmed with worsted ball fringe, suitable for the early autumn weather.

EMBROIDERED BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





with purse silk. The edges of the material are appearance.

These borders are intended to ornament chil- pinked. There is, in addition to the embroidery, dren's jackets, frocks, etc. They are worked a narrow braid laid on, which adds greatly to its

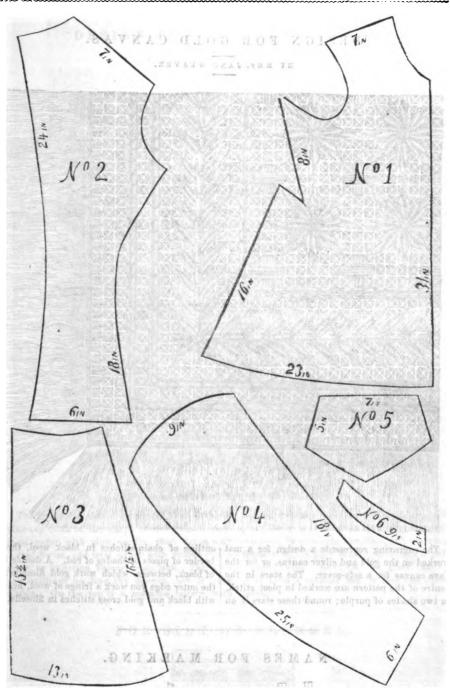
CASAQUE OF CLOTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This casaque is for morning promenade wear, (wraps over on to the under-basque, and has the and should be made of the same material as the costume worn with it, or of ladies' cloth. The pattern consists of six pieces, representing one half the casaque-front, half of the back, underbasque, pocket, collar, and sleeve. The fronts are buttoned from neck downward, and the waist, and trimmed. The front, under the arm, diagram.

effect of being buttoned there. The longest part of the under-basque is the centre of the back; it must be sewn to a waistband, and tacked inside, under the upper-basque. The upright collar is narrowed toward the front. The ornament upon the sleeve matches the pocket, and is basques, on the contrary, are left open to the to be cut out and made up from the same



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 3. HALF OF UNDER-BASQUE.

No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.

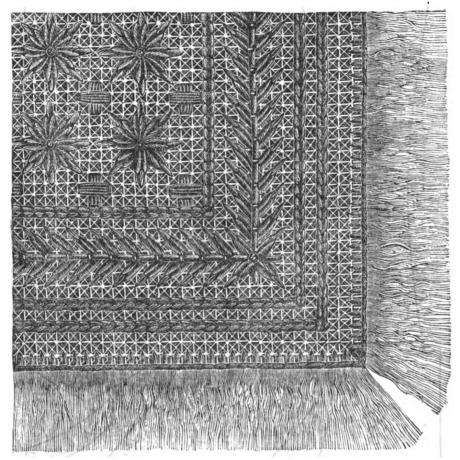
No. 6. HALF OF COLLAR.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 5. HALF OF POCKET.

DESIGN FOR GOLD CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



worked on the gold and silver canvas, or for the border of picots of shades of red. A double line Java canvas for a sofa-cover. The stars in the of black, between which work gold filoselle; on centre of the pattern are worked in picot stitch, the outer edge you work a fringe of wool, headed in two shades of purple; round these stars is an with black and gold cross stitches in filoselle.

The engraving represents a design for a mat; outline of chain-stitches in black wool, then a

NAMES FOR MARKING.

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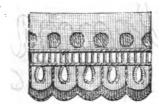
DRESSING-TABLE. DESIGN FOR



The frame for this dressing-table is simply a { candle brackets attached. Any plain lookingpine-top table of the shape seen in the design. glass, however, can easily be made to answer the First cover with pink muslin, then drape with dotted Swiss, and trim either with ruffles of the same, or imitation Valenciennes lace. The bows and quillings heading the flounce, are of pink it in such a manner that it may rest upon the ribbon. On the top is a movable mirror, with { table.

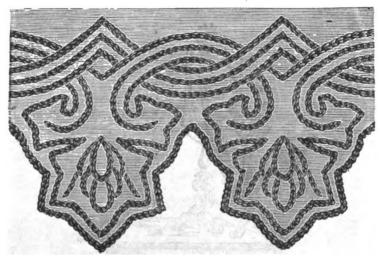
purpose, by removing the glass, and covering the frame with the pink muslin, over which puff the dotted Swiss. Readjust the glass, and hang

FOR OR FLANNEL.



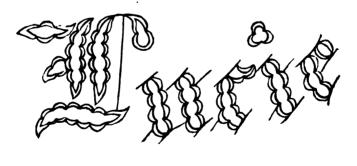
DESIGN IN CHAIN STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



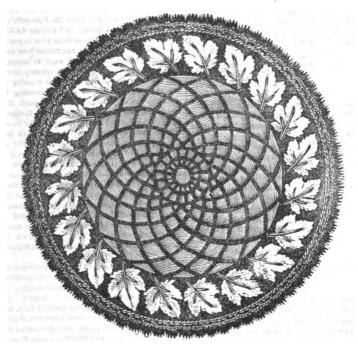
Braid will serve as well for the design, if it so many breaks, a stiletto must be used, and the is preferred. To those who are unaccustomed to braid passed through the holes made by the braid, we would suggest that in a pattern with stiletto and fastened securely on the wrong side.

NAMES FOR MARKING.





CROCHETED MAT, FOR VASES,



This mat looks well in almost any size. The { original given in our illustration, measures five inches in diameter, exclusive of the border. Close into a circle a chain of twelve stitches of black wool, and work round it as follows: 1st Round: Four chain, of which the first three form one long treble, fifteen times alternately one long treble, one chain, then one slip stitch in the three chain which formed the long treble. 2nd Round: Five chain, of which the first three form one long treble, fifteen times alternately two chain, one long treble, then one slip stitch in the three chain that formed one long treble. 3rd Round: Alternately one double in the two nearest chain stitches, four chain, then one slip stitch in the first double. 4th Round: Two slip stitches, one double, alternately five chain, one double in the next chain scallop, five chain, one slip stitch in the first double. 5th Round: Two slip stitches, one double, alternately, six chain, one double in the first chain scallop; then six chain, one slip stitch in the first } double. 6th to the 9th Rounds: Same as the } fifth round, except that the number of chain to the whole mat, as shown in the illustration.

stitches is increased by one in each row, and the number of slip stitches at the beginning is regulated accordingly. 10th Round: Four slip stitches, one double, alternately eight chain, one double in the next chain scallop; then eight chain, one slip stitch in the first double. The following six rows are worked in double crochet over a The tenth round is crocheted in with the first of the six rounds, one double in each double, and ten double in each scallop, each succeeding row being increased by a sufficient number of stitches to preserve the circular form. In the last of these six rows the lower part of the stitches is worked in black wool, and the upper part in scarlet filoselle; then one round with scarlet filoselle as follows: Alternately four chain, miss two, one double. This thick border is then finished by an applique wreath of white leaves cut out of cloth or velvet, and fastened to the wool with scarlet silk. The open-work centre is then lined with searlet satin, placed on black cloth, the cloth being large enough to form a vandyke border

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EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

POSTAGE TO BE PRE-PAID!—Congress having passed a law, at its recent session, making postage on newspapers and magazines, after the first of January, 1875, payable is advanced the office of mailing, we shall have, in future, to ask our club subscribers to remit the postage to us, instead of paying it at the office where they receive their magazine. In order to simplify matters, we have added the postage to our club prices, as will be seen by the new Prospectus on the cover. The new postage is ten cents a year on "Peterson." In no case have we added more than this to the old price, and in cases where it made the sum to be remitted a round one, we have made it even less. The consequence is, that "Peterson" will be cheaper than corr hereafter.

For under the old law the postage was twelve cents, if pre-paid, and twenty-four cents, if not pre-paid. But many postmasters misunderstood the law, and charged twenty-four cents in all cases; and when back numbers were ordered, they charged at that rate almost invariably. The new law greatly simplifies matters. It is notices no additional expense to the subscriber, but only changes the place at which the postage is to be paid. In fact, so fur from increasing the cost of "Peterson" it really reduces the price. For example, we have been sending four and one extra (five in all) for \$6.50: the postage on the five was sixty cents: the cost to the subscribers, in all, being \$7.10. We offer to send the same club, in future, with the same premium, for \$6.80, postage paid. The same comparative reduction is true of the other clubs.

These will be our terms not only for 1875, but from this time out. For subscribers from July last, for one year, will run into 1875, and as part of their term will have to be prepail here, it will prevent confusion if we begin pre-paying for them at once. But this does not apply to subscribers now on our books. All such will continue to pay, as heretofore, at the office where they receive their magazines, until the end of the present year.

We have, as will be seen, increased the number of our clubs, so as to have them of all sizes, from two up to twelve, and with varying premiums to suit all tastes.

ENGLISH EMBLOIDERY continues to be, as it has been all summer, the popular trimming for all washing costumes. Very pretty are the Polonaises of eeru batiste that are covered with those open wheels and compasses that compose the design. These Polonaises are hoped up at the sides with sashes of light-colored ribbons, while bows to match are added down the centre. Blue and pink are the favorite celors for the sashes and bows.

Frather Trimmings are becoming exceedingly popular again. They are made to match dresses of almost every color, and occasionally are varied with bands of cock's feathers and bands of peacock feathers. The small colibripelerines, made of either coffee-color or gray vicugna, bordered with ostrich feathers, and with a gros grain ribboa bow at the back, are very snitable and tasteful.

THE NEW SHOES for carriage and promenade wear are very funciful. They are embroidered with white silk, and the front almost entirely covers the upper part of the foot. These are simply tied with a ribbon bow. The more open patterns are ornsmented with a velvet bow, upon which there is either a cut steel or a Louis XV. marcusite buckle.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS, in Paris, is being carried, this year, to an even higher pitch than under the Empire. It quite rivals the luxury of Louis the Fifteenth's reign. What is termed "under-clothing" or "toilette de dessous," especially, increases in costliness from year to year; the puzzle now appears, not how little, but rather how much to spend, for fertile imaginations are at work to invent methods of getting rid of money. Ladies who are only considered moderate spenders, now never dream of wearing anything but silk stockings for day as well as evening toilet. These stockings are very fine, and always match the dress with which they are worn; or, what is more fashionable still. the foot is one color and the leg another. For example, the feet will be black, and the upper part straw or flesh color, the upper part terminating in vandykes. For negligé wear striped silk stockings are considered in good taste. Openwork black silk ones are worn with black toilets; plain stripes with ornamental clocks, combinations of plain and open stripes; in fact, there is now no limitation to fancy in the manufacture of stockings. We record these extravagances, as facts to be known, but not as examples to be imitated. The truth is that Paris is the capital of the world, so far as luxury and display go. All the richest people, from every country in Europe and America, flock there, and try to out-vie each other. Hence this extravagance.

ABOUT WEDDING-PRESENTS .- A correspondent asks our opinion as to the good taste and advisability of weddingpresents. We pronounce, unhesitatingly, against them, unless from intimate friends of the family. It has come to be understood, that, if a gentleman, or lady, is invited to a wedding, he, or she, must send some sort of gift to the bride : and the result is that people are often asked merely for the sake of the present, and that the guests frequently have to give when they really cannot afford it. The sooner such a custom is abolished the better. To persons of the right sort of feeling, a gift is no gift, which is not dictated by affection nlone. When presents are compulsory, when they are offered because it cannot be helped, they had better not be given at all. Good taste, to say nothing of higher motives, tells us to do away with the prevailing fashion, which can be characterized as nothing else than a selfish, snobbish custom of taxing unwilling acquaintances.

WITHOUT A PREE.—The Knightsville (Ind.) Enterprise says.—"We have been acquainted with 'Peterson's Magazine for years, and can safely say, that, as a Ladies Magazine, it has no peer in the United States, giving more and better information, and at a less price, than any other published. No lady, who wishes to be up with the styles and fashions, should be without it." In the same strain speak hundreds.

Now is the Time to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about subscribing for "Peterson" for 1875. Whatever else is taken, "Peterson," ought to be taken first. Old friends and patrons, let each of you, for next year, make a point of getting one additional subscriber!

A Great Deal of Trouble will be saved to subscribers by the new system of pre-paid postage. We expect to nearly double our mail list in consequence.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, in this number, is one of rare beauty. Where do you find, either here or abroad, steel engravings, in any magazines, that even approach ours?"



REDUCTION TO CLUBS.—At first sight our new club prices may seem slightly in advance on the old ones. But as they include the postage, they are really chaper than before. Take the club of twelve for eighteen dollars, with one extra, or thirteen in all! Formerly we sent twelve for seventeen dollars, or thirteen in all; but when the subscribers had paid the postage, even if only twelve cents a year each, the thirteen copies cast \$18.56; whereas now they cost only \$18.00. So of the other clubs. "Peterson" is cheeper thus ever.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—You cannot begin, too soon, to get up your clubs for 1375. We have, every year, letters that say. "If I had begun earlier, I could have sent you twice as many subscribers; but, when I went around, I was told, constantly, 'We are so sorry, but we have promised to another magazine, and we find, now, that we have made a mistake.' Next year I will begin earlier."

ALL New Subscriptions, from this date, whether from July, 1874 to July, 1875, or from January, 1875 to December, 1875, must be at the new club rates. But on all such subscriptions, remember, see prepay the postage. Subscribers now on our books, and who remitted at the old prices, will continue to pay the postage till the end of the present year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lord of Himself. By Francis H. Underwood. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard This is a novel of American life, and is full of local color. The scene is laid in Kentucky, thirty years since, and the descriptions of life there, at that time, are accurate and graphic. Hence the book has an interest apart from its story. Events tread fast in this nineteenth century. Life in Kentucky is as different, alroady, from what it was a generation ago, as is the England of George the Second from the England of Victoria. Manners and customs have changed, or are fast changing. Such characters as Aunt Phillis, Cato, and Milly, are rapidly disappearing, and with them also the Squire Hamiltons, and the Wyndhams, and the Fleemisters. A hundred years honce historians will go back to novels like this, in order to describe the social aspects of this century in the United States. As a mere story, also, the book has merit, though the lovescenes, often so good, are the worst part of it. Occasionally there is slovenly writing, too; and here and there we find exaggerations; but on the whole, the novel is one that is well worth reading.

The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montague. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a very remarkable book. The reputed author was the son of Lady Wortley Montague, and even more eccentric than his celebrated mother. He knew everybody that was worth knowing, in his time; and a good many who were not; and he gives his impressions of them, very unreservedly, in his autobiography. Kings, princes, poets, politicians, literary men, beauties, dukes, gipsies, chimney-sweeps, all come in for a share of his notice. As a picture of English life, in its various aspects, a hundred and fifty years ago, it is very curious. The work is edited by Dr. Sheiton Mackenzie, so well known for his notes on the "Noctes Ambrosiansa," and one of the most accomplished and erudite of the critics.

Waldried. By Berthold Aserbach. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: H. Holt & Co.—This last novel, by the great German novelist, is hardly a novel at all, critically speaking. It is rather an eloquent vindication, with a stender thread of story running through it, of the principle of German unity. To judge of its deficiencies, as a work of art, it is only necessary to compare it with one of the Erckmann-Chatrian series, "The Blockade," or "Waterloo," or "The Conscript," which are also political, as is well known, in their character. But it is full of tender, noble thoughts, and even of poetry.

The Legend of Jubal, and Other Poems. Ry George Eliot. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.-In some respects it is not desirable to have too great a reputation. George Eliot is an instance in point. Her fame as a novelist is so high that it interferes with her due recognition as a poet. The critics are hardly willing to admit that she excels in two separate walks of literature. If she had not written "The Mill on the Floes," these poems, and others that have preceded them, would have been received with the highest praise. We do not mean to say that George Eliot has all the qualities of a great poet. In her poetry, as in her late novels, she is notably deficient in the emotional element, and though this is no doubt intentional, it is still, we think, a defect. Philosophy in verse, so far forth, is not poetry, much as we may like it. It is only rhymed philosophy after all. Still, with this, and other shortcomings, George Eliot is a poet, a real poet, and not a mere compiler of metres, as some critics have said.

So Fair Yet False. By Engene Chavette. Translated from the original French by O. Viberr. 1 rot., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—It is the merit even of second-rate French novelists to be consummate artists. Their personages are always made to act in character, and the incidents to evolve themselves naturally, yet the plot is so well conceived, so adroitly carried out, and, nevertheless, so full of exciting scenes, that the interest of the reader never flags. The same class of writers, in America, who write for the cheap nowspapers, violate truth in every chapter, and astound a critical reader with their impossible plots. The present fiction is a fair specimen, in workmanship, if we may so speak, of the French novel.

Sunshine and Shadow. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 vol. 8vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This novel is now republished for the first time in the United States. It comes so late that we have not yet had time to read it. But, according to Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, "it will remind the reader of the clever movels of society by Miss Jane Austin and Miss Ferrier." This is very high praise.

The Soldier's Orphans. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The readers of this magazine, who can go back some eight years, will remember this as one of the best stories ever written by Mrs. Stephens. It was republished soon after it appeared in our pages, and had a new career of popularity, which it still continues to enjoy. This is the fifth edition.

The Forgiving Kim. By Moritz Loth. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This is a novel of cetemporary American society, written, not by a professional author, but by one who has lived and acted in the scenes he describes. We can cordially recommend it to the reading community.

The Orphan's Trials. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This new novel is by an American writer, who has a very wide circle of admirers, for he keeps the interest alive, whatever his subject. The present fiction is one of Mr. Bennett's best.

Lulu's Noval. From the German of Elies Polico. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—This is one of a series, "Loring's Select Novels," that has been very popular. It is printed in clear and legible type, a very important fact to people who care for their eyes.

Second-Cousia Sarah. By F. W. Robinson. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very readable novel, quite as good as "Carry's Confession," by the same author, a story, which, if we remember correctly, was very popular. The story is illustrated.

King's Cope. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—A pleasantly told story, forming another of that very popular series, "Loring's Select Novels."



OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEREY, M. D.

No. VIII.—CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS.—GENERAL REMARKS.

As the chief design of these articles is the maternal management of children, and not their medical treatment, except in a limited degree, the writer will not be expected to give such a detailed course of treatment as will enable the mother to treat with safety the various affections of her children, when of much moment, without the aid or coursel of a physician. Mere practical kints, therefore, in reference to infant therapeutics, will be given in subsequent numbers (as has been done in the past) while formulas or receipts for mixtures and ointments will, in general, be deemed out of place.

Mothers should be impressed with this general truth, that all cruptions, even from the earliest period of infantile existence, not excepting thrush, aphthous sores, chafings, etc.,

are caused by acid or acrid secretions, or imprudent nursing in the earlier months, and unsuitable diet subsequently, together with the wast of cleanliness.

In all simple outaneous diseases, the mother should resort at once to cleanliness, by means of pure Castile soap and water, and not intrust this important matter to other hands; and she may then administer to an infant a pisch of Husband's magnesia, occasionally, to correct acidity or acridity of the secretions; in older children, rheubarb and magnesia may be resorted to for like purposes, or, if an alterative be needed, a pinch of hydrargyrum cum creta may be given, night and morning, for a few days, and the disease will generally disappear without local means.

But this one truth should always be observed by the mother, viz., never to apply strong ointments, or drying washes and powders, to any skin disease without administering laxative or alterative medicine at the same line.

The late Professor J. K. Mitchell, very emphatically impressed the importance of observing this rule upon his medical classes, thirty years ago, as he had seen much mischief resulting from the employment of moreurial and other ointments to the scalp, to dry up pustular eruptions therefrom. These ungents not unfrequantly repel the cuticular irritation to the serous membranes within, causing inflammation of the meninges of the brain, convulsions, and death, if the cutaneous affection is situated on the hairy scalp; or, if located on the chest, the irritation may be driven in upon the lungs, and all the symptoms of bronchitis, pleurisy, or pneumonia, be manifested.

All cutaneous diseases will be rendered necessarily more intracticable if the child be fed on stimulating meats, gravies, food highly seasoned with black pepper, salt fish, or mackerel, ham, especially when cooked to a crisp; and, in addition, if free access be had to rich cakes, pastry, nuts of all kinds, in season and out of season, and candies—many of which are colored or striped with poisonous drugs.

If care, prudence, and good common sense be not exercised in all these things, what can be expected in the future, or coming generations, but crying babies, cross, sickly children, and, finally, a nation of dyspeptics and invalide.

In other words, hygienic and dietetic means should be more depended upon in all diseases of infancy and childhood, than mere drug treatment. And were proper care, prudence, and common sense withal exercised in reference to the rearing of children, a large amount of sickness would be banished from every household.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BUTTERMILE. -- An eminent French chemist, M. Robbing. in a memoir recently presented to the French Academy, announces his belief that the period of human existence may be greatly prolonged, and enters into an argument to show that his belief is based upon sound reasoning. His argument is, that the mineral matter which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion, is in our system to incrust and stiffen the different parts of the body, tending to render imperfect many of the vital processes. He compares human beings to furnaces which are always kindled, and says :-- Life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a detritus which is fatal to life. To remove this, he would administer lactic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or destroying the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages, and valves of the heart. As buttermilk abounds in this acid, and is, mercover, an agreeable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged, will free the system from these causes of death between the seventyfifth and the hundredth year.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

** Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS

A Nice White Soup.—Break up a shin of veal; let it soak in cold water about two hours; then put it to boil in four quarts of water, with an onion, a little mace, pepper, and salt; let it simmer about five hours. Strain it through a sieve, and set away to cool until the next day. Take off all the fat, wiping it with a cloth; put it to boil. When quite hot, if not well seasoned, add whatever may be required; mix two spoonfuls of ground rice with water; stir it until it boils, then add a pint of sweet milk, and give it one boil.

Pea Soup.—Take one pint and a half of green peas; boil them in salt and water with a little mint; when thoroughly cooked, pound them and puss them through a hair-siove: put a piece of butter into a stew-pan, when melted, put in an onion and carrot, cut in thin slices; fry until they bogin to color; leave it to boil for a quarter of an hour; stir in the peas, let it come to the boil; strain it, and serve with amall crusts of bread.

Scotch Barley Broth.—Take the boilings of a joint of mutton, take a teacupful of pearl barley, a whole onion, carrots and turnips, cut into dice; sait and pepper to taste; simmer slowly for three hours, then add plenty of chopped parsley. The scrag end of a neck of mutton may be used for broth, and the mest served in it. sheep's head makes capital broth.

FISH.

Lobster Rissoles.—Boil the lobster, take out the meat, mince it fine; pound the coral smooth, and grate, for one lobster, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs. Beason with Cayenne pepper, a little nutmeg, and salt. Make a batter of milk, flour, and well-beaten eggs—two table-spoonfuls of milk, and one of flour to each egg. Beat this batter well, and mux the lobster with it gradually till it is stiff enough to roll into balls the size of a large plum. Fry in fresh butter, or the best salad oil, and serve up either warm or cold.

Potted Trout.—Cut off the heads, slit open and clean the fish, and sprinkle pepper and sait, adding a little butter inside, and place them in a baking dish, with a little butter on the top; sift a small quantity of flour over them, and bake slowly for about twenty minutes. When cold, lay them in small potting pots, and cover them, unless intended for immediate use, with clarified butter. A little Harvey's sauce, or essence of anchovy, added before putting in the oven, is considered by some persons an improvement.

Codfish.—Take three pounds of cod, pick in pieces, remove all bones and skin; take an onion in siices, fry with twe tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil, and one ounce of butter; add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little ground cinnamon, mace, and pepper; put in the fish, and stew half an hour. The same can be done with salted cod, after soaking for some hours, in which case do not salt.

VEGETABLES.

String Beons.—When young, the ends and stalks only should be removed, and as they are done, throw them into cold water; then put them into boiling water with a small quantity of common salt; in a quarter of an hour they will be done. The sauce-pan should be kept uncovered, there should not be too much water, and they should be kept boiling rapidly. When they are at their full growth the ends and strings should be taken off, and the bean divided longthways and across, or according to the present fashion, slit diagonally or salant. A small piece of best soda, a little larger than a good-sized pea, but never salaratus, if put into the boiling water with the beans, or with vegetables, will preserve that beautiful green which it is so desirable for them to possess when placed upon the table.

Tomate Omelet.—Select one quart of fine, ripe tomatoes' pour over them boiling water, to remove the skin; then chop them finely, put them in a sauce-pan without any water; chep two onions very finely, cover closely, and let them simmer slowly an hour, then add a little salt and Cayenne, a large spoonful of bread-crumbs, and cover tightly; beat up five eggs to a stiff froth; have ready a heated pan, and a small plece of butter, just to grease it, stir the eggs into the hot buttered pan, brown it on one side, fold it over, and serve on a bot dish the moment it is done. It is very nice with beef steak.

Bakel Egg-Plant.—Select a good sized plant, free from defects, cut off the top carefully, as it must be replaced, then scoop out with a large spoon all the pulp, mix with it a large spoonful of bread-crumbs, a little salt, some finely-rubbed thyme and summer savory, a little Cayenne, and a spoonful of butter; mix these well together, return it to the hollowed plant, then tie on the top which was cut off, lay it in a stewpan with some thin slices of fat corned pork laid in the bottom, cover tightly, and let it cook slowly for one hour, take off the string, and send to table hot and whole.

CARRE

Bararian Rusis.—Four ounces of butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one spoonful of good brewer's yeast, one pennyworth of the patent, or two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and two pounds of flour. If yeast is used, it must be mixed with the sugar, and a little warm milk poured into the centre of the flour in a deep pudding basin, and left to rise for about an hour; when the sponge is sufficiently light, this with it and the rest of the flour the remaining milk, the eggs, and a little salt, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon; then put into a buttered tin, set it to rise for another hour; then bake in a moderate oven, and when cold, cut the cake into thin slices, and dry them in a quick oven, having previously thickly sprinkled them with pounded sugar.

Rice Cup-Cake.—Take two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of butter, one cupful and a half of rice-flour, half a cupful of wheat flour, ten eggs, a teaspoonful of nutmeg, half a pound of currants, half a gill of rose-water. Beat the butter and sugar very light; whisk the eggs till they are very thick, and stir in; add the nutmeg and the flour gradually, then the rose-water. Beat the whole very hard for ten minutes; stir in the fruit, which must be floured to prevent it from sinking to the bottom of the cake. Butter a pan, line it with thick paper, well buttered, and bake it in a moderate oven; or you may bake the butter in small pans.

Cream Mufins.—One quart of rich milk, or, if you can get it, half cream and half milk, a quart of flour, six eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one of lard, softened together. Boat whites and yolks, separately, very light, then add flour and shortening, and a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in the flour the last thing, lightly as possible, and have the batter free from lumps. Half fill well-buttered muffin rings, and bake immediately in a hot oven, or the muffins will not be good. Send to table the moment they are done.

Rice Cales.—One pound of ground rice, one pound of white sugar, sifted, sixteen eggs, half the whites, the rind of two or three lemons, grated, the ingredients to be added by degrees, the eggs first. To be baked in rather w quick oven.

DESSERTS.

Apples and Topicca.—Peel four or six good-sized apples, take out the core, and fill up the cavity with sugar and powdered cinnamon, putting a small bit of butter on the top of each. Place them in a baking-dish, and strew round them about a cupful of tapicca, raw, mixed with sugar and some grated lemon-rind; fill the dish with water, and put in a gentle oven until both apples and tapicca are done.



Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, cut them in slices, half an inch thick; remove the core, put them into a flat dish, with some pounded sugar, and half a glass of brandy. This should be done at least one hour before dinner-time. Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, with a pinch of salt, and a few drops of salad-oil. Moisten with tepid water, stir it very lightly together, as the paste must not become stringy, but should drop off the spoon. When ready, whisk the whites of two eggs into a stiff froth; stir it gently, dry the apples in a cloth, pass each one separately into the batter, drop them into hot fat, and fry a golden color. Shake a little sugar over them, and serve on a napkin.

Apple Souffle.—Boil some apples with very little water, plenty of lump sugar, and a few cloves, or a little cinnamon, until you get a well-reduced marmalade, which you pass through a hair sleve. Mix a very little potato flour with a gill of milk; stir it over the fire until it thickens; add the yolks of four eggs, and as much apple marmalade as will make a mixture of the proper consistency; work it well, so as to get it of a uniform smoothness, then add the whites of six eggs, whisked to a stiff froth; mix them in quickly with the rest; pour into a plain mould, and put into the oven at once. It will take twenty minutes to cook.

POTETTVIC

Peach Preserve.—To every pound of fruit, weighed before being stoned, allow a quarter of a pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar; let the fruit be gathered in dry weather, weigh it, and remove the stones as carefully as possible; put the peaches in a jar, sprinkle the sugar amongst them; pour brandy over them; cover the jar down closely, place it in a sauce-pan of boiling water over the fire, and bring the brandy to a simmering point, but do not allow it to boil. Take the fruit out carefully, put it into small jars, pour over it the brandy, and when cold, exclude the air by covering the jars with tissue paper, brushed over on both sides with the white of an egg.

Rhibarb Preserve.—Take one pound of rhubarb, put an equal weight of sugar, and to every six pounds of rhubarb add two ounces of sweet almonds, each cut into about three pieces, and the juice and rind of a lemon. The almonds should be added when the fruit is half done. Boil till soft.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Omelets.—In mixing omelets, two general rules should never be forgotten. One is, not to use more than eight eggs for any one omelet. Some cookery books fix the limit at twelve, but that is too many, especially if the operator be new at her work. Two omelets of six eggs each are far preferable, for many reasons, to one of twelve. The other rule is, not to beat up the eggs too much; the object of beating them is simply to mix the whites and the yolks together, and this should be done only just before the mixture is put into the frying-pun. From this simple dish spring many varieties. Minced bacon, ham, sardines, salmon, enions, etc., beaten up with the eggs in due quantity, will give as many different kinds of omelets. Then, also, the omelet may be served over many kinds of thick sauces or purees, such as tomato, sorrel, spinach, endive, lettuce, celery, etc.

Egg-Flip.—Take the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten up with some loaf sugar, powdered, and a grated nutmeg. Extract the juice from the rind of a lemon, by rubbing loaf sugar on it; put the sugar, a piece of cinnamon, and a bottle of wine, into a clean sauce-pan; when the wine boils, take it off the fire, pour one glass of cold wine into it; put it into a spouted jug, and pour it gradually over the eggs, keeping them stirred all the time; sweeten to taste, and then pour the mixture from one vessel to another until a fine froth is obtained. White wine is best, and it must not be poured upon the eggs boiling.

Russian Salad,-Take about eight medium-sized potatoes nicely boiled and floury; peel, and while hot, with a silver fork, break them into little pieces about the size of small nuts. Boil hard about five or six eggs, chop the whites and yolks separately; take about half a tumbler of best Lucca, oil, a little vinegar, pepper, salt, capers; a couple of chopped anchovies, if for a fish salad, or the liver of a fowl bruised in the sauce, if for fowl, is a great improvement, if the latter, chop the meat into small pieces; or if fish, shred it into little bits. Take half the eggs and mix with the sauce, place it in the dish you intend serving it in; smooth the surface, cover it lightly with the remainder of the chopped eggs, and garnish with pickles and beet-root, cut into shape, with a tiny bunch of flowers in the centre. The great advantages of this dish is that you may put with your potatoes any scraps of meat or fish you happen to have cold, and it makes a very pretty summer dish. You must regulate the quantity of oil by the meat put in the saisd, as some meats and fish are much more dry than others. The object in breaking the potatoes while hot with a silver fork is that they are much more light than if cut with a steel instrument.

Sauce for Hashed Mutton or Beef.—Break thbones and thee fragments left of the joint from which the hash has been made; pour on one point of boiling water, six pepper corns, six or seven alispice, a head of celery, cut up, a few sprigs of parsley and basil, and some salt; let this simmer, tightly covered, for three-quarters of an hour; slice one onion, and fry it a nice brown, then stir into it as much flour as will make a stiff paste; pour into it slowly the gravy made from the bones and scraps; let it simmer fifteen minutes and add one tablespoonful of walnut or mushroom catchup; strain this through a sieve, and into this gravy put your minced meat; let it stand in a warm place only until thoroughly heated; toast a couple of slices of bread, and lay them on the hash.

White Sauce.—Take a good-sized piece of butter, put on the fire in a perfectly clean, small sauce-pan, (a brass one is best;) when thoroughly mixed with the butter, add gently new milk, or cream, if wanted rich, stirring all the while till of the proper thickness. Flavor with salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and small piece of lemon-poel; boil up together. Just before serving, add lemon-juice to taste, and stir in the yolk of one egg off the fire. Great care is required in stirring in the flour and milk over the fire to prevent lumping.

Gravy for Roast Meals.—Save all the nice bits of roast in a jar for the purpose—then you are never at a loss for gravies; take some of these pieces and cut them very small, and put them into a sauce-pan; pour over them one pint of boiling water; let it simmer very slowly, tightly covered, for an hour; strain through a sleve, and add this to melted or drawn butter. Send to table in a sauce-boat. A careful cook will always save all the meat gravies left, and have a vessel for keeping them.

Buttered Eygs.—Take four fresh eggs, beat them well; put two ounces of butter into another basin; place the basin in boiling water, and stir the butter until it melts. Have ready a lined sauce-pan; pour the eggs and butter into it, and as the mixture begins to warm, pour it backward and forward from the sauce-pan to the basin, that the two ingredients may be thoroughly incorporated. Keep stirring the mixture one way until it is hot, but not boiling, and serve on hot buttered teast.

Gravy for Chops.—Take out your chops when cooked; keep a large spoonful of fat in which they were cooked in a pan; dredge in as much flour as will make a paste; rub this well together over the fire until a light brown, then pour in as much boiling water as will reduce it to the thickness of cream, and add a tablespoonful of mushroom catching, and a little salt; let this simmer five minutes, and pour it through a sieve over the steak.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig.—Walking-Dries of Gray Mohair.—The front is made with deep kilt plaits, the back trimmed with four plain ruffles. The plain over-skirt and cape are trimmed with blue velvet ribbon, and ornamented with large blue velvet buttons, and a blue bow and ends. Blue velvet hat, with gray plumes.

Fig. 11.—Walking-Dress of Cinnamon-Brown Cashmere.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two perpendicular bands of darker velvet, two cross-bands meeting them and fastened with buttons of the lighter shade. Tunic trimmed with a band of velvet, and looped at the back. Plain basque of the cashmere, oponing over a vest of the velvet, and having a collar and cuffs of velvet. Brown velvet hat, with white plume.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress of Green Poplin.—The skirt is quite plain; a deep puff is put on separately at the back. The basque is much deeper in front than at the back, is trimmed with dark-green velvet, and opens on the chest, over a white habit-skirt. Leather belt and pink neck-tye. Gray straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and pink, and black plumes.

Fig. 1v.—Riding-Habit of Gray Habit-Cloth.—The skirt is narrow at the top, and rather short. The body has a small basque at the back, and is ornamented with a shoulder-knot with gray cords and ends. Gray felt hat, turned-up with green velvet, and trimmed with a green wing, and gray veil.

Fig. v.—Carriage-Dress.—Under-skirt of dark-blue velvet, quite plain. Over-dress of light fawn-colored slik poplin. It is made quite deep in front, a good deal puffed at the back, and trimmed with a blue velvet. A band passes down each side from under the basque, and ties, with wide ends, under the puff at the back. Plain basque, trimmed with blue velvet. Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with feathers of the color of the over-dress.

Fig. vi.—Morning Costume of Buff-Colored Camel's-Hair, described in the "Every-Day" department, which see. Fig. vii.—House or Street Costume, described in the "Every-Day" department, which see.

GENERAL REMARKS .- Although this is autumn, no decidedly new styles have yet appeared; in fact, but little change is made till later in the season. During September and early October, summer dresses generally continue to be worn, with the addition of darker trimmings and warmer wraps. The change in fashion is so gradual, and such latitude is allowed to individual taste, that it will soon be most difficult to say that anything is the fashion. But we think that plain under-skirts are gradually creeping into favor. These skirts are made with trains, some quite long, others just defined. Of conree, this fashion will be most inconvenient for walking. Yet we have seen a costume just from the hands of the renowned Worth, of Paris, where the under-skirt was very much trimmed, the upper-skirt rather short, and arranged at the back in the most complicated, indescribable style. But all skirts, whether long or short, are tied tightly back, a most troublesome arrangement, and producing a most ungraceful walk.

The new "VIOLIR" back, is also another fashion not to be desired. We think "Violin" is the name given to a bodice with a long waist, the back of which is in the form of a violin, and its rounded basque is also cut like that instrument. The effect is produced by the centre of the back being of a different color, or material, from the sides.

Black velvet is very popular as a trimming as well as jet. Black slik dresses are made with basque bodice, long apron, and skirt trimmed with Marguerite plaitings. These plaitings are cut straight across the slik, hemmed on the lower edge by hand, and turned-in at the top. The deep apron reaches almost to the toe; it is rounded upward to the tournure, where it meets and fastens with long, wide

loops and sash-ends. This apron is edged either with jet fringe or with jetted lace, and is often composed of alternate stripes of guipure insertion, or jet galoon with silk.

There is no difficulty in suiting individual figures with out-door wraps this season, for the variety is astonishing. There is much fanciful taste and originality displayed in the latest productions. For example, a jacket of fine, light-gray cloth is made very short, and has a small hood bordered with gray silk, the high collar, the revers, and pockets also are gray silk, and bows of silk everywhere. That on the hood is so long that it descends considerably below the jacket. This jacket is fastened in front with cords attached to some novel and very elegant buttons—chased steel, representing an open-work fless de lis.

IN HAIR-DRESSING, the latest novelty, originated by Philippe, the fashionable hair-dresser of Paris, is called the "Count d' Artois" coiffure. The great point of novelty consists in the double plait of hair which hangs down the back, and is tied with a large bow of ribbon. It is the head-dress of the élégantes in Louis XVI. reign, now arranged to suit more modern tastes. The bow of ribbon is generally black, and has a blue steel buckle in the centre. Phillippe sometimes fastens large Marguerites of blue steel to the side of the head-dresses. A long, thick curl is occasionally added to the tress. These blue steel buckles are not only used for hair ornaments, but they are lavishly employed as well as blue steel boals for decorating summer dresses.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress for a Girl Four Years Old.—A frock of white cashmere, trimmed with blue silk braid, square in the neck, and square besques below the waist. Long slooves. Straw hat, with white feathers.

Fig. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.— Light-brown begé, trimmed with dark-brown silk. The skirt has five gathered flounces, with the tunic open in front, and bordered with a band of silk. Marie Antoinette fichu of brown silk, edged with shaded brown feathers.

Fig. 111.— Dress for a Girl Eight Years Old.—Pink and white striped cambric. The plain skirt is made of the border stripe, and the Polonaise of the narrower stripe, and trimmed with plain pink cambric. Mother-of-pearl buttons down the front.

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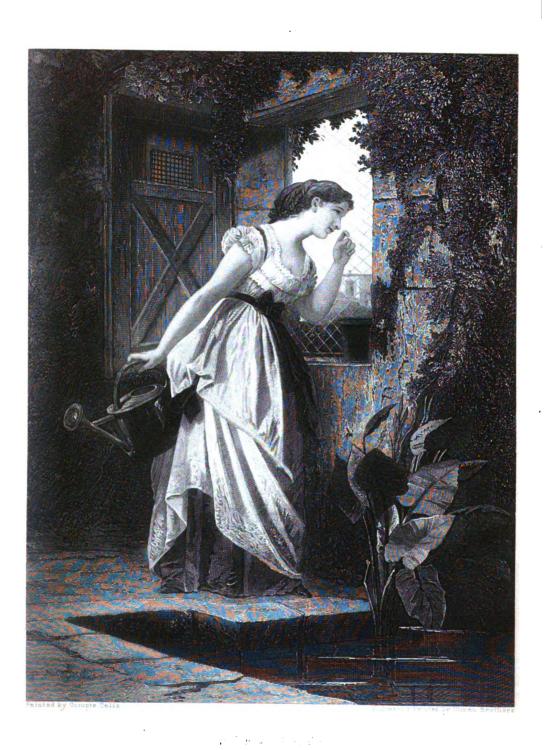
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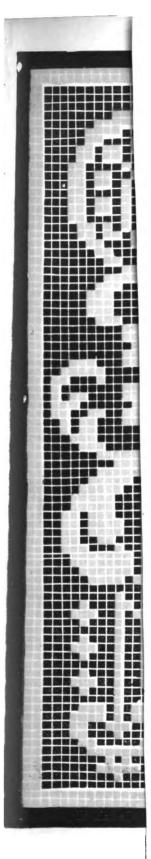




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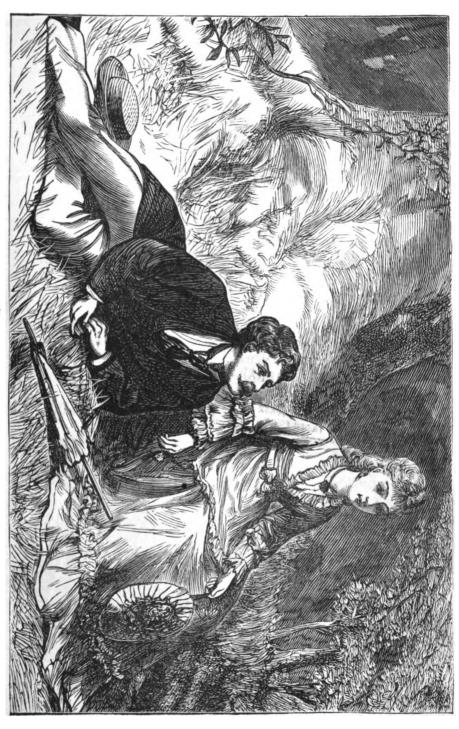




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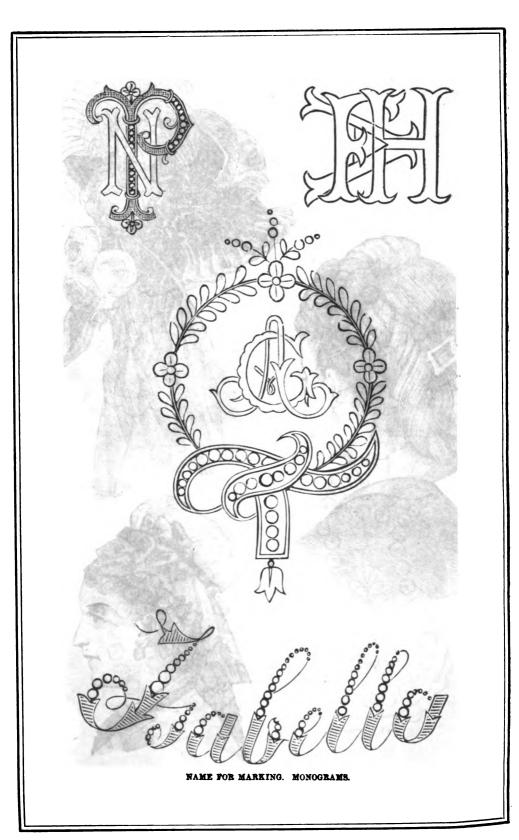


BOY'S DRESS FOR FALL. BACK OF LADY'S BASQUE.

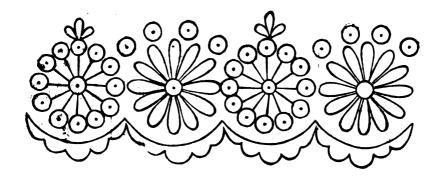


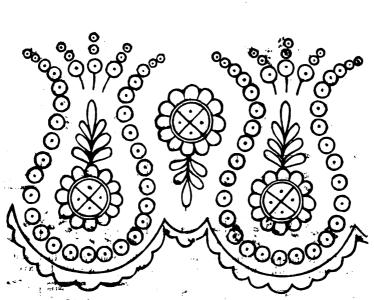
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PATTERNS IN ENGLISH EMBROIDERY. EDGING.

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TAPPING AT THE GARDEN GATE.

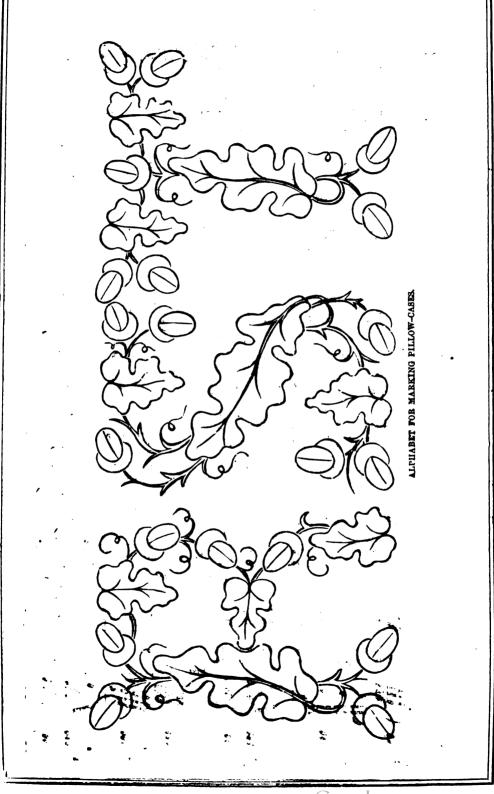
Words by J. LOKER.

Music by S. W. NEW.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXVI.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 4.

MORE THAN HER MATCH.

BY FLORENCE VIRGINIA R. BROWNE.

Long shafts of moonlight were shooting down, through what seemed an almost impenetrable wood, and quivering on the green mosses. A faint wind dallied with the foliage. Wild flowers flee ked the ground.

Here, in this sylvan retreat, sat Miss Le Barron, and she was considerably out of humor, for every now and then she drove the point of her parasol into the unoffending mosses. She looked, and was, downright disgusted with everything and everybody. The belle of three seasons, during which she had escaped heart-whole, she was now nonplussed: and all because of a three weeks sojourn at a country villa. To be sure, moonlight, sifting through vines over a rustic porch, has something more intoxicating than the glare of gas-jets; a wandering, scented wind, just off from meadows, has rather a finer appeal than air vitiated by cut-flowers and Lubins; drives over grass-grown roads, that are hedged with wild vines, and o'erhung with branches, are just a trifle different, in effect, from city parks in landau or coupé; and that animal, man, who, in town, is done up in dress-coat and kids, is, in the country, where one would suppose zoological specimens would thrive better, something more human, in white duck, and straw hat, and a knot of violets in his button-hole. At any rate Madge had found it so.

Madge had never been off her guard before. Hitherto she had summered at fashionable watering places. But this year she had come to a quieter place, and had met Lyndhurst Barrington. She did not yet know, however, she was in thraldom. She only knew she was cross and lonesome, and so she sat punching the little woodblossoms, and pouting. She thought Barrington exceedingly companionable, and that the other four gentlemen stopping at the villa, were little better than wooden men. As for downright, earnest love, why, her intentions, for three years, had been never to venture her heart at sea, but

only to glide about the shore, flirting, safe to disembark any time. Yet she was now thinking of Lyndhurst Barrington, in a way many would have termed love. But she would not admit this to herself. He was a delightful summer friend—that was all, she said. She liked summer, and flowers, and birds. and hazy atmospheres, and a quiet flirtation; but when these went, the coming season brought new enjoyments, and fresh flirtations; and Barrington could go with them. Were there not others, pray, who could read Tennyson, and sing tenor? But now, just this moment, it was rather lonesome. If he only would come!

He had gone to town, the morning previous, promising to return at evening. She had walked with him through this wood-path, on his way to the station. He had lingered a moment at the stile beyond, to tell her how beautiful she looked, how the fresh, morning air had brightened the color on her cheeks.

"Come this evening, as far as here to meet me," he had said, "won't you? The path will be a horrid labyrinth without you."

"You will surely return?" she had answered. "If you don't, I shall find every tree a hobgoblin, when I go back alone."

"Come? I shall think of nothing else. I shall do nothing, all day, but pull out my watch, to see if it is time for the train."

Then he had caught her hand in a quick way, thought a moment, bounded over the stile, and hastened down the path, turning often to look back at the pretty picture she made, listlessly leaning on the bars, with a tinge of regret on her face. At a turn where she would soon be hid from sight, he had dared to waive her a kiss.

Madge was now waiting, according to appointment, and she had taken care to concoct a most ravishing toilet.

But all her little preparations were wasted. Mr. Lyndhurst Barrington did not come. Still she

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waited. It seemed so unreasonable, so cruel, to disappoint her. Perhaps he was only trying to tease her, had got out unseen, and would surprise her directly by his appearance.

A doleful sough of wind, coming from the dark recesses of the wood, a sudden shutting down of night, made Miss Le Barron feel something like fear; and she started nervously to return. As it grew darker her dread became terror; she fancied strange noises were about; her feet scarcely touched the ground: she skimmed on, fluttering at heart, like some low-flying bird belated from its nest.

What wonder that she vowed, that night, as she brushed out her hair, never to forgive Mr. Barrington? What wonder that a harmless little bunch of violets, which he had gathered for her the day previous, and which she had treasured in a solitaire vase on her dressing-case, she now found faded, disagreeable and odorless, and that she tossed them pettishly out into the darkness from her window.

"I detest him and his violets," she cried.
"He may stop in town, till Doomsday, for aught
I care."

Miss Le Barron did not sleep well, and rose in the morning with a little, dull weight on her feelings. "Perhaps," she thought, "he will not come, even to-day." As she dressed for breakfast, he was constantly in her mind.

"Perhaps he did it on purpose," she said.

"Perhaps he didn't. but lost the train. But he had no business to lose the train," she added, crossly. "Perhaps he was ill; perhaps some woman had aeked him to remain. Well, if so, I don't care," she said. "He shall see I am happy enough, and not even piqued, when he comes."

Still, as the day wore on, Madge found the ladies of the company provoking, and the gentlemen more uninteresting than ever. Mechanically, toward evening, she donned the same toilet, as on the night previous, and took a circuitous route through the garden, that none might be cognizant of her movements. Emerging out of sight, she struck straight for the wood-path; and here we find her again listening for the roar of the train, notwithstanding all her angry vows of the night before.

Beautiful, cross, unreasonable girl! "I will not go to the bars," she was saying to herself, "and that will be a disappointment to him." She was somewhat unsettled, however, for fear she might be in just such another predicament as on the preceding evening, and have to return through the gloomy wood alone. She had seven-eighths of a mind to go straight back, even yet. But she remained, after all, so perverse is woman.

At last, with a sudden screech, the engine came steaming along. Miss Le Barron began to trace figures on the ground with her parasol, and put on a most unexpectant air, her features sinking into a repose and uneoneern benign enough to befit a saint.

She saw Lyndhurst Barrington descend from the cars, and came striding on joyously till he came in sight of the stile; for, though hidden herself, she could observe a'l his movements.

He came on, eagerly, looking to the right and left for her; and almost stumbled over Miss Le Barron.

"Oh, Madge!" he cried, as he threw himself at her feet, "you did forgive me, and have come to meet me."

"Forgive you, Mr. Barrington?" Nothing could be more icy cold. "Pray, what has been your fault?" She looked, as she spoke, straight before her, but with an air of surprise, which was exceedingly well counterfeited.

He looked up eagerly into her face, as he answered,

"Why, I was button-holed to death in town yesterday. It seemed as if a compiracy had been entered into, and that every fellow I knew, had left his summer haunt to go up to town to detain me. I transacted but half my business, and put off Jack Longley with only a nod, on my way to the depot. I suppose he'll never speak to me again. After all, I was one minute too late. I saw the confounded train sweeping out of the depot just as I reached it. I was in despair, thinking you would come to meet me."

"I did walk down. last evening, but I can hardly say, sir. that I came to meet you. I did not expect you. I thought, if business or illness kept you, you might be gone a week. I never thought of you, as hobnobbing with your male friends and sauntering to the depot."

"Madge!" and a serious look came into his face. "Let us drop bickerings, and begin where we left off yesterdy."

"Very well," she replied. "I believe the point at which you left off was whistling, and I was doing nothing in particular; so if you will strike off a stave of anything, I will demurely, but admiringly, walk by your side."

"Madge," he exclaimed excitedly, "I did no such thing. Do men gaze at statuary or painting, and whistle? Faith, my last remembrance is of a prettier picture than an art-room ever held. I saw a beautiful woman, looking regret at my leave—a woman I want for my wife."

Here was a poser! Proposed to! It came like a sweet surprise, nevertheless. But it was ocntrary to Miss Le Barron's tactics. Were weeks of delightful flirting to be cut off, in a moment, in this fashion? How could he have believed her in earnest? It was ridiculous. She had meant to play the injured mistress for several days, and make him abject in his efforts to reinstate himself with her. She did not want a climax reached with this man. Her heart had told her it would leave her a regret she had never known before. To avoid this now, she would begin with badinage.

"Really Mr. Barrington," she said, "you must be hungry, or over-tired, to make such a statement. A spread table, steaming viands, comfort, and a wife, must have shot through your brain. I can assure you a delightful supper awaits you, and a piazza smoking-party."

"Miss Le Barron," he began, frowning, without apparent notice of her words, and rising to his feet, "three weeks ago I did not know you; but in that time all my life now seems to have been crowded. I never stopped to question your actions. I felt you loved me. It seemed as if there were no need of asking for vows—they would denote a commencement of love. I wanted it to be as if we had loved forever."

"Very well," she interrupted. "let it be so: no vows, no asking, no commencement. You see I agree with you perfectly."

"No, I will not have it so," he cried, trying to take her hand.

"Your perseverance to-day," she answered, "is exceeded by nothing but your neglect of yesterday. I agree to all your moods, and then you change them. I cannot follow you through any more intricacies, or ingenious changes."

Here she slipped her hand into his arm, in the old familiar way, as if that would end the controversy. He gently disengaged her hand.

"As you please," she laughed, shrugging her shoulders. "I can pick my way through this bog without help."

"I hope I am not wanting in gentle behavior, but before I, or you, stir a step further," he said, stepping in front of her. and barring the way, "I want a simple answer to a simple question—plain 'yes' or 'no.' Do you love me, Madge?"

"If I cannot say 'yes,' perhaps I cannot say 'no.' I think friendship does not justify an abrupt 'no.' I——"

"I don't want equivocation," he broke in.
"If you loved me. eyes, lips, voice. acts, all
would blend into 'yes.' It must be 'yes or
'no.' I say."

Madge had never met any man so masterful. But she answered, nevertheless. "Then, 'no,' since you force me to be unladylike."

"I do not ask you to be unladylike; I do not

say you are. I asked you for your love. It was a straightforward question. I wanted a straightforward answer. My arm, Miss Le Barron."

And thus walking, assisting her over every triffing inequality of the ground, they went on to the villa.

Miss Le Barron was exceedingly gay that evening. Lyndhurst loved her! Of course, she was not going into any prosy engagement. She could not hedge herself in by marriage. But they could live the delightful life they had lived this last three weeks, always. He had nothing in particular to do. Why could he not come to the city, establish himself in bachelor quarters, visit her every day? She could, she thought, flirt just the same, when he was not by; and his attentions, therefore, be just so much gained. Her life was not to be altered an iota. She did not profess to love the man. He must not, however, scatter his attentions. He must concentrate all his admiration on her.

But toward the close of the evening, when Madge found he had not sought her once, a shadow of a thought passed through her mind that, perhaps he was not a poodle-dog, after all, to be led about in this way by a string.

She had sung, thinking to bring him to her side; but he had lounged away, smoking, a thing he had never done before, when she was at the piano. She had taken a garden stroll with a rival, Mr. Oakley, and Lyndhurst had carelessly drawn up his outstretched legs, as he sat lazily on the steps, to let them pass down, without other notice of their presence. He had, she decided fairly ill-treated her, a lady; and she would not tolerate rudeness. She would teach him what was due to her.

But days passed. A week wore on. She found no possible chance to visit her anger on him. He never joined her. He was always civil and well-bred, but that was all. She was downright perplexed.

She scarcely ever met him, even at table, much less of an evening. He went fishing by sunrise, rode on horseback half the day, and after supper asked the gentlemen up to his chamber; the ladies, sitting lonely in the parlor, heard, through the open windows, laughter ring out, and gay songs being sung. It was getting maddening.

One evening, Madge curved herself up on a sofa, and looked at the matter squarely. She must out-general him. But how? She had tried hauteur, and it had signally failed. Now she would try a dash of "giving in," even though it hurt her so to do. She would plant herself on the old footing.

Just then, Lyndhurst stepped into the room,

cautiously at first, as if fearing her presence. She { immediately rose to meet him. He did not start, but looked her over from head to foot, without a word. She gayly said.

"Don't you think your Highness is over-doing things a trifle?" Then she lost control of herself and showed her vexation. "Sing to me." she cried, "walk with me, talk to me, do anything to obliterate this doleful week."

"Well, Miss Le Barron," he answered, coolly, "Suppose we talk and walk. I'll say, under the stars, what I said under the oaks; and you shall give me a true answer."

She looked at him a moment, then fairly blazed. "I never saw such persistence. Thank Heaven I go home to-morrow, where gentlemen know what is due to a lady, and take 'no' for 'no,' without getting sullen. Good-night, Mr. Barrington; and good-by. If you ever consent to be less boorishly persistent, I shall be pleased to see you in New York."

He watched her out of the room, and then sat down to the piano.

Miss Le Barron's first impulse was to seek out the party on the lawn; but, somehow, every face on earth, but one, seemed tame. Then she resolved to go into the library and read; but books were so wearying. "I would play," she said, pettishly, "if that pig-headed masculine was not monopolizing the piano."

Just at this point she burst into tears. Crying. usually, to Miss Le Barron, consisted of a couple of tears mopped up by a bit of lace. She had never before thrown herself down, in such limp shape, and got into such a thorough tempest of weeping, as now. She was an hour at it. Gradually she got calmer; she sat up, and began to consider what was next best to do.

She tried to think of going home as a pleasure soon at hand. Home! What had she there? Only an old aunt, who dozed in a lace-cap, with a cup of chocolate at her elbow half the time. The memory of the pleasant days, spent here, arm-and-arm, under the stars, let us leave them

would drive her wild, in that gloomy house. Then she acknowledged it would be terrible anywhere, without-without-

She jumped to her feet.

"He will drive me wild," she said, "banging, in that way, on the piano."

She passed into the hall, and looked into the drawing-room, where he sat placidly playing. "Poor fellow!" she thought, "how can I call it obstinacy; it looks like misery written all over his features. And isn't he superb looking? Why, New York has never approached him; and he will be mine, if I say it,"

Suddenly-can you comprehend it?-she walked straight into the parlor, and stole up behind him, put her arms about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his.

Not a word was said for some moments. But his fingers fell from the keys, his arms dropped listlessly at his sides, his head sunk lower and lower on his breast, and Madge felt a mist gathering in her eyes, a mist of happy tears.

"Come out under the stars," she whispered, "I want to say 'yes' to you."

"I am answered, Madge," he said, drawing one of her hands over his shoulder, and talking with it against his lips. "Let us not mar this moment of surprise and joy, by a single word."

"Lyndhurst, you are provoking as ever. When I would not, I must; now, I will, I shall not. I shall have to practise humility, I see, and study my lord's moods. You've played the high hand long enough, and I insist on saying 'yes' in my own way. There, now, if you don't want to speak again, for an hour, I will rest my face right here and dream."

"I don't think you'll find me a tyrant," he said, kissing her. "But come out, Madge, and let's compare our mutual miseries, during the last week."

He led her through the low window, holding back the swaying vines for her to pass. There,

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

WHEN the gloom of night is deepest, When the vigil that thou keepest Fills thy soul with doubt and fearing, Then rejoice—the morn is nearing, Through the gloom the light's appearing-Lux in tenebris.

If the night be dark with sorrow, Joy still cometh with the morrow; From the heavens the clouds are clearing, All the shadows disappearing In the sunlight warm and cheering-Lux in tenebria.

What, though life hath many a sadness, There are wells of peace and gladness, Waters that will flow with healing When they're troubled most, revealing Angel-presence to our feeling-Lux in tenebria



MIMA GREY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a hot afternoon, in the latter part of June, just when the sun's fiercest rays were ripening the wheat, in the rich, rolling fields of Eastern Pennsylvania, that Mima Grey went out to water her flowers.

The flower-garden was in front of the house, and in one corner of this garden stood an old-fishioned spring-house, which Mima's taste, at little or no expense, had converted into a sort of conservatory for aquatic and other plants. The stream of pure and sparkling water, on which, in former times, had floated the creamy milk-pans, still flowed through the spring-house, but now served no more utilitarian purpose than to fill Mima's watering-pot, and nourish certain strange, huge-leaved exotics, which were the wonder of the neighborhood.

Never had Mima looked lovelier than on this particular afternoon. She wore a dress of the lightest summer material, a wonderful combination of delicate muslins which no masculine pen can describe, but which suggested fairy cobwebs, or woven moonlight, or something equally ethe-In consequence of the excessive heat. Mima's neck was bare, a rare occurrence with her; and her sleeves were short; hence the beautiful slope of her shoulders, and the rounded symmetry of her white arms were revealed in all their surpassing beauty. Her golden hair was brushed back in wavy masses, from her low, broad forehead, and knotted behind her head. as on a Greek statue. Her lithe, graceful figure, which the fashion of the day draped, without deforming, suggested, in every movement, a virgin goddess, a Hebe, or a Diana.

The spring-house had a latticed window, which commanded a view of the gate, that opened on to the graveled walk leading up to the house; and as Mima was filling her watering-pot, she heard the latch of this gate click. She stepped to the window and peeped out. A young man, who had evidently just come over the field-path from the village, was passing through the gate. He was tall and handsome, and walked with the free air and springy step of a born master of his kind. Whether the rustle of Mima's garments reached him across the still air, or whether mere accident caused him to look in her direction, certain it is his eye caught hers, and he stopped for an instant, and, forgetting his good breeding.

It was a hot afternoon, in the latter part of stared in astonishment at the beautiful vision one, just when the sun's fiercest rays were ri-

Mima blushed over cheek, neck, and bosom, nay, to the very tips of her small, delicate ears. It was partly from annoyance at having been detected in looking out, and partly from indignation at what she characterized, to herself, as the young man's "want of manners." She sprang back from the window, dashed out of the back door of the spring-house, and taking a path that was concealed by a high hedge of althea bushes, ran to the house, and entering by the citchendoor, fled up stairs to her own room. There, from sheer mortification, she sat down on the side of her bed, and burst into tears.

Mima knew very well who the stranger was, though she had never seen him before; and the more she thought of what had happened, the more angry she became. This was not logical, but it was natural. At length Aunt Eunice's voice sounded in the entry below.

"Where on earth are you, Mima? That young engineer has come, and I'd put off baking till to-morrow, of all days in the year. Come right down stairs, and mix some biscuits; it's past five o'clock already."

Mima fairly stamped her feet with vexation. It was not enough to have been caught looking out of the window; "he'd think I was on the watch for him," she said, angrily; but she must go and mix biscuits for him! There was no disputing Aunt Eunice's orders, or even requests, however. No human being had ever been bold enough for that. So Mima obeyed the summons, but as slowly as she dared, and her mouth needed to be as pretty as it was, to retain any traces of beauty, under the pout that she jut on, and took with her, into that sanctum sanctorum, Aunt Eunice's fearfully clean and appallingly orderly kitchen.

But Aunt Eunice was too busy to notice. Though to do Mima justice, I must say that she was so little given to pouting, that, at a less absorbed moment, her old relative would have remarked it, and thought she must be ill at least. But this terrible young man had not been expected to arrive for several days yet, and nothing was ready, according to Aunt Eunice—as if anything was ever out of order in that house—and black Amanda had gone to a sunday-school

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celebration. So the old lady left Mima to mix } her biscuits, and flew off to the room the newcomer was to occupy, and spied into every nook and corner, though she found little to do, except to rearrange the white window-curtains, and give the bed a pat, for the place looked as if the goddess of order made it her favorite haunt.

Then she heard a noise below. It was long Jake from the tavern, with Mr. Foster's trunk, and a variety of odd-looking machines, which were all legs, and which made Aunt Eunice, looking out of the window, wonder nervously if they " would go off."

The luggage was safely deposited in the chamber, and Mr. Foster gratified the old lady by eager enconiums of his new quarters, and she departed to see if Mima's biscuits were in a sufficient state of readiness, to warrant her in putting the tea "to draw."

When everything was prepared, Mima expressed an intention of retiring to her chamber, there to remain; but as the old lady still had her head too full of the arrival, to listen or expostulate, Mima was seized with a new idea. She would present herself at the ten-table, and overwhelm the disagreeable monster by her indifference. In pursuance of this design, she washed her face, to hide any traces of tears, put on her best smile, and descended just as her aunt and the stranger were taking their places at the table.

Aunt Eunice, busy with the tea-pot, said, in an absent way, "This is Jemima, Mr. Foster."

The tall young man rose and bowed, and Mima felt as if her face was on fire. Aunt Eunice did not call her by that odious name once in two years. It was too bad she should have chosen this opportunity. Mima, advancing toward the table, looked a sharp dagger at the gentleman, and she thought he seemed amused. She tried to appear as dignified as if she had been seven feet high, but was painfully conscious that her cheeks kept hanging out flags of distress, which militated greatly against her success. It might have been a consolation, if she could have known how pretty she looked. Foster gazed at her furtively, and thought that never, in a picture or out of one, had he seen anything half so lovely; and as for that heightened color, which made her indignant with her own folly, the young man found a dozen poetical similes for it, before he tasted his tea, being a young man given to much reading of rhymes.

Aunt Eunice talked in her slow, grave fashion, and Foster did his part; and they both left Mima to herself. So the girl had time to forget her disagreeable sensations a little.

that happened on his journey, and sober Aunt Eunice laughed more heartily than anybody had heard her in years. Mima joined her, and received a sudden bright smile from Foster, which made her aware, more than ever, how handsome he was. Then Tobit, her gray cat, insisted on becoming friendly with him, and he received the old fellow's advances in the most gratifying fushion. Presently, Mima found herself not only listening to the conversation, but talking also. By-and-by, apropos to something she said, he quoted a verse from Shelley. Mima began to wish that he had not first come upon her, under such mortifying circumstances, because, really, if it were not her obvious duty to detest him, she should have been inclined to pronounce his society an acquisition.

She and Aunt Eunice lived very quiet lives in the old hill cottage, and there were not many young people in the village for whose companionship Mima greatly cared. Aunt Eunice was neither rich nor poor. Her farm brought in a comfortable living, and afforded something for small luxuries besides. Mima was always able to be well-dressed, to buy all the new books she wanted, and to have a little left for alms.

A proposed railway, which was having its devious route measured from one great centre of traffic to another, (it has long since transformed the pretty village into a bustling town) at that time engrossed the attention of the inhabitants. It was a matter of doubt, whether the road would pass through Mayberry, or leave the place just miles enough on one side to ruin the brilliant dreams which a few visionary people were already indulging in, at the expense of much ridicule from their sober-minded neighbors.

The surveying of this portion of the route was the business which brought James Foster and his assistants into the neighborhood. The vicinity of Mayberry would be the young man's headquarters for several months to come. He had a relative, who was an old friend of Aunt Eunice's, and had paid her yearly visits, ever since Mima could remember: and it was through the influence of this ancient Quaker dame, that Aunt Eunice had consented to receive him into her household.

At the end of a week, Mima had entirely forgotten she ever meant to hate the young engineer. Then there followed two months, which were the brightest Mima's young life had ever known. If her heart held a secret, she was perfeetly unconscious of it. So there did not come even an element of unrest into the pleasure of those days.

Aunt Eunice thought Foster a model young Finally, Foster told a very amusing incident, \ man, because he spent all his evenings at home,



and she was too simple-minded an old lady to indulge in a single one of the suspicions, or fancies, which could not have failed to suggest themselves to a more worldly or less-absorbed person.

When the distance to the scene of his labors became too great for Foster to accomplish it on foot, he hired a horse, and rode back and forth each night and morning. But even then, if Aunt Eunice had thought about the matter, she would have set his constancy down to the score of her wonderfub "short-cakes," for which she was famous through the whole country-side, and whose merits the young engineer was never weary of chanting. They had gone through the straucious blackberries were beginning to come in, before any cloud fell upon the brightness of those days.

Then Mrs. Lois Thornton, Foster's old Quaker relative, appeared somewhat unexpectedly at the cottage, to pay her annual visit. She was a nice old woman, but an inveterate medler, and a sad blunderer, even when she meant to be most kind.

It was only the second evening, after her arrival, that she sat knitting, and rocking, near the open door of the sitting-room. Aunt Eunice was off in the kitchen, holding a consultation with black Amanda, in regard to the advisibility of having corn-meal muffins for breakfast. Amanda was not in favor of the muffins, because their fabrication would involve her rising an hour earlier than usual, so she urged the claims of some species of breakfast cake, which she knew would not be intrusted to her skill.

Mima and James Foster were seated on the porch, busy with a French book, in the fading light. The young man had been giving her lessons, in that pleasant language, for some time past. Mrs. Lois could hear their voices, and even catch glimpses of the pair, each time the forward motion of her chair brought her into the doorway. She liked to look at them. She had no wish to disturb their peace; but she did disapprove of French; and she had already expressed her opinion, in regard to this lesson business.

"It is plain to me," she said, "that if the Lord had meant us to understand the talk of infidels, across the seas, he would never have brought about the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. I call it little less than a tempting of Providence, and so I tell thee, James."

James had not laughed at her, as many young men would have done. He coaxed and persuaded instead, and, in spite of her scruples, Mrs. Lois could not resist that.

So, to-night, the lessen was going on, inter- { crossly.

rupted often by talk, which was less serious than most teachers would have thought desirable. The porch looked toward the west. Below them spread the quiet landscape. Beyond, stretched the long line of purple hills, above which billowed the sunset clouds, in the fullness of their amber and crimson splendor.

It was as pretty a picture as one could have wished to see, Mima, in her light summer-dress, looking like one's idea of a wood nymph, and the handsome, sun-burned youth beside her, with an unmistakable air of refinement in his whole appearance, his great eyes lighted up with an eagerness, for which the conjugation of the verb aimer would scarcely account.

"Ai-je aimé—as-ter aimé—a-kil aimé? (For they were busy over the interrogative form.) It sounded like profane language to Mrs. Lois, as she rocked back and forth, her chair squeaking an irritating accompaniment to the words Mintamurmured, and to Foster's corrections, for, somehow, to-night, Mima made frequent mistakes, though she had thought herself perfect in the task. But saying the tenses, in her own room, as she now found, was a different matter from saying them under the soft glances of those handsome eyes.

Then the obnoxious syllables ceased to strike Mrs. Lois's ear. The pair were gazing out at the sunset, and quoting poetry, and being foolish and dreamy. Mrs. Lois would have disapproved of the poetry almost as much as of the French; but, fortunately, their voices were too low now for the conversation to reach her. She knitted and rocked, serenely regardless of the glory of the western sky. Presently, she dozed for a few instants, though her chair moved regularly back and forth, and her needles did not altogether cease to click. Then she roused herself. The twilight had come on. The pair on the porch were sitting quite still and silent. doze had left Mrs. Lois in a conversational mood. Perhaps she had been dreaming of the person, whose name soon found utterance from her lips.

"Has thee heard from Mary Hathaway, lately, James?" she called, in her aggravatingly mild

Foster came back from fairy-land with a start. Mima looked at him in surprise. He had changed color. There was a trouble and confusion in his face.

- "Did thee hear me, James? added Mrs. Lois.
- "I beg your pardon-"
- "That is not an answer, James. Did thee hear me, or did thee not?"
- "I don't think I did," he returned, almost



Mima glanced at him again, and knew that he had told a fib.

- "I asked if thee had heard from Mary Hathaway, lately." pursued Mrs. Lois, in a slower, more distinct tone, and with an additionally aggravating touch of mildness,
 - "Not for some weeks," replied Foster.
- "I would like to converse with thee a little about her, James," said Mrs. Lois, as she recovered a nearly-lost stitch.

He muttered something, caught Mima's glance on him, and tried to smile. But it was a great effort.

What she felt, or thought, the girl could not have told. Indeed, there was only a confused whirl in her brain, and a sudden pang at her heart—a sharp, physical pang.

Just then the garden-gate opened, and up the path walked a young man whom Foster had never seen before. Mrs. Lois looked out, and said,

"It is George Fenton, come to pay thee a visit, Mima. When did he get back?"

Mima had no time to answer, for the guest was now close to the porch. Mima rose. She felt dizzy and odd still. "Mary Hathaway! Mary Hathaway!" Somebody seemed repeating that name in her ear. She was looking down toward the approaching visitor, but all she saw was the expression of trouble which had darkened Foster's face, when Mrs. Lois spoke that name. In another instant she was giving George Fenton the warmest welcome he had ever received from her, in his whole life, and he returned it, with interest, while Foster glowered darkly at them both.

Then Mima introduced the two men, who behaved as men usual'y do on such occasions, that is, very ill, just bowing and staring at each other.

"George Fenton, how does thee do?" called Mrs. Lois. "When did thee come from the West, and what is the state of the crops in thy part of the country?"

Fenton stepped forward, shook her hand cordially enough, and answered her questions. Foster glanced at Mima. She was not noticing him. Her cheeks were scarlet. Her eyes had an expression in them he had never seen there before.

Fenton deserted Mrs. Lois, and got back to Mima. James Foster went into the house, and up to his chamber. Mrs. Lois followed him.

"I want to talk to thee about Mary Hathaway," said she, just as mild and aggravating as ever. "Thee never saw George Fenton before? He was a Mayberry boy, but he moved to Illinois. They tell me he has grown rich. He comes home every year. I think he is very fond of Mima."

Aunt Eunice's voice called from the foot of the tairs.

"Lois," it said, "don't you want to run over and see Mrs. Osborne? I haven't bad time to go since the baby got better."

"I will talk with thee of Mary Hathaway another time, James," said Mrs. Lois. "Yes, Eunice," in a louder voice, "I will come." Then to Foster, "Mary Osborne is not a godly woman. She is given up to the vanities of this world. But I trust I may find the little one's sickness has changed her. What alls thee, James? Thee has nearly upset the ink-bottle."

Foster felt afterward that it was a mercy he had not thrown it at her head. She ambled out of the room. He shut the door, and flung himself on his bed, and if Mrs. Lois could have known what his thoughts were, she might have considered them as profane as she did the French language.

Mima's laugh rang up from the porch. The decidedly nasal accents of Mr. George Fenton came, too. James Foster went down into the depths of despair, and cursed himself for an idiot. This pretty kitten of a Mima was a little coquette. She had been amusing herself at his expense. Now, this rich, but red-faced, offensive-voiced Fenton had appeared, Foster remembered having heard the villagers talk about him. How Mima had blushed. What a light there was in her eyes! Oh, it was all plain. He had been a fool—a fool!

After awhile he got up. He lighted the lamp, and set himself to work. I think he did more harm, in his figures and calculations that evening, than he could set right in a week. At last he heard the voices of the two old ladies. They had returned from their visit. Presently Mrs. Lois mounted the stairs, and knocked at his door. Once more he had to hear her.

"James, I want to talk with thee a little about Mary Hathaway," she began again, and this time he was forced to resign himself.

Poor Mima Ford! She spent the first sleepless night she could recollect in the course of her brief, happy life. Mima had discovered her own secret. She knew why these past weeks had been so golden, the days so full of interest, quiet as they seemed. She was overwhelmed with anger and shame at the confession of her own heart, though nothing could ease the bitter pain. But, in spite of her self-humiliation, as she recalled the events of her dream-season, she knew that though James Foster had spoken no word of love, his looks and manner had been full of such revealings. And now this name which Mrs. Lois had uttered, added to his embarrass

No, it had been more than that-suffering, anger, sharp and poignant, too, gave a new coloring to all his words and actions.

Mima jumped to her conclusions with the facility of her age, with the suspicion and jealous distrust, which in most natures, seems so easily roused against the very persons who are nearest the heart.

Mary Hathaway! Mima remembered seeing M. H. written in several of Foster's books. Certain letters he had always been in the habit of taking to the post-office himself, though his other correspondence was freely intrusted to one of the farm boys. Oh, a thousand trifling recollections came up. and swelled the tide of evidence. Mima knew that he had been indulging with her in what her novels called a flirtation! But he was bound, in some way, to this Mary Hathaway. Had not her name, spoken in Mima's presence, roused a flood of anger, perhaps remorse too, fear that other revelations on Mrs. Lois's part should make the whole tissue of deceit clear?

When she went down to breakfast, the next morning, prepared to be careless and indifferent, she found all her fine resolves wasted. Foster was not there. Black Amanda said he had ridden off very early. He had declared he could not even wait for coffee, and had taken some new milk and bread instead.

Aunt Eunice was shocked, beyond measure, that anybody should receive such treatment in her house, and wondered, exceedingly, at the young man's not having mentioned the necessity for setting out at that hour, so that she could have made preparations for his comfort, the night before. Mrs. Lois opined that it was just to spare such trouble that James had been silent; he was a good boy in many ways; not but what he had plenty of faults, which Mrs. Lois saw clearly; but he was always careful about causing trouble. She affected to be pro-Mima said nothing. foundly indifferent. She was much exercised about the fabrication of a new gown, on which she meant to set to work that very day, and she drew a grave and very long reproof upon her head from Mrs. Lois, as to the wickedness of being snared by the allurements of fashion, and all the other follies of this vain world, which must soon pass away-eo very soon! Mrs. Lois spoke as confidently as if she had received private information, that this passing away of the world was to take place without delay-say somewhere about four o'clock in the afternoon-one would have supposed from her manner that the general dissolution was quite as near as that.

Mima wished it might, wished it even while sneering inwardly, with a bitterness and disre- not return. It was a fresh and terrible blow to

spect of Mrs. Lois's mild patter of talk, such as she had never felt for an older person in her w'iole life. She took refuge in her room, and Aunt Eunice, with a certain womanly sympathy for her interest in the new gown, left her to her own devices. Minus cut, and basted, and sewed with great perseverance and care. Her eyes were dry and hot. She was beset by a strange feeling of haste, a breathless sensation, too, as if she had been running too fast up hill.

When she went down to dinner, Aunt Eunice and her guest were talking eagerly. Again, Mima caught that dreadful name. Mrs. Lois broke off short, and began to speak to Mima herself, thereby convincing the girl that some secret was being kept from her.

The two old ladies were invited out to a "teadrinking" that afternoon; and Mima saw them depart with pleasure, smiling anew, out of that freshly-roused bitterness in her soul, at Mrs. Lois's anxiety over the set of her drab-silk gown, in spite of the lecture she had that morning delivered about the folly and sir of heeding what the perishing body wore, or wherewith it was fed.

In the dusk of the evening, just as the matrons returned from their mild festivity, a man rode up to the house, bringing a note for Mrs. Lois. It was from James Foster, and she read it aloud.

Foster found that business called him toward the other end of the route. He should not get back for several days. He begged Mrs. Lois to pack a carpet-bag for him, and send it by the person who brought his letter, adding general compliments for "Mrs. Ford and her niece."

Mima stitched diligently at her new dress, worked about the house, thrust her novels and French books out of sight, and tried to be prosaic and useful. Three days passed, during which Aunt Eunice and Mrs. Lois were much occupied in visiting old friends, whom Aunt Eunice had seldom time to go and see, except during the season of partial leisure she gave herself on the occasion of Mrs. Lois's visits.

At last they both noticed that Mima looked ill, though she stoutly denied feeling so.

"Thee has sewed too much on thy frills and thy furbelows," Mrs. Lois said.

"She must have some tansy bitters!" decreed Aunt Eunice. Mima felt that she hated them both, and then was horrified at her own wickedness in feeling so But she accepted Mrs. Lois's reproof in silence, and took the bottle of tansy bitters to her room, though she did not, in her contrition, go to the length of swallowing a single dose of the nauseous mixture.

Two days more went by, and still Foster did

Mima's pride, to feel that she missed him. But a letter for you, Mrs. Lois, and two for you, Mr. she did. No self-contempt, no mental recital of \ Foster." his meanness and treachery, could prevent it.

That fifth evening, Mima went out to walk, after the early tea. She had meant to make a call in the village, but had not done so. She stopped at the post-office though, and got some newspapers, and a letter for Mrs. Lois.

"Here's a couple for Mr. Foster too. haps you'll take them?" said the postmistress handing them out of her square window.

The topmost letter was turned bottom-side up. It bore on the envelope a pretty monogram in blue, "M. H." Mima thrust the letters into her pocket, and hurried away, wondering why she had been idiot enough to go there at all.

It was growing dusk, when she returned. She had stopped to watch the sunset, though its beauty had only struck her soul like a new pain.

As she passed up the garden path, she saw Mrs. Lois in her favorite seat near the door, rocking and knitting as usual. Just beyond, out on the porch, stood James Foster, leaning against a pillar, and looking tired and worn after his journey.

Mima's heart gave a great bound. For an instant she forgot her suspicions, everything, save an eager pleasure at his return.

- "James, who is coming?" called Mrs. Lois.
- "Miss Ford," said he, and came forward to meet her.

His greeting was stiff, his smile constrained. Mima, ashamed of her momentary weakness, made a little, careless response to his salutation, with tolerable success.

"It is nice to see James back, is it not, Mima?" called Mrs. Lois.

"Oh, of course," said Mima, arranging her ribbons. Somehow she was glad that she happened to be unusually well-dressed.

"But he looks thin," added Mrs. Lois. tell him he works too hard."

"Ah, indeed," said Mima.

Foster gave her a quick glance of reproach at the indifferent tone. She felt more angry than ever. What right had he to look at her like that?

"I was at the post-office," said she. "I have } gotten.

In her haste, she gave the letter, with the monogram, to Mrs. Lois.

"This is from Mary Hathaway," said the Quakeress. "James, it is for thee."

"And here is yours, cousin Lois." replied the young man, bowing to Mima, and exchanging letters with his relative.

He walked to the other end of the porch, and began to read his epistles. Mima would have got away, but Mrs. Lois called her back to listen to her letter from a youthful niece.

"She is Mary Hathaway's half sister." continued the old lady. "Poor Mary! She was like a mother to James, when he was little. He feels her troubles sorely. I told thee, I think, that the husband had met with reverses-

Mima heard no more. She saw Foster standing near, looking in her face, with an odd wonder and perplexity. She felt herself how it had altered, first grown red, then white.

"Mima," pursued Mrs. Lois, "George Fenton's wife came to pay thee a visit. She could not wait. I did not know, James, that George Fenton was married! He took us all by surprise, bringlng home his bride, and a very pretty girl she is."

Again the eyes of the two young people met. This time it was Mima's turn to marvel at the joy in Poster's face.

It was all clear. Each understood what had been in the other's mind.

An hour after, they were walking up and down the road, in the moon'ight-a glorifled road to them, that led straight into Paradise.

"Eunice," called Mrs. Lois. "I think there is more than common between our young people, though thee did laugh at the idea. I am glad."

Many and many a time, incidents, as slight as these I have described, have separated loving hearts for years, perhaps for a whole life, but these two were spared such heavy discipline; and the lesson they had received was not for-

SOURCES OF THE RHINE.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men, Changing and sudden as a buly's mood; Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood, Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen, Or threading mid the naked shoals, and then Battling against the stones, half mist, half flood, Betwixt the mountains where the storm-clouds brood;

And each change but to wake or steep again; Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee; Far hence a mighty river on its breast, Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn; ss on, small stream, to so great purpose born, On to the distant toil, the distant rest.



"PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189.

CHAPTER IV. DIANA DALRYMPLE.

THAT very day, in a much more imposing room, and in a much more respectable and desirable quarter, Framleigh was receiving his touch of the spur.

Diana Dalrymple was pouring out a cup of tea for him, and he was waiting at her side, by the little, marble-topped table, to receive it from her hands. It was a habit, at the house of Dalrymple, to indulge in this harmless, informal, afternoon tea. Diana liked it, and Diana was the controling power. In the first place, Diana liked to preside at the small table, upon which the rich, chaste service was placed. It was a graceful position. She had faultless hands and arms, and was conscious of looking like a goddess dispensing nectar; and, secondly, people dropping in to make a friendly call, gentlemen visitors, for instance, seemed to warm and become genial under the influence of the steaming ambrosia, dealt out to them by this stately Hebe. Gaston partook of this mild refreshment twice a week, at least, from a sense of daty. He could not have said why he felt it a duty, however, though, perhaps, some shrewd character-readers might have hit upon the wherefore.

It was an understood thing among the family, and, indeed, in the outer world, also, that Capt. Framleigh would, some time or other, stand revenled in the character of suitor for the fair Dalrymple's hand. This was one of the articles of the Dalrymple belief, and had been for years: in fact ever since the owner of Gaston Court had announced, with his usual delicacy, that the prospect of such an alliance would not be unpleasant to him. The owner of Gaston Court, Mr. Eustace Gaston, admired Diana. He had a weakness for fine women, and Diana was of the style generally designated by connoisseurs as a fine woman. So he had promptly issued an amiable mandate to the effect that his future heir might consider himself expected to marry her, the sooner the better: and the consequence was an uncomfortable sort of an entanglement for Gaston, an entanglement which was by no means an engagement, and yet was an entanglement not-

heir no longer. He could not quarrel with Diana, merely because he had quarreled with his uncle; and certainly Diana did not intend to quarrel with him. Sooth to say, the young lady knew better. Women have so much influence over men, you know, so great an influence for good. A man's wife will often be the means of healing a little family-wound, which would otherwise nover have healed, and which would have rankled on to the end, and carried very handsome fortunes into altogether unworthy and insignificant branches of relationship. Not that the handsome Dalrymple, and her equally handsome mother were too far-seeing, or inclined to be anything but most touchingly disinterested. Nothing of the kind. But ought they to desert this young man because he was unfortunate? Should they forget the sacred ties of relationship, because he had been hasty, and a trifle ill-advised? Never! never! All the greater need, indeed, that they should endeavor to lead him again into the path of duty. In consequence of all which tender feeling Gaston found himself, somehow or other, oftener with his fair cousin than he intended to be: found that Diana's mother expected him, and was inclined to reproach him with neglect, if he did not drop in every day, or so, and take this friendly afternoon-tea with them; found it hard to obtain leave of absence, if the truth were told, and yet scarcely understood how he was influenced, and almost wished, sometimes, with the base ingratitude of his sex, that they would leave him alone.

Thus, behold him, standing upon the hearthrug, holding one of the egg-shell cups, and trying not to appear otherwise than politely indifferent to the somewhat heavy jocosities of that delightful young adorer of Diana, the Honorable John Redmayne, known more commonly among his less fervent admirers as "that little idiot, Jack Redmayne." He looks at Jack, from under his brows, and it is well that his heavy mustache conceals his unamiable sneer. He is never partial to Jack, but is to-day specially irritated by him. It annoys him to see Diana smile that wellbred smile of hers at his wit and water, which, it must be admitted, is more water than wit; withstanding, even now, when he was the future and when he hears the maternal Dalrymple laugh

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sweetly and encouragingly, he could find it within } his heart to wring that excellent woman's neck. Perhaps, Jack Redmayne sees this, for he turns upon him, and, figuratively speaking, rends him.

"Framleigh's dull to-day," he says. "What's the matter, Framleigh? 'Pon my soul, you are not the same fellow since the opera-dancing episode-Pretty Polly P., you know, and all that sort of thing.'

He laughs with his asual inspiring cheerfulness, as he speaks-a cheerfulness which, by the way, inspires Framleigh with an almost uncontrollable desire to fall upon him, and take him by his neat little collar, and forcibly eject him from the room by way of the window.

The maternal Dalrymple pricks up her ears. "What is that?" she says. "What is this about opera-dancing episodes and Pretty Pollys? It is surely not of Gaston you are speaking, Mr. Redmayne. Oh, what a couple of naughty boys!" And she shakes her old forefinger sportively.

"'Pon honor! it is, though," declares the much-to-be-admired Jack. "'Pon honor, Mrs. Dalrymple; I declare to you all our fellows are talking about it; how he has fallen in love with a little girl at the Princes', and goes to see her, and her old Irish duenna, and her disreputable old uncle every day. As bad a case of spoons, you know, as you ever met with. Now, Framleigh, do the straightforward thing, and own to the soft impeachment. We won't mention names, but Preity Polly P., you know!"

Gaston's stare at him almost became a glare. How he would like to strangle bim! But he controls the glare, until he forces it back into a stare, indulged in over the edge of the egg-shell

"Your anxiety for information has led you rather astray," he says, with a ghost of a sneer. But the next instant he meets Diana's eye, and quails, though he is furious with himself for so quailing. Why should he quail? Why should he not have a tranquil sort of friendship for a girl beneath him in the social sphere? Of course, he acknowledges that Polly is beneath him. He knows she is, and never loses the consciousness of the fact, when he is away from her, though, sometimes, just rarely, he forgets it in her presence. Is the poor girl to blame for being born into the tawdry, disreputable life? He calls it tawdry and disreputable, you see, which Teddy Popham never did.

Diana, with a white, long-fingered hand upon the tea-pot, pauses in concocting Redmayne's third cup of tea, to speak with placid significance.

mingly at Mrs. Pomphrey's entertainment, Gaston?" she says. "I think I heard several young men call her 'Polly.' And I remember you danced with her. Do you know her, Mr. Redmayne, and do you call her 'Polly' too?"

Redmayne affects confusion.

"Too bad that, Miss Dalrymple, 'pon honor," he says. "You know a fellow don't like to-

But he is interrupted, and it is Framleigh who interrupts him, with such a suddenly acquired, but withal remarkable expression, in the usually indolent blue eyes Polly has admired, that he falls back a pace actually, as that gentleman puts his egg-shell cup into his egg-shell saucer.

"Do you know her, and do you call her Polly?" he demands of him, with a touch of fine sar-"Pray tell us, Redmayne."

And then, strange to say, it is Diana who quails before him, though he has not given her a glance; and Mrs. Dalrymple sees it with that sharp, maternal eye of hers, and hastens to the rescue. Some undercurrent of satiric power in their relative has a habit of making itself felt by these two women, and then it is always their turn to eat a little diplomatic humble pie.

"Gaston," she says, "I am astonished! Mr. Redmayne, you surprise me! You dreadful crea-Pray-pray change the subject. tures l really do not care to hear anything more about it. We don't believe it, you know; and it is such horrid nonsense. Mr. Redmayne, go and get that cup of yours, I command you! Diana, my love, more tea for your cousin.'

And though Jack Redmayne is puzzled, and would like to improve the occasion with some of his original and brilliant corruscations, he finds that the subject drops, in spite of his efforts.

But Framleigh had received his touch of the spur, just as Polly had received hers. When he walked home, through the fog, buttoned up to the throat, in his great-coat, the sharpness of his step arose, not so much from a desire to keep himself warm, as from inward irritation. What on earth did this fellow mean? Was it possible that he had visited the girl so often that people were beginning to notice it? Was it possible that they thought it possible that he, Gaston Framleigh, could have any serious motive in view, in connection with a girl of such a class? He flushed hotly at the very thought of it. He had heard of men doing such mad things. There had been men of such infamous ill taste, that they had so far forgotten themselves; but, good heavens! he had never dreamed of such a thing. He had been the very first to condemn and sneer at such men. He must eschew the great enjoy-"Is it the young woman who acted so char- \ ment of the square parlor. He must keep out of

the girl's way for the future. And then, all at { act yet. I should like to know what has vexed once, there arose before him various visions of Polly, as he had seen her at various times, when he had been conscious of finding her quite worthy of admiration. There was Polly, singing one of ; her theatre songs to the accompaniment of the ; jingling old piano, and, somehow or other, managing to sing it remarkably well; there was Polly, sewing at a theatrical little Normandy cap, and becoming so much interested in her simple task, that she had a brilliant color, and looked actually exquisite; there was Polly, standing upon the hearth-rug, with her hands clasped behind her back like a child's, as she rattled over her part with Montmorency or Teddy Popham holding the book. Polly was a beautiful creature, you know, and could do nothing without becoming transcendantly lovely; and it was enough to make any man sigh, to think of throwing away the chance to see and admire her. Gaston Framleigh sighed -sighed, and fretted, and fumed angrily. The idea of being in love with the girl was absurd; but he did not like the thought of giving her up

He was going along, fretting and fuming so, when he was aroused from his moody reverie, by a sudden glare of light. How, I should like to know, was it that he had chanced to take that wrong turning in the fog, and had brought himself up right at the threshold of the Princes', and its glare of gaslights? He took out his watch, and looked at it. It was just about time for the performance to commence. Should he go in and see what was going on? Who was this hurrying up to the side-door? Evidently one of the company, who had found herself late, and was in haste. An older woman was with her, and could hardly keep pace with her impatience. thought he knew the tall, royal, young figure. They came up in a moment, and the flare of gas fell full upon the girl's face, and she looked up at him-looked up with a start, strange to saya disconcerted, half-annoyed start, and then gave him a curt little nod.

"Good-evening," she said, and passed by him, without another word or glance, as if she was glad to escape saying anything more.

It was Polly, who was not playing until the after-piece, and who was a little late. But it was not because she was a little late, that she had so cut short her friend's greeting; and Fram. leigh, through some instinct, was quite conscious that it was not.

"Has some one been meddling with her too?" he said. "It looks like it." And he bit his mustached lip quite fiercely. "I will go in and see her act," he said. "I have never seen her { Vol. LXVI.—18

her."

And, in five minutes, he was sitting in the theatre, glowering over five hundred heads at the green curtain.

CHAPTER V. "DESPITE."

Ir was the worst thing he could have done, of course, as we all know. If he meant to keep out of danger, he should have turned away from that flare of gaslights at the Prince's; he should have gone home, and given his mind to the study of military tactics; he should have done several things he left undone, and he should have left undone the one thing he did. But he gave way to that sudden impulse, and went into the theatre, and sat watching the stage and the actors, until all was over, and Polly had sung her last song, and made her last bow, and the curtain had fallen.

When this was over, and he found himself out in the open air again, among the thronging people and carriages, he was touched with a new feeling. If he had been excited before, now he was still more excited.

"How bright and novel she made it," he said to himself. "And how lovely she seemed herself. Those little, simple songs of hers had quite a heart-thrill in them. No wonder she is such a favorite. I had no idea she possessed any such strength as this artless power."

The next morning, Polly, sitting in her easychair, before the fire, heard footsteps crushing the gravel on the narrow path, and, turning to look, saw in her visitor something to make her knit her pretty black eyebrows.

"He has come to ask what has vexed me, has he?" she soliloquized. "Ah, very well. Let him come. The sooner it is over the better for us both."

She might have been determined to force him into asking his question at once, for she met him almost freezingly at the outset, barely offering him the tips of her fingers when he came in, and then seating herself again, still holding in her hand the book she had been reading, though she half-closed it.

"I was among your audience, last night," he said, abruptly, and at once.

"I did not see you," she answered. "I never do see my audience."

"But you saw me, as you went in?" vexation at her indifference showing itself in in his face.

"Yes," laconically. "Of course." Then, naturally, her coldness had its effect, and moved him, as she had known it would. He was nettled beyond calm endurance.

"May I venture to suggest, that it appeared to my mind that you were anything but glad to have seen me, just at that particular time?"

She hesitated just one moment, slightly knitting her black brows still, and regarding the edges of her book as if she was doing so with a view to steady her mind, and fix it firmly upon the subject; and then she made her answer, which, it must be acknowledged, startled him.

"If you were to suggest such a thing," she said, "I should not say you were wrong. If I were to speak the truth, I should say you were right. I was not glad to see you. And-and, I cannot honestly say, I am glad to see you now. There!" And she lifted her eyes to his face suddenly, and looked at him as if she was glad it was over.

He rose at once, and stood before her, hat in hand; and his air was a rather surprised and lofty one.

"I am very unfortunate---' he began.

All at once he was stopped. The book was shut up and tossed on to the table, and it was Polly who interrupted him, by rising far more suddenly than he had done, and by standing up before him, looking as lovely in her impatience as it is easily possible for a young woman to look.

"You are not unfortunate," she said. "It is fortunate for you that I will tell you so. You have no right to come here, and- Why, you ought to know it is not a good thing for you. Why do you come? It is not with you as it is with Teddy Popham. You are not like Teddy, who can't be harmed by it."

"Harmed?" he repeated, after her, quite taken aback. "I don't understand you, at all."

"I will make you understand, then," a little defiant coolness in her manner. "Not being anybody but 'Pretty Polly P.,' I have no need to be ceremonious about things. Do you know what people have begun to say of you, already? They have begun to say that you are falling in love with me.'

He was guilty of a faint start, and, at sight of it, Polly's lips curled. She even went so far as to make him a little stage-curtsy.

"There is scarcely need for such alarm as that," she said. "I do not believe the report."

"You do not understand me," he protested.

"Yes, I do," said Polly. "I suppose it is natural. It sounds awful to you; and, I dare say,

As it is, you know I care very little about it. have heard such things too often to think about them at all, when I hear them now. But with you it is different. I have heard, quite by accident," (young hypocrite,) "about that uncle of yours. What do you suppose your chances would be worth, if Mr. Gaston heard that you were spending your mornings with me, instead ofinstead of with Miss Diana Dalrymple?" making a dash at this artful finale.

He was positively pale with annoyance and surprise, at this curiously new turn affairs were taking. A few hours ago, he had been resolving that he would avoid the girl, and here, after he had found it impossible to keep his resolution unbroken, was she nonchalantly telling him unpleasant truths, and almost showing him the door. If he had ever been vain and shallow enough to fancy that she was not totally indifferent to him, he would have been undeceived now, at least.

"Am I to understand from this," he said, frigidly, "Am I to understand from this, that you would prefer that my unfortunate call upon you, this morning, should be my last?"

"I think it would be best so," returned Polly, calmly.

He bowed very low, indeed.

"I may admire your frankness, at least," he said, "and thank you for it." It was the fashion of the man, that his pride was so deeply stung, that he could feel little else but the sting. "Permit me to wish you good morning," he added.

Polly arched the black brows a little, but she held out her hand.

"Let us shake hands, as a token that there is no malice between us," she said. "It is a way we have, at the theatre. Good-morning."

And so it was, that Capt. Framleigh found the tables turned against him, and walked away, looking very lofty, but feeling very bitter, and not a trifle humilisted.

When he was gone, Polly rested her elbow on the mantel, and looked at herself in the small pier-glass, at the fine black brows, at the immense black-gray eyes, at each and every charm that made her what she was-one of the loveliest women of her day. She carled her pretty, short, upper-lip, and frowned, and then broke into a queer, little apostrophe of herself.

"He was too much of a 'swell' to fall in love with you, Polly, my dear!" she said, "even if you are a beauty. Men of his kind don't do it, or, at least, don't do it honestly. Stick to your jackdaw's feathers, Polly P., and don't let yourif I had been born what we theatre-people call | self dream, even dream, of peacock's plumes. It a swell,' it would sound just as awful to me. was not of you he thought, for a minute; it was

of himself. It does not matter whether it vexes } you to be talked about or not. You are not a fine lady, my dear!"

It is not exactly correct to say of women (no it is the fashion to say) that they are forgiving. As a rule they do not forgive injuries, either real or fancied, with the readiness which is accredited them. They may mean to forgive, they may try to forgive, and, certainly, many of them do both; but they do not find it easy, with all their efforts. With women, a wrong rankles, an injury wounds, and though there may be an apparently ready surface-healing, the flesh still throbs often, under the smooth-looking skin, and there are even times when it throbs on to the end. And as this is the case with many, so it was the case with Polly. She had received a sting, and it would be some time before she forgot it. Instinct had told her, from the first, that this friend of Teddy's did not regard her as Teddy did. He might admire her. as a score of other men did, but he did not admire her generously; he admired her against his own will, and his fastidiousness protested against his unwilling admiration. Teddy Popham would have been proud to make her his wife, and present her as such to his most Patrician friends. Gaston Framleigh would have shrunk intuitively from the mere thought of such a thing. knew that well enough, and though she would have scouted the idea of love from her mind indignantly, and with high spirit, the knowledge burned her sorely. Perhaps, among all her virtues, her good-nature and unselfishness, the feminine inability to forget, stood forward as Polly's greatest fault. She was neither resentful, nor malicious; but she did not find it as easy to forgive, as even the generality of women find it.

What right had he to come and force an acquaintance upon her, if he could not admire her. in as unbiased a manner as he would admire that cold, white woman, at Mrs. Pomphrey's, Diana Dalrymple? She had not wanted him, or asked bim to come, and he had come in spite of her. And then, as it was a fashion of hers to measure a great many people by Teddy Popham, she measured by the Teddy Popham's standard that last interview. If she had spoken so to Teddy; if at the beginning of their acquaintance she had told him that people were saying that he was in love with her, and that he must give her up because it was harming him, because his worldly interests and reputation would suffer, would he have admitted, by hesitant silence, that the thought had entered his mind, perlaps, before it had entered her own? Would he have shown no other feeling, than a lofty annoyance, at being social inferior? Would Teddy have thought of no one but himself, and his own superb indignation? Oh, how she smarted, this Pretty Polly! How she remembered it for weeks and months after, and smarted afresh every time the memory crossed her mind!

"Your friend is not coming any more," she said to Teddy. And when Teddy, in amazement, asked her why he was not coming, she coolly answered that it was because she had told him that she would rather he would stay away.

But though Polly did not forget, it was Framleigh who nursed actual resentment, for the longer time. Here was a new experience for him, and one so utterly unexpected, that it appeared all the more unpleasant. For a few days he was furious, and then he cooled down into a sort of frigid anger against the girl. But, as you will remember, he lived within sight of the small house, and from the windows of his rooms he had full view of all that went on. At night, when Montmorenci lighted the gas, in the few minutes that intervened between its lighting and the closing of the shutter, he could see into the tiny parlor quite plainly; and shall I disclose, that he somehow or other contracted a habit of waiting for this gaslighting, and took advantage of it by standing gloomily behind his own window-curtains, looking across. Angry as he was, it was queer how the mere sight of Polly still attracted / him. After this change in the state of affairs, he was gloomy indeed. In truth he had reason to be gloomy. The clouds he had at one time fancied lighter began again to thicken around him. The time had come now when he was obliged to bear the consequences of old indiscretions. When he had quareled with his uncle, his high-handed pride had been his ruin. He had not realized. until it was too late, that the estrangement would be a lasting one, and that Capt. Framleigh, of the -th, who must live upon his pay, was a different individual from Framleigh of Gaston Court, the future heir to his relative's thousands. There had been so many luxuries, and fastidious extravagances to which he had been accustomed, all his life, that pride would not allow him to forego them at the outset; and there had been past follies to pay for, and, of course, the end of it all was this, that, in these days, having been forced to give up all hope that his prospects would alter, he must bear the accumulated burden of debt and humiliation in self-reproach and despair. a fool he had been! How he cursed the weak pride, which had led him on, when he might have paused, and spared himself some weight, at least. He was obliged to forego his indulgences now. so cavalierly treated, by a girl he felt to be his Why had he not been wise enough, to see what

must inevitably come, and face the worst at once. The world understood well enough why he had given up his elegant chambers, his cab, with its small attendant "tiger," and even his valet himself, and leaving his fashionable quarters, had taken up his abode in the modest apartments, facing the suburban residence of "old Jack Pemberton" and his charming niece. He might have spared himself unutterable pangs of after misery, if he had thrown up the game at first, and acknowledged himself beaten. He was a person of importance no longer, in society, though it must be said that he coolly displayed indifference to public opinion, and the hauteur of his air, held people as much in awe of him as ever. He had never been a man with many friends, but his reserve and cold manner had prevented his making actual enemies. Even the most officiously malicious had never approached him near enough to do more than dislike him. And thus, though he fancied his fall had been great, this was scarcely the case. However greatly his outward circumstances had altered, he was not likely to meet with either slights or patronage, as much more popular men have done, after meeting with reverses. But he had his stings, nevertheless, and sharp enough they were at times.

From her parlor window, when she sat at work during this winter, Polly often saw divers shabby men go up to the door of the house opposite, and, in course of time, she began to notice them particularly. They were not always shabby men, to be sure; but there was always a certain air about them Polly never failed to recognize; and when they were not shabby, they were flashy, and overdressed, and greatly prone to heavy, suspiciouslooking jewelry. This shrewd young person knew something of this class of society by experience, and she knew the meaning of those sometimes prolonged, and often impatient parleys at the door, which ended now by the caller being admitted and shown up stairs to the captain's room, and now by his being dismissed in evident disgust.

"They are duns," she said, sagely. "It is plain enough to see that. Toddy said he thought he was in debt. He may well look savage and moody. I wonder if they are very uncivil. Some of them look as if they were. That horsey-looking man, in the big coat, for instance."

Uncivil! She should have heard them sometimes. They nearly drove Framleigh mad, upon occasions, with their brutal impatience and coarse familiarity. The man Polly had picked out so cleverly, the horsey-man in the big coat, haunted him like a nightmare.

"A taking the bread out of a this individual. pore man's mouth, and a helping to starve his children. You are a nice lot, you are, with your kerridges and hosses, and driving to the devil, and no one never seeing the color of your money. Who's going to pay me for that flash turn-out of your's, I'd like to know. I'm a honest man as earns my living by the sweat o' my brow, and I'm not going to be chested out o' my money by no man."

After such scenes as this, Teddy Popham often came in, to find his friend sitting over an untasted meal, looking white and haggard.

"I shall go mad some of these days, my fine fellow," he would burst forth, bitterly. "Those fiends will drive me out of my senses. I can't stand it much longer. I have had a couple of them here, this morning, and they have managed to speil my breakfast for me, pretty effectually. can't eat a mouthful, and never tasted dinner yesterday."

Teddy himseif would willingly have proffered his worldly possessions, but as yet Teddy's possessions were not unlimited.

"If my great aunt Bellingham would die, and I came into her property, as I expect to, we could make it all right, Framleigh." he would say. "And it would be the happiest day of my life. But I have just heard from Gloucestershire that the old lady is stronger than ever. I shouldn't be surprised, if she lived to be a hundred."

"You are very kind, Popham," his friend would groan. "But though you would be the more agreeable creditor, it would almost amount to the same thing, in the end. I should owe you the money, instead of owing it to half a dozen vulgar soundrels, who think it a fine thing to be able to badger and bully a gentleman."

Misfortune will invariably affect a change of one kind or another in the man who confronts it, and these misfortunes of his wrought a curious change in Gaston Framleigh. For the first few months, he had stood up against them with a lofty pride; but constant dropping were away the stone at last, and he became conscious that his strength was failing him, in a manner he had not anticipated! A certain sense of desolation began to stir within him unpleasantly.

He found himself half-envying Teddy Popham his simple popularity. He even found himself wishing, with languid irritation, that he did not stand so utterly alone in the world, that he had possessed some ties of family or kindred to turn to. But of his own relatives he knew but little His visits to the home of his mother and sisters had always been brief and constrained. "You are a nice lot, you snobs, you are!" said { Teddy Popham had said, the family pride was a

proverb, and certainly they were not an affectionate household. The family pride had isolated them from the world, and congealed them, as it were. Gaston's prospects pleased them, in a manner. They were reservedly proud of his good fortune, of his physical beauty, of his "grande seigneur" air, but beyond that it was not their way to go, and decidedly he himself was never effusive.

But this winter he altered his opinions of this matter of effusiveness, and it was Polly who changed his mind for him. Here, across the way, was that rascally, disreputable disciple of Bohemia, old Jack Pemberton, going in and coming out, blatant, bombastic, and good-natured, and it was glaringly patent, that, despite his weaknesses, Polly loved him, positively loved the old sharper. She would meet him at the door, when he came in, as if his coming was an event to be rejoiced over; she would kiss him when he took his departure, and coquet about him, brushing him down, and smartening him up, and performing divers necessary and unnecessary small offices, after the manner of all affectionate women; she would take his arm, and go to church with him on Sunday evenings, with a touch of pride in her air; she would bestow upon him button-hole bouquets, from her windowgarden, and she would laugh at his most threadbare jokes, as though they had been fairly scintillant with wit. There was no limit to her pretty, kindly affection for the old humbug, and it was constantly before Framleigh's eyes, alternately stinging, softening, and irritating him. If one of his sisters, Cicely, for instance, who was younger, and more easily moved than Hildegarde. if Cicely had shared his exile this winter, how much brighter she might have made it, that is, if all women were alike, and all had these lovable Ways.

He knew little or nothing of women in their domestic life, but he could not easily imagine Diana Dalrymple making herself charming over such trifles as button-hole bouquets, and windowgardens. During his brief visits to his mother's bare, yet distinguished household, he had always found himself something more attracted by Cicely than her elder sister. Hildegarde was a true Framleigh. Cicely was a trifle less decided and majestic, less cold and more girlish, and now and then he had fanoied was rendered somewhat timid by the barren state around her. It was Polly who brought Cicely to his mind, and it was the sight of Polly's simple beguilements which suggested to him a new idea. Long ago he had heard Cicely wish to see London, and it had not

that it was within his power to gratify her wish. But now, what if he should make up his mind to ask her to come, for a few weeks, at least? His rooms were well furnished, and his landlady a quiet and reliable person. It would make very little difference in his expenses, so little, that it was not worth the while to deny himself; and if he was not quite sure that it would be a success, at least they might try the plan. If Cicely did not find it agreeable, he could send her back to Yorkshire when she was tired, and she would have seen London, and enjoyed a temporary absence from "Bareacres," as satirical people were fond of calling the impoverished Yorkshire estate.

CHAPTER VI.

CICELY.

So, at last, he made up his mind, and wrote to Cicely and his mother, preferring his request, and in a few days came a slim, sweet-scented note of reply, and it was Cicely herself who had been allowed to write it.

"Dear Gaston did not know how surprised and grateful she was," she said. "She had wanted so much to see London. He must please to accept many thanks. Mamma was kind enough to say she might come. So, if he pleased, she would be with him on Saturday." And then, after a few more timid and half-restrained expressions of gratitude, and a stately message of sisterly affection from Hilda, she remained his "obliged Cicely."

He looked round his parlor, after reading the letter, and then rang for his landlady.

"I am expecting a visit from my sister," he said, when the good woman came, "and should like you to make suitable preparations for her comfort. If there should be anything lacking, that a young lady will require, I shall be obliged to you if you will let me know."

He had but vague ideas of feminine requirements, and though, from the wreck of his former grandeur, he had preserved relics enough to give his apartments a certain air of elegance, he was by no means certain that they would suit a feminine taste.

"They are certainly brighter and more attractive than the parlors at 'Bareacres,'" he said, with a dreary smile, as he gave his second glance of inspection. "And Cicely understands all about my changed fortunes."

Polly who brought Cicely to his mind, and it was the sight of Polly's simple beguilements which suggested to him a new idea. Long ago he had there would be some slight embarrassment atheard Cicely wish to see London, and it had not tendant upon their meeting. It was such an occurred to him, in those days of his prosperity, unusual thing for him to have done, and had

been, he knew, so utterly unexpected by all parties.

Through some oversight, Cicely had not told him at what time she would arrive, and, accordingly, as was most natural, he hit upon the wrong hour, and missed her.

It was Saturday evening when she came, and he having been down to the station, returned to the house, and found her there awaiting him.

She was standing before the fire when he entered the room, and, hearing the door open, she turned to confront him with something of trepidation manifest in her greeting.

"I am very sorry, Gaston," she said, extending a timid hand to him. "You have been to Easton Square to meet me, have you not? It was very careless to forget to tell vou when the train would arrive."

He took her hand, and, bending down, kissed her cheek, and though there was perhaps more courteousness than actual affection in the caress, there was still a touch of warmth in it that he was not prone to exhibit.

"Don't speak of it," he said. "I am glad to see you, Cicely. It was very kind of you to come."

He drew a chair up for her, but remained standing himself, feeling a little at a loss. He did not know exactly what to say, in his novel position; and Cicely herself sat looking at the fire, with a bit of additional color, and a slight air of embarrassment.

"It was very kind of you to come," he repeated. "I have not very much to offer you, and, to be honest, perhaps it was selfish to ask you, now, when I have so little, but—but, I really felt the need of some companionship, and I remembered that you had said, long ago, that you wished to see London."

Cicely looked up at him, her girl's face both surprised and touched. Could it be possible that he, Gaston, whom they had all so admired, could have felt so lonely that he could even wish to see her? He spoke of having little to offer, but the room she sat in, and the ones Mrs. Batty had shown to her, did not look as if he could be so very poor. Perhaps it was just the contrast, the old hopeful, luxurious life, that made him feel things so much.

"Ah, Gaston," she said, glancing round at the pretty apartment, and flushing quite brightly, "you never lived at the Grange, you know. If you had, you would think such a pretty room as this was an actual little paradise. Just think of that bare, mournful, immense Grange parlor; one's voice used to sound actually hollow in it. I like this so much better, and I am sure I shall enjoy being with you, so much."

He looked so pleased that she was quite reas-She had come there, feeling no slight awe of him, and wondering how he would receive her, and how she would be able to entertain him at all. She had felt a great fear of boring him with her insignificance. But now her spirits began to be on the ascendant. If he was low-spirited and dull, perhaps she could amuse him, after all, and he would not find her so stupid. And, on his part, he found that her mere presence had done him good. She was a pretty girl, tall and willowy in figure, and with all the Framleigh characteristics of delicate regularity of features, graceful air, and noticeable carriage, this last softened greatly, however, by her extreme girlishness and that touch of timidity. He could not help observing this timidity, and observing, too, that it had increased, instead of decreasing, since he had last seen her. It was manifest, even in her movements, and showed itself, not only in a certain hesitance to express her opinions, but in the very look of her fawnlike eyes. They were absolutely "fawn-like." those brown eyes of hers, her brother told himself, though he was by no means the sort of man to indulge in high-flown comparisons. It was quite astonishing how he felt himself warm toward the girl, and how he unbent, in spite of himself. Gradually he discovered that he was making confidences, actually talking to her about the state of his affairs, and the result of his changed fortunes. He had meant to hide from her all that he could, but the innocent pleasure, and almost grateful interest she displayed in his simplest speeches, led him on.

Tea, too, with Cicely at the head of the table, was such a different meal from that he was accustomed to finding it. Seeing him so gracious, the girl brightened, and found courage. Her guileless, unworldly chatter amused him, somehow or other, and changed the current of his usually listless thought. It was a simple, unpretending sauce enough, but its flavor had a fresh piquancy of its own. And then, when tea was over, she was encouraged to explore a little, to move here and there, about the room, admiring his possessions, looking at his pictures, and turning over his books, so evidently exhilarated by her freedom, and so easily pleased, that she was really a new sensation.

When she came to his side, to bid him goodnight, before going to her room, he held her hand lightly, for a moment,

"And you think you can amuse yourself for a few weeks, Cicely?" he said, feeling almost eager to hear her reply.

"I think I shall be sorry when the time comes

for me to go back," she said. "You-Oh! you don't know how dreary it is there, Gaston,' in a pretty desperation. "If you wanted me, and-and mamma would not object, I am sure I should like to stay here always.'

- "Really?" he asked. "Really, Cicely?"
- "Really-indeed!" she answered.
- "Thank you," he said. "It is very good of you." And he released her hand with a positive feeling of relief. It would have stung him, even more than he was aware of, if she had seemed a thought less warm, or a shade less in earnest, than she so plainly was.

So she was domiciled with him, and fell into her place so readily, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that it was not long before he began to wonder how he had managed to exist without her loving companionship. The majority of women must be very much alike in their homes, he fancied, for she had just the charming way he had observed in Polly herself. She touched up his room, and gave it a certain air; she evidently greeted his incomings with delight, and she deplored his absence. He found buttons on his gloves, feminine works of art on his toilet table, and elegant, inexpensive novelties in his parlor. Altogether, he was a happier man than he had been for months.

But judge of Teddy Popham's surprise, when, not having chanced to see his friend for a week, and, consequently, not having heard of the change in the programme, he made an unceremonious entree into the bachelor's parlor, one night, and found himself face to face with a tall, beautiful young creature, who rose and stood before him, blushing, but still retaining that Framleigh air of graceful state and ceremony.

"I-I beg pardon, I am sure!" stammered the young man, blushing himself, most brilliantly. "I really was not aware that Framleigh-And his pause fully expressed the height and depth of his honest confusion.

"I am Capt. Framleigh's sister," said Cicely, with ready tact. "I think you must be his friend, Mr. Popham. I have heard Gaston speak of you, often, Mr. Popham. Pray be seated. am glad to see you."

Teddy was quite overwhelmed by her beauty and pretty dignity. Being an admirer of the Framleigh air in his friend, he found it indescribably charming in this fair creature, who seemed so unconscious of its existence in herself.

"I am waiting for Gaston now," she said. "We take tea at this time when we do not dine late. He will be pleased to find you here, I am sure."

evidently appreciated her efforts to set him at ease, that, in a very few minutes, Cicely began to find herself playing her part of hostess, with marvelous aptitude. He was Gaston's friend. and fond of Gaston, she discovered. So, of course, it was quite correct to endeavor to entertain him-And Teddy was readily entertained. It would have been almost entertainment enough, to have merely looked at, and admired her, as she sat opposite to him, with her fair, idle hands folded lightly on her knee, her slender body leaning a trifle forward, her face turned toward him.

When Framleigh made his appearance, he found the two quite enjoying themselves. Cicely's low, sweet laugh greeted him, at the head of the stair-case, and when he entered the room, she was looking even prettier than usual.

"I am glad you have come at last, Gaston," she said. "Mr. Popham must be quite bored by me; he has been here half an hour?"

And then Teddy found himself beguiled into remaining to take tea with them. Exhilarated by Cicely's presence, at the head of the table, he so enjoyed himself, that he became quite brilliant. It was almost like passing an evening in the square parlor across the way, even though there was such a wide difference between the types of the two girls. And thinking of this, he could not help wondering what they would think of each other-how Polly would like this lovely, simple, stately young creature, and how Cicely would comport herself, if she should chance to meet with Polly.

"She is the loveliest little thing," he said to Polly, the very next day, in describing his experience. "The loveliest little thing. Or, stay! I should not say that, for she is anything but little. Fact is, I believe she is nearly as tall as you are, Polly. But she is the sort of girl one feels inclined to apply diminutives to, in spite of a certain stately air she has, which reminds one of Framleigh. You should see how she carries her little head, by Jupiter! It is set on her charming throat, like a lily on its stem. And even while she looks at you, with her innocent eyes, in that soft, girlish sort of way, you feel a trifle awed by the unconscious, regal curve of the little slender neck. You just ought to see her, Polly."

"She must be worth looking at," returned Polly. "Only I think I should like her better if she was less like Framleigh."

"Well, you see," Teddy answered, "I am fond of Framleigh, and you are not."

It was queer enough, that, the very evening after this conversation took place, Framleigh Teddy thanked her, almost gratefully, and so came into his parlor, and found Cicely standing behind the curtains, intently watching the window of the house opposite.

"Oh, Gaston!" she exclaimed, the moment she caught sight of him. "Do come and look at this pretty girl. I have been watching her all the evening. They have such a bright fire in the room, that I can see her quite distinctly. I never saw such a handsome creature in my life. Isn't it just like a picture?"

Framleigh went to the window, and looked across. It was like a picture. The firelight filled the small room with warmth and glow; it danced on the numerous prettinesses which were Polly's own creations; on the rustic flower-stands and brackets, on the bright hearth and thick, fleecy, orimson rug, and on Polly herself, who stood on the rug, putting a brilliant cluster of scarlet verbenas in her hair, and looking at herself in the mirror over the mantel-piece.

"Only see how handsome she is," cried Cicely.

"There was an old woman in the room with her, a few minutes ago, and the girl was making her laugh. I wonder who she can be? Do you know, Gaston? I almost fancied I saw Mr. Popham call there, this morning."

"Perhaps it was Popham," answered Framleigh, rather failing in his effort to speak unconcernedly. "He knows them very well. She —she is an actress, and her name is Pemberton." Cicely's countenance quite fell.

"An actress!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear, how dreadfu!! She looks like a lady. And I did so admire her." This in such a disappointed tone.

"You may continue to admire her, with perfect safety to yourself," said Framleigh, a trifle dryly. "She is a lady."

Cicely looked up at him, sensible of feeling a slight shock. His expression was an irritated one. Was it possible that he knew the girl, and—and even admired her too? What would mamma and Hildegarde think? What would they say? Was it possible that an actress could be a lady? Cicely knew her mother's and sister's views upon the subject; but since she had been

with Gaston, she had been allowed a wider range of thought, and had dared to flutter out once or twice into a new world of opinion, though, of course, she had not dared to flutter far.

- "Do-do you know her?" she ventured.
- "Yes," he answered. "I know her."
- "Oh!" timidly. "Is she nice, Gaston?"
- "Nice!" he repeated. "I scarcely know what that means. It is not a man's word. But I think she is what women call 'nice."
 - "And clever ?"
 - "People think so."
 - "Do you think so?"
 - "Yes. I may as well confess that I do.
- "Gaston," hesitatingly, after a moment's pause, "Do you know her very well? You do not go to see her now."
- "I went to see her, until she was kind enough to tell me to stay at home," not a little bitterly.
- "Told you to stay at home!" exclaimed Cicely, aghast. "Told you to stay at home! How dare she! Why, she cannot be a lady!"

"That is a matter of opinion. It was I who made a clumsy idiot of myself, my dear Cicely, and it served me right," in a burst.

There was his confession. There was a revelation he had never before made even to himself. He had come to it, by degrees. He had come to it through months of secret rebellion, and through divers struggles to retain that characteristic hauteur and frigidity of his. He had held himself grandly aloof, as he thought, from any parleyings with conscience; but they had been going on, nevertheless, and gradually they had been converted in spite of resentment and pride. Bah! Let him give it up, and own himself conquered, however hard it was. It was useless to ask himself now, whether his heart was touched, or not. It was touched, and he knew it was. He too had lost the victory. He too had fallen into the careless net of this indifferent young syren. He had fallen in love with Pretty Polly P., just as Teddy Popham had done, long ago-even he?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAVING HOME.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

I'vs bid thee adieu, home and friends of my childhood, I've taken my leave of the haunts that I love; Each pleasant retreat in the meadow and wildwood, And each shady walk through the orchard and grove.

I've paid my last look to the vines I have watered, That grow by the side of the low kitchen-door; Where often at eve's witching hour I have loitered, To breathe the perfume I shall drink in no more. I have bidden adieu to the friends who have met me, At morn, noon, and night, with some welcoming word-Whose hearts of affection will never forget me, "Till death has dissevered each delicate chord.

My heart is oppressed with a burden of sorrow, No pencil of mine will attempt to portray: But let me not dampen the hopes of to-morrow, 'Tie duty that calls me, and I must away.

JOYS OF INFANTACIDE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THEY have been a havin' children's parties to Jonesville this winter, and Josiah was crazy to go to 'em, but I hung back; says I, "we are too old to go." Finally, they was goin' to have one to Deacon Lowdey's, and Josiah, says he,

"Samantha, do less go to that party."

I glanced almost coldly at his bald head, and, says I,

"If you had gin me the invitation 50 or 60 years ago, I might have fell in with the idee."

"Oh," says he, "we won't try to go as children, we will go as grown-up folks."

"I should think as much," says I.

But I kep a hangin' back, and Josiah kep a urgin' me. Wall, that very day, Betsey Jane Josiah's sister, come to stay a week with us, with her two little children, and when them children found out there was goin' to be a party of little children; right next door, they was perfectly wild till we had promised to go and take 'em.

Lots of old folks did go, but I would have hung back then, if it had been the relatives on my side. But every married woman, and especially every step-mother knows just how it is; you will put yourself out a little more to please the relations on his side, than on yours; and then they will abuse you enough to your back.

Little Tryphesa was about eight years old, and bein' twins, Tryphena was of the same age. They was real good children, but bein' brought up in a back place, they hadn't never had many children to play with; and they was most tickled to death with the idee of seein' 20 or 30 little. children all together, and playin' with 'em.

Tryphena felt awful bad to think she had forgot her doll, and so not wantin' her put to shame by not havin' as good playthings as the rest of the little girls, her mother and I laid to and made her as handsome a rag-doll as I ever put eyes on.

Thomas J. made some real wild-lookin' black eves with his lead-pencil, and painted it's cheeks with some red paint we had by us. And we made it a dress out of pink calico, and I took a pair of my old under-sleeves for a petticoat. It looked first-rate. And Tryphena said she guessed there wouldn't be any of the rest of the little girls that would have any better playthings than she would.

boy, with big, honest-lookin' blue eyes, and a white face, and a white head, and a nose that wanted a good deal of tendin' to, and didn't get so much attention from its owner as it needed. Howsumever, I thought a good deal of him, he was so good-dispositioned. But I see he felt bad to see that Tryphena had such a neat plaything to carry to the party, and he hadn't nothin' to show off with, only a pin-box made out of elder. So I beset Josiah, when he went to Jonesville, to got him a little mouth-organ, and I said to and whittled him out a top, out of an old spool. So. I can tell you, they felt pretty neat when we got 'em all dressed for the party.

Betsy Jane, though like me she has her failins', is an awful neat and equinomical woman, but she has always made her boys wear aprons till they was 10 years old; she won't let 'em take em off a day quicker, for she says it saves their clothes, and keeps 'em clean. But Tryphesa looked well. His hair was parted on one side, and was combed up over his mother's fingers on top, so it kinder stood up from his head like a rooster's comb, only it was white as milk; he had on a pair of lightish gray pantaloons, buttoned onto a waist, and a good, new gingham apron, that come up high in the neck, with a little white ruffle pleated into the neck. He looked well.

Her mother always dresses Tryphena just as she used to dress at her age. She had on a good, new plaid woolen dress made plain-waist, and high in the neck, and her hair hung down her back in a long braid, with a black bow on the end on it. There wasn't no trimmin on her dress, only a white ruffle in the neck, and it was made pretty long, and she had on white pantalettes tied on with her stockins. I say she was dressed in a sensible way, and looked well.

We calculated to get there jest about sundown. thinkin', on account of the children, they would want us to come early and go early. But we had unexpected company to supper, so we was belated, and didn't get there till half-past six. And the two twins worried awfully, for fear it would break up before we got there, and be all over with.

But, good lord! there wasn't a soul there. when we got there, only Deacon Lowdey's two Tryphesa was a great, good-natured lookin' { little grandchildren, little Lowdey, and Celestina



Wilkins, she that was Celestina Lowdey's boy and giri. They had come to their grandpa's the night before, and they sot all dressed up on the sofy. Lowdey wuzzn't far from the age of Tryphesa, but he looked like a little old man; he had on a vest, and a plaited shirt bosom, and a breastpin. And her dress was all puckered, and ruffled, and fixed off like a woman's, and she had a collar on, and a handkerchief pin, and a string of beads, and a bow. And they both had a anxious, uneasy look to their faces, that made 'em look as old as their grandma.

Then they sot on the sofy, and didn't pay a mite of attention to Tryphena or Tryphesa. They acted as if they felt above 'em, and it madded me, for if their father's debts was paid, they wouldn't be worth no more than common folks. and anyway, Betsey Jones' husband could buy 'em out twice over. But they acted awful uppish, and I wouldn't have made a move toward gettin' acquainted with 'em. But them two twins, as I said, are the best dispositioned children I ever see, and I see 'em kinder edgin' up toward the sofy, and actin' kinder friendly toward 'em. But they sot there with their noses up in the air, in a awful proud spirited way, and didn't seem to want to have anything to do with 'em. I see Tryphesa take out his pin-box and show it to Lowdey, and he looked awful scornful on to it, and then he showed him his mouth-organ, and offered to let him take it. But Lowdev got up then, and walked off to the window, and stood there a lookin' out. But Tryphesa was so good-natured and honest, that he followed him, and goin' up behind him, says he,

"I'll bet I can lift you up." And he clapped both arms round him, and lifted him right offen his feet.

"What do you mean by imposin' on a gentleman? Set me down! set me down! I say."

But Tryphesa is as strong as a young ox, and he held on to him. And it was worth a dollar to see that little old man held up with his feet up in the air, a strugglin' to get away.

Jest at that very minute the door opened, and two little girls came in, or I 'spose they was little girls.' They looked about as much like 'em as t'elestina did, and when Lowdey ketched sight on 'em he gave a fearful howl, and it seemed then to jest get through Tryphesa's white, honest head, that he was a plaguein' of him, so he let him down, and Lowdey turned right round and struck him.

"Lemme lone," says Tryphesa, and I don't know but he would have struck back, but I interfered, and parted 'em, and wiped Tryphesa's nose, for I see that it needed a friend. In the meantime Tryphena hadn't been a havin' any easier time out with little Celestina. I seen her take her doll out'en its blanket, and show it to her, and ask her if she had got any, and if she "didn't love to play with 'em."

"I did when I was young," says Celestina.

"But I should be ashamed to play with 'em at our age."

I'd a been glad to have took her across my knee that very minute. But I sot still, and heard Celestina go on a tellen' Tryphena ail about the parties she had attended to, and the trimmins on her dresses, and how the girls all envied her, because the boys paid so much attention to her; and then I heard her ask Tryphena "if she was engaged?"

"I don't know," says Tryphena. "Be you?"

"I have been, but it is broke off now."

"Oh, yes, I guess I have had it too, for I broke out all over; mother give me some saffern-tea."

Just at that minute, a hull flock of children and grown-up folks came in, and I didn't hear no more of their talk.

I 'sposed the little children, if they got tired of their dolls, and tops, and mouth-organs, would play blindman's buff, or squat pison, or mebby the boys would play horse a little; I thought like as not Mrs. Lowdey would let 'em; I know I should if they was to my house, for boys will be boys, and I love to see the little folks enjoy themselves.

But, good lord, first I knew a fiddler struck up playin', and if you will believe it, them boys walked up to them little girls, and asked 'em to dance with 'em, jest as cool as if they had been from 30 to 40 years old. I never was so took down in my life. To see them little creeters, not much bigger than clothe's-pins, a walking up, and offerin' their arms to them babys. And to see them babys a tossin' their heads, and flirtin' out their dresses, and nippin' along jest as if they was of age, and more too. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.

Tryphesa looked on to 'em with his mouth wide open, for quite a spell, and so did Trypena, for nobody asked 'em to dance. As I say, they all treated 'em like underlins. Jest because they acted like children instead of old folks, they was odd ones, cats in a strange garret, and was treated as such.

Pretty soon the two twins sat down by themselves in a corner, and went to playin', as happy as kings, with their doll, and top, and mouthorgan, for bein' children yet, they hadn't lost the faculty of bein' made happy with little things. I see they was enjoyin' themselves, and I went to visatin' with some of the neighborin' wimmen.

But I sat where I could hear, for I was determined to keep my eye out on the two twins, and if they went to openly puttin' on 'em I was bound to interfere and take their part.

Wall I got to visatin' away as busy as could be. I was just a tellin' the Widder Tubbs how I made my yeast, hers had failed, when I heerd some voices right behind me, just by the parlor door.

"My dress has got more flounces on it than yours has, Netty Bobbet."

"Wall, I don't care if it has. Mine cost more'n yours. Mother said it did, and Lowdey Wilkins says mine is the prettiest, and I am goin' to the next party with him, so there! He jest invited me."

"Wall you are a mean thing, when you know he has been a waitin' on me all winter. I believe you asked him to go with you, Jen Smith."

"You tell a big story! He'd rather gone with me all the time, only he thought I liked Johnny Jones better'n I did him. Somebody got up the story that I was engaged to John Jones, jest to keep Lowdey from payin' attention to me, and I'll bet it was you, Nett Bobbet."

"Johnny Jones don't like you a mite. He told me jest now, when you was a dancin' with Lowdey Wilkins, that your nose was bigger'n a barn."

I didn't set to hear any more of their talk. thought I would go out and see if there was anything I could do to help Mrs. Lowdey about the supper, for I thought it bein' most 8 o'clock, she would be a gettin' it, so the children could get home by nine o'clock. But she wasn't makin' no move about getten' supper, and I not wantin' to interfere in another women's house, went back into the settin' room.

I stood in the door a minute a seein' 'em dance, and as I stood there, Condelie Lowdey came and stood by me. He is Deacon Lowdey's brother, a bachelder, but he tries to set young, and goes round in young company, but he is as old as I be if he is a day old. He is a master hand for usin' big words, but he haint got the faculty of gettin' 'em into the right places always. Says he to me, as we looked on and see them little old men and wimmen caper round and dance, says

"How sweet! oh, how sweet! are the innocent pleasures of infantacide. Have we not been infants ourselves, Josiah Allen's wife?"

Says I, "That haint much of a conundrum. You know we have, sometime ago though," says

"Yes," says he, in a sentimental tone. "I find that youth has its enjoyments; but oh, sometimes when my young heart is wrung by the hol- }

how bitterly I long for the artless pleasures of

I moved away from him, for I never could bear him in my young days. I thought I would go and see how the two twins was a gettin' along. started toward the corner, where they was, when I came across a little feller, seemingly about 7 inches high, a weepin', and wipin' his streamin' eyes and nose on his jacket sleeve.

"What is the matter, bub?" says I, in a pityin' tone. And I was at the same time a feelin' in my pocket to see if I hadn't part of a stick of candy for him, when he broke out,

"She is a dancin' with another man. She pretended to make fun of him to me, and now she has gone off and is a dancin' with him, when she promised to dance with me. And I brung her here in my cutter, and 'Ill never wait on her to another party as long as my name is John Smith."

And again he drawed his jacket sleeve over his streamin' eyes. I see that his troubles was too deep for me to grapple with, so I left him, and went up to the corner, where the two twins was. I see that Tryphena had gone to her mother, for sunthin' or other, a pin to fix her doll. I guess. And there was a little girl a talkin' to Tryphesa.

Jest as I came up. she says to him,

"Who be you doin' to marry?"

"Nobody," says Tryphesa, a screwin' on the top of his pin-box.

"Oh, yes, you must. Everybody marrys," says she. "You must marry somebody."

"Who must I marry?" says Tryphesa, who was always on the giving hand, and willin' to accomodate.

"Somebody that you love devotedly," says she.

"Well, then, I'll marry mother," snys he.

"Oh, you tant marry your mother."

"Wall, then, I'll marry father.

"Oh, you tant marry a man."

"Why not?" says Tryphesa.

"Oh, betause you tant. You must marry some dirl that haint no relation to you."

"Well, I'll marry you."

"Oh, I am doin' to marry somebody else, Dowdey Wiltins, I dess."

"Well, who can I marry?" says Tryphesa kinder out of patience. But he got over it in } a second, for a better dispositioned child I never laid eyes on, and says he, "I don't care about marryin' anybody to-night. Hear this organ," and he went to blowin' on it. And a little feller walked up, and asked that little old girl to dance, and she took his arm and moved off. Just then I heard a snickerin' and a laughin' right by the side of me, and I looked round, and there stood lerness and depravity of the world, I long, oh, two or three of them little old men and wimmin, a laughing at the two twins, making light of 'em, I 'spose, because they wus playin' with a doll, and a top like children. Lowdey Wilkins was the head one, laughing and scorfin', and says I,

"You can laugh and you can scorf all you want to," I said. "You little fools be off."

They kinder sneaked off, sort o' skeered, and the two twins went to playin' again. Wall, there they kept it up, a dancin' and a flirtin', and a actin', and it ran along 10, 11, 12 o'clock before there was a sign of supper. Then they began to make a move, and I laid to and helped. But about ½ past 10, I guess it was, I thought I would go into the settin' room, and see how the two twins was a gettin' along. And there they lay, fast asleep, a prettier sight I don't want to see.

Tryphesa sot on the floor a leanin' back aginst a red rockin' chair, with his head on the cushin. His hair had fell back from his face, and his face looked as white as snow aginst the red moreen. And the room bein' midlin' warm, his cheeks and lips was red as roses, and his hair crinkled in kinder moist rings round his forward. little Tryphens lay on the carpet with her head in his lap, and her doll hugged up tight to her bosom. Two roses couldn't have looked any sweeter or more innocent than them two faces, as they lay there with such a innocent, happy look that was more than & a smile, jest as if the angels was whisperin' somethin' pleasant to 'em in confidence. I was admirin' of 'em awfully in my own mind, when a troop of them aged children come up, and, says they,

"See them babys, fast asleep!"

I never see a more scornful tone, and I spoke right up, and says I, "What of it; what if they be asleep," says I, "there is no danger of your bein asleep. You are wide enough awake. You are awake to things that you hadn't ought to even ketch a glimpse of for 20 years to come; Jane. And the jealousy, and heart-burnins, and firtations, and rivalries, and vanities, and vexations of spirit. "Oh, how sw of infantacide."

twins you never can sleep agin in your whole life; for the peaceful sleep of childhood never comes but once. And I don't blame you for it, so much as I do them that waked you up so early. I am sorry for you, you poor little creeters, to think you are waked up so early in the mornin' of your lives, when you ought to be dreamin' of nothin' more feverish than dasies and buttercups with the mornin' dew on 'em, and here you be, waked up for good, to the feverish watchfulness, and cares, and anxieties that never goes to sleep agin. I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart.'

Then I took up one twin, and Betsey Jane took up the other, and we carried 'em up stairs, and laid 'em on Mrs. Lowdey's spare bed.

Well, if you will believe it, them children kep up thair dancin'; and supper never was on the table till it was a goin' on 1 o'clock.

Josiah wanted to start for home the minute we got through eatin'. I'll bet that man won't be so crazy to go to any more of 'em; he seemed to be glad enough to get away. We never waked up the two twins at all; but we carried 'em out to the sleigh, one at a time. Betsey Jane and I we put their things on, and Josiah carryin' 'em follered 'em out, and as we went by the suppertable, there they sot, still a eatin'. Little creeters, that had ought to have eat their bread and milk and gone to bed at 8 o'clock, there they sot, in the dead of night, a stuffin' their little stummicks with cold meats, and chicken pie, and I scream, and pickles, and hot coffee, and rich cakes, and minos-pie, all crazy with excitement, strong enough for folks of from 40 to 50 years.

I couldn't hardly keep from sithin' under the emotions the scene rose up in my mind, and I'll bet a cent, if I had had time I should have almost cried. But I hadn't no time, then, so I turned sadly away, and follered after Betsey Jane. And the last thing I heard was Condelie Lowdey a sayin' to somebody,

"Oh, how sweet, how interesting are the joys of infantacide."

SONNET.

BY FREDERIC T. CLARK

Ave, as the moon at midnight in the sky, When stars shine dimly, feebly, silently, As if ashamed of their dependent light, When she so fair, so beautiful, so bright, Sheds one great tide of splendor, far and near; So o'er the whole world does my love appear, A goddess in her sweet magnificence,

An angel in her childish unpretence.
She is not brilliant, and yet she is fair;
She is not haughty, but a queenly air
Forever hovers round her perfect form,
And lends to every move an untold charm.
In short, she is the fairest ever seen...
A child, an angel, and a beauteous queen!



GEORGE FROST'S MADNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

MNE. NILESON was dressing for the last act of Traviata; the "wait" was tediously long. Young Falconer had ordered his brougham to the lower entrance of the opera-house. "We will look in here for a moment to see if you can find any of the old familiar races," he said to Mr. Frost, "and, if not, will drive round to the Lotos Club. You will meet half-a-dozen, at least, of the old clique there—Knox, Ferris, and that set. Beyond an occasional flight to Paris and back, they have all been jogging on in the old way in New York, while you have been putting girders about the world. You've been a lucky dog. George. It's wretchedly monotonous here."

"Yet New York is the freshest, most live place I have seen for many a day," said Mr. Frost, eagerly surveying the boxes through his lorgnette.

Falconer glanced at him furtively.

His pale, blue eyes looked at everything in life, through their thin colorless lashes, with the same calm, furtive indifference; a habit he had learned when he was a lad, and fancied it the correct thing to be impassive and blase, Habit had become nature, now. As he scanned Frost's cheeks, grown thin and tanned in African jungles and Polar ice-floes, and his bright, keen eyes, it was not the chances of travel or change he envied him so much as the eager, boyish spirit which gave zest to even the tiresome brilliancy of this scene.

- "Upon my word, Frost," he said, laughing, "I believe that the muses and the pretty women give you as keen enjoyment to-night as when you were a smooth-faced boy in college."
- "More, more!" heartily. "I've learned, at least, one bit of wisdom, Falconer, as I neared middle age: and that was, to shut my eyes to the pricking shell of every nut, and to take all the good I could out of the kernel."
- "But you must have heard choruses far better trained than this?"
- "The music which I am listening to always seems the finest in the world to me. There is a good head—that old man's in the box, opposite. It would serve as a study for St. Peter, eh?"
- "That is Poole, the famous stock-gambler," with a shrug and sneer. "You heard of his bulling the market unfairly, yesterday. No such swindling job this season."

- "Yes," hastily. "No matter; the man must have fought hard against his nature to sink into such a harpy as that. That girl in the buff silk and lace; that is a pure face, Falconer."
- "Made up! Made up! Enamel, and false hair. I venture to bet, George," with an indulgent laugh, "that from Indus to the Pole, you have not found a single woman who was not beautiful in your eyes, or a model of every virtue."
- "You give me credit for too much good nature. Now, there is a face which attracts me more than any other in the house, in the third lower proscenium-box."
- "Oh, Mrs. Van Zandt! I'm a little surprised you should have chosen a popular favorite. She has been a noted beauty in New York for many years. She essays the role of a bel-esprit now, as her bloom is fading."

Mr. Frost did not lower his glass. "Beauty! Bel-esprit?" he repeated, with a puzzled air. "I should hardly have ventured, from that face, to call her either the one or the other."

- "Well, I care very little for women's looks, myself. I don't pretend to be a connoisseur. Horses, now, I do understand. But I should have thought Mrs. Van Zandt's beauty beyond dispute."
- "I would have judged that woman too sincere to essay to play any role," said Frost, still looking steadily at the box. "And as for bloom, she never can have had any."
- "Eh?" with a faint show of surprise. "It is not possible, now, that you can have meant Mrs. Van Zandt's daughter all the time? If you did, it is the first time she was ever noticed, except as the most hopelessly ugly that ever Providence dence provided for a lovely mother."
- "It is an ugly face," calmly, "but very attractive, as I said."

Falconer laughed; a shallow, jeering little laugh, which somehow suited him, as did his colorless hair and moustache. "Come round to their box, then. There will be plenty of time to find all the men at the club after the opera is over, provided Nilsson is not as unconscionable a time in dying, as usual."

"No. Let us go look up Ferris at once." Frost was as full of half-superstitious fancies as when he was a boy. The weman's face and the woman seemed to him worth study, as the most

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curiously-genuine he had seen for a long time. He would not allow Falconer to be the medium which should bring them together.

But the little man's amusement at Frost's admiration could not be repressed. He joked about it to every man whom they met at the club.

- "The Van Zandt's 'ugly duck' has turned out to be a swan at last," he told Ferris. "Frost had brought home a taste cultivated up to that standard," at which Ferris shrugged his shoulders.
- "You never fell under the lash of the young lady's sarcasm, George, that is plain. She hath an eager and a nipping wit."
- "She could have no cause of displeasure with me. I have not even been introduced to her."
- "No matter. She is an Arab, by nature. You are her enemy, by right of having been born."

Mr. Frost did not answer. He did not accept his opinions at second hand. Ferris' prejudices only made him more determined to know and make a friend of the girl.

"Come, come!" said Charley Knox, good-humoredly. "This is no place to discuss a lady's temper, Ferris. What are you going to do about that mare of yours?"

George Frost met Knox the next morning, and they sauntered into Goupils to see what there was new in pictures. In the inner room, one or two ladies were seated before a landscape, evidently fresh from the easel. Old Col. Nalley was with them, standing behind their chairs.

"I hope," said Charley to Frost, "they will be careful in their criticism. That is the artist beside them, poor little girl! She has her living to make somehow."

The colonel appeared to know who the shabbily-dressed little woman was, also, for, after watching her a moment, he perched his glasses on his nose, and began,

"As fine a bit of coloring as I ever saw!" he said. "Look at that sky, Mrs. Van Zandt. That is nature itself, madam. One can almost feel the wind blowing over that grass." He caught sight of the girl's flushed face and sparkling eyes, just then, and continued enthusiastically. "The painter of that picture has a brilliant career before her, or I am no prophet!"

"Yes, yes! But——" ventured Mrs. Vam Zandt's soft voice. The colonel stooped and, whispered to her and her daughter. "Oh, it is really very finely done! The only gem in the room!" said Mrs. Van Zandt, hastily.

"I beg to differ with you both," said the young lady, coolly. "You are in an unusually charitable mood to-day, or you would see that there is not a correct line in the drawing, nor a shade of color——"

"My dear!" Mrs. Van Zandt gave a warning glance.

"Nor a shade of color which has been given by an artist's hand," pursued her daughter, quietly. "There is no life in any part of the picture. No impartial judge could find either promise or performance in it."

The young artist stepped back hastily, and left the room. George Frost flushed angrily, as he saw her haggard and shocked face.

- "My dear Hetty, how could you?" cried Mrs. Van Zandt.
 - "It was the truth, as you know, mamma."
- "Of course," said the colonel. "But the poor creature's bread-and-butter depends on this work of hers."

"She never will earn bread-and-butter by it. And the sooner she knows that the better."

Frost motioned to his companion, and they went out.

"Now there is a good deal of excuse to be made for Hetty Van Zandt," said Charley, as they sauntered down Broadway. "She has been always thrown in the shade by that brilliant mother of hers, and the shade is not a good place for a young girl to grow in. There's a time in every woman's life, when it is natural that she should be first and brightest in the house. Poor Heuy has been admitted on sufferance, as one might say, since she was a baby. Her mother is perpetually on the watch to cover up her defects, and make the best of her, just as the mother hen, in Anderson's story, apologizes for her ugly duckling. That sort of thing, when it becomes chronic, you see, chronic in a woman's life, has a very depressing effect on her, George; very depressing."

"I can understand that; but not why it should make her hard or belligerent."

Knox's good-natured countenance was overcast; he could not hear a street cur abused without putting in a disclaimer.

"Hetty (I knew her as a child, and I forget and call her Hetty) Miss Van Zandt began with a morbid sense of her ugliness and inferiority. Her belligerence, as you call it, is an armor she puts on to cover a too sensitive nature."

"I certainly found nothing in her face to indicate cruelty, such as she showed to that poor girl; for it was cruelty."

The two men met again that evening at a ball, given by Mrs. John Livingstone, and stood for awhile looking at the dancers.

"There is a good deal of genuine beauty among the old Knickerbocker families, in both men and women," said Frost.

"Yes, and here are the best types of it. Yet your eyes rest oftenest in one corner where there



is certainly very little beauty, George," glancing significantly to a small figure, in a dark, quiet dress, which made an odd contrast to the brilliant mass of color.

- "Because there is something in the face that does rest them."
- 'Looking at the Van Zandts, eh?' said Falconer, coming up behind them. "The daughter is apparently ten years older than the mother. What is the use of dressing herself like a grandmother if she is plain?"

Frost, a few minutes later, was presented to his heroine, and became dissatisfied with her on the instant. There certainly was no reason for coming to a ball, in a dress as disagreeably conspicuous for its Quaker-like primness and stiffness, as her mother's was youthfully gay. There was no reason why the moment he was presented to her, she should lose the half-sad, wholly-sincere expression which had attracted him, and bristle into the look of a sentinel; suspicious of an enemy. "She need not challenge me with her eye to mortal combat," he thought, irritably. "Nobody in the room has so kindly a feeling for her as I have, I suspect."

The kindly feeling was in danger of evaporating before the evening was over. Mrs. Van Zandt had that royal gift, possessed by so few, of making everybody pleased with themselves, and that without a word of uttered flattery. Her daughter, on the contrary, appeared to take keen delight in stripping off their self-complacency, and forcing each man to see himself as his worst enemy saw him. She had a curious skill in doing this, while preserving, outwardly, the tone and manner of thorough good-breeding.

Charles Knox was the last victim. Apart from his kindly nature, and a certain plain, practical sense, Knox had little to commend him in society. With man he was simple and direct in his manner; but with women he invariably attempted artistic and literary subjects; and, unless skillfully aided, inevitably made an absurd failure. He received no aid from Miss Van Zandt. She sat placidly waiting, in absolute silence, while he stammered, and finally broke down, extricating himself, his round, boyish face in a blaze of mortification.

Mr. Frost was left alone with her. It somehow suited his feeling toward her to speak as though they had always known each other, and that thoroughly.

- "A word or two from you," he said, quietly, "would have covered poor Knox's mistake, and saved him much pain."
- "And a womanly woman would have spoken it?" turning on him quickly.

- "I did not say that, Miss Van Zandt."
- "But you thought it?"
- "If you think it, why do you not act on it?"

 The heat that had risen to her sallow cheek died out.
- "There is a superfluity of curtesy in the world," she said. "It is wholesome for Mr. Knox as for all of us to face the truth now and then. When a man sees that he is but a bungler, and incapable, he will rate himself at his proper value."
- "Women," pursued Frost, calmly, "are too partial in their view to set the true value on any man. Charley Knox has solid qualities, which far outweigh any petty social deficiencies. He is just, for instance, and loyal to his friends. It was only this morning I heard him defend an unpopular woman valiantly, simply because she had long ago been his playmate."

She looked at him keenly. Not a glance pointed his words. But she understood them. A sudden, curious change passed into her face. He fancied that the tears stood in her eyes. Catching sight of Knox. at the other side of the room, a moment later, she motioned to him to come to her.

"Pray, give your seat to Mr. Knox," she said to Frost, with more cordiality of manner than she had yet shown. "I have something to say to him."

Charley took the place, smiling, but awkward, and s little scarcd. All that she said was, "I hear that you have spoken of me kindly, and I want to tell you that I don't deserve it from you; so let there be no more of it."

Mr. Knox made no reply whatever. His silence convinced her that he had more sense than she had given him credit for. She turned full on him, and held out her hand, precisely as a man would do; but there was a pathetic, flickering smile in her eyes, which only could come from a woman. "You may think as well of me as you choose," she said. "I am not so rich in good opinions that I can spare any."

Charley grasped her band cordially, and settled down comfortably in the corner of the seat. He thought he and Hetty Van Zandt were friends now for life; allies, intimates; and was thereupon preparing to be confidential, when she said, coldly rising, "It is not necessary for you, however, to do penance by entertaining me. I have bored too many young men this evening: they have been unusually kind and amiable," and, with a distant bow, she vanished out of the door behind them.

"Where is she gone, Knox?" asked Frost coming up, anxiously.



"I suppose to the ladies' dressing-room, to { mope alone, until Mrs. Van. Zandt is ready to go home. My sister tells me she finds her there almost every night, pale and sleepy, and with a tongue as sharp as a dagger. Jenny thinks it is pride and ill-temper that makes her hold herself aloof, but I think it is a consciousness of intolerable loneliness."

Two or three weeks passed, but Mr. Frost made no progress in finding the kernel of this nut; and, despite his boasted skill in avoiding irritation, its shell was too sharp-set with prickles not to cause him discomfort and disappointment. Perhaps the chief disappointment lay in the fact of Miss Van Zandt's utter indifference to him. He had the sense to know that he was of a different make of man from the inexperienced, immature young fellows who crowded fashionable New York drawing-rooms that winter. Surely, he thought, he was not unworthy of a few hours' pleasant intercourse, for that, he told himself, was all that he asked from her.

Early in April he went down to spend a week or two in a country-house near Flushing. One damp, cloudy morning, he rode out as usual for an hour's canter, before breakfast, on an unfrequented road running along by the Sound. It was too early for the villagers to be astir. The dawn had broken redly over the water, but the sun would not rise behind the long stretch of woods to his left for an hour. Now and then he passed a field, where the ploughman was turning up the yellow mould for the potato-planting, or met a sleepy clam-fisher coming home with his basket half-full, and the mud yet undried on his bare knees.

To anybody else the prospect would have been unmeaning, and tame enough. But Frost drew in the cold air, noted every far-off sparkle on the leaden water, every tinge and shade of delicate green on the fields of early wheat, even found something to admire in pasteboard villas and chatteaux that had grown up, like mushrooms, on either side of the road. The pale wisp of smoke, rising from a chimney, against the reddened sky; a yellow daffodil, growing out of the fence corner; the scamper of a young colt in the field, racing against time, all helped to make the hearty young fellow's eye brighter, and his sunny temper readier for another cheerful day. Even his horse had caught a quicker pace, since he belonged to Frost, than he had ever known before, and had developed certain gay and mischievous tricks more clever than agreeable.

Frost had reached the point where the bridle .

turn homeward, when he saw a man running to meet him, and beckoning violently for him to quicken his pace.

Beyond, dimly seen in the still, heavy mist, was an overturned cart, or wagon, a horse standing beside it, and a group of dark figures seated on the ground. According to his habit, Frost was on fire in a moment, and put his horse to the gallop.

"What has happened? What can I do?" he shouted, before reaching the group.

"Lend me your horse, to bring a doctor."

With one glance at the man's face, Frost threw himself off, and held the horse for the other to mount. "You look hardly able to manage him," he said, as he gave the bridle into his trembling hands.

"Yes, I am able. It is my wife that lies dewl, yonder. The child may be saved."

He galloped off, and Frost hurried on. In another moment he was at the scene of the accident. A light Jersey-wagon lay shattered in a ditch, which ran along side of the road; the horse, still terrified, and panting, stood beside it. On the ground lay a child, a little girl, with its head supported by a heap of grass. Her face was colorless with pain, but she was watching intelligently a woman who was kneeling over her mother, loosening the tight-fitting gown.

"The woman is dead," said Frost, in a low voice. "Had you not better look to the child?"

"She is not dead," without looking up. "I feel a motion at her heart. Help me to lift her.

As she turned toward him, he saw that the speaker was Hetty Van Zandt. But it was no time for conventional feeling.

Frost had picked up a good deal of surgical and medical knowledge, knocking about the world, outside of the limits of civilization. He examined the woman hastily.

"She has only fainted, as you say, Miss Van Zandt," he said. "Her arm is out of place. Put your hand here. If you can hold her firmly, I may be able to set it."

"Go on."

With a skillful twitch and pressure, the arm slipped back into its socket. The woman opened her eyes with a feeble groan, then closed them again.

"I am afraid she has some internal injury. She looks to me as if she were dying," said Miss Van Zandt, without looking up. She had no time for that. She was absorbed in her patient. Frost could not but notice how firm and tender was her handling, and yet how terribly she herroad ran into the turnpike, and was about to self was shaken. There was something in her

like the incertitude and weakness of a child.

"Her husband," she said, "thought she was dead. If I could give her back to him alive! What do you think? Oh, her breath is going!"

She threw her arms about the woman in terror. "You will stifle her in that way," said Frost, drawing her back. "I do not think she has had any other hurt than that in her arm, and the shock of the fall."

He tried to speak with calm authority: but he was ashamed to know how moved he was; and that it was not by the sight of the woman on the ground, who was, perhaps, dying, but by the spectacle of the living one, leaning over her. The pale, homely face, upturned to his, was almost beautiful, so clearly did the womanly, tender soul shine through it.

Miss Van Zandt, who would have kept her self-poise before any principality or power, and through all social dilemmas, lost command of herself with this laborer's wife, and began to sob, and beg her back to life, with passionate words.

"She breathes still! Oh, my dear! my dear! For your husband's sake! And the child-only think of the child! I'm sure you'll not die. You'll get well. There now! You're better already," lifting up her head gently in her arms.

The man returned at that moment, bringing a doctor, whom he had met by the roadside. He threw himself off his horse, and took his wife by the arms, when he saw her alive, as though he were going to shake her. "Why, Susy, it's you, is it?" he said, his face growing red.

Hetty Van Zandt drew back near Frost. She glanced at him, laughingly; but her eyes were full of tears, and her chin trembled.

"That is not dramatic joy," said Frost, laughing.

"No. But it is real."

The doctor, a young, intelligent-looking man, beckoned them both at the moment, and made them of use in holding bandages. "I will take your wife and child home. It is in my way," he said, curtly, when he had done, to the husband. "You can follow on foot," and bowing, in a business-like way to Frost and Miss Van Zandt, he drove slowly off, leaving them standing in the road.

"And after that adventure ?" said Frost. looking at her with a laugh.

"You must come home with me to breakfast. I am with the Dycers, and was out for a walk, when I saw this poor woman thrown. It was you brought her to life after all."

Was it that she had been stirred to the very depths of her nature? Or was it the early morning air, the muddy dress, the absurd stumbles profitable to tutoyer the rich American. "That

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intent, anxious eyes, and her broken voice, very { which he made, leading his horse and looking in her face? It is certain that this was the woman whom he knew Hetty Van Zant to be, when first he looked into her sad, significant eyes, but whom he had never found before. She was wholly off guard. The sad eyes sparkled with fun, or turned to his appealing as a child. She was confidential, inconsequent, absurd. It was the frank meeting of two old friends, between whom exists the most perfect freemasonry, and in which neither has a thought of self.

> "I shall not go in to breakfast," he said, pausing at the gate. "But may I come back, and go with you to find the patients? We are responsible for their cure."

> Old Mrs. Dycer watched Frost and his companion, that evening, as they passed down the lawn. "Hetty is herself with a young person at last," she said to her husband. "It is only old men and women who know how loveable the child is."

> During the next week, Frost spent every day with the Dycers. He, at least, learned how loveable was Hetty Van Zandt. He followed her to town. The next night he entered the quiet, oldfashioned parlor, where Mrs. Dycer sat reading. "I came to say good-by," he said. "I sail tomorrow in the Scotia."

> The old lady took off her glasses, and looked keenly at him.

> "No!" forcing a laugh. "I go alone. Miss Van Zandt has refused me-scornfully, I might say. She certainly did not temper her decision with any gentleness."

> "My dear boy, I could have told you this long ago. The man who wins Hetty Van Zandt must first remove her fortune, or her ugly face. She is haunted so perpetually by the last, that she believes the other is the only inducement which can bring any man to woo her, even you."

> "She should have keener insight," quietly. "As she has not, there is no hope of any love between us."

> Frost did sail on the Scotia, and for two or three years was lost to the view or knowledge of New Yorkers. Whether he disappeared into Siberian snows, or Australian jungles, nobody

> It was in the early spring of '72, that Falconer, crossing the street at Marseilles, one windy morning, met a burly man, in a shaggy coat, his face covered with beard and mustache. He halted, looked after him through his thin lashes, superciliously.

> "I know that fellow," he said to his companion, a penniless young count, who found it

is a New Yorker, who traveled all over the world, to come home, and fall in love with the ugliest, most sarcastic woman in it. She rejected him, and he has been a vagabond and wanderer ever since, unable to heal the wound."

"These love matters are incomprehensible. A species of sorcery-magnetism, or what you may choose to call it.'

The idea of Frost's incurable wound, however, appeared such an inexhaustible joke to Falconer, that he made search in the hotels for Frost, and finally meeting him, was greeted cordially, as usual, by that warm-blooded fellow, who made no inquiries, however, concerning America.

Mr. Falconer, therefore, volunteered some information, watching him keenly over his cigar.

- "I return in the Ottawa, on Tuesday. Nice vessel. Less motion than any I know. Some other New Yorkers aboard. Painter and the Van Zandts?"
 - " Perfectly."
- "Daughter's unmarried still. Very good brand, these cigars, Frost."
- "Fair enough. Have you seen Galignani today? There is some American gossip which you will be interested in."

There seemed no hope for any questions from Frost; so, after half an hour, Falconer broached the subject again. "The worst failure we have had for years was that of Stirling. He pulled down the Van Zandts. They banked with him. They are well-nigh penniless, I learn. That is what is taking them home now."

Frost nodded indifferently, as Falconer thought. He rose to go, having missed his joke.

"Cured, even of that jagged wound, like the rest of us," he thought. "When shall we see you in New York, Frost?" he asked, lighting his cigar.

"You will not lose sight of me," quietly. sail on the Ottowa."

For two or three days of the passage, Miss Van Zandt kept her cabin; for two or three days after she appeared, she received only a passing } bow, or a few pleasant words of greeting from { Falconer thought of it?

her old lover. It was with no slight surprise, therefore, that, one evening, when alone on deck, she saw him come toward her, with a curious air of quiet and steadiness upon his face.

He sat down beside her, deliberately.

- "You look," she said, smiling, "like a Scotch Irishman, who has made up his mind. I don't know any better type of determination than that."
- "I have been making it up for four years. That is long enough in which to determine on an act, or to prove it sincere; isn't it?"

She smiled again, but the sad eyes suddenly gathered watchful meanings, and turned on him.

- "I have a prejudice in favor of blunt frankness in all matters, even the most delicate," he said. "So have you, Miss Van Zandt."
- "So have I," gently.
 "Then—" He lo He looked her directly in the eyes. "Three years ago I loved you. I believe God meant me to do it. I certainly never had loved another woman. You rejected me. I felt that you cared for me as you did for no other man, and I feel it now. I was told that some question of money, some suspicion of my motives came between us. There can be now no such question. I know that you and I are alike poor. I can work for us both. I---"

He rose, moved about in his repressed excitement, came hastily up to her, and held out his hands. "I would ask nothing better of God than to know you trusted me!"

She put her hand frankly in his. "I was a mad, morbid creature. I never trusted any human being until I knew you."

"And, now-

Mr. Frost did not think it worth while to finish the question. He sat down, holding her hand tight clasped in his. He did not even know that Mr. Falconer was watching him from the larboard deck, debating on his sanity.

The ugly face was more beautiful to him than any Madonna's; and what mattered it what Mr.

HAVE FEET WHEREBY TO CLIMB

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

Nor in high places joy abides, But in true souls it seeks repose; As heart's-case pines for warm hill-sides. Or lowly vales display the rose.

We have not wings, we cannot soar, But we have feet whereby to climb, By alow degrees, by more and more, The steep declivities of Time.

As the Egyptian pupil trod, By mystic step, the air, to Heaven. So we may reach the throne of God. Walking the way divinely given.



MY SISTER PATSEY.

BY FRANCES LEE PRATT.

"How many cows do you keep this summer?"

"Five," replied my sister Patsey, leaning back in her chair, and looking tired.

"Oh, one more than we keep! We have only four," returned Mrs. Lemming, briskly. "Do you salt your butter when you first take it out of the churn, or in the second working?"

"When I first take it from the churn. When do you?" answered Patsey.

So there they droned and droned, until I wished them both at Botany Bay. I know I could make butter if that was my business, and not talk incessantly about it; but some people can't even knead a loaf of bread without making a draught on somebody's sympathy.

"Mercy me!" cried Mrs. Lemming, at last, jumping up in a sudden heat. "It is time I was at home, seeing to setting the milk, for Joshua can't be trusted more than the cat. He will be sure to strain it in a wrong place, even if he has to hunt for one."

Then she bustled home, knitting as she went, and leaving her ball of yarn on the floor behind her.

And the robins sang and sang in the maples, and the buttercups lifted golden chalices thickly along the meadow over the wall, thirsty for the coming rain, where the tree-frogs prophesied in shrill music. And just then a face appeared at the open window on the opposite side of the room—a face like the disk of the harvest moon.

That was Joshua's.

"Where is ma'am?" he asked, with a little snicker.

He never said anything without a snicker.

"Mrs. Lemming has just gone home. She went across the garden, so you missed her. Anything happened?" said Patsey.

Patsey always says three times as much as is needed, she is so kind.

"Oh, nothing—nothing in particular. Only ma'am has company, that is all," replied Joshua, with another snicker.

"Who has come?" asked Patsey, with curiosity tingling through her fingers, and peeping out of her eyes.

Joshua's face grew broader and brighter.

"Some of the folks from Stovemudges, I take it," said he, stretching his mouth into an inverted rainbow, and starting off on a run. In the meantime, Mrs. Lemming proceeded homeward, unmindful of singing robins, golden-chaliced buttercups, prophetic tree-frogs, and the coming shower. She was thinking of her dairy-shelves, covered with rich, round cheeses, brimming tin-pans, and jars of cream. But she forgot them in the surprise that met her at the door.

The front door, that always was kept shut, and locked, and bolted, for fear of thieves, and flies, and dust, stood wide open, and upon the threshold stood a little creature, no taller than a garden lily, and quite as dainty and sweet. One of those beings that seem akin to blossoms and birds and butterflies.

"B'ess its heart!" cried out Mrs. Lemming, with sudden motherly fondness. "Whose child be you?"

The little one looked up with a shy smile.

"Don't you speak though. Let me guess on you!" continued Mrs. Lemming, looking sharply at the wondering child.

"Yes, Julia Conklin!" said she, after a moment's consideration. "You needn't tell me you do not belong to her, because you do, blue vein in your forehead and all. Julia Conklin, sure enough! Of all this world! Where is your ma, there?"

But she was answered by a rustle, and rush, and voice upon the stair, as down came Julia Conklin, sure enough.

"Well, well, is it really you?" cried the farm's mistress, shaking her guest violently by the shoulder, and ending by a hearty kiss on each cheek. "Julia Conklin! What is your name now?"

"Howell!" replied the guest, smiling, and returning the caresses in a more refined and graceful fashion.

And then for an instant Mrs. Lemming must have forgotten her dairy and her kitchen, as, to her infinite surprise, Mrs. Howell sunk upon the lowest step of the stair behind her, and putting her face in her hand, began to cry like a wornout, homesick child.

It was at this very point my sister Patsey reached the open door behind them, winding the unbroken yarn upon the ball Mrs. Lemming dropped upon our floor, along the way after her, like another Queen Eleanor. But it was not much of a "Rosamond's bower" she found at the end

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of her worsted clue. It was the commonest kind of an old, red farm-house, where she arrived just soon enough to hear Mrs. Howell say, "Oh, Eunice, my marriage is a failure!"

Then Patsey dropped the ball, and ran back home before anybody saw her, in a perfect tingle of wonder and excitement. For Mrs. Howell's brother George and my sister Patsey had been engaged off and on for ten years, and this happened to be one of the offs. So she was accordingly all behind in the family affairs, although full of interest in them as ever.

"What can be the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Howell, Eleanor?" she ejaculated, over and over, and over.

Now I have my grandmother's old-fashioned stately home, and along with it, I fancy, I have something of her stately character. Anyhow, I have not, and never did have, any of my sister Patsey's way of interesting herself in all the common, every-day things that are to me insipid and wearisome. So I was tired out, over and over and over, with her perpetual dwelling upon this one subject.

"I don't suppose anything is the matter, particularly," said I at last, rather imputiently, perhaps, "Julia Howell is an exaggerated, intense creature, always either up on the tenth wave, or else down at the very bottom of the ocean, along with sea-weed and dead men's bones; and, beside, now you and George have broken off, it isn't anything to you, anyway."

Patsey made no reply to these sensible words, but immediately seized the mop, and ran into the dairy to wipe up some drops of spilled milk. Probably she was crying, and, being an economical soul, she would not waste even her tears.

She said no more about the Howells that night, but her nose was desperately red all the evening, and she grated her teeth in her sleep most unmercifully, which is a trick of our family when they are anywise disturbed. I dare say she thought I was very hard-hearted and cold-blooded; but I declare I do hate mewling and red noses of all things. If one has anything on one's mind, why don't one scold and have done with it? I do.

The next morning, while I was up stairs curling my hair, and Patsey was getting breakfast, I heard Mrs. Lemming's voice in the room below. Of course. I scorn listening under any circumstances, but I happened, just then, to lay down my brush, and go toward the stovepipe that comes up into my room on its way to the chimney, and could not help hearing Mrs. Lemming say, in her coarse, common way, "I shan't take no for an answer, so get your 'bunnet,' and come along."

Directly after Patsey knocked on the stovepipe, (she knows how I hate that sound of knocking on the stovepipe, it always goes right through me,) but said, in a mild quaver,

"Coming down soon, Eleanor? Mrs. Lemming wants I should go home with her, if you can finish the breakfast."

Then she went off, for, of course, I couldn't refuse, though there I was, my hair half-done, and everything left on my hands half-done, which, as everybody knows, is ten times harder than to take a thing in the beginning, and do it one's own way. But off she went, and off she staid half the morning; and I was left to wonder what there was to wonder about.

At last, when she couldn't possibly stay any longer, I saw her coming home through the garden with a gait like a tipsy elephant. My sister Patsey may be good, but she is not graceful.

I was shelling beans for dinner, and kept about my work without speaking, till she had put away her "bunnet," and pottered about doing a great deal of nothing at all. After a time, in her pottering, she came near the table by which I sat at work, and then I saw on her finger the self-same ring I had seen there so many times before. George Howell's engagement-ring, that had been back and forth every time their engagement was renewed or broken off.

It looked as much as though it had been made by a blacksmith as ever, with its great square, vulgar red stone, and with gold enough, if wellhammered out, to cover Webster's Unabridged.

"Oh," said I, "has George come, then?" for, looking up, I saw Patsey's eyes at their old trick of glowing like a couple of light-houses. I knew it as well as I did the spots and darns on my green-silk dress: and that peculiar shining was never to be seen when she and George were out of sorts with each other.

Patsey's face went the color of a maple-tree in October, as I spoke, but she pretended not to hear, and I went on as though I was not speaking to her. It gives one such an uncomfortable and troubled feeling to have a question utterly ignored, even if one doesn't care a pepper-corn for the answer. So, I went on, addressing myself to the pan of beans before me.

"It seems to me, my dear," said I, "that I should have waited at home for a young man to come and see me, if he wished to, but perhaps I shouldn't. Perhaps I should go half way to meet him. Very likely."

That stirred her up, and opened her mouth. I knew it would.

"I didn't know George was there when I went over, and he wasn't, either," she replied, rather inconsequently, turning the color of a cherry-tree in May.

"Well, why don't you tell me about it?" said I, ready enough to be interested in anything worth the trouble.

Patsey, on her part, was quite ready to talk to an attentive listener, which she knows I always am, when I listen at all.

"Poor Julia Howell!" she began, with quite a family air already. "She has been in such a state as never was. She is so nervous and impulsive, with no more brains than a China doll, any time. And Mrs. Lemming had no more idea what to do with her than she would have what to do with a mermaid. She couldn't skim her, or churn her, or bake or iron her; so, she came over for me, in sheer despair."

At this point my sister Patsey, who is herself as practical as washing-day, looked up at the clock, just going eleven, then at me, leaning my hands on the edge of the pan, and listening to her with all my faculties. Then she stopped her story abruptly, and went for the bean-bag and the dinner-pot.

"How material you are!" I cried. "I do believe, Patricia Prime, you will rise from your grave to see that the turf be straightened! Never mind dinner, but finish what you are telling. What is the matter with Julia Howell this time?"

"What is the matter with Julia?" repeated Patsey, proceeding to fill the dinner-pot from the ten-kettle, and to put a stick of wood in the stove. "I don't know, I am sure, unless it is lack of common sense. In the first place, she and her husband seem to have a strange effect upon each other, though they cannot live apart, and love one another to distraction. But they never agree about anything. If Julia wishes to live in the city, he is immediately insane on the subject of farming, and if she takes a fancy to housekeeping, he takes a fancy to boarding. As George says, they never look on the same side of the shield," continued my sister Patsey, her face shining like sunrise at mention of George's name. "It seems Julia had an idea that Lilian needed sea-bathing, and so, of course, Mr. Howell had an idea she needed mountain air. Whereupon Julia, in one of her flighty pets, took Lilian, without saying a word to anybody, and started off here to Mrs. Lemming's. Then, as she can't live a day without her husband, she has been in hysterics ever since; and you can judge of Mrs. Lemming's state of mind."

"How flat! What a fool! Is that all?" said I. "Well, what has this to do with your ring, and the look in your face, as though ten years had been added to your life?"

"Oh, Mr. Howell was as distracted as his wife, when he found she had really gone, nobody knew where, and was frantic to start a dozen ways at once. George says he thinks he looked for her in every bureau-drawer and cologne-bottle in the house. George has all the steadfastness and reliability in the family," continued my sister Patsey, with the pride of possession in her tone, "and he concluded at once she had come here—at least he thought she might have," said Patsey, correcting herself with a flush of consciousness. "So he came right along, and got here on the ten o'clock train."

Now, between you and me and that rose-tree, George has about as much steadfastness as a grasshopper. The Conklins are winning and handsome, and bewitching; but, as a family, they are by no means famous for any of the plodding virtues; and, it seems to me, a girl of Patsey's sense, and especially experience, must know it. Although, perhaps not, for we read of something beside justice that is always blind.

But being interested to hear the end of the story, I let that underwitted remark of hers go, and hurried her on.

"What did Mrs. Howell say when George came, and what did he say, and what did you say? How slow you are, Patsey! I could live a story sooner than you can tell one."

"Bless your heart, Eleanor, Julia had forgotten by that time, after talking with me, and drinking half-a-dozen cups of coffee, that she came down for anything more than a visit to her country cousin. 'Well there, George! if you haven't come,' said she. 'I didn't know you thought of it, or I would have waited for you. How did you leave Walter? Isn't he coming down? I expected he would, to spend the Sabbath. Did he send any word byyou?' Just as unconscious and sweet as though she hadn't been driving everybody crazy all night. She is such a baby!"

"Well, but how about your ring?" persisted I.

"Oh, Julia took it all for granted, and brought
George right into the kitchen, where I sat putting
on my rubbers ready to go home. I went out
there soon as I saw him coming through the gate,"
replied Patsey, glancing aside, and blushing again.

"Then what?" I asked impatiently, finding I must get her story by digging like a mole.

"Then Julia," she answered, laughing. "Julia flitted in like an apparition, saying, 'George has come on purpose to see you. Here is George, here is Patricia! Come right in this way!' So there was nothing for me but to sit there, for I really supposed he had asked for me, and I wouldn't be impolite enough to run away then. And so we came face to face in that unpremedi-



tated manner, and as soon as I saw his eyes, I of trying to bring you two together. But 'Fools saw he was just as faithful and honest as ever. } So it did not take many words to make all right { between us. But we have to thank Julia, who never did a straightforward thing in her life before; for we could never either of us have taken the first step toward a meeting, thinking what we did about each others feelings. We are going to be married in September, and, oh, Eleanor! I am happy as I can be!"

I believed her, for she put the potatoes in the dinner-pot, and drew out the old red table, as though she were moving to music.

"Everything has its use," said I. "I have often wondered what object there could be in the creation of such creatures as butterflies and Julia Conklin: but I see now. In the double-andtwisted state of your love-affair, with your pride and George's peculiarities, any one with a pennyweight of brain would as soon have thought of finding a new world for Alexander to conquer as i just as I always said I could.

rush in where angels fear to tread', and I am glad Julia Conklin was born."

This time the ring, with its red stone, like Noah's dove on the third sending forth from the ark, did not return to its giver. But after a few more bakings, and churnings, and ironings, my sister Patricia "set herself" to George Conklin "like perfect music unto noble words."

This is how it happened that I am going on alone with the bakings, and churnings, and ironings, for my father and a young patience-tryer he has "secured" from the State Reform School. My father always uses the word "secured" with a great air of triumph, whenever he falls upon a remarkably inferior specimen of boyhood; and in nine out of ten Reform-School boys that he has presented us with, this has been his fortune.

And I find that I can do housework when it is my business, and not talk incessantly about it;

OCTOBER.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

WALKING among the withered leaves This dreamy, soft October day, They seem like hopes whose fires have turned To disappointment's ashes gray.

Frail, faded leaves! Oh, Autumn wind! In memory of their vanished bloom, Waft them with gentle, tender breath, Poor waifs of Summer, to their tomb.

Faded and dying, in their decay Yet linger gleams of red and gold, As hope clings to the saddest heart, Until each throbbing pulse is cold.

Oh, weary heart! why strive with fate, Or cling to mournful memory; Careless of all this mellow light, This Autumn pomp and pageantry.

Why, when fate turns a page of life, Will lines we traced there haunt us yet, And o'er to-days unwritten page, Fling the dark shadow of regret?

Fair is you line of distant hill And valley, wrapped in their blue haze, Lit with proud Autumn's splendid hues, Yet lacks the charm of vanished days.

Something I miss, perchance because Life's morning hour for me has flown; Perchance it dims the gleam and glow That I to-day am here alone.

Something we each and all must miss, As life's long day drags slowly on; Some glory, which the lost years wore, Or seemed to wear, is gone.

HARVEST.

BY LAURA H. FISHER.

Dying, Prince, and fast! None need question why; The purple vine outpours of its wine The gold is slain of the burdened grain, The flowers that hold too manifold A life must break, and I, Harvest-time, and I die! What is the weather, Prince? Answer not soft as in rhyme. Musical speech my tears over reach, The wide, wide light has dazzled my sight,

A Summer so fair I could not bear. Therefore, is it sad, or sublime-I die, and in harvest-time.

Prince, is it noon, or the night? Runs the river high? The thrush sings loud, Is it sun or cloud? No added gloom that I go so soon? Does nothing mind that I leave behind, Save you, my Prince? And I-Harvest-time, and I die!



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIAM JESSUP was dead. A great shock had cast him down with his face in the dust. Thus, blasted, as it were, by a sudden conviction of his daughter's shame, he had gone into eternity as if struck by a flash of lightning.

A great change had come over him as his power of thought had revived. His brain had cleared from the dull mistiness which seemed to gather a haze over his memory. He had begun to see things clearly that seemed fantastic and dream-like till then. The events of that night when he received his wound, came out before him clearly in pictures. The figures that moved under the great cedar of Lebanon, the face he had seen for a moment gleaming through the darkness, everything came back to him with the vividness of thoughts that burn like fire in an enfeebled brain, when once fixed there, driving out sleep and everything but themselves.

While Ruth had supposed her father restful and asleep, he had been lying on his sick bed, troubled by memories, tormented by doubts of his own knowledge. Which were true, his memories now, or the feverish ideas that had possessed his enfeebled faculties so long?

Slowly and surely the truth grew upon him; facts arrayed themselves with facts, dreams melted away into nothingness. He could reason clearly; for, in the state of nervous excitement which sometimes comes with returning powers, after long wanderings, all his ideas were supremely vivid. The power of motion seemed to have cleared his intellect. Then he remembered the letter he had written to young Hurst; twelve hours before he could not have given its import, or have repeated a word of it. But now, it came before him like the rest, almost joyfully, like a visible substance. He saw the very handwriting, uneven and irregular, such as he had left in copy-books years before, and such as rose up clearly in judgment against him now. Reading these great, uncouth letters in his mind, he groaned aloud. Every word had conveyed suspicion, every promise an insult to his master's son. No

How could he hope ever to be forgiven for the suspicion with which he had wounded his daughter, and the blacker charge covered up under the promises of that letter.

The old man lay there, wounding himself with the most bitter reproaches. Into what flendish dream had the fever of that shot thrown him! How had his poor brain been so poisoned!

That face, that man whom he had cast to the earth in his first rage, as we wrestle with a mad dog, which leaves its poison in our veins—it all came from him. The fever of an awful suspicion had fired his brain before the shot had ploughed its way through his chest, then delirium had fastened it there. The fruits were that letter, and the fading away of life and hope from the heart of his child.

William Jessup started up in hed, as these thoughts came crowding to his brain. He would at once redeem the evil that had been done. The insult of that letter should be revoked. He would humble himself before his child, and convince her that in his sane mind he never could have wounded her with a doubt.

Yes, it should be done at once; then, perhaps, he might sleep, for the intense working of his brain was more than he could endure. It was like the rush and thud of an engine, over which the master-hand had lost control.

Ruth Jessup's little desk lay open on a table close by the bed, where she had been using it. Pen and paper lay upon it, inviting the sick man to act at once. He was still wrapped in a long, flannel dressing-gown, and his feet were thrust into slippers, which the hands of his child had wrought with scrolls of glittering bead-work and clusters of flowers—soft, dainty slippers, which made no noise as he dropped his feet over the bedside, and drew the table toward him with hands nerved to steadiness by firm resolution.

copy-books years before, and such as rose up clearly in judgment against him now. Reading these great, uncouth letters in his mind, he groan-ed aloud. Every word had conveyed suspicion, every promise an insult to his master's son. No wonder the young man had returned no answer.

the white surface of a page was black with them. Then he turned the sheet over, pressed it down with both hands, and went on until his task was done.

By this time his eyes were heavy with fatigue, and a dusky fever-flush burned on his cheeks. He folded the sheet of paper, which was well written over, and directed it on the blank side to "Walton Hurst," then he pushed the table aside, leaned back upon the pillow, and gave way to the exhaustion which this great effort had brought upon him. Still, the poor man could not sleep, the brain had been too much disturbed. While his body lay supine, and his hands were almost helplessly folded in his flannel dressinggown, those deep-set eyes were wide open, and burning with internal fires.

Thus the sun went down, and a glory of crimson gold and purple swept through the window, slowly darkening the room.

All this time, Ruth was below, sad and thoughtful, gleaning a little pleasure from the fact that all was still overhead, which indicated a long, healthful sleep for her father, after his first effort to cross the room. She was very careful to make no noise that might disturb the beloved sleeper, and thus sat hushed and watchful, when the sweet shock of her husband's presence aroused her.

This noise had reached the chamber where Jessup lay.

"She is below," he thought, struggling up from his bed. "This very hour she shall carry my letter to The Rest. This night she shall forgive me for doubting her, my sweet, good child. Ah, how did I find heart to wrong her so?"

With the letter clasped in one hand, and that buried in the folds of his dressing-gown, the old man moved through the dusky starlight that filled his room, and down the narrow stairs slowly, for he was weak, and softly, for his slippers made no noise. He paused a moment in the passage, holding by the banister, then, guided by an arrow of light that shot through the door, which was ajar, stood upon the threshold, struck through the heart by what he saw—wounded again and unto death by the words he heard.

"It was true! it was true!" The words said to him by that vile man in the park that night, was a fact that struck him with a sharper pang than the rifle had given. His child—his Ruth, his milk-white lamb, where was she? "Whose head was that resting upon her bosom? Whose voice was that murmuring in her ear?"

The pain of that awful moment made him reel upon his feet, a cry broke to his lips, bringing waves of red blood with it. His hands lost their

hold on the door-frame, and his dead body fell across the threshold.

For a moment two white, scared faces looked down upon the dead man, then at each other, dazed by the sudden horror. Then Ruth sunk to the floor, with a piteous cry, and took the old man's head in her lap, moaning over it, and be-seeching him to look up—to speak one word, to move but a finger, anything to prove that he was not dead.

Hurst bent over her, feeble and trembling. He had no power to lift the old man from her arms, but leaned against the door-frame paralized.

"Oh, wipe his lips, they are so red! Help me to lift him up," cried Ruth, with woeful entreaty. "He is not dead, you know. Remember how he bled before, but that was not death. Help me! Oh, Walton, help me, or something dreadful may come to him."

The agony of this pleading aroused all that remained of strength in the young husband's frame. He stooped down, and attempted to remove the old man from the girl's clinging arms.

"No, no!" she cried. "I can take care of him best. Bring me some brandy—brandy, I say! You will find it in—in the cupboard. Brandy, quick—quick, or he may never come-to!"

Hurst went to the closet, brought forth a flack of brandy, and attempted to force some drops between those parted lips, through which the teeth were gleaming with ghastly whiteness.

"He cannot drink! Bring a glass. Father! father! try to move—try to swallow. It frightens me so! Ah, try to understand! It frightens me so!"

All efforts were in vain. Hurst knelt down, and, with a hopeless effort, felt for the pulse that would never beat again.

"His head is growing heavier. See how he leans on me! Of course, he knows—only—only—Oh, Walton! There is no breath!" whispered the poor girl. "What can I do—what can I do?"

"Ruth, my poor child, fear he will never breath again."

"Never breathe again! Never breathe again! Why, that is death!"

"Yes, Ruth, it is death," answered the young man, folding the dressing-gown over the body, reverently, as if it had been the vestment of some old Roman.

"Then you and I have killed him," said the girl, in a hoarse whisper. "You and I!"

The young man made no answer, but kindly and gently attempted to remove the body that rested so heavily upon her.

"Not yet-oh, not yet! I cannot give him up! He might live long enough to pardon me."

"If good men live hereafter, and you believe that, Ruth, he knows that concealment is all the sin you have committed against him," answered Hurst, gently.

"But that has brought my poor-poor father here." said the girl, looking piteously up into the young man's face.

He could make no answer, for he knew that by one rash act he had led that young creature into all this misery.

"Ruth-Ruth, do not reproach me! knows I blame myself bitterly enough," he said, at last.

"Blame yourself. Oh, no! I alone am to It was I that tempted you. I that listened-that loved, and made you love me. Father -father! Oh, hear this! Stay with us. Oh, stay in your old home long enough for that! He is not in fault. He never said a word or gave me a look that was not noble. He never meant to harm me, or-or offend you. I-I alone am the guilty one."

"Ruth, Ruth! you break my heart, child!" whispered Hurst.

"Break your heart! Oh. no! I have done enough of that, miserable wretch that I am!" answered the girl, speaking more and more faintly. "If I could only make him understand how mournfully sorry I am; but oh, Walton! I think he is growing cold. I have tried to warm him here in my arms, but his cheek lies chilly against mine, and my-my heart is cold as-as his."

The head drooped on her bosom; her arms slackened their hold, and fell away from the form they had embraced, and she settled down by her father, lifeless, for the time, as he was.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FUNERAL moved slowly from the gardener's house. Out through the porch, under the clustering honeysuckles he had planted, William Jessup was carried by his own neighbors, with more than usual solemnity. His death had been fearfully sudden, and preceding circumstances surrounded it with weird interest. That which had been considered a mysterious assault, which no one cared to investigate too closely, now took the proportions of a murder, and many a sunburned brow was heavy with doubt and dread as they stood ready to carry the good man out of the home his conduct had honored, and his hands had beautified.

were gathered in front of the little cottage, seek- { cloud, down the avenue. The park became silent.

ing to console the poor girl, who was left alone in it, and to show fitting respect to the dead. Among these were Sir Noel and his household. Lady Rose came, quietly subdued. Mrs. Mason full of grief and motherly anxiety, took charge within doors, pausing in her endeavors every few moments to comfort poor Ruth, whose grief carried her to the very brink of despair.

Many people came from the village, where Jessup had been very popular, and among them old Storms, who, with his son, kept aloof, looking darkly on the crowd that passed into the dwelling.

No one seemed to remark that the young heir of Norston's Rest was absent; for it was known that he had taxed his strength too far, and was now paying the penalty of over exertion by a relapse which threatened to prostrate him altogether.

In the throng of villagers that came in groups through the park, was the landlady of the publichouse, and with her Martha Hart, who was too insignificant a person for criticism, or the eager excitement of her manner might have arrested attention. But safe in her low estate, the girl moved about in the crowd, until the house was filled, and half the little concourse of friends stood reverently on the outside, waiting for the coffin to be brought forth. Then she drew close to young Storms, who stood apart from his father, and whispered,

"You beckoned me, what for?"

Storms answered her in a cautious whisper. Nodding her head, the girl replied,

"But, after that, will you come to the public, or shall I-

"To the Lake House, after the funeral," was the impatient rejoinder.

"I will be there, never fear."

With these words Martha glided off through the crowd, and, passing around the house, concealed herself in the thickets of blooming plants in which the garden terminated.

From this concealment she watched the funeral train file out from the porch, and wind its way down the head avenue of the park on its course to the church-yard. She saw Ruth, the last of that little household, following the coffin with bowed head, and footsteps that faltered in the short walk between the porch and the gate. Wickedly weak as the girl was, a throb of compassion stirred her heart for the young creature she had so hated in her jealous wrath, but could pity in such deep affliction.

Slowly and solemnly the funeral procession Many persons out of his own sphere of life swept from the house, and passed, like a black The cottage was still as death, for every living { nothing but slippers and boots that a child might thing had passed from it when the body of its master was carried forth. Then, holding her breath, and treading softly, as if her sacrilegious foot were coming too near an altar, the girl stole into the house. The door was latched, not locked. She felt sure of that, for, in deep grief, who takes heed of such things? A single touch of her finger, and she would be mistress of that little home for an hour at least. Still her heart quaked, and her step faltered. It seemed as if she were on the threshold of a great crime, but had no power to retreat.

She was in the porch; her hand was stretched out, feeling for the latch, when something dragged at her arm. A sharp cry broke from her; then, turning to face her enemy, she found only the branch of a climbing rose that had broken loose from the honeysuckles, and whose thorns clung to her sleeve.

"What a fool I am," thought the girl, tearing the thorny branch away from her arm, "what would he think of me? There!"

The door was open. She glided in, and shut it in haste, drawing a bolt inside.

"Bah! how musty the air is! With the shutters closed, the room seems like a grave. much the better! No one can look through."

The little sitting-room was neatly arranged. Nothing but the chairs was out of place. Martha could see that, through all the gloom.

"Not here," she thought. "Nothing that he wants can be here. To her room, first: that is the place to search."

Up the crooked stair-case the girl turned and shut herself into a little chamber, opposite that in which Jessup had suffered his days of paina dainty chamber, in which the windows and bed were draped like a summer cloud, and on a toilet, covered with virgin snow, a small mirror was clouded in like ice. Even the coarse nature of Martha Hart was struck by the pure stillness of the place she had come to desecrate, and she stood just within the threshold, as if terrifled by her own audacity. "If he were here, I wonder if he would dare touch a thing?" she thought, going back to her purpose. "I wish he had done it himself; I don't like it."

She did not like it; being a woman, how could she? But the power of that bad man was strong upon her, and directly the human thrill left her bosom. She was his slave again.

wear, and fit for Lady Rose herself, with their high heels and finikin stitching. Such things for a gardener's daughter! Dear me, what is the use of a toilet if one cannot load it with pincushions, and things to hold ear-rings, and brooches, and such-like. Nothing but boots; such boots, too, under the curtains, and on the top a Prayer-book, bound in velvet, too. Well, this is something."

A small chair stood by the toilet, in which Martha seated herself, while she turned over the leaves of the book, and, pausing at the first page, read.

"' 'Ruth Jessup, from her godmother.""

"Oh, that's old Mason. Not much that he wants here. No wonder the lass is so puffed up. Velvet books, and a room like this! Well, well, I never had a godmother, and sleep in a garret, under the roof. That's the difference. But we shall see. Only let me find something that pleases him here, and this room is nothing to the one he will give me. Thin muslin. Poh! I will have nothing less than silks and satins, like a born lady. That much I'm bent on. Ha, what's this?"

Martha was idly turning over the leaves of the Prayer-book, as these thoughts occupied her brain, but the sight of a folded paper, placed carefully between the leaves, brought her back to the nefarious business she was on.

"'Walton Hurst-Ruth Jessup.' Goodness help me! If this isn't marriage lines," cried the girl, holding the paper up between her two hands that fairly shook with the eager joy that possessed her. "Marriage lines, and he telling me all the time that she is dying, on her hands and knees, to get him! Now, I have something worth while. I shall see how he will take the news. Let him boast; let him coin me off against her. I'll not be in a hurry to tell him, though. My! Isn't this a muddle?"

Again and again Martha read the paper, gloating over it with a sort of animal ferocity, and talking to herself, as if craving sympathy in her triumph from a third party. At last she folded it carefully, took a large, worn portmonaic from her bosom, and laid it by another paper in one of the compartments. Then she patted the portmonaie with her hands, kissed the soiled leather. and thrust it deep into her bosom.

After this, the girl proceeded to search the "Something may be here," she said, sweeping apartment thoroughly. She carefully examined aside the delicate muslin of the toilet with her all the dainty muslins and bits of lace, the ribrude hands. "Ladies keep their choice finery and bons and humbler trifles contained in the oldlove-letters in such places, I know; and she puts | fashioned bureau. She even thrust her hand on more airs than any lady of the land. Ah, { under the snowy pillows of the bed, but found nothing save the pretty, lady-like trifles that awoke some of the old, bitter envy as she handled them.

"Now for the old man's room. Something is safe to turn up there, though nothing I shall like half as well as this," she said, pressing her hand on the portmonaie. "That is for me. As for his liking, oh, it will be fun to hear him crawl out of all that he has said. She dying for him. I wonder if he will dare say it to my face again. Trust me for keeping it back long enough to see Cats that eat their mice the moment they are caught, lose half the enjoyment. I love to see them toss them up, let them go, shake them in their hungry jaws; then fall to, at once, with a greed!"

The girl fairly appeared to taste the brutal delight her words described. Her lips worked; her eyes gleamed; her hand clutched and unclutched its eager fingers. All at once the cruel spasm gave way, her countenance fell, and expressed the change of her thoughts.

"But then," she muttered, "the cat did not love the mouse, or she never would have killed it quite."

The room from which William Jessup had been carried out was in chilling order. A fine linen sheet lay on the bed, turned back in a large wave as it had been removed from the body when it was placed in the coffin. A hot-house plant stood on the window-sill, perishing for want of water. The stand upon which Ruth's desk was placed had been set away in a corner, and to this Martha went at once. She found nothing, however, save a few scraps of paper, containing some date, or a verse of poetry that seemed copied from memory; two or three sheets of note-paper had a word or two written on them, as if an impulse to write had seized upon the owner, but was given up with the first words, which were invariably, "My dear-" next word seemed hard to find, for it never found its way to paper; so Martha discovered nothing in her pillage of Ruth's deak, and the failure made her angry.

"He'll never believe I looked thoroughly, though what I am to find, goodness only knows. Every written paper that I lay my hands on must be brought to him. That is what he said, and what I am to do. But written papers ain't to be expected in a house like this, I should say. How am I to get what isn't here, that's the question? Anyway, I'll make a good search. Here is a closet. Not much chance here, but there's no harm in looking."

Martha flung the closet-door open, and looked in, still muttering to herself,

"Nothing but clothes. Jessup's fustian-coat. Poor old fellow! He'll never wear it again. His Sunday-suit, too, just as he left it hanging. No shelf, no——Stay, here is something on the floor. Who knows what may be under it?"

Martha stooped down, and drew a long garment of gray flannel from the closet, where it seemed to have been cast down in haste. It was Jessup's dressing-gown, which had been taken from him after death.

"Not a box; nothing but the poor, old fellow's clothes," thought the girl, growing pale and cold, from some remembrance that possessed her at the sight of those empty garments. "I will throw the old dressing-gown back, and give it up. The sight of them makes me sick. I wonder how he would stand it! Well, I've searched and searched. What more can he want of me?"

Martha Hart gathered up the dressing-gown in her hands, and was about to replace it, when a folded paper dropped from it, and fell to her feet. She snatched the paper, thrust the dressing-gown back to the closet, and turned to a window, unfolding her prize as she went.

"His writing. The same great hooked letters, the same hard work in writing! 'To Walton Hurst.' It might be the same, only there is more of it, and the lines ain't quite so soraggily." Even as she talked, Martha held Jessup's letter to an opening in the shutter, and read it eagerly, more than once. Then she folded it with grave, almost sad thoughtfulness, placed it in her pocket, and left the house, so absorbed that she scarcely made an effort to conceal herself.

It was well for her chances of detection that the girl left Jessup's cottage as she did, for she was hardly out of sight when the funeral cortege came back haunting its rooms with their sorrowful countenances, silent and awestricken by the grief of that poor, lone girl, who still bore the burden of a secret that had made her an orphan.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARTHA found Dick Storms waiting for her at the Lake House, which he was pacing to and fro, to and fro, like a caged animal waiting for its feeder. The triumph of his revenge and his love seemed near at hand now. Before Jessup's death his power was insufficient, his influence feeble, for no one was in haste to take up a question which the sufferer was the first to ignore. But now the wound had done its work. A man had been shot to death, and he or any one had a right to demand a full investigation of any magistrate. That demand he was resolved to make, and thus remove a hated and powerful rival from his path,

if Ruth Jessup still repulsed him with the disdain that had galled him so in the past. Thus goaded on by hopes of revenge that should gratify both his hate and his love, the young man waited with keen impatience for the coming of his slave and tool.

Martha came into the old Lake House in a state of intense excitement. Her great, black eyes were on fire, her cheeks flamed with red, a strange smile curved her beautiful, but sensuous mouth. She had discovered her lover's falsehood in one thing, and feeling the power in her own possession, resolved to guard herself against all treachery. Some good was in the girl. The firm hold she had kept on Jessup's dangerous letter, had been maintained as much from reluctance to bring ruin on an innocent man as for her own security. On her way from Jessup's cottage, she had taken a rapid survey of the situation, and for the first time felt the courage of possessed power.

"You have found something! I see that in your face," said Storms, as the girl darkened the } Lake House door. "Give it to me, for I never was so eager to be at work. Why don't you } speak? Why don't you tell me what it is?"

Martha seated herself on the wooden bench that Storms had not once occupied, and made an unconscious movement of the hand toward her bosom, where the great secret lay hid. Storms saw the movement, and for an instant seemed ready to spring upon her like the cat she had thought of in her search through that house of mourning. But craft in that man was keen as desire, and he curbed the impulse at once.

- "Tell me," he said, sitting down by the girl, "tell me what you have discovered. I hope it is something that will clear the way to our wedding, for I am getting impatient for it."
- "Are you so, and that poor girl ready to break her heart over you. Now I should think you would not care to bring more trouble on her."
- "What do I care for her trouble. She has followed me up to marry her till I am sick of it. That you know well enough, Martha."
 - "Oh, yes, I know all about it now!"
 - "You know!"
- "Just how much she wants you. and why you kept away from her. I begin to understand."
- "There, there, Martha! Let all this jealous nonsense rest. We have something of more importance to think of. Tell me what you have found."
- "Why, Dick, what a hurry you are in! As if what I had was not enough."
- "Enough! How should you know. Besides, more importance than ever."

- "But what if I had made up my mind to give you that scrap of paper! What would you do with it?"
- "What would I do with it?" cried the young man, fiercely. "Why bring that whole family down on its knees to me. Wring from it all that I want !"
- "Ah, I see," answered the girl, eying his excitement keenly. "All that you want? That girl among the rest."
- "Are you struck mad with jealousy, Martha Hart? Have I not told you, again and again. that I will have nothing to do with Jessup's lass, only to make her a byword and a laughingstock, because of the jilting I am bound to give herfor your sake, too."

A slow, cunning smile stole over Martha's face. She found great zest in playing with her mouse just then.

- "But if she is so desperate fond of you, Dick!"
- "Well, what then? Am I bound to wed every girl that pines after me? What are you driving One would think you wanted to give me up."
 - "Give you up! No, no! Catch me at it."
- "Then I can tell you one thing. That paper has got to be put into my hands this day or I am off to Jessup's cottage, where some one is this minute in deeper grief about me than about her father's death. Some one who has got heaps of money too. So don't tempt me."
- "Poor thing," said Martha, with dry sarcasm. "How she must take on!"
- "Sneer away. I know you hate her; but once for all will you give me that paper? I know you have it with you. So say yes or no, and end this shilly-shallying. I'm tired of it!"
- "So you will have the paper, or break my heart. Well, what is to be done with it when once in your hands?"
- "I will take it to Sir Noel, break down his pride, threaten him with the exposure of his son's crime, and wring the lease I want from him, and enough money beside to keep my wife a lady all the days of her life."
- "But what if I take the paper to Sir Noel, and get all these things for myself."

For an instant Sterms was startled, but a single thought restored his self-poise.

- "There is one thing Sir Noel could not give you."
 - "What is that?"
- "A husband that loves the very ground you walk on."

The hard cunning in Martha's face softened, you will not trust me with that, when it is of and her voice thrilled with feeling as she answered,

- "Oh, if I could be sure that you loved me like that."
- "I do—I do; but how can I wed you without some chance of a living? The old man wouldn't take us in. On the old lease, and without the new land, I can do nothing."
- "Dick! Oh, tell me the truth now. Is that all the use you mean to make of this paper?"
- "Yes, all! I will swear to it if that will pacify you. The lease, and money, from time to time; for a handsome wife must have something to dash her neighbors with. That is all I want, and that the paper in your bosom will bring me."

Martha lifted a hand to her bosom, and kept it there, still hesitating.

- "You do not mean to harm the young gentleman? Oh, Dick, you could not be so bad as that."
- "Harm him! No! I only want to frighten Sir Noel out of his land and money. If I once gave the paper to a magistrate, it would be an end of that."
- "So it would," said Martha, thoughtfully. "Besides—besides—"
 - "Come, come! Make up your mind, girl!"
- "Swear to me, Dick, that you will never show the paper to any one but Sir Noel—never use it against the young gentleman!"
- "Swear! I am ready! If there were a Bible here I would do it now."
- "Never mind the Bible! With your hand here, and your eyes looking into mine, swear to your promise."

Storms gave a returning grasp to the hand which had seized his, and his eyes were lifted for a moment to the bold, black orbs that seemed searching him to the soul; but they wavered in an instant, and returned her gaze with furtive side-glances, while he repeated the oath in language which was profane rather than solemn.

After holding his hand for a minute, in dead silence, Martha dropped it, and taking the old portmonaie from her bosom, gave up old Jessup's first letter, but without a word of the other papers which it contained.

"There! Remember, I have trusted you."

Storms fairly snatched the paper from her hand, for the cruel joy of the moment was too much for his caution.

- "Now," he said, with a laugh more repulsive than curses, "I have them all in the dust."
- "But remember your oath," said Martha, turning pale, for the fierce triumph in that face frightened even her.
- "I forget nothing!" was the bitter answer, "and will bate nothing—not a jot, not a jot."

Storms was half way to the door, as he said this, with the paper grasped tightly in his hand.

- "But where are you going," pleaded Martha, following him. "Is there nothing more to say?"
- "I am going up yonder!" answered Storms, pushing his way through the door.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"IT is not the old man, Sir Noel, but young Dick, who says he must, and will see you!"

- "Did the hind send that message to me!"
- "No, Sir Noel, he only said it to me, and impudent enough in him to do it. His message to you was soft as silk. He had important business, which you would like to hear of, that could not wait. That was what made him bold to ask," answered the servant, who had been greatly disturbed by the manner of young Storms, who was no favorite at The Rest.
- "You can let him come in," said Sir Noel, with strange hesitancy; for over him came one of those chilly presentiments that delicately sensative persons alone can feel, when some evil thing threatens them. "Let the young man come in."

The servant went out of the library, and Sir Noel leaned back in his chair, subdued by this premomonition of evil, but striving to reason against it.

"He has come about the lease, no doubt," he argued. "I wish the question was settled. After all, its consequence is disproportionate to the annoyance. I would rather sign it blindly, than have that young man ten minutes in the room with me."

It was a strange sensation, but the baronet absolutely felt a thrili of dread pass through him as the light footsteps of Dick Storms approached the library, and when he came softly through the door, closing it after him, a slow pallor crept over his face, and he shrunk back in his chair.

Storms, too, was pale, for it required something more than brute courage to break the wicked business he was on to a man so gentle and so proud as Sir Noel Hurst. With all his audacity, he began to cringe under the grave, quiet glance of inquiry bent upon him.

- "I have come, Sir Noel—that is, I am wanting to see you about a little business of my own."
- "I understand," answered the baronet. "Your father wishes a new lease to be made out, and some additional land for yourself. I think that was the proposition."
- "Yes, Sir Noel, only the old man was backward in saying all that he wanted, and so I came to finish the matter up, knowing more than he does, and feeling sure that your honor would want to oblige me."
 - "I am always ready to oblige any good tenant,"



answered Sir Noel, smiling gravely at what he considered as the young man's conceit; "but think that wish should apply to your father, rather than yourself, as he is in reality the tenant; but, if you are acting for him, it amounts to the same thing."

"No, Sir Noel, it isn't the same thing at all. I came here on my own business, with which my father has nothing to do. His lease is safe enough, being promised; but I want the uplands, with a patch of good shooting-ground, which no man living will have the right to carry a gun over without my leave."

"Anything else?" questioned Sir Noel, with quiet irony, smiling in spite of himself.

"Yes, Sir Noel, there is something else," rejoined the young man, kindling into his natural audacity. "I want a house built on the place. No thatched cottage or low-roofed farm-house, but the kind of house a gentleman should live in, who shoots over his own land, for which he is exacted to pay neither rent or tythes."

"That is, you wish me to give you a handsome property on which you can live like a gentleman? Do I understand your very modest request aright?"

"Not all of it. I haven't done yet."

"Indeed! Pray go on."

"There isn't land enough out of lease to keep a gentleman, whose wife will have all the taste of a lady, being so educated, as the chief friend and associate of Sir Noel Hurst should live. So I make it a condition that some fair income in money should be secured on the property."

"A condition! You-"

"Yes, Sir Noel, it has come to that. I make conditions, and you grant them."

Sir Noel's derisive smile deepened into a gentle laugh.

"Young man, are you stark mad? Nothing short of that can excuse this bombast," he said, at last, reaching out his hand to ring the bell.

"Don't ring!" exclaimed Storms, sharply. "You are welcome to the laugh, but don't ring. Our business must be done without witnesses, for your own sake."

"For my own sake? What insolence is this?"
"Well, if that does not suit, I will say for the sake of your son?"

The blow was struck. Sir Noel's face blanched to the lips; but his eyes kindled, and his stately form was drawn up haughtfly.

"Well, sir, what have you to say of my son!"

"This much, Sir Noel. He has been poaching on my grounds, which I don't think you will like better than I do, letting alone the Lady Rose."

Sir Noel rose to his feet, sternly.

"Silence, sir. Do not dare take that lady's name into your lips."

Storms stepped back, frightened by the hot anger he had raised.

"I—I did but speak of her, Sir Noel, because the whole country round have thought that she was to be the lady of Norston's Rest."

"Well, sir, who says that she will not?"

"I say it! I, whose sweetheart and almost wedded mate he has made a by-word, and I do believe means to make his wife, rather than let the bargain settled between William Jessup and my father come to anything."

"What—what reason have you for thinking so?" questioned the baronet, dismayed by this confirmation of fears that had been a sore trouble to him.

"What reason, Sir Noel? Ask him about his private meetings with Ruth Jessup in the park—in her father's house—by the lake——"

"I shall not ask him. Such questions would insult an honorable man."

"An honorable man! Then ask him where he was an hour before William Jessup was shot. Ask him why the old man went out in search of him, and why a discharged gun, bruised about the stock, was found under that old cedar-tree. If your son refuses to answer, question the girl herself, my betrothed wife. Ask her about his coming to the cottage, while the old man was away. These are not pleasant questions, I dare say; but they will give you a reason why I am here, why the land I want must be had, and why I am ready to pay for it by marrying the only girl that stands in the way of Lady Rose Houston, without asking too many questions. You would not have the offer from many fellows, I can tell you."

Sir Noel had slowly dropped into his chair, as this coarse speech was forced upon him. His own fears, hidden under the habitual reserve of a proud heart, gave force to every word the young man uttered. He was convinced that a revolting scandal, if not grave troubles, might spring out of the secret this young man was ready to sell and cover for the price he had stated. But great as this fear was, the means of concealment seemed impossible to his honorable nature. He could not force himself into negociations with the dastard, who seemed to have no sense of honor or shame. The dead silence maintained by the baronet made Storms restless. He had retreated a little, when Sir Noel sat down; but drew near the table again with cat-like stillness, and leaning upon it with both hands, bent forward, and whispered,

"Now I ask you, if the price I ask for taking her, and keeping a close mouth, isn't dog-cheap?"

"Yes, dog-cheap," exclaimed the baronet, drawing his chair back, while a flush of unmitigated disgust swept across the pallor of his face. "But I do not deal with dogs!"

Storms started upright, with a snarl that seemed to come from the animal to which he felt himself compared, and his sharp face partook of the resemblance.

"Such animals have been dangerous before now!" he said, with a hoarse threat in his voice. Sir Noel turned away from that vicious face, "If a harmless bark is not enough to start you into taking care of yourself, take the bite. I did not mean to give it yet, but you will have it. If you will not pay my price for your son's honor, do it to save his life, for it was he who killed William Jessup."

"Monster! You lie!"

Sir Noel sprang upon the young man with the leap of a tiger; but the table stood between them, and he fell half across it, with his white face downward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WASTE OF YEARS.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Make haste, oh, soul! and gather up, The hopes that once were thine; That shone across thy darkened way, Then dark'ning, ceased to shine.

sick with disgust.

Make haste, and gather, one by one, The plans so vainly tried; Along the vales they smoothly run, Upon the hills they died.

Gather the fears that held thee close, Locked in their cold embrace, When on the wings of faith you rose To struggle for a place.

Gather the wishes, wise and good, You harbored, day by day; And all the hindrances that stood And mocked them in the way.

The waste of years! Some of it glows,
As when we laid it down,
With all the hues of gold and rose,
By which our hearts were won.

A goodly pile! Oh, weary soul!
It drained thy heart's best blood,
And many and many an hour it stole,
And kept thee far from God.

How broad the outlook when we stand Above our hopes and fears! How narrow all the ways we planned, Seen from the Waste of Years!

A WOODLAND NOOK.

BY JAMES DAWSON.

HERE Spring all sweet, shy flowers that court the shade-Bright hyacinths that mimic heaven's blue, The wild wood-sorrel, and the pale, white-rayed, And virgin wind-flower ever fresh and new. Beloved of birds it is, this sweet, cool nook, And vocal 'tis with warblings morn and night; And, singing night and day, a bickering brook Winds glistening through it like a thread of light. Bees hither wing from far outlying leas,
Of their one purpose—flow'ret-rifling—full,
As bees e'er seem to be. The branching trees
Stir slumberously, as though 'twas theirs to lull
All things around; and far above the rest
Of neighboring places, nature here seems blest.

MOODS.

BY GREGORY H. ERVING.

As after Autumn nights all silvery clear,
The lustrous round moon darkens at the full,
And down along the sunset gray and dull
The ashen clouds, like mourners round a bier,
Trail their sad skirts after the dying year,
Oft the mind changes from its happiest mood,
To one most melancholy and distrought;

So influenced is spirit by the blood.
The brain has its dyspepalas; overrought.
Matter disturbs the fancy; and a hue
Funereal falls on life and time, until
Like a clear rising wind the roused will
Restores unto the soul its dome of blue,
And to the heart its golden morning dew.



EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We. give, this month, a walking-costume for a young lady, to be made either in reps or cash-



mere. The under-skirt, which is perfectly plain, is of chocolate-brown reps, cashmere, or merino. The tunic and jacket are in blue of the same material. The tunic is trimmed with a band of the chocolate material, two and a half inches wide, and cut on the bias. This band is set up about a half inch from the edge, allowing the blue to form the lower trimming; above this band is another, of chocolate, one inch wide, also cut on the bias. The jacket is cut with a deep vest-front, ending in a square lappets, on to which are mid the pockets. This vest-front, also the sleeves, are of the chocolate material, bound and finished on the edge, with a narrow binding of blue. The

jacket itself is entirely of blue, the revers at the back are of the chocolate color, while the trimmings of the cuffs, buttons, and ruche around the throat, are all in blue. Seven yards of the chocolate color, and six yards of blue, in double-fold material, will be sufficient. A black silk skirt, trimmings, and vest, would look well with almost any self-colored tunic and jacket; and a pretty costume could easily be contrived out of two half-worn dresses.

Next, we give a simple home-dress, in black mohair. The under-skirt is made quite narrow, and just to touch. The lower flounce is cut on the bias, six inches deep, and one and a half full-



are of the chocolate material, bound and finished ness allowed. Above that is a plaited flounce, on the edge, with a narrow binding of blue. The seven inches deep, cut straightwise of the ma-

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terial, headed by three narrow bias folds, either of the same material or of black silk. The Polonaise is cut to fit the figure at the back, but without side-bodies, and the fronts are cut without the darts, to belt-in at the waist. The trimming for the Polonaise consists of two bias folds, same as the heading of the skirt. On the right side the skirt of the Polonaise is looped with a sash, fringed at the ends with gros grain ribbon, or vilk, same as the trimming, if preferred. The deep-plaited cuff on the sleeve is the same as the trimming on the skirt. Eighteen yards will be required.

Next, we give a back and front view of a pretty

buttoning all the way down. Then the front of the over-jacket buttons only to the waist, and is finished with revers, forming a collar at the back. The back, as may be seen, is quite long, and cut open to the waist at the back. The whole is trimmed with a very narrow plaited trimming of the same. From twenty to twenty-three yards of single-width material will be required for this costume; and these striped poplins usually come in single widths only. Price ranges from fifty cents to one dollar per yard.

On the next page is a toilet for a miss from six to ten years. The corsage, vest, and bands of trimming, are of rose-colored silk, or cashwalking-costume of striped poplin, composed of more, while the dress proper is of white cash-



narrow and wide stripes of black and white, producing a gray effect. The under-skirt is trimmed quite high, as may be seen, thus dispensing with the tunic. First, there is a plaited flounce, eleven inches deep, put on with a narrow puff, as a heading; the next flounce measures nine inches, the next only seven inches. The basquejacket has a vest-front, cut pointed in front, and quilling of white. Inside of all is an under-Vol. LXVI.—20

mere or mohair. As may be seen, the front of the skirt is ornamented by one deep flounce, headed by two bands of the rose-color, while the back has one deep flounce and five narrow ones. The back and front is separated by a rever of the rose-color, edged with a narrow quilling of white. The jacket is also ornamented with the same

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spenoer of white Swiss, puffed; and the puffings separated with a narrow rose-colored piping. The narrow coat-sleeves, which are white, are finished with a platied cuff of rose and white alternate.

Another dress for a little miss, is of some dark-colored woolen material, and the skirt is trimmed with four narrow ruffles, bound, top and bottom, with white, and put on with a cord forming a heading. The jacket is double-breasted, and finished with a narrow binding of white, same as the ruffles on the skirt. The revers and cuffs are of velvet of the same color. Mixed buttons are

spenoer of white Swiss, puffed; and the puffings } here used, but plain ones would look equally separated with a narrow rose-colored piping. The } well, if not better.



We also give an illustration of one of the latest of the fichus, now so fashionable for in-door wear. This one is called a Fichu Waistcoat in Spanish lace.



EMBROIDERY BORDER.



NAME FOR MARKING.



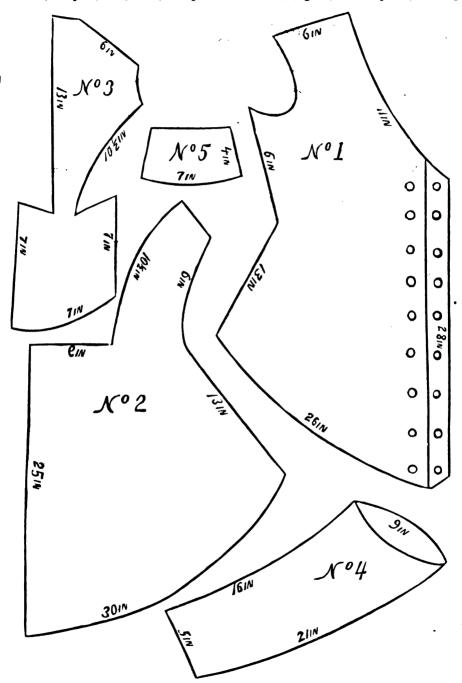
)

DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL BY EMILY II. MAY.



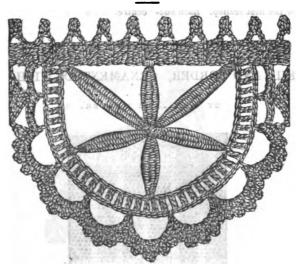
This model may be made up in either reps, this case the Polonaise should be sleeveless, and merino, or alpaca. If preferred, the under-dress the striped material used for under-bodice and may be striped, and the Polonaise plain; but in sleeves. The revers and the bands on the sleeves

should be also striped. Our pattern consists of The front is straight, and the side-piece is draped one front, side-piece, back, sizeve, and pocket. To the same langth as the side-piece. The long



The perforated line on the front shows the centre, } basque or tunic is plaited beneath the shorter bases a row of buttons being added to each side of it. } que of the back, the latter being left as a full tab-

YAP LACE IN CROCHET.



This lace may be made of Andalusian or Shetland wool, black or colored. It may be worked fine or coarse, according to taste; it will also make a pretty edging in cotton. No. 1 shows the joining of the pattern, No. 2, the lace in the full size.

Nine chain, * pass over two, one double in the next, one chain, four treble in successive stitches, turn, two chain, pass over one, three treble in successive stitches, five chain; repeat from * five

repeat from last * five times more. Five chain, pass over three trebles, one double under the chain, five chain, pass over three trebles, one double under the chain, five chain, one double in the top of the last border treble; work down this chain four treble in successive stitches, five chain. five double under each of the five, nine chain. Work two double, four chain five times under the two, five chain, five double, four trebles over the times more. Forty chain, one double in the centro border trebles, * five chain, turn, pass over two,



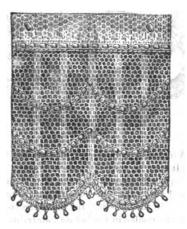
of the chain below the second picot on the straight side, work in the chain inside the scallop, one chain, one treble the whole length of chain, three treble on the top of border trebles, turn, five chain, pass over two, one double, one chain, four treble in successive stitches, five chain, pass over three trebles of scallops, one double under the one chain, five chain, pass over three trebles, one double under the one chain, * nine chain, pass over four trobles, one double under the chain; one double, one chain, four trebles, turn, two chain, three trebles; repeat from last * five times more; repeat from the star before the forty chain, and work round the same until you have finished the last five chain, one double, six chain; for the square between the scallops one double between the two scallops, work back on the six chain two chain, six treble, turn, and work two chain, six more trebles on the top of the las worked, join to first picot of four chain, work six single on the

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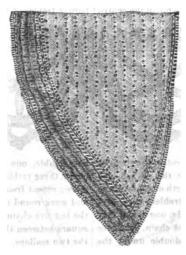
top of six treble, six single down the side of ceeding scallop is the same. Sew the work on to square, join to the top corner of square with the { a piece of cardboard, and fill in the scallop with last double, five double under the five chain, two guipure, which is as follows: Sew the three double under the nine chain, two chain, pull lengths of cotton across, as shown in design, through the same picot as for the corner of square, then darn them backward and forward, making two chain, two double under the nine chain; re- them lie perfectly flat, and fastening off in the peat all round as for the first scallop. Each suc- centre.

VEIL AND BORDER, ORNAMENTED WITH

MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of this veil is net, dotted over of tucked net, ornamented with beads, and finwith beads. A portion of the border in the full ished with pearl edge. The pearl can be had,



size is shown in the engraving. It is composed | either in black or white, at three cents yer yard.

VELVET NECKLET.

BY MRS. JANE WRAVER.



eardboard foundation, covered with silk, upon is afterward lined with ribbon.

These velvet necklets are suitable for quite which the steel beads are closely sewn on each young ladies. The Maltese cross must have a side. The stars are sewn upon the velvet, which

EMBROIDERED BORDERS.

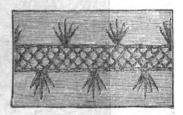
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



children's dresses, aprons, flannel skirts, sacques,



These designs are suitable for ornamenting { etc., or they may be used for sofa-cushions, slip. pers, small table-cover, etc. They are worked in purse-silk, in cording, and long stitch. For



these latter, for children's dresses, etc., use red or white embroidery cotton; for flannel, use embroidery silk, or linen floss. These patterns are very neat and showy, particularly for the articles they are designed for.

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EMBROIDERY FOR CIGAR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

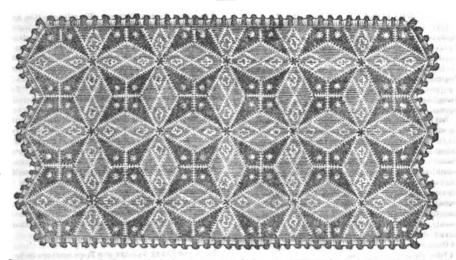


The foundation is of black, violet, or any solid centre is worked in gold thread. Different cocolored velvet. The border is done in fine gold cord, or chain-stitched in gold thread, and the thread, if preferred.

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RUG, OR BED-SIDE CARPET.

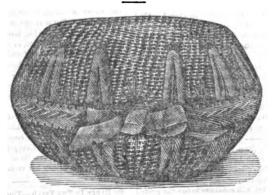
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



variety of color, with black for the stars forming edge, on red cloth or flannel, pinked out and the ground-work. All the separate pieces are then quilled. Line the rug with coarse canvas, embroidered with stars in different colored wool. and cover with red flannel, which gives it a rich and the rieces joined together with button-hole appearance.

This rug is made of pieces of cloth of every | stitch. A quilling of worsted braid finishes the

WORK-BASKET.



The foundation may be made of pasteboard, of the ribbon, a few long stitches in pursecovered with wadding and silk; over it is placed silk are worked. The inside of the basket is figured blond. The basket is bound and trim-{finished with a ruche of quilled ribbon. Straps med outside with ribbon, fastened with button- to hold scissors, stiletto, etc., are put inside the sole work. At the top of the ornamented parts } basket.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

LIFE INSURANCES.—We are often asked, by our subscribers, if we approve of life-insurances. We reply, that, in theer, we do. A life insurance would seem, for example, particularly desirable, when a young man marries, who has no fortune. He is, perhaps, a clerk, or a mechanic, or a beginner as a merchant; he has had no chance to lay money by; and if he should die, his wife and children would be penniless. In such a case, an insurance on his life would appear, at first sight, to be a very wise precaution.

But in practice it is quite different. Unless the company, in which he insures, is perfectly solvent, all his premiums go for nothing; and when he dies, his widow finds that she inherits only a worthloss claim on a bankrupt, or dishonest, concern. There are more life-insurance companies, that are worthless, than is generally supposed. As long as companies are now, and are doing a good business, and are therefore receiving large amounts for premiums, without having to pay any, or but very few, losses, everything goes smoothly. But after companies have been in existence for twenty, or thirty, years, their policies begin to fall in: they have to disburss large amounts to those who die; and many of them, in consequence, become really insolvent, and sooner or later, cheat their creditors.

Corporations are said to have no souls. This would seem to be true of some life-insurance companies, at least; for they resort to any, and every suoterfuge, to avoid paying the insurance. They pretend that the dead man was a drunkard, or that he committed suicide, or that he misrepresented the condition of his health when he took out his policy. The widow, in such cases, is put to great expense to got her money. Often she does not get it at all. Every year, as insurance companies grow older, and their risks increase, these pleas become more and more frequent. If you read the newspapers, you will see constant accounts of cases, in which life-insurance companies resist the payment of policies. It has come, in consequence, to be a very serious question, whether, under the present condition of affairs, a life-insurance is, practically, to be recommended at all.

There is another point that ought to be considered. All life-insurance policies contain a clause, that, if the insured fails to pay the premium punctually, his insurance is forfoited. Now it often happens, that a husband or father after paying his premiums for ten, or even twenty, years, is prevented, by sickness, or other causes, especially if "hard times" come on, from earning his usual amount of money, and therefore he fails to pay his premium. The result is, that all he has paid is forfeited; his insurance is revoked; and he finds himself, with old age approaching, without any provision for his family. On the whole, we advise against life-insurance, unless you know your company.

ALL New Subscriptions, from this date, whether from July, 1874 to July, 1875, or from January, 1874 to July, 1875, or from January, 1875, must be at the new club rates. But on all such subscriptions, remember, we pay the postage. Subscribers, who have remitted at the old rates, will continue to pay the postage, at their respective post-offices, till the end of the present year.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing to "Peterson." All the other first-class magazines are so much dearer, that even full-price subscribers, who pay us two dollars, get this magasine cheaper than they can get others, not so good, in clubs.

THE GREAT POSTAGE REPORM.—We call attention, again, to the great reform in the postage laws, by which subscribers to magazines and newspapers, by sending their postage to the publisher, secure, at a lower rate and with absolute certainty, the speedy and safe transmission of their periodicals through the mails. In order to meet this great reform, in the spirit with which it has been inaugurated, we have added the postage, or rather a part of it, to the club rates of " Peterson," (as will be seen in our Prospectus,) so that subscribers, when once they have remitted to us, will receive their magazines, monthly, at their respective offices, without further expense or trouble. "Peterson" will, hereafter, be cheaper than ever. The reform is one, not only in a saving of expense, but in the escape from annoyances and misunderstandings. Once having subscribed, at the new rates, for "Peterson," the subscriber need give herself, or himself, no more concern. There will be an end of disagreements with postmasters as to what is the proper postage. Every one will know, from the first, what their "Peterson" is to cost. Finally, the cost of "Peterson," under this new arrangement, will be less than ever, whon it is remembered that we pre-pay the postage.

Figures of Everty Variety and Form continue to be exceedingly fashionable. In white lace they look charming over black faille dresses. Many fichus are composed of two rows of lace, either very deep Valenciennes, Alengon, Bruges, Argentan, or Honiton. There should be two widths of the same lace, as the upper row turns over on to the lower one, which should be the wider. The Marie Antoinette fichus are made with very long ends, and are composed of black lace, of Spanish blond, and of white blond embroidered with jet. For evening wear colored China crope fichus are worn, and likewise white crope ones, trimmed with black lace. Black crope fichus are edged with tassel fringes, and are worn as mantelets. In our "Every-Day" department, we give an illustration of one of the most beautiful of these fichus, a fichu waistcoat in Spanish lace.

THE TASTE OF PARIS, in matters of dress, is universally acknowledged. But it is not everybody who can afford a Paris costume. The styles, however, may be copied, at a quarter of the original price, or even less. One of the purposes of this Magazine is to furnish these styles. Nor does any other lady's book give these styles in their entirety. Others fill their pages with the patterns of third-rate and fourth-rate dress-makers : patterns that have neither beauty nor novelty, and are only inserted because the dealers pay for the cuts in order to advertise their goods But in these pages only the latest and freshest novelties are given. With the aid of the colored steel fashion-plates in "Peterson," the full-page engravings of new costumes, and the illustrations and descriptions in the "Every-Day Dresses," any lady can dress as stylishly as if she lived in Paris, yet always keep her expenditure within her means.

BR EARLY IN THE FIELD.—You cannot begin too soon to get up your clubs for 1875. We often have letters that say, "If I had begun earlier, I could have sent you twice as large a list." Begin early, therefore, this year. The newspaper press unanimously admits that "Peterson's Magnetine" has long been "both the best and the cheapest." And now, with our now club rates for 1875 (we pre-paying the postage) "Peterson" is cheaper than ever before.

OUR New PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1875, is the fluest, as well as most costly, we have ever issued. It is about twice the size of "Not Lost, But Gone Before," and is a firstclass line and mezzotint engraving, after an original picture by J. Enninger. It cost, in all, two thousand dollars. No premium of equal value, we boldly assert, will be offered by any magazine for 1875. The subject is "Washington's FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE." The story, as is well known, is quite romantic. Washington, on his way to join Gen. Braddock, in the great French and Indian war of 1754. stopped, with his orderly, at the White House, since so cale brated in the Virginia campaigns of M'Clellan, Lee and Grant. Here he met a young lady and beautiful widow, with whom he was so fascinated, that the orderly, instead of being summoned within half an hour, as he had expected, led Washington's horse up and down, nearly all day, while his enamored master was listening to the gay sallies of the charming Mrs. Custis. The result is matter of history. Mrs. Custis became the wife of the great hero, and was known, in after years, as Lady Washington. This is a picture that ought to be in every household. The only way to obtain it, however, is to get up a clut for "Peterson" for 1875. Begin at once !

No Deception In I2.—The Hamilton (N. Y.) Republican says of this magazine:—"Peterson is not like other low-priced magazines, expending all attention and ornamentation on its first numbers of each volume, and leaving the balance of the year scarcely worth looking at, scarcely worth reading. On the contrary, Peterson has always a fine engraving for a frontispiece, not a cheap wood-cut, but an eleganty-finished steel-plate. Then each succeeding number shows the same care in the preparation of its literary contents, and as the year progresses, like fine writing-paper, it grows better with age. We have looked over the August number with as much interest as any in the year. It is never too late to subscribe for this magazine."

OUR COLORED PATTERN, this month, is one to be worked on Java canvas, in black. These patterns are so popular that we are continually asked for new ones. This is one of the prettiest we have ever published.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Berope; or The Lort Library. A Novel of New York and Hartford. By F. B. Perkins. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.-This is a very peculiar, yet a very striking story. Its author has the merit of originality; he does not write exactly like anybody else; he is always interesting, and often powerful. "Scrope" is a novel of to-day. Its characters have evidently been drawn from real life, though from a region not accessible to every one; and hence, in spite of its truthfulness, there may be persons to think it exaggerated. Yet any one familiar with literature, or antiquaries. or dealers in books, will recognize how inimitable some of the portraits are. We only regret that the range of the story is not wider, so that more persons could be interested in it: authors make a mistake when they narrow their range; they should keep on the open plains of life, where everybody travels, if they would become popular, in other words, be understood and appreciated generally.

In His Name. A Story of the Waldenses, Seven Handred Years Ago. By E. E. Hale. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is a tale of very much more than ordinary merit. The subject, too, is one that will interest an unusually large number of readers. The scene is laid at Lyons and in its vicinity. The story turns on the secret password of the followers of Waldo. The book is printed with that exquisite taste, which distinguishes all the publications of this firm, and which might be imitated with advantage by many or there.

Rome or Death. By Alfred Austin, 1 vol., 8 vo., Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons .- The author of this fine poem is as yet comparatively unknown in America. He has written, however, prior to this, "Interludes," "The Golden Age," "The Season," and "Madonna's Child," and has won a deserved reputation in Great Britain. We consider "Rome or Death," however, the best of his works. The story is founded on Garibaldi's attempt, in October, 1867, to capture Rome, an attempt that led to the disastrous defeat of Mentana. The descriptions are very vivid. A martial fire burns along the lines. We see, as if present ourselves, the muster of the Italian patriots, their march, the conflict, the rout of the Papal troops, the arrival of the French soldiery, the bloody defeat. The action never lags, or only to get breathing spell, and then rushes on more intense than ever. The narrative glows with metaphor and simile, kindling as it goes, and culminating in the lofticst strains. The battle alone occupies sixty stanzas, "told," as a cotemporary critic has forcibly expressed it, "in one long breath, sustained to the close-a great, almost unique, feat of lyric strength." The same writer adds, "it is long since modern cars have rung to so thrilling a strain," a verdict in which we entirely coincide.

Anecdote Biographies of Thackery and Dickens. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Oo.-This enterprising firm has lately begun the publication of what is called the "Bric-a-Bac Series," tended to contain personal reminiscences and anecdotal biographies of eminent literary personages. To assist in the execution of this project, Mr. Stoddard has been engaged as editor; and no one more competent could have been selected. We have before us the second of this zeries. We do not think that Mr. Foster's Memoir, much as it has been lauded, gives any truer idea of Dickens, than this anecdotal biography. Certainly, we can recall no book that brings Thackery up before us more vividiy than this collection of papers written concerning him, of which the best perhaps, is that from the pen of the Hon. Win. B. Reed. of Philadelphia, a most accomplished writer, who knew Thackery intimately. The volume is handsomely printed. and tastefully bound.

Bellicod and Bondage. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the most recent of Mrs. Stephen's novels that has appeared in book form. Our readers are too well acquainted with her rare powers, as a story-teller, to need any incentive to purchase the volume. The firm of T. B. Peterson and Brothers issues a complete edition of Mrs. Stephen's novels, twenty-one in all, bound in cloth, full gilt back, which would be a charming gift for a lady's library; and we suggest it to lovers and husbands. Each set is put up in a neat strong box.

Prudence Palfrey. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1 rol., 16 mo. Boston: James R. O good & Co.—Few writers have Mr. Aldrich s delicacy of touch. His "Marjorie Daw" led us to expect much from him, and he has not disappointed us in this his tand best work. Always fresh, occasionally sententious, full of picturesque description, "Prudence Palfrey" is a story we cordially recommend to our readers.

Rhymes of Nonsense, Truth and Fiction. By Professor Chaucer Jones, W. H. B. With Illustrations by Sir Michael Angelo Raphael Smith, C. J. B. 1 rol., small 4to. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—The illustrations to these nonsense rhymes are better, on the whole, than the rhymes themselves, though the latter will be popular, as good nonsense rhymes always are. The volume is handsomely printed, and is bound in ornament al cloth.

The Reading Club and Handy Speaker—Edited by George M. Baker, No. I.—1 vol., 16 mo.—Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a selection of serious, humorous, patriotic, and other readings and recitations, in prose and poetry. It is compiled with taste and judgment, and we can cordially recommend it.—It is to be followed by others similar in character.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS .- The newspapers, which see all the magazines, and are able to compare one with the other, are necessarily the best judges of which is to be preferred. The newspapers, universally, pronounce in favor of "Peterson." The Dexter (Mich.) Leader says :- "We are more in favor of this magazine with each number; any one accustomed to 'Peterson,' will not exchange it for any other of its class." The Hillsboro' (N. H.) Bridge says:-" As a whole, 'Peterson' is the best." The Brownstown (Ind.) Banner says:-" In everything that is beautiful and attractive it is the favorite of the ladies, and undoubtedly one of the best monthlies in the world." The Mechanicsburg (Pa.) Journal says:- "Has very sensible fashion-plates, and is full of interesting stories, household hints, etc." The Camden (N. Y.) Advance says:--" The best lady's monthly for the money we have ever seen." The Albion (N. Y.) Republican mys:-" It is the Queen of the Ladies' Magazines." The Greenville (Tenn.) Union says:-" If you want an excellent magazine, excellent both for reading, and for most fashionable styles, for wife, sister, or sweetheart, send for Peterson," The Otselic (N. Y.) Register says :- " It is the ne plus ultra of ladies' magazines, and should be found in every home of taste and refinement." The Seymour (Ind.) Democrat says:-"A charming number is the last, and if every lady would read it, half the cares of their lives would be made so light that the remainder would not seem a burden." We roceive hundreds of similar notices every month.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kinospord's Oswego Starch is used in all the principal manufactories of laces and fine goods throughout Europe and America. No preparation yet discovered gives so fine a finish as the Silver-Gloss Starch, made by Mr. Kingsford at Oswego.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. I-IVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—Cutaneous Diseases Continued.

POPULE, or PIMPLES.—There are at least three species included within this order, viz., strophulus, lichen, and Prurigo, which we meet with in the nursery, or in after life.

These diseases consist of mere enlargement, elevation, and hardening of the pipille of the skin. The former is a common affection of infancy, and is generally supposed to be connected with dentition, and is called red gum, the gum, or tooth rash, though the name, strophulus, is of Greek origin, and signifies a griping in the bowels, with which the observant mother will notice it is essentially connected. One form of strophulus often appears a few days after birth. alternating with a griping and purging, when no irritation from teething can possibly be present. This so-called toothrash, (which is a misnomer,) consists of red points seated on the cheeks, forearms, back of the hands, etc., often appearing in distinct, vivid red spots or patches, with no elevation accompanying them. This is the interductus variety. The cofertus, or rank red gum, which sometimes covers the face, arms, and legs, and is so tormenting at night as to deprive the child of sleep, is a more severe and troublesome form. It commences with red elevated points, closely crowded together, which, at irregular intervals, become ag- {

gravated. A viscid discharge cozes out, which soon forms a crust, occupying patches of considerable space, and is the called the milk-scall by some—a meaningless term. The fitching oftimes is intolerable, and the incrusted parts being torn up by the child's hands, raw and sometimes bleeding surfaces are produced. This form of strophulus commences about the sixth month, and often continues more or less severe till the second, third, or fourth year, when neglected.

The mother need not fear any disfigurement to result finally, though the deeply exceriated surfaces are causes of great anxiety.

Mothers should not resort to any active treatment in these red-gum affections. Much injury has resulted to the infant or child, in the attempt to dry up the scabby patched by applying washes and salves; and still more unfortunate effects have ensued by mothers giving astringents, or paregoric, to check the diarrhea, often present in these cases.

The mild red gum, when connected with moderate purging, may generally be sufely left to nature, for, if suddenly arrested, it may lead to cerebral disease.

A little oil, or spiced syrup of rhubarb, may be given to subdue the griping, or magnesia, if acidity of evacuations is manifest. When the eruption, from exposure or any cause, has been suddenly repelled, the infant should be placed in a warm bath, and take a few grains of Husband's magnesis.

In other cases, the warm bath, or sponging with terid solution of super-carbonate of soda, with simple laxatives, will be found useful. Lastly, during the continuance of the red gum, the mother should never permit her babe's stomach to overloaded with breast-milk, much less tolerate any feeding of older children with an excess of even the mildest diet. Keeping the stomach and bowels in perfect health, by prudence in nursing and feeding, is the surest means of having healthful children, and more free from all cutaneous discusses.

Homeopathically, these diseases are controlled by chamomella, aided by pulsatilla, where the digestive organs are at fault.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ATTRACTION OF THE SIMPLEST BOUQUET is dependent exactly upon the amount of thought put in it. However pretty flowers may be individually, however sweet and shapely each one may be in itself, if taken at random, and simply tied together, flowers they are still, it is true; but they are no more a bouquet, than the run of the fingers, vaguely and wantonly, over the strings of a harp, is productive of music.

Their must be symmetry of general form, not mathematical symmetry, but such as we see in a birch or a chestnut—for a bouquet may, in general design be either light and, tender, or massive and sumptuous; but there must be accurate balance also of color, with plenty of white and green, and a nice concord of scents. The last-named particular, though often one of the least regarded, or never thought of at all, is in reality one of the most vital. The very name, "bouquet," carries with it, indeed, this identical idea, being derived, if from certain ancient words which imply "perfection of odor."

As regards colors, they require to be judiciously disposed as to tone and contrast. All hues are good somewhere, but the best of the brilliant class may be utterly lost as to effect by misarrangement; while delicate ones may be made to seem wan and worthless just for want of a little study of what constitutes a wise and friendly juxtaposition.

There are flowers that should never be used in bouquets. For though it must be a remarkable plant indeed for which a suitable place could not be found in the open garden, it is

quite a different thing when Te have to bring the garden { rays, as it were, to a point.

There is not a plant in existence that is unfitted to give a charm or a tinge of splendor to scenes receptive of it; and in a certain sense there is scarcely a plant that may not be utilized as a decorative object. But the bouquet has limitations.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A German forest-keeper, sixtytwo years of age, not wishing to carry to the grave with him an important secret, has published in the Leipzig Journal, a receipt he has used for fifty years, and which, he says, has saved several men, and a great number of animals, from a horrible death from hydrophobia. The bits must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

We give, this month, receipts for cheap food and broths for the sick.

Beef Tea.-Cut one pound of beef-steak into dice, rejecting all skin and fat. Put into a stew-pan a bit of fresh butter the size of a bean; throw in the meat, and sprinkle over it a small pinch of salt. Cover the stew-pan closely, and set it on the range, at a low heat, to draw out the juice, which will take twenty minutes. Take care there is no approach to frying, as that would dry up the extract and destroy the character of the tea. About every five minutes during the process, drain away the gravy as it comes: if the eat is fine and fresh, there will be at least one-third of a pint, and when all is drawn, set it aside, either to use as extract of beef, or to be added to the tea when finished. Now put to the meat one pint of water, and let it boil gently for half an hour. Pour the tea off, but de not strain it, as such nourishment as it contains lies in the thick portion. Of course, if a patient is unable to take any solid this rule will not apply, and the tea must then be strained either through a linen or flannel bag. Having drained off the tea whilst still boiling hot, put into it the juices at first extracted, and having taken off every particle of fat, it will be ready to

Another method of making beef tea is to cut the meat into small pleces, cover with water, and simmer an hour. If it is allowed two or three peppercorns and a minced chalot—it is milder than onion—it will be a nice addition to the tea.

Another good way of preparing beef tea is to cut the meat into vory small pieces, and put it into a jar having a closelyfitting lid, with cold water. The jar can be placed in the oven for an hour or two, according to the heat, or in a sauceyan of water, to boil for an hour and a half.

In all cases where it can be taken, beef tea should be slightly thickened, and especially when bread is refused. Boiled flour is best for this purpose; genuine arrow-root may also be used. The yolk of an egg besten up in the broth-cup, and the tea poured boiling on to it, is excellent.

The meat from which beef tea has been prepared will make good stock, or be excellent, if properly treated, for the dinner of the family, who, be it remembered, have the chief of the nourishment in the fibre.

It is important, in the preparation of beef tea, to preserve the fine flavor of the mest, and to use such scrupulously clean vessels that no foreign taste can be imparted to it.

The shin of beef should not be chosen for this purpose, for it gives more gelatin than juice. The best part is beefsteak or the neck; the first will yield the most gravy, and does not cost above two pence per pound more than the coarser portion of the ox.

The idea that beef tea should be boiled a long time in order to extract all the goodness of the meat is a mistaken one, for the golatinous matter thus gained is comparatively of little value, whilst the delicate aroma of the tea is lost by long boiling.

Mutton Broth.—For this purpose have the scrags of necks of mutton, taking care that they are perfectly fresh. If kept a day after cut from the sheep, they acquire a flavor which renders them unsuitable for making delicate broth.

Having well washed the meat in tepid water, cut it into small pieces, and put it into a stew-pan or stock-pot, with a quart of water to each pound of meat. If the broth is not required strong, put another pint of water; add a pinch of salt, and so soon as the pot boils, skim the liquor, and repeat the operation until no more scum rises. If allowed, add two onions, a turnlp, four white peppercorns, and, one hour before the broth is finished, half a small stick of celery. Let the broth boil for three hours, very gently, and then strain it. If it be not immediately required, set it aside for the fat to rise; but, if otherwise, plunge the busin into a vessel of cold water, which will cause the fat to rise rapidly, or, if the broth is strong enough to bear it, a few spoonfuls of cold water added, will have the same effect. Chopped parsley should be served with the broth, and, unless the taste of the patient is well known, should be sent up separately,

Pick and wash the parsley, throw it into a sauce-pan containing boiling water, slightly salted; simmer for a minute, then chop finely.

It is better and cheaper to make broth of several scrags of mutton than of the whole of one neck, for the best end is not so suitable for this purpose, and is expensive on account of the great demand for it for cutlets.

The meat from which mutton broth has been made may be used as follows: Remove the meat from the bones, add to it a small quantity of fresh-boiled carrot, turnip, and onloss, with a little of the broth nicely seasoned; gently simmer together for half an hour, and you will then have as agreeable and nourishing a dish as need be. Caper sauce may be served with it.

Veal Broth.—This is made in the same manner as mutton broth, choosing for it also the scrag end of the neck, and allowing a quart of water to each pound of meat, which will give a strong broth; add a turnip, two onions, celery, peppercorns, and a sprig of thyme and parsley, or any of them as may be allowed. Veal broth is often thickened with rice or pearl barley; but the majority of invalids dislike the flavor of both. Boiled flour is more delicate, and in most cases preferable, as it contains less starch than either rice or barley. Should either be ordered, hash an ounce carefully, put it in when the broth has been skimmed, and boil the whole gently for four hours. Finish in the same manner as mutton broth.

Chickes Broth.—Fine young, but not fat, birds are required for this purpose. This broth may be made in an economical manner by boiling the chicken just sufficiently for eating, and then, either having sent the bird to table, or cut off the white meat and put it aside to make a little dish, returning the bones with one or both of the legs to the broth, and allowing it to boil two hours with an onion, a few peppercorns, and sait, Or, the white meat may be cut from the breast, merry-thought, and wings before boiling, and used for making quenelles, or some other delicate dish, the remainder of the chicken being cut up to make the broth. Boil rather more than two hours, strain, take off all fat, and serve.

Chesp Broth.—Take a sheep's head, with tongue or brains, and one pound of scrug of mutton or lean pieces. Thoroughly wash the head, put it on to boil for ten minutes in plenty of water, with a tablespoonful of sait; then, by pouring away this liquor, perfect cleanliness will be ensured. Put on the head, with the meat cut into fine pieces, six onlons, twelve peppercorns, half a pint of Embden groats, two ounces of pearl barley, a tablespoonful of sait, and a gallon of cold water. When the pot boils, skim it, then cover it closely, and allow it to continue boiling gently for six hours. As the liquid reduces in the boiling, water should be added to keep it to the original quantity. When done, strain it, and rub the onlons, barley, and groats through a sieve. Take the fat off the broth, add the thickening, boil up together, and serve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Keep Fresh Butter for Wister Use.—Wash, best, and salt the butter in the usual way, taking care that it is entirely free from buttermilk. This done, put aside any quantity of butter not required for present use into a common glazed pan, in layers an inch and a half thick, and on each layer put a thin layer of fine salt, press it down tightly, place a cloth on the top until the jar is full, which may be in a few weeks, as a layer may be added each butter-making day until the jar is full; then place a dry cloth on the top, and tie it down with thick paper or bladder until wanted. The pan or jar most used for this purpose has a cover, is brown outside and yellow inside.

Dutch Source for Fish.—Half a teaspoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the yolks of two eggs, the juice of half a lethon, salt to taste. Put all the ingredienta, except the lemon-juice, into a stew-pan; set it over the fire, and keep continually stirring. When it is sufficiently thick, take it off, as it should not boil. If, however, it happens to curdle, strain the sauce through a tanimy, add the lemon-juice, and serve. Tarragon vinegar may be used instead of plain, and, by many, is considered far preferable.

Topics.—Put one pound of powdered loaf sugar with a tencapful of water into a brass-pan. When the sugar is dissolved add a quarter of a pound of butter beaten to a cream; keep stirring the mixture over the fire till it sets, when a little is poured on to a buttered dish; just before the toffee is done add six drops of essence of lemon. Butter a dish or tin, pour on it the mixture, and when cool it will easily soparate from the dish.

Ham Toast.—Chop some ham (which has been previously dressed) very small, and to a large tablespoonful of it add an egg well beaten up, a small bit of butter, and a little cream. Mix all together ever the fire till quite hot. Have ready some neatly cut pieces of bread, about the size of a crown piece, but a little thicker, fried in good butter; spread the mixture on these, and serve them on a napkin.

Coment for Jers.—One-third of yellow bees-wax, and twothirds of finely-powdered rosin; put them together into a clean cauce pan, and set it near the fire to melt slowly; when all is mosted remove it from the fire, and stir in finely powdered red brick dust until it becomes the consistency of sealing-wax; then dip the corked jars in twice,

Politics of In Maitre d'Hôrd,—Peel the potatoes when boiled, and, after trimming them into the shape of large corks, cut them into slices half an inch thick; then place them in a stew-pan, with sliced green onions and minest parsicy, popper, sit, and butter. Moisten them with stock, and be them he well tossed, until the parsley is cooked.

To hear Lemons.—Wrap each irrecommon tissue paper, and lay them out on a shelf, so that they do not touch each other. The shelf should be in a dry, dark cupboard, free from draughts.

To Stew Preses.—Put one pound of prunes into a small stew-pan, with four ounces of white sugar, a small stick of cinnamon, and three cloves; cover the water, put it to boil gently for three-quarters of an hour, or until the prunes are quite soft; then take them out, strain the syrup over them, and serve when cold.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. 1.—House-Dress of Street-Gray Silk..—The trainedskirt is made with one deep slant flounce, with a wide plaiting above it. Over the plain waist is worn a black velvet sleeveless basque, lined with straw-colored satin, and trimmed with bands of jet; the silk sleeves are made with two puts and a deep ruffle at the hands, and finished with bands of black velvet and jet.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE ORGANDY, TRIMMED WITH TWO PLAIN FLOUNCES.—Over-dress of pink organdy, trimmed with two deep ruffles, embroidered in black; the waist is of the pink organdy, with sleeves and fichu of the white organdy. Pink rose tied with a black velvet bow on the breast; pink and white roses in the hair.

Fig. 111.—Carriage-Dress.—The skirt is of rose-pink silk, made with one deep flounce, braided by a narrow ruching. Coat tunic of pale apple-green silk, short in front, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the silk. Small, greensilk bonnet, trimmed with white feathers and black velvet ribbon.

Fig. IV.—WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is of black silk, trimmed with four scant, plain ruffles. The tunic is of fawn-colored cashmere, made with a puff at the luck, tied with long ends. The front coat seeves and lapels at the side are trimmed with large buttons. Bonnet of black net, trimmed with fawn-colored ribbon and scarlet poppies.

Fig. v.—Carriage-Drzss of Dove-Colored Poplin.—The skirt is made with a train, is puffed slightly at the back, and trimmed down each side with a ruffle of the poplin, headed by a band of black velvet. The waist is made quite plain at the back, with a small, round point, and with deep basques in front, edged with black velvet, and trimmed with large black velvet buttons. Black velvet relling collar. Sleeves with wide ruffles of the poplin, with a black velvet twist. Hat of black velvet and crimson roses.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give the back and front of a lady's basque, which is made of chestnut-brown cloth, with revers, cuffs, and pocket of brown silk, of a lighter shade, embroidered in wool or silk of the darker brown.

Also the back and front of costume for a girl, of dark blue flannel, serge, or coshmere. It is double-breasted, and has large Louis XV, pockets at the sides. The back is laid in box-plaits from the neck downward, and has a busque; the skirt is sewn beneath the basque. The pockets, collar, and outs are of a lighter shade (silk may be used if preferred,) and are set on with a band of either black velvet, or the widest military braid.

Also, the back and front of a suit for a boy of about six years of are. Either fine cloth, cashmere, linen, or pique may be used. The skirt is kilt-plaited, and attached to an under waisteen. Over-jacket, trimmed "Ith large pockets and cuffs. If made of pique, the costume may be edged with narrow English embroidery; if of the other materials, braid may be used, or only a simple hem.

We also give various styles of bonnets, and two headdresses, one showing the increased tendency for the hair to creep down the back and the other a dainty cap of thin, white muslin, in the Charlotte Corday style, trimmed with pink ribbons, and edged with lace. The bonnet, which looks so like this cap, is made of black silk, embrodered with jet, and has a quilling of blue standing up around the front, and has the cape also lined with blue; a black aigrette stands up in front, and a blue foother forms the coronet. Three tea roses ornament the cape at the back.

The collarette is of pink silk, edged with lace, and has a standing-up ruffle of crépe lisse; it forms a beautiful addition to a black slik dress. Skirts that cling closely in front are indispensable; but the long or short tunic, the plain or much-trimmed skirt, the close or open body, are worn at option. Nothing seems out of place in the way of puffings or loopings, only they are much too intricate to be described. Such ends and loops appear here and disappear there in a marvelous manner; yet some of the most elegant dresses which we see are very plain. This style, however, requires a richer material than the former one, and is less youthful. As the closely-clinging skirt is the fleshion, the ruffles in front must be very scent, if ruffles are used; but longitudinal trimmings, bands, stripes, and puffs, are more suited for this style of dress.

The new full colors are all dark, but very rich; nut and chocolate browns, leaf and invisible greens, marine blues, wine and maroon reds, smoke and steel grays, with blue or green tints, are all fashionable, and it is most difficult to select among so many beautiful ones.

One of Worth's novelties is the coachman's cape, and is quite popular for a simple dress. Imagine a Polonaise made of light cloth or of iron-gray twilled woolen material, bordered with a deep hem of a darker shade. This Polonaise is but slightly open in front, and it forms at the back two immense points, which would fall as a long train if allowed to trail, only they are fastened up with buttons sewn at the waist. But what gives the effect of a coachman's cont to this Polonaise is the addition of two pelerines, the larger of which does not fall below the center of the back; one of these capes is light, the other dark.

Whaps should always follow the outlines of the dress, therefore they are all cut with a good deal of "spring" at the back, so as to fall loosely over the puff of the skirt; but are made quite flat in front, filling closely to the person. One of the simplest and prettiest that we have seen is an imported English walking jacket of black cloth. It is double-breakted in front, not very long, and buttening close down, and is made like the old-fashioned basque of years ago, nearly fitting to the figure at the back, with a great deal of "spring" to the skirt, which sits beautifully over the full tunic of the dress. The sleeves are the usual coat sleeves, without cuffs, but with a very elaborate braiding up the arm, half way to the elbow.

BONNETS AND HATS, during this month, undergo but little change, as old ones are usually retrimmed with dark ribbons and flowers, velvet or feathers. One of the prettiest we have seen for a young girl is a hat of black straw, with a wide brim, having a wreath of scarlet poppies on the outside, and a wreath of the same flowers inside, but of much smaller size. But the ugh economy dictates the retrimming of old head, ar, the full fashions are never decided. The small hat or boan thus given place to larger ones, though not without a struggle, and we notice that for full dress occasions the honnet, are smaller than those ordinarily worn. To describe the different forms that these bonnets assume would be impossible; but the brims are wide and flaring, and must be turned up somewhere, either directly in front, at the side, or the back; those turned up in front are ornamented then with a flower or bow of ribbon. Strings or long ends are not worn. The same tints prevail in bonnets that we see in dress goods, only in bonnets, they are beachtened up by combinations with other times, nearly always pretty, of entimes rather startling, but stylish. Black velvet and amber ratin, or black and rese, or pale blue or poppy, grey and cypress green, peach color and brown, chocolate brown and turquoise blue, chiret and buff, and so on through all the ring of a milliner's fancy.

now to be seen on simost every head-dress, and on many bonnets: they are very effective, particularly on fair hair. Many of the blue steel buckles are used for fastening the hair that is worn as a plait down the back, and this fashion is making such rapid progress that it is likely to be universally adopted. It has the great defect of the hair rubbing against the back of the dress, and consequently soiling it; but, what with the violin backs and the new mode of making an open point in the centre of the back, and trimming it with lace or tulle, there is some means of easily repairing the mischlef the friction of the hair would inevitably bring by its dangerous contact.

Jet, blue spangles, and in some few cases of bad taste, colored beads are seen on the winter bonnets.

The most convenient dolmans for wearing at all times and upon all occasions, are those made of very fine black cloth, and embroidered all over in the vermicelli pattern with sllk, mixed with vermicellis of sontache.

THE CHATELAINE BAG appears to have become an indispenseble addition to all morning costumes. The most conomical plan to adopt is to select a black velvet one, and to have your monogram embroidered on it. Such a chatelaine bag or "aumonière," as it is called, can be wern with almost any costume.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Girl's Costume.—The petticoat is of black velvetcen, laid in full plaits. The tunic is of blue cashmere, trimmed with worsted lace, and is very much bunched up. A round cape covers the waist. White felt hat with white feathers, and blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME OF SILVER-GRAY POPLIN .- The skirt is plain, and laid in deep kilt plaits. Plain basque, with a wide cherry-colored bow at the back, checked with black. Black straw hat, trimmed with bunches of cherries.

FIG. III.-COSTUME FOR A YOUNG GIRL OF FOURTEEN.-The under-skirt is of poppy-colored silk, and trimmed with nine narrow ruffles, decreasing in width as they approach the top. Black silk over-dress, long back and front, but opening high up over the hips. The ruff around the neck, the armholes and back of the sleeves are trimmed with poppy-colored silk. Black velvet hat, trimmed with white feathers and poppy-colored ribbon.

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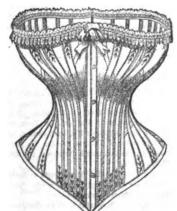
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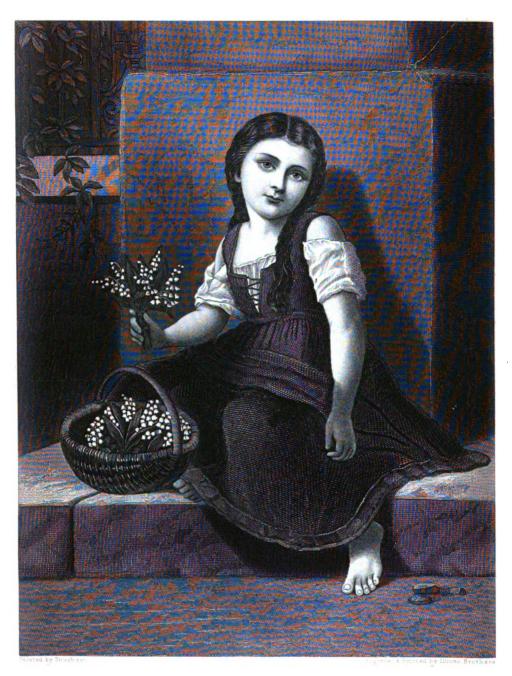
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE





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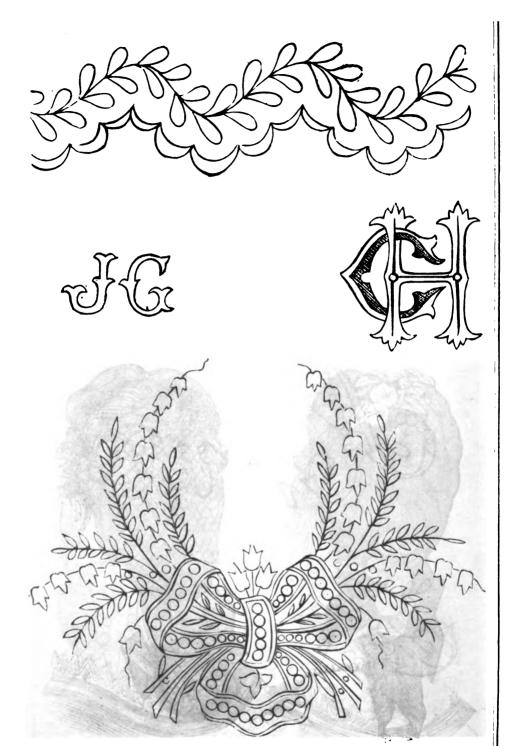




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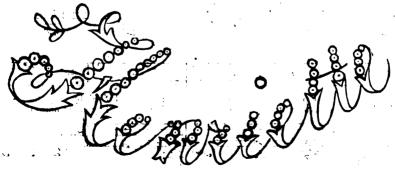


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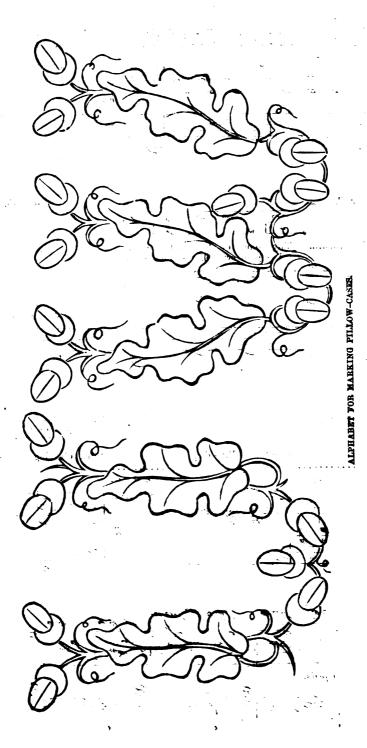
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXVI. PHILADBLPHIA, NOVEMBER, No. 5

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"WHAT shall I do, if Susan leaves me?" said Mrs. Towne, in despair. "I declare, I'm ready to give up. I'm quite out of heart!"

"There's an old proverb," answered her neighbor, Mrs. Strong, "that there are 'as good fish in the river as ever swam;' and the longer I live, the more I see its truth and sense. There are plenty other Susans to be had, my dear."

Mrs. Towne was a tall, angular woman, with a sharp face and a red nose, who was always worrying about something. Her friend, Mrs. Strong, said she was thin because she borrowed trouble. Mrs. Strong herself was plump and rosy, had a bright eye, and was always ready with a joke and a laugh: and the cheery sound of her laugh was itself a cure for the heartache. Both women were about the same age.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Towne, ruefully. "Help seems to be getting worse and worse all the time. I'm sure it wasn't so when I was young."

"Perhaps not, my dear," said Mrs. Strong, with the least bit of sarcasm, "for you may be younger than I am. But I remember, in my mother's time, I used to hear just the same complaint, and that grandma would laugh, and tell me not to believe a word of it, for things were really not getting worse, and that there was just as much trouble with servants in her day."

"Well, perhaps there was, but it don't seem to me so. Here, now, they do say the smallpox is about, and I'm sure we shall have it among us afore long."

"In the old time, my dear, before vaccination was discovered, the disease was ten times as fatal as now, so that in one respect we are better off than our grandmothers were."

"Well, then, there's typhus. It's getting worse every year, the newspapers tell us; something about bad drainage, I believe."

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scores, and yet hardly know what was the matter with them.'

"But you're quite wrong about Susan." said Mrs. Towne, returning to her first grievance. "Baby will be teething this summer, and whatever I shall do without Susan, I can't tell. What right has she to get married?"

Little, jovial Mrs. Strong laughed heartily at "I'm afraid, as much right," she said. good humoredly, "as you or I had. Have you tried to get one to fill her place?"

"What's the use? I know I shan't succeed. Some worthless creature will come, that will let baby fall, and then it will be a cripple for life. Oh. dear!"

"But try. Don't give it up in this way. There's just as many chances for a good nurse applying as a bad one; and if you examine their recommendations, and trust a little to your own eyes, the probabilities are you will make a good selection."

"It's no use. There'll never be another Susan."

"Come, come, I've kept house as long as you have, and can't afford to pay any higher wages than you do, yet I have managed to get along, and find plenty of Susans. Of course one don't get an angel for what we pay a week. But if one servant goes, I look out for another, and I always expect beforehand to secure as good a one as I lose. So in everything else. I tell you, my dear Mrs. Towne, life is a good deal more what we make it, than, at first, one would suppose. If we take things hard, they come hard. If we take them easy, they generally smooth their path for themselves."

"I never knew people to get along who did that. We are not fed as the ravens are. got to work and worry."

"Work, yes! Worry, no! At least not too much. I never meant one should make no effort. "People used to have typhus, and die of it by To sit down, with one's hands in one's lap, is

face and graceful figure. She saw, very soon, that he was the best dancer in the room. when a waltz struck up, and he asked her to join in it, she could not resist. "If I don't dance with him," she said to herself, "the other girls will say he didn't ask me; and that would never do."

Kitty had never enjoyed a waltz so much. She forgot the ridiculous episode in the swing, forgot the stranger's cool effrontery, forgot everything but the dreamy music and the rhythmical movement of her companion. When the band stopped, she sighed, involuntarily, wishing it was all to go over again.

Balls, picnics, and croquet parties followed each other in rapid succession, for the summer was a gay one. Kitty and young Mr. Mortimer were together almost constantly. Somehow, Kitty fell into the habit of expecting Rupert always, as her special escort; and he began to feel that no one but he had a right to Kitty, and to be very jealous, when others attempted to pay her attentions. As yet, however, no words of love had passed between them; for Rupert, now thoroughly enamored, feared to ruin all by too premature an avowal; especially as, once or twice, when he had ventured to appreach the subject, Kitty had suddenly grown haughty and cold.

A final picuic had been planned, to close the season. It proved a great success. The day passed merrily on, until luncheon-time. Rupert had made up his mind to have a quiet ramble with Kitty, after this meal, and if things went well, to speak of his love. But he had counted without his cost, for when luncheon was over, and he had got rid of his aunt, Mrs. Judge Stacy, who had called him to her side to wait on her, lo! Kitty had disappeared. Full of jealous fears, and determined to find out who; his rival was, he set forth through the woods to discover Kitty. He had not gone far, before her favorite dog came bounding toward him, jumping and barking, and manifesting the greatest delight at seeing him. But when Rupert stopped to pat; his name-sake, the dog darted ahead; then stopped and looked wistfully at Rupert, and then rushed on again. "What can he mean?" said Rupert.

A sudden fear seized him that something was wrong, and he hurried on, the dog rapidly leading the way.

At last, in an opening of the woods, on a mostcovered rock, he saw Kitty, pale, breathless, and apparently ir pain.

In a moment he was at her side. All his jeelousy was gone. Love was uppermost.

"Oh, darling l" he cried, "what is it? Thank God, I have found you."

sob, "how glad I am to see you. I began to think I would have to stay here all night alone. I've sprained my ankle, so I can't walk. What shall I do?'' And she burst into tears.

Our hero took both the little hands, and held them tightly in his own, while he questioned her anxiously as to the accident, relating meantime how he came to find her.

"But how?" exclaimed Kitty, ruefully, when he had done, "how am I ever to get back? don't believe I can walk a step."

"Of course you can't. Who said you could?" cried Rupert. "But you'll get back right, all the same, for I intend to carry you."

"Carry me!" Kitty gave a little scream, and shrank back, and covered her face with both hands, for she felt the hot blood in her cheeks. "Oh, no! that will never do," and she blundered out, unthinkingly, "what will people say?"

. But Rupert did not stop to reply to this question. Very little cared he what people said. Without a word he put his arms about Kitty, and lifting her bodily from her feet, walked off with her as if she had been a feather-weight.

At first, Kitty struggled a little, but the strong, manful arms held her close, and soon she began rather to like it, and to think it all very delightful. "At any rate," she said to herself, "I can't help-it; he is too masterful to resist." With this comforting conclusion, her fair head sank on his shoulder, and for the first time in her life Kitty knew what it was to be supremely happy.

Rupert carried his lovely burden to his own buggy, which stood apart from the crowd, and carefully placed Kitty in it.

"There now," he said, "I shall take you home, immediately, and stop for a doctor on the way. Nobedy can drive you, with so little pain, as I cen," he added, seeing she was about to object. "Besides, you must begin to obey me, so as to get your hand in, for you are going to be my wife, you know."

"Your wife!" cried Kitty. She gave a pout, and a toss of her head, but she blushed, and not with anger either. Yes! blushed to the tips of her dainty ears.

"Of course," retorted Rupert, as he stepped softly into the buggy, and took his seat beside her, looking half-saucily, half-fondly into her eyes, which fell before him. "I've meant it all along. Didn't you?"

"Really, you are the most 'impudent puppy' I ever saw," retorted Kitty, bursting into laughter in spite of herself.

But, for all that, she did not repulse the kiss, with which, before starting, Rupert thought it "Oh! Mr. Mortimer," she cried, with a little | necessary to fortify himself for the journey.

What more is there to tell? Very little. For Kitty and Rupert were married early in the autumn, and were superlatively happy.

"Do you know," said Rupert, one day, "that it was the merest accident we ever knew each other? I had come down to my unele's, for a single night only, when I saw you in the swing, and my whole life was changed. I fell in love at \ time, and taking his place."

first sight, and resolved to stay, and make your acquaintance, even if it took all summer."

"So I owe my happiness," answered Kitty, archly, "to my faithful dog-dear old fellowbeing off guard that afternoon."

"And to an 'impudent puppy' coming slong." retorted Rupert, with a kiss, "just in the nick of

LADY MAY.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

Your terraced mansion, wondrous grand ! A sweet home-picture is to me; And from my palace in the sea I look to yours upon the land, When, after pleading all in vain, You watched my ship sail down the bay; Nor asked me to return again-Ah, that was cruel, Lady May!

Twice ten long years the friendly sea Has rocked me fondly on his breast, And all my trouble and unrest Are gone, and I return to thee, A chastened spirit, captive still, But hoping, through the long delay, That time would change your haughty will,

Oh, could you now but yield your pride, And once forget your noble birth, To stoop, at last, to meaner earth, And constant in this faith abide. My earnest heart would fly to thee, If all the world should bid me stay; No syren voice in earth or sea Could charm we from thee, Lady May.

And teach you wisdom, Lady May.

Tis sad to see our sun so low, And know that it might set serone. While two decades lie stark between To-day and that lost long ago, When, fresh and fair, you proudly stood, A queen whose dictum love obeyed, And sadly wronged your womanhood. In wronging him whose heaven you made.

Oh, Lady May, your pride may fall, Your beauty leave you thin and old; The love that is not bought with gold May turn and leave you when you call. And when you see, at last, too late, The sad mistake you made that day, You dare not call it cruel fate That sent me from you, Lady May!

But should you still disdain the vow Which once in union bound us twain, And send your sailor back again To ride the wind-tossed waves as now, Know this, while now I say adicu, And trim my sails and go my way, That one fond heart will yet be true, And breathe its blessing, Lady May.

OCTOBER.

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

THE laughing Spring long since bade us adicu, And Summer's radiant hours have faded too; And while the waning year grows sad and sober, Ve greet again the red and gold October, Whose low and pensive winds are weirtly sighing-The year is dying.

And wheremover rests our lingering gase, We see the beauty of our Autumn days; Sad Autumn days, the time we love the best, When Nature in her richest garb is drest, And low and pensive winds are weirdly sighing The year is dying.

Fast fading year, oh, can ye tell me, say? The thoughts ye bring to me from day to day, The while I watch your leaflets coming down; Each tiny leaf, the red, the gold, the brown, While low and pensive winds are weirdly sighing-The year is dving.

Fast fading year, I have not told you all The thoughts ye bring while leaflets rustling full. And your sweet words are whispering in my ear, Oh, child of earth, your better home's not here; And as they pass they breathe to me, low sighing-You, too, are dying.

Sad Autumn winds, I love the dirge ye sing, Dear, dying year, I love the thoughts ye bring! And when life's Autumn days shall come to me, Like yours, may mine serenely happy be; Dear, dreamy winds, ye answer me, low sighing-The year is dying.



BUY MY LILIES."

BY MARIETTA HOLLBY.

11 1

"Buy my lilies! Buy my lilies! Oh.!.will no one buy my lilies?"

It was a sweet, pathetic voice that spoke, the voice of a child; and the tones were inexpressibly plaintive and sorrowful.

I was suffering the first great agony of my life. That day my mother had died. She was my only surviving parent, and when my father had gone down to the grave, broken-hearted, ruined by a false partner, who had escaped to Europe with his plunder, she and I had fought the battle of life together, until we had come to love each other as few sons ever love, or few mothers. It was in my nineteenth year, that I first saw, as the sultry, mid-summer days approached, that she was failing. A little longer, and I knew she was dving. Dving, before her time, worn down by toil and sorrow, having given her life-blood to educate her child. What wonder, when I realized all this, when I knew certainly that I was to lose her, that everything seemed dying to me -life, hope, ambition!

She died blessing her boy, brave, martyr-like to the last. I knelt by her side till the last faint whispers had ceased, till the dear hand had ceased to return my pressure. Then, when the lips I kissed so wildly refused to answer back my kisses for all time, I rushed away, out into the streets, anywhere, anyhow, trying vainly to escape from my sorrow and despair. I was more than half-crazed. I saw nothing, heard nothing, till, all at once, that thin, piping, plaintive cry smote on my ear.

"Buy my lilies! Buy my lilies! Oh!" almost in despair, "will no one buy my lilies?"

The profound pathos touched and arrested me. My breaking heart recognized in those sorrowful tones the mystic fellowship of suffering.

I turned and looked around. Just before me, on the cold door-steps, sat a child of seven or eight years old, with a basket of lilies beside her, and a bundle of lilies in her hand. Perhaps she saw some pity in my face, something different from what she had seen in others, who had passed by, for as she met my eye, she sprang up and came to me, and oh! what a sweet face it was that she raised so trustingly to mine, with great, soft eyes of the darkest violet, and burnished brown hair.

I bought her flowers, and asked her of herself. This was only a few months before my mother

She told me her story. Her father had been a clergyman, who had come from England with nothing but his profession, and he and her mother had died within a week from each other, leaving her penniless. She had no friends. But the woman they had boarded with had taken pity on her, and had given her flowers to sell. Only that morning, however, this kind friend had been stricken down with paralysis, and her husband had turned the child out of doors, saying, it was as much as he could do, now, to support his own family.

"And where shall I go?" said she, with the great tears filling the violet eyes. "I have no home, nothing but the great, lonesome streets."

I thought, as I looked down into her beautiful face, what a cruel place the street would be for such a white lamb. I don't know what she read in my countenance, but she looked up so confidingly, so trustingly, as she asked me again, in her sweet, pathetic voice, "and where shall I go?" that I said to her, "you shall go home with me." As I uttered the word "home," the thought of what home was to me now flashed upon me, and tears, blessed tears, relieved my half-crazed brain.

"What makes you cry?" she said, artlessly, and putting up her little hands, brushed the tears off, while her lips quivered with sympathy.

Thus, in that hour of sorrow, of agony, a comforter crept into my heart.

I determined I would keep the child. Just before my mother's last illness, my sister Marie had come to live with us. She was much older than myself, a daughter by a former marriage, and had been living in a neighboring city, in great splendor, with her husband. When my father died, my mother had applied to Marie for help to educate me; but the answer was cold and selfish. "I cannot offer you a home," she wrote, " for my house is always full of company. Nor can I do anything for your son. My husband says it takes all we can get to live as we do, and that you are only a step-mother, after all." I remember well how my mother burst into tears as she read the cruel letter. But time brings its revenges. The day came when Marie, widowed also, and also penniless, came to beg for a roof to shelter her, and a crust of bread for herself and her boy. died. By that time, I had finished my education, and had established something of a home for ourselves. I had worked hard, and at an uncongenial employment; but my salary was a good one, and I cared for nothing else, because I could now surround my dear parent with comforts. Thus it came to pass, that, even after my mother's death, I had a home to take this poor child to.

At first Marie objected. It was her coldhearted, selfish, calculating way. But when, a few weeks later, a great uncle of my mother died in India, and left me his fortune, she ceased to expostulate; for even she could no longer find an excuse for casting this poor, little waif out upon the world unfriended. But though wealth had come to me thus unexpectedly, I was not happy. "Oh! if it had come sooner, a year ago," I cried in my agony, "when it might have saved thy life, dear mother." My home was a hard, unsympathyzing one. So I threw myself, heart and soul, into business, as many a man has done before, as many a man will do yet, not to make money, but to find forgetfulness. Wealth flowed in on me. I soon had trebled my fortune. I now bought a country-seat, about thirty miles from town, and placed my sister in it as mistress. I sent Lilian, for that was my little ward's name, to an excellent boarding-school, and I put my young nephew, Lynn, first to a boy's academy, and afterward to college.

My home, as I have said, was unsympathyzing, and not a happy one. But gradually a change came. As the years rolled by, and my ward grew up to womanhood, so lovely in her fresh beauty, so sweet in her tender, womanly way, I began unconsciously to dream a dream of bliss. She had been at home a half year, and she had seemed go happy to be at home, so glad and happy to be by my side, reading to me, or with me, singing the songs I loved best, riding on horseback with me through the pleasant country lanes, walking with me, or sitting silently on a low foot-stool, by the side of my great arm-chair in the library, while I smoothed out her long waves of burnished brown hair, that I grew to hope she loved me.

Sometimes, as I would look down upon her fondly, she would lift her eyes to my face, and I fancied I could read a sweet story there, in those great violet eyes. A sweet story of a blessed future, of home, and rest, and happiness. But I would take no unmanly advantage of her youth and inexperience, I said to myself; she should go into company; she should see other men. younger, handsomer than myself; she should choose for herself.

From all this I had a rude awakening. Mv

he and Lilian were, of course, very much together. For awhile I thought nothing of it. But, one day, Lynn came into my library, and after a little, embarrassed pause, asked if he could say a few words to me.

I must describe my nephew. He had the good looks of the Lynns in an exceptional degree, "my share as well as his own," as his mother had often told me. To me, who had never had any youth, there was something wonderfully taking in his easy grace of manner, polished selfassurance, and high animal spirits. The faultlessness of his dress, the very tie of his cravat, his gallant, nonchalant air, the atmosphere of success and happiness that seemed always to surround him, had something almost awe-inspiring in it. And now, even before he began to speak, I divined his purpose, and my heart turned to ice within me.

"I intend to marry Lilian, uncle," he said, feeling his incipient mustache. "I suppose you have noticed how much we have been together. It's not only her beauty, and accomplishments, and sweet disposition, however-it's, ahem! well it's also something of a matter of principle."

I was too unnerved to command speech. could only nod in silence. My brain was reeling. All my bright visions were whirling into chaos about me. I saw how blind I had been. It was not love, it was only gratitude, that I had read in Lilian's eyes. What, indeed, could I, older by fifteen years than this gay, gallant young fellow-the very ideal of a young girl-what could I, worn with care and grief, hope for, when he was by?

"Yes, uncle, I consider it a matter of principle. Were it not so, I might have hesitated in offering her my hand; but I have received undoubted evidence that her happiness is in my power. The knowledge came to me in two different ways, and I feel that I ought not, as a man of honor, to trifle with her!"

I turned my head slightly, and looked toward the window. The sun had gone down behind a bank of gray clouds, that seemed like a barren mountain range, and a wild wind was tossing the oak-trees in the park. But the scene was not more desolate than my heart.

I was saying this to myself, as Lynn's smooth, self-assured voice went on, glibly,

"You must remember Edith Barker, uncle, whom we met at the sea-shore, during my last vacation. You must have seen, any one with any penetration must have discovered, from my countenance, and from some unguarded expressions that I gave utterance to, that I was pleased, nay, nephew had graduated, and returned home; and i more than pleased with her. I will tell you, frankly, Uncle Lynn, as I am admitting you into my confidence, that I felt for that young lady a sentiment of warm admiration, that might have ripened, under favorable circumstances, to a devoted attachment. And I am positive that she returned the sentiment fully. Not that I made any particular effort to win her attachment; but people have been kind enough to say that I possess some personal attraction."

He was standing gracefully on the hearth-rug, in front of the grate, as he spoke, with one arm leaning on the marble mantel. And as I looked up at him I could not wonder that he was vain of his personal appearance. I think I never saw a handsomer face, or a more graceful, manly figure. And good-hearted he was too. And I knew that this self-conceit and assurance, which was rather unpleasant now, would wear away as his beard lengthened.

"Yes, uncle, I feel assured that I might have won Edith Barker, had not fate intervened in the form of Lilian. But, since I returned home, your ward's beauty and sweet disposition, and charming accomplishments have, I will not deny, affected my heart deeply. But I doubt if these attractions would have sufficed, had not an unexpected revelation been made to me. A person who is in the confidence of Miss Grey"—I knew it must be his mother—"informed me that she loved me devotedly; and last night I made the discovery for myself."

I rose and walked to the window, where I stood looking out on the dull, gray earth, for the sun had now quite gone down, and the wild branches of the oak trees, before me, waved and moaned in the high wind, that was sweeping desolately past.

"I was out walking," continued Lynn, "and I chanced to approach the little rustic bridge, that spans the rivulet at the southern extremity of the park. A favorite resort, as you may remember, of your ward. Suddenly, I saw on the moss at my feet, a little purple-and-gold book. bent down and picked it up. It was evidently a young lady's journal. As I raised it, it fell open, at a page which had been recently written in, and I read, unconsciously, a sentence there. Just then I was startled by hearing a swift footstep approaching, and Miss Grey advanced hastily, and, in a very excited manner. She was searching for the book. I suspected, so I held it up before Her countenance expressed great relief, when I assured her that I had just found it, and had not read a word in it—a justifiable flight of the fancy, you know, uncle, under the circumstances. But I did read these words, "Dear Lynn, I would give my life for him!"

"How dare you!" I cried, turning angrily around. "How dare you tell me, tell any one, what you read in a lady's private journal?"

I am afraid I frightened him with my passion. I don't often get angry. The Percivals are slow to wrath, proverbially.

But I was quickly ashamed of myself, and apologized, and wished him joy and success; and told him that Lilian and he were the two beings in the world dearest to me, and that I should be happy in their happiness. And I told him that on his marriage-day I would give him a deed of Whitelands, a handsome estate of mine, in an adjoining county.

He left me gay and happy in his bright youth, and I sat alone in the gray twilight, and the wind swept round the house desolately. And as night came on, I went out and walked back and forth in the gloomy foot-paths of the old park, under the wind-tossed branches, and I said to myself, "Men will have their foolish dreams, and set their lives upon a hope, and when that hope falls into ruins, the world rocks beneath them. God give me strength to be patient, to be brave and courageous!" Thus I made my moan, as I walked to and fro, to and fro, while the wind wailed through the deserted wood-paths.

But with the morning light strength came to me. I gathered courage with the dawn. I said to myself, I would lay down my sweet hope, bury it so deep that no eye should behold even its grave. No one should be saddened by my selfish sorrow.

It was only a few days after this, that Lynn came to me, and told me of his engagement, and I trust I did not dampen his young happiness by any cold words or looks. He asked me, I recollect, for quite a sum of money, to buy a ring for Lilian; and I remember giving him twice the amount, thinking that no diamonds could be too bright for her. And that evening she came to me, as I sat alone in the library.

It was such a still, beautiful evening, so still, so sweet, so sad a sky, bent down over so sweet, so sad a world. She came up to me without a word, and laid her hand on my shoulder. I looked up, and tried to smile in my darling's face, for I thought I would never lessen her sweet hopes and happiness with even a look of pain. I thought she seemed very pale, but it might be my fancy.

"Lynn has told me, my child," I said.

She knelt at my feet, silently. She spoke no words; only she raised those sweet violet eyes to mine in one long look. What could I read in them? I thought I could read a divine sorrow for some one, a divine pity for some aching heart. Had she, in spite of all my efforts at self-control,

read in my face the anguish that was in my soul? I believed so. And what could I say to her? Certainly nothing to confirm in her mind the knowledge that could only give her pain. For she had such a tender heart, and it would hurt her so to give pain to any one, and most of all to me, whom she loved with a child's affection. I must get that idea out of her mind, I said to myself, for my darling must not have that serrow to cloud her young happiness. But as I looked down upon her, so dear, so sweet, I could not find any words at first, and I took up the slender white hand, on which the diamond glittered, the tiny circlet, so small, yet strong enough to bind her to another. I took it up, and kissed it many times, just as I had kissed my mother's face in her coffin.

"Dear child! dear child!" was all I could sav. Her face was hidden now, for she had taken one of my hands in both of hers, and laid her face on it on my knee. And suddenly I felt her tears on it.

"Don't cry, my darling!" I whispered. "Of course, I shall miss you. But don't cry so for me. When you and Lynn are settled at Whitelands. I shall get over my loneliness, and live here a quiet life, very happy, in my own quiet way. Don't cry so, or I shall almost think you regret the step that is to make your happiness: and my happiness too," I added, "for what can I wish so much as to see my dear child happy?"

She pressed her lips to my hand, and said, in a voice choked with sobs,

"You have been the best and kindest friend a poor girl ever had. You have been so good to me-so good to me. I would give my life for you, I believe. I will do just as you wish me to. I should be a monster if I did not. You took me out of the streets, saved me-made me all that I am."

"Hush, darling!" I answered, soothingly. "Don't talk so. You have been a blessing to me, the sweetest and dearest comfort of my life. Don't you know how many times I have told you this? How I was half broken-hearted? How it was your childish hands that held be back from despair? Your dear presence that helped me to bear my sorrow, and that since has made life dear to me? Of course, I shall miss you very much. But your happiness is the dearest wish of my life, and will make me content. So lift up your sweet eyes, my pet, and let me see the sunshine in them once more."

But there was no sunshine in the clouded depths of blue that she raised to mine for a moment. Tears were still streaming from them. She tried to smile, but failed. Then, suddenly, she rose to \ with Miss Barker, of whom I spoke to you ones

her feet, and bent over me, and murmured again, "Best friend! dear friend!" kissed my hand, impulsively, and rushed from the room.

The next morning I left home. I wanted change. I did not see Lillan, for the morning train, which I took, went long before the breakfast hour. But I left a message for the family, that business took me away from home, for a few weeks.

It was a dismal day, wet and windy. The dull heartache; the lonely, desolate feeling; the longing pain that went out with me in that never-tobe-forgotten morning, followed me during all the weeks of my absence; they clung to me wherever I went; they held me fast, relentlessly. I found a respite, at last, in some real, and not pretended, business, which engrossed all my time and energies. A bank, in which I was the largest shareholder, was threatened with bankruptcy, in consequence of a defaulting cashier: and it was only the vigorous and prompt measures, undertaken by the president and myself, that saved its credit.

One day, as we were busy in his private room, the president said to me,

"By-the-by, you know the Barkers, don't you? The mother and daughter were at the sea-shore, you remember, last summer, when we all were there. Well, they've come into a great fortune. The mother was a widow, and there was a lawsuit. The suit has gone in their favor, I hear. Mr. Pierrepont met them, at Saratoga, last week. And since I come to think of it," he said, " if I'm not mistaken, he told me that your sister was there, with your nephew and ward."

All this took me by surprise, for I had heard nothing of the movement; but that evening I had a letter from Marie, in which she said, that, "finding it dall without you, and the weather being very hot, and not knowing when you would return, I thought we would come up here for ewhile."

A week passed. Two weeks. The affairs of the bank still engrossed all my time, else I should have run up to Samtoga, for, by this time, my heart ached to see my darling again. "Even if another's," I said, "and only for this once." But before I had persuaded myself that I could be spared, a letter came from my nephew, that made me forget everything but his treachery and insult.

"You have always been a kind and generous friend to me," it began, "and I feel that you are the one for me to advise with. It is a momentous and delicate question. Since we came to Saratoga, I have been threwn a good deal again before, and I fear that I have made a grave mistake in promising to marry Miss Lilian Grey. Had I remained at home, I should have continued ignorant of the true state of my heart, until, perchance, it was too late. But having met Edith once more, I can no longer conceal from myself, that I love the latter the best. I find, too, that she loves me still. Now what shall I do? Unless the breaking of my engagement will cause the death of Miss Grey, my heart tells me I ought to marry her who would make me most happy."

I crushed the letter in my hands. "Coldblooded villain," I cried. "Miss Barker is richer now than Miss Grey, and that is the solution of this change. Great heavens! that one of my blood should be such a scoundrel."

. I rang the bell for a carriage, threw a few articles of apparel into a valise, and was at the depot just in time to catch the night-train to Saratoga. My anger raged during the whole journey. I saw, all the time, the pale, broken-hearted look of Lilian, when she should hear of her lover's treachery. "Traitor," I cried, and I clutched my hand, as if I had him by the threat.

When I drove up to the hotel, and asked for Marie's room, I found Marie in violent hysterics. Lynn and Miss Barker had eloped the night before. She showed me the note she had received from them, telling her of the marriage, begging her forgiveness in the true romantic style, and inviting her to come to them at once, at Mrs. Barker's country-seat, below the Catakills. don't know what I said, but I recollect Marie pausing to say, in the midst of her excitement. "that Edith was a great heiress, and she should go to them to live, since I reproached her: Lynn was her idol, and she wouldn't be separated from him; and the Barker mansion, that the law-suit had just given Edith, was the handsomest on the Hudson."

"But now for Lilian," I said, sternly, interrupting her. "Is she up? Does she know of this yet?"

"Lilian! Oh! dear, she hasn't been here for two days. She went back home, with only her maid; all I could say, I couldn't make her remain. She said Miss Barker was too fast, and that she didn't like to be seen so much with her. :All stuff! She suspected sensething, or had a tiff with Lynn, or got tired of the gayety, I don't know which--"

"And you let her go alone?" I asked, angrily. "Is this the way you discharge your guardianship?"

" Dear the, she was more to blame than I was. She ought to have staid. Edith fast! Fast, in said, "when my dear child first came to me to

deed! But Lilian always was self-willed, and I'm glad Lynn has got rid of her."

I left the room without another word. My indignation was too great for utterance, and I feared when speech should come back to me, that I might say comething that I would afterward regret. I did not stop for breakfast. A return train, I knew, was about to start. All my thought was to get home as soon as possible. To go and comfort my darling in her sorrow, to tell her the news first, more kindly than any one else could; to help her bear her wild grief when she should hear of her lover's marriage with another-this was all I thought of during that hurried journey.

It was almost sunset when I walked up the long oak avenue to the house. Suddenly I saw through an opening in the shade the gleam of a white dress. I turned into a side path, and soon I came in sight of my darling. There was a clump of thick shrubbery, and beneath it a marble basin filled with water, which a sad-looking wood-nymph was forever pouring out of a cup into the basin below.

Lilian was sitting on the low stone-step that surrounded the basin, very pale, very listless, as I could see Her hands were full of lilies, as when I first saw her. How white and wan her sweet face looked! But as she glanced up, and saw me, a warm flush lit her face, and she ran impulsively toward me, with glad, eager eyes, and a low cry of delighted welcome.

And then she paused, and stood irresolute, with her lilies falling to her feet, all the light fading from her face, tears rising to her large, pathetic eves.

I told myself just what caused her emotions. The glad light had sprung to her eyes because I had come from Lynn. At the first moment, she had forgotten that she had doubted him, that she feared he was false to her; and then, remembering it. she hesitated, and was overcome by her fears.

I took her delicate, white hands in mine, and led her back to her seat, and sat down with my arm about her. In her grief she should find that she had one staunch friend left.

"My little girl! My Lilly! My pet!" soothingly.

I don't know how many of the old pet names I called her, forgetting all but the sorrow I was fated to bring to her, and my desire to let her know my heartfelt sympathy. For a time we sat there silently, her head on my shoulder, and her tears falling rapidly.

I took my handkerchief and wiped them away. "This seems like the old time, don't it," I

make my sad heart lighter? Only my heart was the aching one then, and your dear hand brushed my tears away. Do you remember it, darling?"

"Just like you, always just like you," she said. "Never speaking of all you have done for me, how you rescued me from a life worse than death, a life in the streets; only speaking of what I have been to you. Best friend-kindest friend," she murmured, with her tears still dropping.

How could I tell her, how could I tell her? She seemed so dear to me, so precious. How could I tell her? How could I make her aching heart still heavier?

But it must be done, or an unkinder tongue might bring the knowledge to her.

"My pet," I said, "I want you to look back and think of me as I was when I first saw you; how wretched, and despairing, and desolate I was! It seemed to me that I had not a friend left upon earth, and that my sorrow was the one sorrow of the earth, and must endure forever."

Still she sat silently, with her white hands clasped on my shoulder, her face leaning on them, and her tears falling.

"I want you to think of it, my darling. How my wild sorrow faded at last into a tender memory. And I want you to think that it was your gentle presence that made life endurable to me at first, and afterward dear to me. I want you to think what a comfort you were to me, so you may re- { looked down upon-Lynn Percival.

alize the more that if any sorrow were to come to you, how it would be the dearest privilege of my life to try to comfort you in that sorrow."

Here she raised her sweet face to mine in wonderment.

"Have you any news for me?"

"Yes, my darling-"

And then I told her all.

But what did it mean—the glad, triumphant light that lit up the violet eyes?

Was I dreaming, or did I hear her cry? "Oh! I am so glad—so glad—so glad!"

Was I dreaming, or did I hear her sweet voice. pour it all in my ear? How my sister had told her that I had set my heart upon this marriage. Poor Marie, she was always restless-minded, and I think she had discovered my secret, and feared that my marriage might endanger Lynn's prospect of inheriting my property. And she told it all to me. "How she felt that she would sacrifice her life for me. How she had promised to marry him, only for my sake, to please me."

To please me! "Would she do all this to please me? My darling; my darling."

In what wild words did I tell her of my love, and read the answer in her shy, drooping face.

And then I knew that the words in the little purple-and-gold book, that had given me such disquiet, were not for Lynn Granger, but for that happiest man that the sweet sunset-sky

MY NELLIE.

BY MARIE J. M'COLL.

With a halo of golden hair She is crowned right royally, And her beautiful brow is white, As foam on a stormy sea Like violets jemmed with dew Are her tender, soul-lit eyes, Cloudless, and deeply blue As the sunny Summer skies: And they beam like fair twin stars Through a rifted cloud, when night Has donned her sable robes, And veiled the moon from sight.

Her lips are like coral wet By the kins of the rippling waves, And her tiny teeth like pearls 1 That gleam in the ocean caves: Her cheeks have the faint, sweet finely Of resebuds e'er they blow,

And her dainty dimpled chin Is fairer than drifted snow. Soft is her voice and clear As the murmur of silvery streams, Tender and low, and sweet As the music heard in dreams,

Like lilies are her bands, And in fancy, even now, I feel the soft, pink paims, Like rose-leaves, touch my brow: And there comes to me a sound. Of all sweet sounds most sweet, The footfall, light and low, Of her glancing fairy feet. My darling, my heart is filled With joy unfelt, paknown. Till blest by thy love, my pear. My beautiful one, my own

"PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."

BY PANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 258.

CHAPTER VII.

"ACROSS THE WAY."

It was not likely that Cicely's first look across the way would be her last, and it is just as little to be expected that Polly, having heard of the new arrival, should not be somewhat curious also. When she watered her window-garden, she glanced up at the tall house, which so far threw her own small domicile into the shade, and her eyes always lingered, for a moment or so, on the window of the pretty drawing-room, and nearly every day she was rewarded by the sight of the unconsciously imposing young princess, in whom she had begun to take quite a friendly interest. And on her part, Cicely looked down into Polly's parlor, even oftener than Polly looked up into her drawing-room. This girl, whom even Gaston had found handsome and clever, must surely be worth watching, and the more she watched the more strongly and pleasantly the novelty attracted her. That tiny parlor, how pretty and unique it was? That queer, good-natured old woman, who was plainly not exactly a lady, and that oddly-dressed old man, who was so clearly not exactly a gentleman, how queer they were, and yet how this lovely creature seemed to like and exert herself to amuse them ! Surely there was no single point of resemblance between Gaston's Miss Pemberton, (she called Polly "Gaston's Miss Pemberton,") and the dreadful, painted, fast young persons she had always heard actresses described as being. would have been a sheer impossibility for Polly to look fast, or to appear "loud" in attire. She was prone to charming, soft colors and materials, her only brilliant weakness being a coquettish twist, or loop of geranium color, which the most fastidious could scarcely have failed to admire. Perhaps she exhausted her colors upon the stage. and liked a change in private life.

Of course, after a few days of watching from each window, the two began to know one another pretty well. Cicely had discovered that Polly was even handsomer than she had found her at first, and Polly had seen that the regal/air was very innocent and bewitching, and that the face across the way was unworldly, and inexperienced as a child.

"If there was any way," Cicely dared to say to herself, "and it would not be wrong, I really think I should like to know her."

"It is out of the question to ever think of such a thing as making friends with her." sighed Polly, over her mignonette and geraniums. "If it wasn't, I declare I would nod to her across the street, and send her some flowers by Teddy."

Teddy was, after a manner, a sort of go-between, and heard the comments of each upon the other; for, among the things most unlikely was any probability that he should not visit his friend more faithfully than ever, and in making himself generally agreeable, make himself doubly agreeable to Cicely.

"How beautiful your Miss Pemberton is," said Cicely to him, in one of her confidential moments. "Even Gaston admires her, and thinks her clever; and you know Gaston is not easily pleased."

No, Gaston was not, Taddy admitted; and then he inquired, with great depth of art, whether Miss Framleigh thought her brother admired Polly very much.

But Cicely rather hesitated to reply to the question, which Teddy had so diplomatically put.

"He thinks her very pretty—more than pretty," she answered. "Do you know Miss Dalrymple, Mr. Popham?"

Teddy had that honor.

"Gaston thinks Miss Pemberton more beautiful than she is, and Miss Dalrymple is a great beauty, you know, Mr. Popham, I asked him which style he admired the most, and he said Miss Pemberton's; and I quite agreed with him."

Cicely was not an absolute admirer of the fair Dalrymple. Diana had called upon her, in full state, a few days after her arrival, and the result had been the slight jarring of some fine, subtle chord in the more sensitive and refined nature; for though Cicely had received her with all the pretty, graceful ceremony of a young princess, doing the honors of her father's house, a certain indescribable atmosphere surrounding her, had held her visitor semewhat aloef.

"I do not like her," Closly had said to Gaston, afterward. "I am sure I never could like her at all." And though she had evidently for-

gotten herself in making so open an announcement, she did not retract her opinion, even when she remembered how very trank a one it was. She did not like her.

Scarcely a visit of Teddy's to the smaller house ever passed without his discussing Cicely with Polly. Indeed, it might be said no visit was ended, without Cicely's having been the subject of one conversation, at least. And, apart from her own interest in the matter, Polly was prone to encouraging Teddy's admiration, for more reasons than one. If he would transfer his affection from herself to this pretty, refined girl, how much pleasanter it would be for all parties concerned! He was such a generous, affectionate young enthusiast, where his heart was touched, that she had quite mourned over him sometimes. It seemed so great a pity that all his faith and tenderness should be thrown away on a hardhearted young woman like herself.

"But you know, Teddy," she had been wont to say to him, in the long ago, before he had decided his pangs were of no avail, "you know, Teddy, it wouldn't do, it really wouldn't. I should never have the right sort of feeling for you, and you know I have an awful temper, Teddy; I should end by bullying you outright. I always do bully people when they are better than I am, and make me feel it," deprecatingly. "That is one of my worst points."

But now she thought, if he would only do the most natural thing in the world, and fall in love with this exquisite Cicely. Well, just see how happy he might be. They were so much better suited to each other, and Polly had no sentimental belief in the withering effect of a blighted first love, provided the blight was an unavoidable, and not too cruel a one. She had never been cruel to Teddy, she knew. Accordingly, she encouraged him to talk about the girl, and tried to draw him out upon the subject, and enlarged enthusiastically upon the charms she had taken stock of, from her parlor-window.

"It is too bad to think; I can't try to make friends with her," she said. "I should like to hear her talk."

hear her talk."

"Why can't you make friends with her?"

Teddy asked, with a doubtful expression.

"Oh," said Polly, quickly, "I can't. You know that." And she colored, uneasily.

"I don't see why," obtusely. "I think you might, Polly."

"Bah!" said Polly. "When you turn a man out of your house—"

"Did you turn Framleigh out of your house?" interrupted Teddy.

"I told him to stay at home," quite raspingly. \Vol. LXVI.—23

"And he was very ready to admit that I had done him a good turn in doing so." And there she stopped, and bit her lip, feeling quite savage, because she had said so much. "At any rate," she ended, "don't you know—has not your experience taught you—that women are dubious about me, and that it would be no end of stupid in me to be the first to advance toward Cicely Framleigh? I thought you were wiser than that, Teddy."

She did not need to advance toward Cicely Framleigh, however. The merest chance settled the matter for them both, with the assistance of Teddy Popham.

Perhaps the London air did not agree with Cicely very well, or perhaps the unusually cold winter was too much for her; at any rate, the middle of January found her suffering from a severe cold. Polly began to see her appearing at the window, first with a little, blue scarf tied round her throat, and afterward with a large, blue shawl folded about her; and Teddy Popham, making frequent visits of inquiry, was grieved greatly by the aspect of his charmer. It was only an unromantic, little. feverish attack, but it was very troublesome, and sometimes the princess was pale, and sometimes she was flushed; and Teddy was deeply concerned, notwithstanding the fact that she bore her ailments with the sweetest possible patience, even when prossic influenza reigned supreme, and her charming little nose assumed a most trying shade of pink.

"You are as easily frightened as Gaston, Mr. Popham," she would say, sitting wrapped up in her shawls, in her favorite chair, and smiling at him sweetly. "It is not worth speaking of, I assure you."

And, really, there was nothing to be actually alarmed by, but, nevertheless, Teddy fancied he had serious cause for alarm, during one of his visits.

He had dropped in before Gaston's arrival, and had found Cicely looking even paler than usual, The cold had reached its climax, and she was suffering from weakness and headache.

"It is very strange," she said, during their conversation. "It is very strange that such a trifle as a cold should make me feel so dizzy. I feel as if I was not quite sure that I could stand. I wonder if I could."

"I scarcely think it would be wise to try," said Teddy, looking at her pretty, pale face and heavy eyes, uneasily.

But she had risen to her feet, with a little laugh, and stood up, trying to steady herself. It was soon evident to her anxious visitor, that she found it a hard matter, for she turned paler all at once, and almost before the smile had died from her lips, he saw her eyes droop, and if he had not sprung forward, she would have fallen upon the hearth. As it was, she fell into his arms, with her head upon his shoulder, and her slight, pale hands hanging loose and strengthless.

He had never been more alarmed in his life, than he was then by the sight of the sweet, colorless face, and the helpless, girlish form. He had never seen any one faint before, and it was rather hard upon him that this should be his first experience. If it had been a man, he could have borne it better. But this was too much for him to preserve his calmness under. Wild thoughts of cologne, and burnt feathers, and smelling-bottles darted through his agitated mind.

"What is a man to do?" he groaned. "She is as white as—as a lily, by Jupiter."

He rang the bell furiously, with his disengaged hand, even before he tried to lay herdown; and the next minute Mrs. Batty and her satellites made their appearance, in a highly chaotic frame of mind. But, unfortunately, their ideas upon the subject of swoons were erratic, and mostly tended toward much-excited dashing of glasses of ice-cold water, until Teddy's soft heart quailed within him, and he interfered.

"For heaven's sake don't drown her!" he cried out, frantically. "She's not strong enough to bear it. Wait a minute," a bright thought striking him. "I know some one who will understand what to do." And, snatching up his hat, he plunged down stairs, and across the street, for Polly.

He was back again with her in less than two minutes, and, being used to such cases, Polly was quite prepared for the combat.

CHAPTER VIII.

POLLY AND CICELY.

"OH!" she said, when she came to the armchair, "you have no need to be frightened, Teddy, it will soon be over."

Teddy had been right in his surmise that she would understand the case. Angelique, at the Prince's, was subject to fits of faintness and insensibility, and no one could manage her so well as her favorite fellow-actress. Polly's mode of procedure had less cold water, and more cool demeanor in it than Mrs. Batty's, Teddy observed with admiration; and, in a very short time, the landlady and her excited hand-maidens were gratefully dismissed.

"Some hot-spiced wine will do this cold good, Mrs. Batty," said Polly. "And I think we

shall not need any more help, thank you. She is recovering nicely, now, and I daresay it would rather disturb her to see so many of us. It might make her think she had been frightening us more than she has."

So, when Cicely opened her eyes, the first object they rested on was Pretty Polly P. standing by the sofa on which they had laid her, with a vinegarette in her hand.

"Oh, dear!" she said, faintly. "I hope I have not been much trouble. I wonder how it happened." And then, while she still looked at Polly, a slight color stole into her cheeks. "It was very kind in you to come," she said, and smiled so sweet and grateful a smile, that Teddy was quite ravished.

"I was very glad to come," answered Polly. "Teddy—Mr. Popham—saw that the rest were too excited to be sensible, so he ran across for me. I am used to seeing people faint."

She really was glad that she had been able to be of service; but now all was over, she felt her ardor cooling somewhat, and would not have been sorry to find an excuse for slipping away. She had no fancy for remaining to meet her enemy. He might come in at any moment, she knew, and the thought disturbed and excited her. And, besides this, she remembered what she had said to Teddy about such women as Cicely Framleigh; how they were prone to look upon her a trifle coldly, and this held her back, too; so, though her manner was neither cold nor ungracious, it was by no means effusive.

Cicely, however, was too sweet-natured to allow of any reserve. And then was not this "Gaston's Miss Pemberton?" She turned her face toward Teddy, half-timidly, and favored him with a smile, too.

"I am very much indebted to you, Mr. Popham," she said. "And I am quite glad that I fainted. I have looked at you so often through my window, Miss Pemberton," to Polly, "and and I wanted so much to know you."

Naturally, it was not easy to get away, after such a speech as this, particularly when the kind, grateful little hand was held out, quite appealingly.

"Gaston must thank you, too,' said the impressionable young princess. "It was Gaston who first told me your name."

At that very minute Polly's color began to mount to her cheeks, and she straightened herself a little, and stood more erect. She heard Framleigh upon the stairs, and before Cicely had time to say more than "he is coming now," he was in the room, looking at the small group, at Cicily on her sofa, at Polly, with her vinegarette

at Teddy standing near with mingled anxiety and surprise.

"Don't be alarmed," said Cicely. "Miss Pemberton, tell him nothing is the matter. I only fainted, Gaston, and Miss Pemberton was kind enough to come to the rescue."

He came forward, bowing low to Polly, who spoke to him with her coolest air.

"She is better now," she said, "so, of course, there is no cause for alarm. The faintness was only the result of a little weakness. She has been neglecting this cold of hers."

It was quite a surprise to Polly to find him so deeply concerned. He was almost affectionate in his manner, as he bent over their invalid. He took the slight, feverish hand, and held it, while he made his inquiries; and once he touched the bright hair quite tenderly.

Regard for Cicely induced Polly to receive his thanks as graciously as she could force herself to receive them. But she took her departure as soon as possible after his arrival. Uncle Jack would be waiting for his tea, she informed them. He would not enjoy it, if she was not there to pour it out; and, besides, it was nearly time for her to go to the theatre.

"When your cold is better," she said to Cicely, ask Capt. Framleigh to bring you to the Prince's, to see me act."

She looked at Framleigh, as she spoke, with just the least touch of defiant challenge in her eyes. Then she went home with Teddy.

"Now," said that young man, triumphantly, when they stood in her parlor. "Now you see what a graceful, lovable creature she is!"

"Yes," answered Polly.

"And I am sure," continued Teddy," that you cannot complain that Framleigh is cold in his manner, toward her, at least."

Polly set her mouth into an obstinate curve, as she looked into the fire.

"Teddy," she said. "Framleigh is the sort of man who would be: kind to any woman who would fall down and wership him, as that nice, little, thorough-bred sister of his does; but all women could not do it, you know. I couldn't, for instance, if I was in her place. It isn't in me, perhaps," curving her neck, grandly, "because I was not born a lady."

She sent Montmorence to make inquiries concerning Cicely's health, the next morning; but it was two or three days before she went to the house herself, and then her visit was the briefest of calls.

"Did you ever think that your Miss Pemberton was a proud girl?" Cicely asked her brother that night.

"It did not occur to me, at first, that she could be," he said, dryly, and rather bitterly too; "but I have thought so lately."

"I think," returned Cicely, reflectively, "that she is very proud, and—well, just a bit inaccessible."

Remembering his first impressions of Polly, and his lofty disapproval of her nonchalance, and high spirits, and occasional touches of theatrical slang, Framleigh smiled a smile that was positively savage. He was savage in his self-contempt. It was terribly rasping to feel himself so egregious a blunderer. What a consequential fool Polly must think him.

"I did not seem to make way with her at all," went on Cicely, shaking her head, and speaking in a sort of soliloony.

"That was because she dislikes me," rashly.

"Dislikes you!" echoed Cicely. "How can she? How could anybody dislike you?" with tender enthusiasm.

Framleigh took the gentle hand, which she had laid on his shoulder, and caressed it.

• Every one does not see me through your eyes, Cicely," he said. "You are a kind, loving, little creature, my dear."

His intercourse with the girl had been productive of good results for both. He had gained warmth of manner and feeling. She had gained courage. He found it easier than he had ever fancied it would be, to speak tenderly, and bestow caresses upon her. The self-contracted lone-liness of his whole previous life had been his bane. He had become cold and selfish through it, and this change was exactly what his nature had required. When he had seen her at home, in his brief visits, he had never thought he would be so fond of Cicely.

CHAPTER IX.

"In which Comes a Climax."

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact, that she had not found her acquaintance with Polly progress rapidly, Cicely did not allow herself to be actually chilled.

"I will take all the more pains to make friends with her," she said to herself. "If Gaston has vexed her, there is the greater reason for my trying to please her, for his sake."

So as soon as she was well enough, she attired herself in all her modest bravery, and made a call upon the young mistress of the house opposite, and spent half an hour in the small parlor, and quite won Montmorencie's heart, by her grace and simple elegance, and innocent, kindly respect of manner. She won upon Polly, too, as

indeed she would have won upon any one else. Not being positively stony-hearted, Polly found it heard to resist her, even when she ventured to hope that they would see each other often, and become friends, instead of mere acquaintances.

"When I came here first," Cicely said, "I thought I should only remain a week or so; but Gaston seems to want me more than ever now, and he makes me so happy, and is so kind, that I should feel sorry to leave him, even to go home." This last added as a matter of duty to mamma and Hilda. "You have no brother, Miss Pemberton?"

"No," answered Polly. "None but Teddy Popham. Teddy adopted me, you know. He is a very good substitute."

"I should think he would be," said Cicely. "He seems very kind to everybody. Gaston is very fond of him."

It was always "Gaston" with Cicely. She would have had her doubts about the Angel Gabriel, if Gaston had not approved of him. But, despite this amiable weakness, Polly could not help liking her, and giving way to her, in the face of her own private prejudices.

After this call, it was so natural that the two should become friends in earnest, that it was even unavoidable. But Polly managed her visits diplomatically. She never forgot the time of Framleigh's incomings, and if she chanced to encounter him, it was always on her way home; and this only occurred once or twice, when he was a trifle earlier than usual. It was useless for Cicely to plead. Uncle Jack's tea and the theatre were always ready as excuses.

"Do you think I would run the risk of being obliged to stay, or run away," she said to Teddy. "No, I tell you, I would rather know that we stand just as we do. Let us be neither friends nor enemies."

But it was ordained otherwise.

Cold as his friends called him, and cold as he seemed, Framleigh was scarcely of a cold temperament, in truth. He had his inner fires, and Polly had the power to rouse them. It was wonderful how her obstinate indifference stung him. He felt positively fierce, sometimes, when he thought of her cleverness in avoiding him.

"Does she think that I would attempt to intrude upon her?" he said to Cicely. "She has no need to fear it." And he quite longed to prove to her, that he could stand as far aloof as she wished.

But she gave him so little opportunity, that she almost drove him frantic. In secret, he was goaded to madness, and when at last fortune gave him the chance she refused, he could not control himself, as he had meant to do.

Cicely had arranged a window garden, upon the model of Polly's own, and during its arrangement, numerous unceremonious visits had been interchanged between the two girls. Cicely had run over to Polly for instruction, and Polly, in her turn had crossed the street, with seeds, and slips, and bulbs. So one afternoon, coming in unexpectedly, Framleigh entered the room, to find Polly standing by the flower-boxes, with the tiny trowel in her hand.

"I am glad," she began, turning round, but seeing who it was, she stopped, and froze at once. "Oh, it is you!" she said, the hand holding the trowel dropping down at her side. "I beg pardon. I thought it was Miss Framleigh. She was out when I came, and as I had brought her some rather delicate slips, I took the liberty of remaining to put them in the boxes. They needed attention, at once."

He came to her side.

"You are very kind," he began.

"Not at all," interposed Polly, coolly. "I am fond of plants, you know. I have finished now, luckily," forgetting how the word would sound. "So I will go. I daresay you will tell your sister——"

The haughty color flashed over his face. He could not help interrupting her.

"I am very unfortunate having made myselfso obnoxious to you that you feel yourself lucky..."

"I ask pardon," Polly stopped him, without appearing in the least disturbed, however. "Luckily was a stupid word to use."

"It is I who should ask pardon for intruding upon you," he said, in restless anger.

"'Intruding' is as absurd a word as 'luckily,'" said Polly. "Will you tell Miss Framleigh....."

"I will tell her how unfortunate I have been," he returned, with no slight touch of galled vitterness. "Cicely should respect highly the brother who deprives her of her friends."

Polly checked herself in the act of shrugging her shoulders, and turned round to touch up a plant; but she made no remark; and her indifference fired Framleigh all the more. He had never been so cavalierly treated in his life. It seemed this girl's forte to stab him in the weakest part of his armor of exclusiveness, and render it useless.

- "You force me to defend myself," he broke forth.
 - "Against what?" Polly asked, concisely.
- "Against my own humiliation," he answered.
 "For even Cicely sees how you avoid me. Are you afraid of me, Miss Pemberton?" with savage irony.
 - "Not at all," answered Polly.

"Then why exercise such diplomacy in keeping out of my way. Pray, give me the chance to prove to you, that no danger will accrue from your facing me occasionally." Then his voice and manner changed suddenly, both at once. shadow fell upon his face, and showed her how careworn it was. "I am very fond of Cicely," he said. "And Cicely is very fond of me. In fact, I think I may say that Cicely is about the only creature on earth who is honestly fond of me; but she is both affectionate and ignorant, as you know. I believe she even respects me, Miss Pemberton," with another touch of sarcasm, "and I cannot afford to lose her respect. scarcely like the idea of appearing contemptible in her eves, as I must appear, under existing circumstances."

"Do you mean," demanded Polly, sharply, "that I make you appear contemptible, in Cicely's eyes?"

"How can it be otherwise?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, and then got the better of her hesitation.

"Nothing would make you appear contemptible to Cicely," she said.

"Thank you," with even more irony than before. "You are very kind."

Polly glanced out of the window, into the street. "Here is Miss Framleigh now," she said.

In two minutes Cicely came in, bright and glowing, from her walk, and greatly rejoiced at the sight of Polly in conference with Gaston. It must be a friendly conference, she thought.

"How kind of you to come," she said. "And how good you were to stay. And you will let me keep you, for the rest of the evening, will you not? Montmorence can take care of Mr. Pemberton for once."

What impulse prompted Polly to acquiesce, it would be hard to say. Perhaps it was a touch of obstinacy, or defiance. Perhaps she felt a desire to prove her strength and indifference. If she really thought she was afraid of him, it was as well that he should learn that she was not. Afraid! She repeated the word to herself with great scorn. What should she be afraid of?

She stayed, however, and made herself very amusing. Teddy Popham, who came in during the evening, thought he had never seen her in a more entertaining mood. And yet he saw that she had altered somehow of late. She was not so simple and good-humored; she made more slever speeches, of a sharp and rather satirio nature, and she was less open.

"There is something wrong about you, Polly," to said to her, in guildless confidence, afterward. "You are changing every day."

"People generally do change, as they grow older," was Polly's unsatisfactory reply.

"Older!" exclaimed Teddy, and then all at once he stopped, and looked at her face. "Well," he said, "you have grown older, I believe; but it isn't in the way you mean, Polly."

"Isn't it?" said Polly. "Charmed to hear it, I'm sure." And her air and tone were so listless and cool, that the subject dropped of its own accord.

She changed her tactics with regard to Framleigh, however, for reasons best known to herself. She avoided him no longer, and she no longer refused Cicely's invitations. She often spent her evenings in their parlor, and Cicely's admiration of her became stronger every day. Framleigh himself could only look on. He found himself standing as far aloof as ever. He, too, discovered that she had changed. She was even growing handsomer, and her beauty was becoming of a more pronounced type. Her dormant power was beginning to develop and assert itself. Her slender, straight young figure was actually more imposing than the fair Dalrymple's more liberal curves. She carried her head higher, and flashed out as Diana never did. There was less repose about Polly, and more of prideful fire.

"My dear," said Diana to Cicely, during one of her numerous friendly calls, "is it possible that you know what that young woman is?"

"I know," answered the princess, with a pretty touch of dignity, "that she is my friend, and that I am very fond of her."

It must be confessed that the position was a difficult one for Diana. She could not neglect Cicely, of course-though what a remarkable whim, this whim of Cicely's of visiting her brother was, to be sure-she could not neglect Cicely, any one would understand, and yet, in making her gracious calls at the house, she constantly found that she must confront this young person of whom she could not approve. And she must be civil to her also, which was the worst part of it. If she might have ignored her, it would have made her more comfortable; but Polly, with her tall, straight, lovely form, and steady, fire-flashing eyes, and red, contemptuous lips, was not so easily ignored. Polly could not move, could not speak, could not glance toward her, without defying her in a subtle way, and suggesting to her that she knew her weak points, and could have made divers sharp speeches concerning them, if she had chosen. And then again, was there not Gaston, who actually treated this girl with the loftiest respect, even though she slighted, and was sometimes half-rude to him? Affairs had arrived at a strange pass indeed.

But if she could not openly slight her enemy, she was not left entirely without resources. She patronized her with a delicate condescension, and occasionally affected to encourage her, and though it was only at times that she dared to do this, and though at none of these times did Miss Polly quail before her, the strategy was not without its result—she managed to rasp her victim, and render her temper anything but amiable, and when she was not amiable, strangely enough, it was always one person who suffered, and that was Gaston himself.

The Prince's was often honored with the presence of Capt. Gaston Framleigh in these days. It was the one luxury the young man allowed himself, and even Cicely did not know how often he indulged in it. Polly did, however. After the first two or three times of seeing the wellknown face, in the certain row, she was never afterward unconscious of it, when it was present. However angry she might feel at her own weakness, she could not help knowing that it was there, looking harassed, and discontented, and a shade care-worn, and always following her with its proud, reproachful eyes. For the time came when they were reproachful, though what right they had to reproach her, Polly professed not to know. It was nonsense, she said to herself, sheer nonsense! But it made her uncomfortable, and once or twice she had narrowly escaped losing self-possession under them. Her manner toward Framleigh, in private, was captious, haughty, and severe. The gentle, kindly young princess was quite touched and wounded by it sometimes, and listened, with actual pain, to her cold, or satirical speeches. When the handsome, black brows drew themselves together, into that slight, yet ominous frown, Cicely shrank, in spite of herself.

"You quite frighten me, sometimes," she would say. "You are so quick, and say such cutting things. And, somehow, dear, it always seems to be Gaston who makes you angry. And yet, I am sure, you don't mean to be cruel."

"But I think I do," Polly had answered her, suddenly, once. "At least I am not sure that I don't. I like to say sharp things, that out people I am not fond of. And I may as well confess, that I am not fond of your brother. I am not like you—it is not easy for me to forgive." And the black brows knitted themselves then in earnest. "Capt. Framleigh made me angry, once, and I have not forgiven him."

"Oh, Polly," oried pretty Cicely, piteously.

"And shall you never forgive him?"

"I don't know," answered Polly. "The fact is, I never think about that; but, at any rate, I have not forgiven him yet."

It is probable that she was all the harder upon him, because, now and then, she found herself pitying him, in secret, though grudgingly. Of course it was rather hard that he should have all his brilliant prospects fading away; upon the whole, it was very hard, and taking all things into consideration-debts, for instance, among them-it was no wonder that he was growing pale and care-worn. She had found out, from Cicely, that these debts had begun to press upon him, even more heavily and gallingly than they had done. He had told Cicely that he had even entertained the idea of selling his commission, and trying to get into business, "though he hated business so," Cicely added, with tears. "It is dreadful," she said. "And there are days when he neither eats nor sleeps; and once, when one of these horrible men came, and spoke so roughly to him, he told me that he must send me home, because I ought not to know anything about such things; and he could not bear to let me be troubled; but I said that I could not bear to leave him all by himself, and, indeed, I don't think I ought to do it, either. Do you, dear?"

"No," replied Polly, decidedly. "I would not," and then she colored furiously, as if she had made a slip, and was vexed at having done so. "If I were his sister," she added, rather disjointedly.

"If——'' faltered Cicely, after a pause, "if he would marry Diana Dalrymple, Uncle Gaston would make friends with him, and let things go on just as they did before. At least he has almost said as much."

"Then he should marry her, by all means," said Polly, with such a satiric air that Cicely looked up at her, in gentle wonder. "It seems that it would be a good thing for both of them. Why doesn't he do it? He has only to ask her, of course; or, perhaps, he might dispense with the ceremony."

"You are sneering at Gaston, again, Polty," said Cicely, almost inspired to take up arms. "And you are unjust, as usual. That is not Gaston's way. He is a gentleman."

"And Miss Dalrymple is a lady," said Polly, "and so may expect consideration."

Upon this subject of sending Cicely back to Yorkshire, Framleigh had thought seriously. Instead of improving, matters became worse every day. He had less hope, and his creditors were more impatient. He began to see the desparateness of his position. The end of it all was, that he must do something decided. And what was there to be done? He could only dispose of his commission, and the small remnant of his worldly goods, and go down in the social

scale a few grades lower. He might pay his } more important debts, go to "Bareacres" for a while, and then throw himself upon the world. His ideas of what his future was to be were so indefinite and unreal, that he sneered at them himself. As a gentleman at leisure, he had not learned his lesson of life, in a practical school. But there was not much use in talking to Cicely. Cicely wanted to stay, and help him to fight his battles out. Let her only stay with him until all was over, and he had no further need for her presence, and then she would go to Yorkshire and Barencres vithout a word of protest. And he would see, too, that she could be practical and helpful. There were hundreds of things she could do, she was quite sure. And then she would take his hand, and hold it caressingly, as she pleaded, sometimes kissing it gently, and laying her cheek against it, with her eyes full of tears of pity for him.

"Even Polly thinks I ought not to leave you," she said, at last, one day.

Even Polly! Did Polly condescend to give the matter a thought? Framleigh colored, and yet felt a sort of uneasy pleasure in the idea.

"Have you been talking to her about it?" he

"I am so fond of her, and she is so clever." said Cicely, half-spologetically. "We talk to each other about everything. You don't care, do you, dear?"

No, he answered her, he does not care; and, recognizing the influence Miss Pemberton exerts over her affectionate, easily-influenced nature, a plan suggests itself to him. He really thinks it would be best for her to return to Yorkshire, before the unpleasant winding-up of his affairs, which he sees must come, despite its galling unpleasantness. He is fastidious about Cicely, and does not like the thought of allowing her to be brought into contact with the rough side of life. But it will not be easy to convince her, he So he thinks of Miss Pemberton, who has been good enough to hint that it is her duty to stav.

"If she tells her that it is her duty to go, Cicely will believe her, in spite of her inclinations," he says to himself.

Accordingly, he presents himself, to Polly's great astonishment, in the small parlor, the next evening, just at the time when the young lady is waiting for Uncle Jack. Montmorenci has gone out to buy tea-cakes, and Miss Polly, being alone, rises to great her unexpected visitor, rises with an air of great state and gravity. She would to wait until he explains himself, which he does almost immediately.

He was very brief and non-effusive about it, using no more words than were absolutely necessary in his explanation; and yet, for all this, not appearing as self-contained as he might have been, under different circumstances.

He would not attempt to disguise, he said, indeed it would be absurd to attempt to disguise, what Miss Pemberton already knew. He was involved in serious difficulties, and found that he must alter his mode of life. And among the many things he must give up, he must even give up Cicely. He should go to Yorkshire himself, after all was over, but he wished Cicely to go first, to go as early as possible, in fact. He was desirous of sparing her the annoyance of facing the total wreck of even this remnant of his lost fortunes. And for this reason he had called upon Miss Pemberton. He could not persuade Cicely that it would be best for her to leave him to himself, and from a few words she had let drop, he had discovered that she believed her friend agreed with her in her opinion.

"I did agree with her," interposed Polly, suddenly. "I was glad she was strong enough not to shrink from trifles. I thought she was right in staying, and I told her so."

She drow her slim figure up, and looked decided, but she kept her eyes as much away from Framleigh as she could. She found it pleasanter to look at the fire.

But Framleigh was decided, too.

"It was generous of her to have so much courage," he said. "But I do not wish that she should make the sacrifice, and-

"If you do not wish it," interposed Polly, again, "I think she had better go."

"I think," said Framleigh, "that you are misunderstanding me. But, nevertheless, if you will be so kind as to tell her that you feel that she had better go, you will oblige me. here to ask you to do so."

Reluctantly, and quite in spite of herself, Polly raised her eyes from the fire, and favored him with a swift glance of inspection. If she could have held herself severely cold, she would have done so, but as soon as she had looked at him, she found her mood changing. He was paler, and more care-worn than she had ever seen him; he was even thinner. It struck her all at once that he must have suffered more keenly than any of them had fancied. Something in this appeal of his touched her, too. Where had his frigidity and lofty hauteur gone? How was it, like to know what has brought him. But, of { that he could deign to come to her, after she had sourse, she cannot ask the question, and is obliged treated him with such sharp contempt? He certainly would not have come to save himself } any trouble or pain, she knew that much of him. And must there not be some redeeming point in the nature of a man, who, being so proud, could yet sacrifice his pride for the sake of another? She felt inclined to believe, now, that he really did care for Cicely unselfishly, after all her own sneers at him. He must care for her, or he would not have done this. And yet, even while she thought this, she grudged the relenting in her tone when she spoke to him. It was not easy, as I have said before, it was not easy for her to forgive.

"I am sorry," she said. "I am sorry that there is no alternative." And then, remembering what Cicely had said about the alternative of his marrying Diana Dalrymple, the warm blood mounted to her cheeks.

He remembered this alternative too, and flinched as he remembered it. He wondered if she had heard. It seemed very likely, considering Cicely's remark, about their talking over "everything."

"There is no alternative that I choose to accept," he said.

"I think," commented Polly, dryly, "that I should accept almost any.'

Then he knew that she had heard, and the next minute Polly saw that she had committed herself, in her anxiety to appear ignorant, and make a slightly cutting speech.

But Framleigh kept himself well under control, despite his knowledge of the fact, that she knew as much of his position as he did himself. He returned to his subject as collectedly as he could.

Would she speak to Cicely? Might he depend upon her to do so?

"As you wish it so much," she answered, "I suppose I must; but I am not at all sure that it will be of any use."

He thanked her, feeling stung, notwithstanding his relief, by an inward conviction that she thought him ungracious. He did not mean to be ungracious, and it was hard enough to face the prospect of bearing all his petty humiliation alone; but pride, as well as affection, forbade him to allow Cicely to share them with him. It was not very easy to bid her good-night, and go away, without attempting to clear himself, and trying to show her what he really meant; but experience had taught him that any effort at explanation would only place him in an additional false position. So he went away in silence.

It is possible, however, that Miss Polly had received her sting also, though even I, her chroni-

touch of one sort, or another, why should she have so knitted her levely black brows, and have shown such discontent and annoyance, when her visitor was gone, and had left her alone to her thoughts? She stirred the fire, frowning, and seated herself in her chair, frowning, and as she sat and looked at the bed of coals, she was frowning still, and looking very severe and handsome.

"It serves him right," she said, quite sternly. "But-but it is had enough, of course; and it is very hard, for Cicely " And the next minute, strange to say, something large and bright slipped down her cheek, and lay a sparkling drop upon her hand-a sparkling drop which was nothing less significant than a great, levely tear. I am of the opinion, too, that this tear would have been followed by others, if she had been allowed leisure; but she was not allowed it; for the very moment this first, bright drop fell, there came the sound of Uncle Jack's latch-key; and when the front-door opened. it was evident that Uncle Jack was in a most extraordinary state of hurry and excitement, for he did not even give himself time to dispose of his hat, but came bursting into the room, breathless, and even more boisterous and blatant than usual; and without leaving her time to utter a word, caught her in his stout arms, and embraced her with fervor.

"Go and tell old Buxton to go to the devil, Polly, my girl!" he roared, joyously, and with the most exhilarating spirit. "Tell him to go to the devil, and stop there. We've done with him. I tell you! We've done with dancing, and fiddling, and cutting capers, my dear, for your fortune's made, and Pretty Polly P. is as heavy a swell as any of them."

CHAPTER X.

"IN WHICH WE ARE SURPRISED."

THERE was something a little unusual in Polly's manner, during the two following weeks, Cicely thought: there was something about her not easily understood. Sometimes she was silent and abstracted, and then again she might almost have been influenced by some strong, but secret and restrained excitement. She was not herself, it was plain, and she was actually nervous. And yet, it could scarcely be anything decidedly unpleasant that disturbed her. Cicely at last was sure it could not be, for she had never found her friend so amiable, and certainly she had never found her so affectionate, as she was at this time. " "And, sometimes, when I look at you, Polly," she said to her, "when you have been quiet for cler, cannot explain when she had received it, or { a moment or so, you seem to have quite forgotten in what manner. But if she had not received a { yourself, and you are smiling as if you were think-

ng of something that made you happy. What is } it ?"

"It!" repeated Polly. "I can't tell you, I am sure, what it is. It is just as probable as not that it is only a mood. I am full of moods, you know. Let us be thankful that this is not a disagreeable one."

"It is anything but a disagreeable one," said Cicely, admiring her. "It is very nice. It makes me feel as if something delightful had happened to vou."

"Perhaps something delightful is going to happen to me," said Polly. "Let us hope so. I think I could bear it."

Somehow or other, they always seemed to drift away from the subject before Cicely's surmises were more than surmises of the vaguest description: but it was not until long afterward that she began to suspect that anything more than chance had changed the topic of their conversation. But then Cicely had her own troubles to think of, and more important still, these troubles of Gaston's. She was quite desperate about Gaston, now and then-so desperate, indeed, that even the daring plan of privately appealing to his obdurate relative, had flitted through her affectionate little brain.

"If his debts were only paid, you know," she said to Polly, "there would be no need of his selling his commission, and he could live upon his pay, poor fellow, until something occurred."

Cicely had an innocent belief that something must "occur," ultimately, which would raise her idol to his old gilded pedestal. Fortune could surely never be so cruel as to ignore his evidently just claims. She might pass other men by, but Gaston-Gaston was so different.

"And I could stay with him," she went on. "I shall have a little money, though it is only a very little, when I am of age, and I could sell grandmamma's jewels, if he would let me. Grandmamma left me her jewels, and though the settings are quaint and old-fashioned, the stones are very good. If the debts were only paid, I am sure we could be happy, if we were not rich. Don't you think so, Polly?"

And Polly answered her that she did think so, and then all at once lapsed into one of those mysterious fits of forgetfulness, in which her great, dark eyes wore their most pre-occupied and solemn look.

So Cicely continued her impractical, but eager planning, and wondered what Uncle Gaston would say, if she dared, at last, to appeal to him, and what her brother would say, if her appeal was successful, and wondered whether he would be altered tone; "but there is a sting in it, Cicely, very much displeased at the sacrifice of his pride: { there is a sting."

and then felt sure he would, and so faltered, and longed, and pondered, until she felt as if she could not give the matter up, and was more loth than ever to face the sacrifices of the beloved one.

And after all this, judge of her surprise, judge of her unutterable thankfulness for the sudden turn of Fortune's wheel, which eventually occurred, just before it was too late, in the very nick of time, as it were.

One dreary evening, when she was feeling unusually dispirited, and was just making up her mind that she must give up, and go back to Yorkshire, obediently and without delay, she was surprised to hear Gaston coming up the stair-case hurriedly-surprised, because he was not in the habit of coming in until an hour later.

"Why, Gaston," she exclaimed, as he entered. "It is scarcely five!"

He came to the fire, looking excited, and even pale, the expression of his face a disturbed, and yet, curiously enough, an almost relieved one. "I hardly know how to tell you," he said. "It is so singular."

"What is singular?" she interrupted, in spite of herself. "What has happened?"

"Yes," he answered. "Something has happened. It is like the climax in a play, or a point in a novel. Mr. Gaston has paid my debts-paid them to the last farthing!"

It was such a relief to her, and was at the same time so startling, that she could scarcely take it all in. She flew to him, and caught hold of his arm, in wild delight and amazement, tears of joy leaping to her eves.

"Oh, Gaston!" she cried. "How glad-how glad I am! I can hardly believe it! How did it happen? When did you learn it? Is he going to forgive you? Can I stay with you now? It seems like a dream !"

"It is like a dream to me," said Framleigh. "I only learned it, about an hour ago; and I cannot comprehend yet what it means. He has not even allowed his name to be mentioned, and has not written a word of explanation to me; but the bills are paid, and, of course, it is he who has paid them. I do not think it is a sign of returning favor, however. I think it is a caprice on his part, and I fancy that he means the matter to end here; so you see, greatly as I am relieved, I am placed in an awkward enough position. It would be like him even to ignore any thanks I might offer to him." And his face fell, and shadowed as he spoke.

"I am grateful," he added, at last, in an

- make friends with you."
- "I am sure he does not," returned Framleigh. "And if he did- Well, there would be a sting in that too," in a wearied voice.
 - "A sting!" she echoed.
- "Yes," was his answer. "But it would not rest in the friendship; it would lie in the old luxurious dependence. That would be harder to face now." But, seeing her tender, bewildered look, he broke off suddenly, relieving her with a smile. "But there will be no need for our parting now," he said, "if you are not tired of your slow life. Thank fortune for that. It would have been hard enough to part with you, Cicely."

"Would it?" she said, with shy delight. "I am so glad, Gaston." And she clung to the hand she held, in a pretty fervor that quite touched

That evening, Framleigh wrote his letter of thanks to his uncle, and a delicate task it was. He was placed in an ungracious enough position, one may see, in being rendered so greatly the } debtor of a benefactor, who had not deigned him

"But," said Cicely, "I think he must mean to ; a word, and who, ten to one, had no other motive in his generosity than a sort of churlish pride. The elder Gaston was not an amiable individual. as we have hinted, and it was a fashion of his to bestow favors in a manner which made them hard

> And the letter having been written and sent, the result was exactly what Framleigh had anticipated. In a few days it was returned, unopened, from Gaston Court, and without a word of comment. Framleigh brought it enclosed in its envelope, and showed it to Cicely, with a rather stony look in his face.

> "I knew it would be so," he said, "but the knowledge scarcely makes it more agreeable to contemplate. This means that he will have none of me, and that he has merely relieved me of my difficulties to save the family pride. It is just what I expected." And he tossed both letter and envelope into the fire, and watched them blaze up and die out, thinking that the blackened, curling ashes were not unlike those once dazzling expectations of his.

> > (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ME IN HEAVEN MEET

BY EMMA SANBORN.

"MEET me in Heaven," she said, and smiled. To think her feet so nearly trod The path that leads through "gates ajar," The path of light, to home, and God,

Twas long ago, yet on my ear, Her words, like sweetest music fell; I bear them with me on my heart, Through every scene of joy or ill.

To-aight, I see again the room, Whence passed her sinless soul away; I see the hectic of her check, The lustre of her sparkling eye.

Tis all unchanged; the flowers she loved, The books, the music, all are here, And friends, who weep to speak her name, Are waiting still—but she's not here!

In yonder dell, a white cross stands, 'Mid waving boughs, and flow'rets fair; It is a spot of quiet rest. And holy peace—but she's not there.

Ah no! not there, not here, for us, No more on earth, her smile so rare; But when shall ope the pearly gates Upon our view-she will be there.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

BY E. M. WITHROW.

LIGHTLY I float, in the tiniest boat, With a gauzy goseamer sail; Idly I dream, as the swift waters gleam, Low down by the shining rail.

In the tender glow, as the bright days go, I am building my castles fair; But the morning light, that follows the night, Scatters them into the air.

Lightly I float, in my fanciful boat, 'Neath skies that are banks of gold; And the mystical light, of a soft Summer night, My 'wildering senses enfold.

The day is asleep, in a slumber so deep, She wakes not, at kiss of the night. And my heart, like the day, has been wafted away, To a region of blisaful delight.

Borne on by the breeze, as it sighs through the trees That border the beautiful stream; I forget all the cares, all the agonized prayers, Iu an exquisite, far-away dream.

CROFTON'S TEMPTATION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Tua slose of a golden day at Sorrento.

1

Maud Annesley stood in the garden of Tasso's villa, which, as the traveler knows, is perched like a sea-bird on the summit of the tall cliffs, and looked out across the sunlit waters, to where Ischia showed beautiful and unreal, as a fairy barque moored on the shining waves.

A lovely girl, this Maud Annesley, with a face at once tender, sensitive, and proud, with marvelous brown eyes and sunny-brown hair, with grace in every movement, with the perfect hands and feet of which few but American women can boast, and, in point of character, as capricious, spoiled, and uncertain as her compatriots alone can be, yet still remain bewitching. As full of good qualities as she was of faults, a bundle of inconsistencies so opposite that she sometimes herself said, laughingly, she wondered that she held together.

There she stood, leaning her arms on the railing, and gazing down the dizzy height where the gulls circled to and fro, while she looked wistfully over at the purple island, and was haunted by a sudden, foolish fancy that it seemed like the land of the lotos-eaters, where she might sit down and rest forever, could she only reach its happy shore. She had been spending a gay day with a gay party. She had been the centre and chief attraction for all the men. She had been in the wildest spirits, and was handsomer than ever. And now she stood there, in the sunset, and sighed, and looked dreamy and preoccupied, as if care or trouble had come to her at last.

Howard Crofton, grave and sedate as befitted his nine-and-twenty years, strolled idly out upon the villa terrace, and saw her standing there in the magic light, and called her hard names and himself a fool, which no doubt he was, so far as concerned her, sensible as he usually proved himself in other respects.

It was the second week in June. For a whole month Crofton had been living in a blessed dream, and now that it was rudely disturbed, he felt himself an aggrieved individual, as, indeed, I think he had a right to think himself.

He had come to Sorrento, meaning to remain for a few days, and then go back to Naples, and drift away northward; but he found Maud Annesley and a pleasant party, and here he was still.

was a mere boy, and when she received him like an old friend, for his mother's sake; and, thus introduced, he and Maud had naturally glided into a rapid and agreeable intimacy. Censorious people called Maud's mildest manners with men flirting of an outrageous sort; but she was gentler and less capricious with Crofton than her aunt had ever seen her with any man; but, like a wise woman, the elder lady held her peace. Just a week before this day, Crofton's cousin and her spouse appeared, a cousin like most people's, given to interference and governing; and of all girls that lived, Mrs. Grovner hated Maud Annesley the worst. She disliked girls in general, as women often do, who have been beauties, and have since grown thin, and skinny, and yellow; but she detested Maud! They had met in Paris. two years previous, and Maud had laughed at her airs and graces, and Mrs. Grovner had been obliged to play second to this brilliant creature. who seemed to fascinate men at will. So she took refuge in hating the girl, and perhaps found a kind of consolation therein. Soon after the San Arpinos came down from Naples and took possession of their villa, and, to the disgust of the stately old dowager, young San Arpino, the heir to a dukedom, and a rent-roll enormous for Italy, and one of the handsomest men the peninsula could boast, flung himself anew straight at Maud Annesley's heart, or head, or feet, as you please. He had done this the previous winter in Rome. much to the disgust of his stately mother, the duchess. Maud had, it is true, been the most admired girl there. But she had not a large fortune, and, even if she had, the San Arpinos, for a wonder, would not have needed her wealth. They had enough of their own, and more. They were proud. They boasted to sustain titles, and a descent, which they traced back almost to Nero. or Romulus himself, for what I know, or even to the famous she-wolf, though such a claim would more probably have belonged to the duchess in her own right, than to the family she had married into.

From the moment that San Arpino appeared, Maud Annesley had completely changed in her conduct toward Crofton. There had been no letting him down easily; no attempt at pretence. She turned haughty, and insolent, and stony, He had known Maud's aunt long before, when he and was never so charming and womanly to San

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Arpino as when Crofton was by to see. And this was the creature whom he had loved, had believed in; before whom he had poured his heart and soul, and let her know that he had done so! He had never put his secret into words, but he knew that she had seen it clearly enough, and had given him the tacit encouragement which any woman can do when she pleases, and yet remain perfectly feminine and delicate. False and despicable she proved in every way, and he had loved her! He loved her still, in spite of his pain and wrath. He learned the whole truth from his cousin; heard the story of the past winter; heard of San Arpino's devotion, Maud's efforts to win a ducal coronet, and the old dowager's rage and masterly diplomacy to prevent such a consummation. He, Crofton, had been flirted with from sheer wantonness, or else regarded as a pis aller. Maud, afterward, had thought of liking him and his fortune, because she believed the young duke out of her reach. But the instant the Neapolitan reappeared, and proved that his devotion was as strong as ever, strong enough even to make him rebel against the mother, who had always ruled him imperiously, then Maud flung off the mask, and let Crofton see her in her true colors.

He was going away on the morrow. The torture of the last five days had grown insupportable. Besides, now there was no longer any doubt in his mind, it would be weak and contemptible to remain, a laughing-stock for all about, and worse, an object of scorn to himself.

He had been horribly treated, and his sense of justice revolted against this. He was a man slow to anger, but he was furious now. Had the girl shown the least consideration for his feelings, he could have made excuses for her. He knew she did not love this handsome boy, who was only her own age; but she might be dazzled by his position, she might be urged on by her aunt. Crofton could have sought for reasons why he should not judge her harshly, had her conduct afforded the least opportunity. But she turned upon him with absolute cruelty; she seemed to have a savage pleasure in rendering the blow as cruel as possible, in hurting him in every way that female ingenuity could contrive.

To-day they had all been on an excursion, up among the lovely Sorrento hills. Crofton could not remain behind, for fear this girl should think he lacked courage to support her heartless cruelty, and she had made such a day for him, that he thought a soul in purgatory might pity him.

So now he was going away. As he stood on the terrace, and caught sight of her standing below him, in her matchless beauty, a wild desire

crossed his mind to speak, to let all his misery and anger find vent. She deserved it, deserved to hear the verdict of a true, upright heart, which her treachery had lacerated! He did not stop to consider. He was too near mad to be hindered by scruples or ideas which would have influenced him at another time.

He strode down the steps, hurried through the garden, and came upon her before she was aware of his presence. The least addition of color rushed into her cheeks, a second's confusion into her eyes, as she turned and perceived him. But both signs disappeared so quickly, that he almost fancied they had not been there. She looked a little wearied, bored by this intrusion, but she gave him a sweet smile more cruel than a dagger thrust, and said, indolently,

"How can you have energy enough left, after the day's fatigues, to move when you might sit still?"

"You seem to share a portion of it," he answered, trying to imitate her indifference.

"Oh, I came out to get rid of the people," she replied. "One might as well be an animal in a menagerie, one never gets a moment to oneself."

"Probably I disturb you then," said he.

"I am too well brought up a young person to contradict my elders," she replied, laughingly.

"Still, truth now and then makes an agreeable variety in this world, even if not polite," he retorted, losing his ill-assumed indifference.

"I think you are misanthropical, or cross," said she. "I dislike either mood, so I will leave you."

He stood straight in her path, and fixed his eyes on her with a look of such iron determination, that she remained motionless.

"It is possible that what I have to say, may not be agreeable," returned he, slowly; "but I mean to say it, all the same. I am going away to-morrow——"

"Does that come under the head of disagreeable truths?" she interrupted, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Not to you. certainly, or to me," he answered.

"So much the better, then bon royage!"

"But, before I go, there is something I wish to

"Last words are so fatiguing," she murmured.
"I beg your pardon; but you spoke like the dying people in novels begin their confessions. I forgot it was only a journey you were looking forward to."

"If I were dying," he cried out; passionately, "you and I could not be separating more irrevocably."

"Partings are hard things," sighed she.

"There's only one thing worse as a rule-meeting people again."

- "I wonder," he exclaimed, smiting his hands together in uncontrollable excitement, "Oh, I do wonder if you are a living, flesh and blood woman, or one of those snow creatures, animated by a spell, such as the old legends tell of!"
- "Why, that's really very pretty!" she said, in the tone of one who is receiving a compliment, and feels surprised that the speaker had tact to offer it. "I see you are determined to make me regret your departure."

Nothing but a woman, and a woman of society, could have been so perfectly well bred, and yet so horribly ironical and insolent.

"I have been here a whole month," he continued, not noticing her words.

She took advantage of a slight pause he made, for he found it difficult to speak calmly, to add,

"Yes, a whole month," and her voice implied that the period had seemed very long indeed.

Again he went on, without heeding her cruel mockery.

"From the first time we met, I made no effort to hide my feelings. I could not have done so if I would. I loved you, Mand Annesley, and you knew it."

He was not looking at her now. He had turned partly away, and was staring out across the sunlit sea. Had he seen her face, he must have noticed how it changed suddenly. But fate was against them both, and he saw nothing.

"You knew," he harried on, "that my devotion was not the idle homage a man pays a beautiful woman. You knew that my whole heart had gone out toward you, and tacitly you accepted it. You did a very wicked thing! I have no hesitation in acknowledging my weakness. I honor myself, that I could love any human being, as truly and unselfishly as I did you. That I was deceived is no shame to me."

The beau-The pallor and softness left her face. tiful features woked hard as if carved out of marble.

- "Don't stop! she cried. "You had more to say-finish it!"
- "Only to compliment you on your skill and art! It amused you to attempt a sort of Lady Clara Vere de Vere play with an honest heart! You succeeded perfectly. If that knowledge be any triumph to you, take it."
- "Is it worth while?" she retorted, as if considering whether to accept success which was of such slight value.
- "You do not deny the truth of what I have mid. You cannot!" he exclaimed.

now she confronted him with a face shaken by anger. "If one word would clear me in your esteem, I'd not speak it. No, not if my soul's safety depended on its utterance. Believe what will. It is a matter of indifference to me! respect would not be worth the having. You have been rude-insolent. I will never forgive you! Never!"

- "It is a little odd to hear you put the right to pardon on your side," he answered, trying to speak calmly, since she had flamed into such passionate wrath. "To deny, would be so useless, that it is wise not to make the attempt."
- "Go on! Do go on! I want to hear you speak your whole mind out. I would not stop you for the world," she said, with a bitter laugh.
- "I have nothing more to say! I will congratulate you, if you like, on winning a coronet. is the true American girl's ambition!" he sneered.
- "He knows us so well!" she cried, laughing again, in the same low, mirthless fashion.
- "Did you love him, I could excuse your treatment of me. Love is always an excuse. But you do not. You love nobody but yourself. If any higher rank were within your reach, you would fling this boy aside, as unhesitatingly as you have flung me."
- "Yes, I love nobody but myself," she exclaimed. "You are right there!"
 - "And boast of it?"
 - " Yes."

She turned, and walked away without another word. He made no attempt to follow-why should he? They had nothing more to say to one another in this world. He had only one prayer to offer, where she was concerned, it was that even in the next he might be preserved from the sight of her.

He waited till she crossed the terrace, and disappeared into the house, then he hurried off through the lane-like streets, past the little piazza, where the villagers were collected, as usual, at that hour, and so up the path which runs along the ravine toward the hills above. The sun set in a blase of glory. The sea shone like the pavement of the city the Prophet saw in his vision. It deepened from opal tints to amethyst, then grew dark and mysterious. The moon came up. and trailed a pathway of golden light across the billows which seemed to lead away into heaven. The hills loomed shadowy and black. The pale glory of the evening sky domed in the whole. The soft murmurs of the brook sounded through the stillness, as if calling to the sea; and the sea answered, as if to welcome it in its course. A single nightingale awoke in the orange grove, "In any case, I would not," she cried, and and sang his heart out in a passionate plaint. The faint breeze brought, ever and anon, the sound of laughing voices from the eld square, where the villagers still gossiped. All was quiet and peaceful, save in his heart, where the tempest raged with awful might.

It was late when Crofton returned to the Tasso, but he was not able to get up to his rooms in safety. There was laughter and music in the salons, and gay groups standing about the long corridors. Of course he was captured, and forced to talk, and laugh, and behave like ordinary mortals under the galling restraints of civilization. Crofton had told his old owl of a cousin of his proposed departure. He was glad to escape her society, for he had grown almost of late to detest her, with her head-shakings, her Cassandra prophecies, and now her "I told you so's," expressed in words and looks. Naturally, by the time he reached the house, everybody knew he intended to go away, and they were all eager to detain him. A portion of the party was to set off in the morning on an expedition to Amali. The others were going to row over to Capri, and spend the day there. Crofton could not escape staying for one excursion or the other, for he was still animated by the natural desire to keep his hurt a secret. He chose Capri, however, when he heard that Maud Annesley was to make one of the Amalfi party.

While all the talk and merriment went on, he could see this Maud Annesley through the open windows. She stood out on the terrace, with the full moonlight glorifying her face, as she talked and listened to young San Arpino, who had escaped from his dowager mother, and come to the hotel, as usual.

Down in the gardens below, an Italian boy began playing Neapolitan sea-songs, on his guitar. Half a dozen people called at once upon Maud to sing. Without hesitation she complied, and her rich contrakto voice floated into the rooms, unearthly in its sweetness, and shook Crofton's very soul. He could endure no more, so he cast one other look out into the glory of the night, and saw her standing there in her beauty, while the young Italian gased into her face with a passionate devotion he made no affort to conecal. Then Crofton passed from the rooms, hoping that he had bilden Maud Annesley farewell forever.

The night he spent was tragic enough. But in this pressic world tragedies mere frequently meet with an anti-climax than a consummation, and Croften's experience was the usual one.

He was late in appearing the next morning, died trying to reach. But you shall go virather hoping that the pleasure-seekers might wonders, or read of them in faithful n have forgot him, and gone off. But when one since I have not leisure to dwell thereon.

wants forgetfulness, people always remember one. Up came a servant to say that everybody had gone down to the shore, but he was waited for there, and must come.

So off he set, cursing acquaintances and expeditions in his heart, as all of us have so often done, when wearied and wounded, and yet are forced to meet the petty exigencies of life with a smiling front. His cousin, Mrs. Fortescue, had sent him word that she was too miserable with her neuralgis to join the party. There was a slight consolation in that. He should at least be free from her questions and surmises, her sighs and her corkscrew glances, always trying to worm his secret out of him, she being one of those people who enjoyed groaning over the misfortunes of the persons she liked.

Crofton reached the shelving shore that spreads below the rocky descent from the village. Two boats, with bright-colored awnings, were ready. Into the smaller of the two San Arpino was assisting Maud Annesley, just as Crofton appeared. In his dizziness, and the uncertain state of his faculties on the previous evening, he had misunderstood, and so had chosen the very expedition of which she was to make a member.

Most of the wild young ones had gone to The boat, in which Crofton seated himself, held staid elders. Maud's aunt among them, with whom Crofton was a favorite. she looked grave and rather harassed this morning, and was less cordial to him than her wont. The boat in which Miss Annesley and San Arpino, with a few other youthful people were seated, took the lead, and as he sat in the bow. Crofton could hear her gay laugh ring out across the waters, but he did not once turn his head. She had seen him, as he descended the shore, Their eyes had met. Then she had turned quickly away. Some words, from the aunt, made Crofton comprehend that neither she or Mand had understood he was to make one of the party.

Beautiful rock-bound Capri! How one would like to dwell on its loveliness and its marvels; its ocean-caves, in one of which the sea makes an azure pavement, in the other of emerald; the hundreds of steps leading up to the fastnesses of Anacapri; the twelve grand peaks, on each one of which that sad fellow Tiberius erected a palace, marvelous as Aladdin's; the wonders of sea and sky; the indescribable beauty of the curving shore, with Vesuviua amoking directly in front, and Naples, glorious in the distance as the enchanted city, which the Spanish mariner of old died trying to reach. But you shall go vist these wonders, or read of them in faithful memory, since I have not leisure to dwell thereon.

It was late in the afternoon. Unwearied by the exertion of the morning, the whole party listened approvingly to somebody's proposal, that they should climb the cliff which rose in front of them, as they all sat comfortably resting on the broad verands of the Quissisana Hotel, which looks out across the Salerno Bay.

On foot, or on donkeys, as each person pleased, away they defiled, up the narrow road, winding in and out among little villas, cozy peasant's cots, vine-wreathed walls, but always mounting up and up, the view widening and beautifying with every step. At last the road became a mere path; but by this time nobody thought of the way, in the delight of watching the grand panorama spread out below.

They were now not far from the top. Here it was necessary to dismount, and look over the famous abyss, down which Tiberius, as Tacitus will have it, had a playful habit of flinging his guests, when he wearied of their society, or craved a little excitement. It was a hald, bare precipice, good seven hundred feet in height, down which they fell into the white breakers of the ever-restless sea. Here some adventurous Capriot, lately returned from America, had established a little refreshment place, and as most of the party were Americans, it was necessary to patronize the smiling wretch, and let him prove, by the exorbitancy of his charges, that he had profited by his stay in the land of the free.

Crofton wandered off, turned an angle of the path where a great rock shut out the house and the gay party, and toiled on up to the top, where, among the ruins, rises a small chapel, in which a make-believe hermit lives, and wheedles centesimi out of the pockets of stray visitors. But just now the hermit was down at the restaurant, drinking surreptitious glasses of red wine in the kitchen; so Crofton was left to gaze and marvel undisturbed.

Presently the sound of voices roused him. He heard Maud Annesley's merry laugh, and turning found himself face to face with her and San Arpino.

Maud and Crofton had managed to pass the day without exchanging a word. She had appeared as oblivious of his contiguity as only a woman can. But now, at sight of him, she said, gayly.

- "So you had stolen a march on us, after all, Mr. Crofton. I thought we were the first up."
- "Where are the others?" he asked, since it was necessary to speak.
- "Oh, drinking sour wine, and listening to our naturalized compatriot's enormous fibs," she anawered.

San Arpino speke pleasantly to Crofton, in his quaint, broken English. He was always civil, even cordial, and apparently perfectly unconscious that his attempts at friendship were neither desired or welcome, though indeed Crofton was too just a man to visit Miss Annesley's sins upon a rival.

At this place, the descent on the Salerno side was rocky, but little less steep than at the point called Tiberius' Leap; but the descent did not, as these, commence from the top. A steep path led down some twenty feet to a little platform of rock, whereon grew a crooked fir-tree; from thence a sheer wall of cliff plunged perpendicularly to the sea.

After a brief conversation, Croften walked away to the opposite side of the summit, to survey the ruins, leaving the young pair to themselves. Maud Annesley was in a mood, when some wild, reckless performance possessed an irresistible attraction to her. She and San Arpino stood looking down at the stunted pine that clung to the platform of rock, and swung its ragged branches about, as if imploring to be released from its perileus position.

"I want to go down there," Maud said, "I am sure nothing but a mountain goat has ever stood under that tree. I want my name cut on the trunk."

San Arpino was as young and reckless as herself. He offered no opposition, rather admiring her courage, indeed. Though difficult, however, the path seemed to present no real danger, if care were exercised.

A few minutes later, Howard Crofton, standing on the opposite side of the cliff, which looked out seaward, was roused from his gloomy meditations by a cry so wild and agonized, that for years after it used to haunt his dreams. It was Maud Annesley's voice again; but so changed, so sharp with ageny, so mad with fear, that for an instant it rooted him to the spot where he stood.

Then away he rushed across the summit, gained the other side, looked over. Maud Annesley was clinging to the fragments of rook, half way down to the platform, and trying to disengage her dress from a trailing vine which held her fast. She was in safety. He saw that. But he saw, too, the prostrate form of the young Italian, sliding helplessly and slowly toward the narrow platform of rock, from whence the precipics began.

San Arpine had stepped a little out of the path, the better to aid Meud, had slipped, and had struck his head so violently against a projecting stone, that it knocked him almost senseless. He was slipping down now—down, down, Mand unable to extricate herself so as to rush to his aid.

Crofton saw it all, in the brief second he stood { motionless, and a hundred years seemed to pass in that whirling space. With each new slide, the body would go faster-faster! When it reached the platform, the impetus would be so great, that even had San Arpino consciousness left, he could not save himself! He would be carried straight over the edge into the awful abyss.

And Howard Crofton saw this, and during that instant, which seemed an eternity, a score of devils tugged at his heart, and whispered awful suggestions in his ear. Let him go! Let this false woman crouch there, and see him perish, they said; see her ambitious hopes, to gain which she had so recklessly marched over a human heart, smitten from her, just when they seemed secure of fruition. This was what the demons urged upon Howard Crofton's soul, and I should lie, if I denied that he hesitated. He did hesitate. The temptation was almost irresistible in its strength. Always he was gazing down. could see Maud Annesley's white face, her frantic efforts to free herself, the helpless body sliding on-on!

But, after one moment of hesitation, and with a cry almost as mad as that shrick which had roused him to a consciousness of what was passing, Crofton turned and dashed down the descent. He saw, while running all the while, that by taking a more circuitous path, one a little farther on, he could reach the platform before San Arpino. The one hope was to seize him there.

Away he ran.

At the sound of his voice, Mand Annesley raised her head, comprehended that help was at hand, and sank back on the moss, and fainted AWAY.

On Crofton dashed-on-on!

Vines trailed about his feet, and almost threw him down. Stones, dislodged by his careless steps, nearly crushed his feet. He fell-was up again, dashing on-on!

Always he could see that prostrate body, sliding down-down! It was going faster now! Oh, he should be too late, and this man's death would lie at his door. He had hesitated, and now he should have this awful crime upon his soul through all eternity!

On, on! The way seemed endless. The pinetree shook its deformed arms. The wind surged suddenly up with a mosning cry. The voice of the sea responded in a hourse shout of triumph, as if exulting over its prey. The dazzling sweep of sunlight on the white rock blinded him. The roaring in his ear deafened him. But he could see always that form sliding down-down, each

he ran against death, as difficult as some mad flight the soul takes through the horrors of a nightmare.

Steeper became the inclined plane. It was now slippery with moss, over which the body sped, faster still, lifted almost from the ground twice, and flung on-on! Another bound, a wilder rush, and Crofton had reached the tree, had flung one arm about the trunk, to steady himself, and with the other hand and his feet struck at the body as it neared him, seized an arm helplessly extended, planted his feet on the trailing coat, and-had saved his rival.

When Maud Annesley came to her senses, she was half lying on a stone bench, at the side of the little chapel. Farther on, she saw San Arpino, supported in the Hermit's arms, while Howard Crofton bathed his forehead, and employed such means as were at hand to restore him to consciousness.

The hermit had returned just as Crofton caught San Arpino in that frantic clutch. them, the two had carried the insensible man up the rocks, and then returned to place Maud Annesley beyond the reach of danger.

The unconscious party below were still resting at the little house near the Leap. Now and then the wind brought up the murmur of their voices and laughter.

Maud raised herself. She was weak and tottering. But she managed to reach the spot where the two men were at work, over the senseless

The first sign Crofton had of her presence was when her voice, close to his side, whispered dismally.

"Is he dead? Have I killed him?"

Crofton turned. A bitter response rose to his lips, but the sight of her white face checked it.

"There is nothing wrong, but a few bruises, and a broken arm," he said. "He will come to himself presently."

So he did. He was a little wild and incoherent in his talk at first, but he was soon able to recal what had happened, to smile at Maud, and to mutter a few broken words of thankfulness to Crofton.

After awhile the loiterers below were sum-Crofton quickly silenced their eager moned. questions and useless terror. San Arpino pronounced himself well enough to be put on a donkey, so as to make the descent of the mountain, and Crofton walked by his side, and supported him in the saddle. Fortunately, when they reached the village, the English surgeon from Ana Capri half second an age, each step in that frantic race { was there. San Arpino's broken arm was set,

and his wounds dressed. It was better that he should not run the risk of returning to Sorrento. By good luck, his mother had gone up to Naples, for a few days, so that the accident could be kept from her.

"Will you stay with me to-night?" San Arpino asked of Crofton. "They'll send my man and my traps over by the boat, but I wish you'd stay."

Of course, no refusal was possible. Crofton was occupied in the wounded man's chamber when the party sailed. The moon had risen before he quitted it. San Arpino was very comfortable, and had fallen asleep. Crofton left the surgeon sitting by him, and went out on the terrace. He came face to face with Maud Annesley, sitting there in the white light.

- "Miss Annesley!" he exclaimed, "I thought you had been gone for hours."
- "Oh," she cried, bitterly, lifting her pale face, "I may not be human, but I am not quite a fiend! Did you think I could leave this man, whom my wicked recklessness had led almost to his death?"

After all, it was only natural that she should remain, Crofton said to himself, for she was to marry the young fellow. Her place was here, and since she had, of course, her aunt's presence as a protection, the most censorious tongue could find no evil to say.

- "He is asleep, they told me," she said, presently.
 - "Yes, everything is going well."
- "I know—Dr. Green told me." She stopped for an instant, then exclaimed, wildly, "Oh, Mr. Crofton, if God had not sent you there! Let me thank you—do let me!"
- "There is no necessity," he replied, coldly. "I have no right to thanks, either."
 - " You--"
- "Wait. Let me finish. Miss Annesley, when I saw that man sliding down, down to death, my first impulse was to let him go—to let him die before your eyes! I was almost a murderer, you perceive."

She covered her face with her hands, and sat silent.

"I need not have told you this," he went on.

"But it is better. Perhaps it may serve as a
warning to you, not to use your beauty and your
fascinations, to break another man's heart, as
you did mine."

She looked up, now. But he continued resolutely.

"Shall I tell you what stopped me? What made the temptation powerless, when it was at its height?"

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- "Oh, tell me," she said, with a ghost of a laugh. "You can say nothing worse of me than you have done. Go on."
- "Because, to-day," his voice shook slightly, now, "to-day, I became convinced that, in one respect, I had wronged you. You do love that man."

She turned her face quickly away. He saw her bosom heave, her breath come and go.

"I told you, yesterday, that love was always an excuse," pursued Crofton. "By God's mercy, I read the truth, this day, and so saved my own soul from eternal guilt, and your life from ruin."

Then there was silence.

Suddenly a voice, close at hand, cried,

- "Oh, Maud, won't you speak, even now?" Crofton turned, and saw Mrs. Gresham. "You are both mad," she continued, "mad with jealousy, and stubbornness, and pride. Maud, if you'll not speak, I will."
- "Perhaps your words may have some effect,"
 Maud answered, in a slow, difficult tone. "Mr.
 Crofton has already told me that he would believe none of mine. Why should I speak?"
- "And what could you say?" retorted he, bit-terly.
- "Be still!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham. "You are each worse and more obstinate than the other! Maud was not false, not a coquette, Howard. You were right when you told her that, from the first, you made your love evident. But you were wrong otherwise. She did not scorn, but she prized it."

There was a sound from Crofton, half an expression of unbelief, half a sob. Maud's face was hidden.

"She prized it!" repeated Mrs. Gresham.
"Only the day before San Arpino came to Sorrento, your cousin, who has always hated Maud, told her that you had been the same as engaged for years. So Maud went as mad as you."

Howard Crofton was at Maud's side, now.

"Can you forgive me? I do not deserve it, but if you only could!" he cried.

Maud did not stir.

"As for San Arpino," continued Mrs. Gresham, he and Maud were never more than friends, warm, devoted friends. He loves a girl, whom his mother detests, and Maud has been his confidante. Oh, you two mad people!"

And she walked away.

"Maud, Maud!" groaned Crofton.

She looked up. Their eyes met. She let his eager arms enfold her. There was no need of pardon or explanation; that one glance had said all.



WITHERED VIOLETS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE episode in my life, of which I am about } to narrate the history, happened long, long ago, when I was quite a young man, in fact, and while the world was still to me an untrodden wilderness. It passed away, as such episodes will do, but has left its traces behind, one of which is the portrait which hangs above the writing-table in my library. That picture was the work of a famous court-painter, and is a reproduction of one of the most celebrated of his works. It was my first piece of extravagance, when I inherited the fortune which I now enjoy, and the price I paid for it was sufficiently large to induce me to keep silence respecting it. Call it folly, weakness, if you will, you portrait is still dear to me, as representing the brightest dream of my youthful years.

I was a poor medical student, in those days, and was learning my profession in the hospitals and lecture-rooms of Paris. My purse was but a slender one, and therefore I occupied two modest little rooms, in a house on the Rue d'Azor, a small street running out of the Rue Jacob, and long since swept away. There was but one of my fellow-lodgers in whom I took any interest at all, and that was a bright-eyed, sharp-looking, trim little old Frenchwoman, about seventy years of age, who occupied the rooms two stories above my own. Contrary to the usual custom of her sex and country, she was extremely taciturn and unsocial; she seemed to have neither friends nor acquaintances in the house, and never was to be caught gossiping at the door, or on the street outside. We had been fellow-lodgers for months, and had passed and repassed each other on the stairs repeatedly, before she would so much as vouchsafe me a good morning, or even a glance from her keen, black eyes, in return for the salutation which I always bestowed upon her as I passed.

My curiosity was aroused, and I asked the concierge about her. The concierge had but little to tell me, yet that little was interesting. Madame Jeanne, as she was called in the house. had occupied her present quarters for more than two years. She had been a servant for many years, nay, nearly all her life, in some very grand foreign family, but had finally been pensioned off, it was supposed, not exactly by the family, but by one of the daughters, with whom she had been a great favorite.

"And do you know the name of this grand family, with which she used to live?" I questioned.

Old Babette shrugged her shoulders. "How can one remember these queer foreign names? Stop, this one was quite like French. Mon-Mon-Mon-Monbijou! No, no, it was Montresor! That's it—Montresor!"

"An English family, doubtless," I said to myself, as I turned away, after thanking Mother Babette for her information.

Chance, at last, threw me into direct relations with old Jeanne. Coming home late, one night, after an unusually prolonged lecture, I heard, on entering our little street, a loud noise, as of dogs and cats fighting, and on hurrying forward, I came to the spot, just in time to rescue a fine white Angora cat from the jaws of a party of vicious street curs. The poor creature had made a brave fight of it; but its silky, white fur was spotted with blood, its side was badly torn, and one of its fore legs was broken. The size and beauty of the animal, as well as some feelings of common compassion, induced me to carry it to my room, and endeavor to minister to its hurts. I washed its wounds, bound up its broken leg in splints, and placed it on a soft cushion, and in the morning I was pleased to find that it could lap a little milk, and was quite capable of looking after its wounds for itself. When I went down stairs, I found Babette in quite an excited state of mind.

"Ah, Monsieur," she cried, on catching sight of me, "such a sad affair! Poor Madame Jeanne—so old and so lonely——"

"What is the matter with Madam Jeanne? Has any body robbed her, or tried to murder her?"

"No, no, sir, but she had a cat. Oh, such a cat! Tall as that, and white as snow, and so good-natured and fond of her! And Minette strayed away yesterday, and there is blood and white fur on the stones outside, so poor Minette must have been killed and eaten up by the horrid dogs. And Madame Jeanne is in such a way—"

"Tranquilize yourself, my good madame," I said, smiling. "I saved the life of Minette. She is sorely hurt, to be sure, but still she will get well. I have her safe in my room, and will go take her to Madame Jeanne at once." So, not

waiting to listen to Babette's ejaculations of pleasure and surprise, I retraced my steps to my room, took Minette in my arms, and hastened up stairs with her, and knocking, was told to enter.

The room was neat as hands could make it, simply but abundantly furnished, and adorned with sundry small luxuries, such as a gilt clock, a few colored, devotional pictures, and a jardeniere filled with blooming and carefully-tended plants. Madame Jeanne was seated near the table, and I saw at a glance she was not alone. The moment she saw the cat, she rushed forward, snatched it from me, and then began a scene of petting and fondling, and tender words and caresses, that showed how deeply she was interested in the pretty animal, that was almost the only solace that her loneliness knew.

During this little scene, the person (a lady dressed in black) that I had observed with Madame Jeanne, when I first entered, had remained silent and somewhat withdrawn to one side. In the midst of the old woman's raptures, she came forward.

"My dear old nurse is too much agitated to thank you as she should do," said the softest, sweetest voice I had ever heard. "Let me do so in her stead."

As she spoke, she threw back the black-lace veil that shaded her features, and revealed to my gaze a face, whose delicate and exquisite beauty made an impression on my soul, that has never been effaced.

An oval face; soft, dreamy, almond-shaped eyes, made darker by long lashes; a gleam of golden-shaded hair above a broad, low brow; a lovely rose-red mouth, with teeth like snow-flakes; and a smile of sunshine. Such was the visage that beamed upon me then from beneath the shadow of the vaporous lace! A tall, slender form, with grace and high-bred elegance in every curve of its dainty outlines; a hand, white, tapering and aristocratic in its shapely slenderness; a foot more exquisite still, peeping from beneath the folds of her silken draperies, filled up the rest of the picture, and completed the bewilderment of admiration into which the beautiful face, so suddenly revealed, had plunged me.

The fair unknown saw my confusion, and evidently guessed its cause, for a smile dimpled her cheek, and extending her hand graciously, she repeated the thanks which she had first uttered.

By this time, too, Madame Jeanne had recovered from her surprise.

"Ah, Monsieur," she said, with tears cloud- question of ing the keen. black eyes, "you see one must quite social have something to love, and Minette knows my her. But voice, and eats out of my plate, and is wise as a an instant.

child, almost—art thou not, my treasure? And I thought I had lost her. See, I am but an old fool, for I cannot help crying; but I thank you all the same. And if Monsieur would not mind coming, sometimes—"

"Monsieur is a doctor, then," interrupted the fair unknown.

"I am studying medicine, and shall be happy to place myself at the service of M'lle. Minette," I answered. For, I felt that to gain another glimpse of that lovely face, I would have attended a hundred cats.

"Do so, if you please, and any remunera-

"Pardon me," I interrupted, haughtily. "I must look upon Minette as my first patient; and to be paid for my visits would only bring me ill-luck. Let me have the pleasure of curing her, for the sake of—of—my fellow-lodger."

"As you will. But you must let me thank you again, in my own name, as well as in that of Jeanne." And a slight bow, perfectly decisive in its polite dismissal, warned me that the interview was at an end. I had nothing to do but to bow in return and to retire, which I did, bearing with me to my lonely room as bright and intoxicating a vision of beauty as ever troubled the soul of youthful manhood.

What wild dreams, what dazzling recollections haunted me thereafter, in the solitude of my lonely chamber. The beautiful face, the melodious voice, the sad, soft eyes, the sweet, sweet smile of the unknown were ever present to my thoughts, and nightly haunted my dreams. caught myself wondering about her, and speculating as to her home, her surroundings, her character, herself. She called old Jeanne her dear nurse, I soliloquized: then she must be the young girl whose bounty supported Jeanne. She must be M'lle, de Montresor. Yet she was not English, for the French which she spoke was of the purest, both as regards accent and style. But what did it matter to me, anyway? What was her identity, or her character to me? We probably should never meet again.

For a fortnight I tended the wounds of M'lle. Minette most assiduously, and succeeded not only in restoring her to perfect health, but in winning her feline heart as well. She knew my voice, and would come limping to meet me, and always purred loudly under my caresses. But, during that time, I saw nothing more of the lovely lady of my dreams. Once I ventured to question old Madame Jenne, who had become quite sociable and friendly with me, respecting her. But the old woman's manner changed in an instant.

"The young lady." What young lady?" she { snapped.

"The young lady who was with you, the day I brought home Minette."

- "Well, what of her?"
- "Is her name Montresor?"

Old Jeanne fixed on me her piercing black eyes.

"If you cannot come here, without asking impertinent questions, you had better stay away," she said, sharply and decisively.

Yet, strange as it may seem, those few brief moments, passed in the presence of the beautiful unknown, had left an impression behind them, against which I strove in vain. Her image was ever present to my mind. Had I been an artist, I might have striven to reproduce it on canvas or in clay; but my untaught fingers had no power to give bodily presence to the feverish dreams of my overwrought brain.

Some weeks had passed away, and Minette was perfectly restored to health, and I was forced for want of a fitting pretext to discontinue my visits to old Madame Jeanne. The old woman's newfound friendliness had vanished under the recollection of my ill-timed and injudicious inquiries about her beautiful visitor, whom I had relinquished all hope of ever seeing again, when, one day, as I was ascending the main stair-case, my attention was attracted to the thick, tipsy accents of a drunken man's voice sounding on the floor above, and mingled with the sweet, yet imperious tones, that I had once heard, and never could forget.

I sprang up the intervening stairs, in an instant, and found, standing on the steps, just below the landing, a young French artist, named Loubepine, who occupied a room somewhere in the attics, and whose dissipated habits were well known to all his fellow-lodgers. Though it was early in the afternoon, he was already intoxicated; and with arms outspread, he was trying to stop the progress of a black-robed, lace-draped, shrinking figure, whose graceful outlines I recognized at once, and with a thrilling heart.

"One kiss, Mam'zelle—ane kiss—that's all I ask," he was saying, in the thickest possible tones, when seizing him by the collar, I swung him to one side.

"Brute! to insult a lady!" I cried. "Pass on, Mademoiselle; he shall trouble you no further."

But Laubepine was not only gallant, but quarrelsome in his oups. He flew at me at once, and a brief struggle ensued, which ended in my pitching him down the stair-case. This seemed to cool his indignation, for he picked himself up, shook his fist at me, and slouched off, muttering vows of future vengeance.

I turned then to look at the fair unknown. She was leaning back against the wall, and her face showed ashy pale, under the folds of her dusky veil. As I advanced toward her, she took one step forward, as if to meet me, tottered, swayed, and would have fallen senseless to the ground, had I not caught her as she fell.

For one moment—for one brief, exquisite, priceless moment—I held her in my arms. It was but for a moment, however. She recovered almost instantly, and, disengaging herself, turned to descend the stairs. But she was still too much agitated and unnerved to walk with firmness, and I ventured to offer her the support of my arm, and I asked if she would have a glass of water.

"No, thank you," she said, sweetly. "I want nothing more, except words with which to thank you."

With this she threw back her veil, and turned on me the full lustre of the beaming smile.

I bowed and stammered some few words, in reply. She bent her graceful head in farewell salutation, glided down the stairs, and was gone.

I did not seek to follow her. I saw that she did not wish for my assistance or companionship, and there was too much chivalrous devotion in the feeling wherewith I regarded her, to permit me to do anything that might be displeasing or distasteful to her. But upon the stairs lay some tokens of her presence, a crushed bouquet of violets, and a tiny, pearl-tinted glove, dropped probably in the agitation of the moment. I seized on these treasures, and hore them to my room, little dreaming of the significance of the violets, that had been clasped in those fair bands.

Unlock yonder desk, there you will find them, both glove and withered flowers—wrapped in folds of white silk. When I am laid in my coffin, that little packet, which represents all of love I ever felt, is to be placed above my silenced heart!

The weeks passed and grew into months. Yet, watch, eagerly as I might, I never succeeded in entching a glimpse of that slender, graceful form, that levely face, again! Spring passed, and summer came, and a cold, bleak autumn succeeded.

One evening I was seated, absorbed in study, when a hurried tap at the door roused me from my abstraction. "Come in," I cried. The summons was obeyed by a scared-looking, panting little girl, whom I recognized at once as the daughter of the concierge.

"Oh, sir," she gasped, breathlessly, "you are a doctor, are you not? You cured Madame Jeanne's cat, and Madame Jeanne is so ill, and the doctor does not come—and—and—"

I waited to hear no more, but followed my little guide. A sad sight met my gaze, as I entered old Jeanne's room. For on the bed lay my old friend, still wearing her every-day garments, and with a strange, ashen-gray pallor overspreading her features, and beside her, on the floor, knelt the fair unknown. How, or by whom she had been summoned, I never learned. She had been called away, in haste, evidently, for she was in full evening dress. A robe of some pale, blue tissue, flecked with silver, enveloped her graceful form, while its low-cut corsage displayed to view the exquisite slope of her shoulders, and the short sleeves revealed the snowy whiteness of her arms. Her hair, rolled plainly back from her forehead, was powdered with glistening, silver powder, which shed on its silken, shining masses a lustrous beauty impossible to describe. Her cloak flung off in haste, lay at some little distance from her, on the ground. No words can describe the strange and thrilling incongruity of the scene; the dazzling loveliness and the festal garments of the young girl, contrasted with the pale and contracted countenance of the dying woman. For the poor old creature was evidently dying. Unpractised and inexperienced as I was, I could see that, at a glance.

'Can you help her, can you save her?' whispered the young lady, eagerly, as I bent over the bed.

I shook my head in answer. A few brief questions had revealed the whole state of the Mother Jeanne had, for years, been suffering from a complicated form of heart-disease, and the last summons, as it usually does in such cases, had come with startling suddenness. was perfectly conscious, however, and all her last thoughts and energies appeared to be consecrated to one object—the fair creature between whom and herself there seemed to exist, dissimilar as they were in age, station and circumstances, nay, in every point whatever, so close and strong a tie. Low, broken, whispered words were exchanged between them, and as from time to time I came forward to administer stimulants to the sufferer, I noticed the wild, eager glance with which the dim eyes strove to follow the fair, beloved face thus for a moment turned aside. No one watched beside the lonely death-bed save the unknown and myself. The doctor, to be sure, came in, shook his head, confirmed my verdict, and approved of my proceedings, and departed, but, with that exception, our vigil was un listurbed for some hours.

The clock, on the mantel-piece, had chimed the first hour after midnight, when the door was opened, and a lady, evidently a grand dame, wrapped in a black mantle, and closely veiled, entered. With scarcely a glance at the bed, or its

occupant, she approached the young lady, and whispered something to her; but the latter only turned away, with a gesture of positive denial.

- "Come, you must come," said the new-comer, in a half-entreating, half-authoritative tone.
- "I will not. What, leave her? Leave my poor, devoted Jeanne at such a moment——"
 - "But you must-he will be there-you know-"
- "I cannot, Think! If I was dying, and one I loved deserted me, no matter for what——"

 She broke off abruptly. Her eyes filled with tears.

Her companion shrugged her shoulders, but she evidently saw that no more was to be said, and so she waited patiently for the end.

It came before long. There is a popular superstition, that, just before daybreak, most persons die, who die in the night. It was just before daybreak that Madame Jeanne died. To the last the fair unknown knelt beside her, wiping the claimmy sweat from her brow, and moistening her parched lips. Just as the great clock, from the church-steeple near by, struck four, the dying woman opened her eyes, and when she saw who was tenuing her, put out her hand feebly, and smiled. Then, with a sigh, she died.

A few days later, her funeral took place, and, by its sumptuous character, excited much remark in the quarter. A dark, foreign-looking servant attended to all the details, and paid all expenses, with a most lavish hand. Then the furniture was sold, a new lodger took possession of Madame Jeanne's room, and the old woman was apparently forgotten by all, save myself, and possibly by Minette, who came to take up her quarters with me, and soon purred and coaxed herself into my good graces.

I strove, meantime, to forget the fair unknown, and my wild infatuation for her. But it was in vain. As the weeks crept on, and the months, I was consumed more and more with the longing to see her once again. I frequented the public drives and promenades, at every leisure moment I could find; but the winter was a bleak, dreary, rainy one, and I never saw her—never. Probay the severity of the weather, I said, kept her within doors. As to the opera, and the theatres, and other such places of public amusement, my purse was too slender to admit of much expenditure for such costly luxuries. I did go, once or twice, but eagerly as I might scan the auditorium, I never saw that beauteous face.

One evening, as I sat alone, beside my handful of fire, sadly musing over the blighted visions of my life, an old friend and fellow-student burst gayly and noisily into the room.

"Come, old fellow," he cried, "hurry up, and

get your best coat on, and hunt up a pair of gloves. I want you to go to the Grand Opera with me. My old friend, the ballet-master, has given me two tickets. They play the Huguenots to-night. Besides, the Emperor is to be there, with his bride. It will be a sight worth seeing. Be quick!"

"Thanks," I answered, "I'll come, with pleasure." For at once the ruling infatuation of my life rose uppermost, and I said to myself, "I may see her there, and I will go. What to me are emperors and empresses, and opera-singers, if I can catch but one glimpse of that dear and unforgotten face?"

My preparations were soon completed, and an hour's time saw us seated in the Grand Opera. House. We were well placed, just opposite the imperial box, and on the front row; and as we were early, we had time to see the gay and brilliant audience arrive. Meanwhile, around us, a great deal of speculation was going on respecting the

newly-wedded wife of Napoleon III., who, on that evening, was to make her second appearance at a place of public amusement, since her marriage; and remarks about her beauty, her grace, and her kind heart were freely bandied about. Then there was a stir, a hush, and all operaglasses were leveled at the imperial box.

The cold, impassive face of the emperor, as we looked, appeared beneath the shadow of the crimson velvet curtains, and a cry of "Vive l' Imperatrice!" arose, as his companion came forward to the front, and bent her graceful head in answer to the greeting. I also turned my glass in that direction. But as I did so I started, and a cry escaped from my lips. For there, radiant in bridal white and regal jewels, a diamond crown above her lovely hair, smiled the fair vision, enthroned so long within my heart of hearts—the beautiful unknown of the Rue d'Azor, the Empress Eugenie!

THE FAMILY THANKSGIVING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

The royal home-day of the flying year,
Whate'er may be the weather;
When scattered households, with a gladsome cheer,
Are all once more together;
When hearts, forgetting care, are full of joy,
As Summer lands of glories,
And in their overflow give time employ,

What golden visions of the days of yore Send thrills through all their being! The circle as it never will be more, The sights that charmed the seeing! Parents are in their prime again in days with gladness running over, And children, little, happy at their plays,

With olden songs and stories.

As lambs in fields of clover.

And grandsires, grandmas, long since gone to rest, Their lips death's white lips pressing; Made rapture for young hearts, so sweet, so blest, With words and deeds of blessing! Sunshine comes streaming up from olden days, To sweeten love's communion, To cheer them when they go their chosen ways, After this glad reunion.

Around the table older hands have spread,
They take their wonted places,
On ample dainties feast, when grace is said,
With thanks on all their faces!
Or, if perchance they see an empty chair,
Though not a word be spoken.
Their hearts turn heavenward, and they pray that there
The circle be not broken!

And then together as of old they kneel,
Around the fireside altar,
Give thanks for mercies, pray, come wo or weal,
In faith they may not faiter;
But, evermore, as comes and goes such day,
Through love and holy living,
They all may press with growing joy their way,
To God and Heaven's Thanksgiving!

"UNDER THE LEAVES."

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

- "Under the leaves," the north wind heaps In gorgeous piles together, Our little one in silence sleeps, This cold Autumnal weather.
- "Under the leaves," that rustle by, By wind and rain-drop hurried, How many loved ones faded, lie, How many hopes are buried.

- "Under the leaves," yellow and red, Of late so widely scattered; How many dreams we formed lie dead, How many joys are shattered.
- "Under the leaves," yet blest are they,
 Thus freed from earthly sorrow,
 Who wake to find eternal day,
 And know no sad to-morrow



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXVII.

HAD her sin killed that good old man? Was the penalty of what seemed but an evasion, death—death to the being she loved better than any other on earth, save one? Had she, in her fond selfishness, turned that pretty home-nest into a tomb? Had God so punished her for this one offence, that she must never lift her head to the sunlight again?

Sitting there alone in the midst of the shadows that gathered around her with funereal solemnity, Ruth asked herself this question, pressing her slender hands together, and shivering with nervous cold as she looked around on the dark objects in the little room, every one linked with such cruel tenderness to the father she had lost, that they seemed to reproach her on every side.

"Ah, me! I cannot stay here all alone—all alone, and he gone. It is like sitting in a well. My feet are like ice. My tears are turning to hoar-frost. But he is colder than I am—happier too, for he could die. One swift trouble pierced him, and he fell; but they shoot me through and through without killing. After all, I am more unhappy than the dead. If he knew this, oh, how my poor father would pity me. How he would long to take me with him, knowing that I have done wrong, but am not wicked. Oh, does he understand this? Will the angels be mercyful, and let him know?"

The poor child was not weeping, but sat there in the shadows of her home, terrified by the darkness, dumb and trodden down under the force of her own reproaches, which beat upon her heart as the after swell of a tempest tramples the resistless shore. It seemed as if existence for her must henceforth be a shape of atonement, when that could be of no avail. In all the black horizon there was, for this child, but one gleam of light, and that broke upon her like a sin.

Her husband! She had seen him for one dizzy moment; his head had rested on her bosom. While panting with weakness, and undue exertion, he had found time to whisper how dear she was to him. Yes, yes! there was one ray of hope for her yet. It had struck her father down like a flash of lightning, and the very thought of it

blinded her soul. Still the light was there, though she was afraid to look upon it.

A noise at the gate, a step on the gravel, a wild bound of her wounded heart, and then it fell back aching. Hurst came in slowly, he was feeble yet, and excitement had left him pale. Ruth arose, but did not go forward to meet him. She dared not, but stood trembling from head to foot. He came forward with his arms extended.

"Ruth! My poor girl; my dear, sweet wife!"

She answered him with a great sob, and fell upon his bosom, weeping passionately. His voice had lifted her out of the sepulchral solemnity of her despair. She was no longer in a tomb.

"Do not sob so, my poor darling! Am I not here?" said the young man, pressing her closer and closer to his bosom.

She clung to him desperately, still convulsed with grief.

"Be tranquil. Do compose yourself, my beloved."

"I am so lonely," she said, "and I feel so terribly wicked. Oh, Walton, we killed him. You and I! No, no! Not that. I did it. No one else could!"

"Hush, hush, darling! This is taking upon yourself pain without cause. I come to say this, knowing it would give you a little comfort. I questioned the doctor. They sent for him again. for I was suffering from the shock, and nearly broken down. Ill as I was, this death preved upon me worse than the fever, so I questioned the doctor closely. I demanded that he should make sure of the causes that led to your father's death. He did make sure. While you were shut up in your room, mourning and insensible, there was a medical examination. Your father might have lived a few hours longer, but for the sudden shock of my presence here; but he must have died from his wound. No power on earth could have saved him. That was the general opinion."

Ruth hushed her sobs, and lifted her face, on which the tears still trembled; for the first time since her father's death a gleam of hope shone in her eyes.

"Is this so, Walton?"

- "Indeed it is. I would have broken loose from them all, and told you this before, but my presence seemed to drive you wild."
 - "It did-it did."
- "That terrible night you drove me from the house, with such wild, pitiful entreaties to be left alone. You preferred to be with the dead rather than me."
- "That was when I thought we had killed him. That was when I felt like a murderess. But it is over now. I can breathe again. He is gone—my poor father is gone, but I did not kill him—I did not kill him! Oh, Walton, there is no blood in my kisses now; nothing but tears."

The poor, young creature trembled under this shock of new emotions. The great horror was gone. She no longer clung to her husband with the feeling of a criminal.

- "You have suffered, my poor child. We have both suffered, because I was selfishly rash; more than that, a coward."
- "No, no. Rash, but not a coward," broke in Ruth, impetuously. "You shrank from giving pain, that is all."
- "But I shrink no longer. That which we have done must be publicly known."
 - "How. What are you saying?"
- "That you are my wife, my bonored and beloved wife, and as such Sir Noel, nay, the whole world must know you."

Then Ruth remembered Dick Storms, and his dangerous threats. She was enfeebled by long watching, and terrified by the thought of new domestic tempests.

- "Not yet, oh, not yet. Walton, you terrify me."
 - "But, my darling!"
- "Not yet, I say. Let us rest a little. Let us stop and draw breath before we breast another storm. I have no strength for it."
 - "But, Ruth, this is no home for you."
- "The dear home—the dear, old home. I was afraid of it. I shuddered in it only a little while ago; but now it is no longer a prison, no longer a sepulchre. I cannot bear to leave it."
- "Ruth, your home is up yonder. It should have been so from the first, only I had not the courage to—to——"
- "To own me," said Ruth, tenderly interrupting him. "No wonder. And I.—I, Walton, have not the courage to ask a place under your father's roof now. Give me a little time."
- "It is natural that you should shrink, being a woman," said Hurst, kissing the sweet face lifted to his. "But it shames me to have set you the example."

Ruth answered this with a pleading smile.

- "Being two culprits. One brave, the other a poor coward, you will have compassion, and let her hide away yet awhile."
- "No, Ruth! We—— I have done wrong, but for the hurt that struck me down, I should have told my father long ago. I meant to do it the very next day. It was his opposition, his entreaties that I dreaded, not his wrath. I doubted myself, more than his forgiveness. Had he been less generous, less noble, I should not have cared to conceal anything from him."
- "But having done so, let it rest awhile, Walton; I am so weary, so afraid."

Ruth wound her arms around the young man's neck, and enforced her entreaties with tearful kisses. She was, indeed, completely broken down. He felt that it would be cruelty to force her into new excitements now, and gave way.

- "Be it as you wish," he said, gently. "Only remember you have no protector here, and it is not for my honor that the future lady of The Rest should remain long in any home but that of her husband."
- "Yes, I know, but this place has been so dear to me. Remember, will you, that the little birds are never taken from the nest all at once. They first flutter, then poise themselves on the side, by-and-by hop off to a convenient twig, flutter to a branch and back again. I am in the nest, and afraid, as yet. Do you understand?"
 - "Yes, darling, I understand."
- "And you will say nothing, as yet. Hush!" whispered Ruth, looking wildly over his shoulder. "I hear something."
 - "It is nothing."
- "How foolish I am. Of course it is nothing. We are quite alone; but every moment it seems as if I must hear my father's step on the threshold, as I heard it that night. It frightened me, then; now I could see him without dread, because I think that he knows how it is "
- "Before many days we shall be able to see the whole world without dread," answered Hurst, very tenderly. "Till then, good-night."
- "Good-night, Walton, good-night. You see that I can smile, now. I have lost my father, but the bitterness of sorrow is all gone. I had other troubles and some fears that seemed important while he was alive; but now I can hardly remember them. Great floods swallow up everything in their way. I have but just come out of the flood where it seemed as if I was wrecked forever. So I have no little troubles, now. Good-night, I shall dream, after this. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RUTH did sleep long and profoundly. A stone had been rolled from her heart, and the deep rest of subsiding grief fell upon her. Early in the morning she arose and went down stairs, feeling, for the first time for days, a keen want of food. There was no fire in the house: gray ashes on the hearth, a few blackened embers, and nothing more. The house was very lonely to her that bright morning, for the shutters had kept it in gloomy twilight since the funeral, and she had not heeded the semi-darkness, having so much of it in her own soul.

"He has forgiven me. He knows," she thought, with a deep, deep sigh, "there is no reason why his child should cower in darkness now, and he loved the light."

Ruth pushed open the shutters, and almost smiled as a burst of sunshine came streaming in through the ivy, embroidering the floor all around her with flecks of silver.

"Yes," she thought, "he loved the light, and it is so beautiful now, I will eat. It seems strange to be hungry."

Ruth opened a cupboard, and took from it some fruit, a biscuit, and a cup of milk. While she had been lost in the darkness, some kind hand had placed these things where she would be sure to find them when a craving for food made itself felt through her grief. She became conscious of this kindness, and her eyes filled with softer tears than she had shed for many a day. After spreading the little table with a snow-white cloth, Ruth sat down near the window, and began to drop the great blackberries, which some pitying child had brought her, into the milk. Just as the old china bowl was full, and she had taken up her spoon, a great, black shadow came against the window, shutting out all the silvery rain of light, and looking up, with a start, the girl saw Dick Storms leaning into the room.

Ruth dropped her spoon, clasped both hands in her lap, and sat stupefied, gazing at him as a fascinated bird gazes into the glittering eyes of a snake. There had been no color in her face from the first, but a deeper pallor spread over it, and her lips grew white.

"I would have come before, as was the bounden duty of a man when his sweetheart was in trouble," said Storms; "but the house seemed shut up. This morning I saw a shutter open, and came."

"What did you come for? Why will you torment me so?" said Ruth, hoarse with dread:

"Torment! As if the sight of one's own true love ever did that, especially when he comes to comfort one."

"You cannot comfort any one against her will," said Ruth, striving to appear calm. "As for me, I only want to be left alone!"

"As if any man, with a heart in his bosom, could do that; let alone one that's so fond of you as I am," answered Storms; "besides, I have a fear that you may not always want to be alone. Last night, for instance!"

Ruth had for a moment rested her hands on the table, resolved to be brave; but they fell into her lap, and were wrung together in a sharp spasm of distress.

The fiend at the casement saw this and smiled.

"Nay, do not let me keep you back from breakfast. I love to see you eat. Many a day you and I have been a blackberrying together. It won't be the first time I have seen your pretty mouth red with them."

Ruth pushed the bowl of fruited milk away from her with loathing.

"I cannot eat," she said, desperately. "Your presence kills hunger and everything else. Cannot you understand how hateful it is to me? Leave that window! You block out all the pure light of heaven!"

"I will," answered Storms, with a bitter laugh.
"You shall have all the light you want," and, resting his hand on the window-sill, he leaped into the room.

"Audacious!" cried Ruth, starting up, while a flash of anger shot across her face as a beam of scarlet sunset stains a snow bank.

"While girls are so tantalizingly coy, men will be audacious," cried Storms, and attempting to draw her toward him. "And they like us all the better for it. Shilly-shallying won't do when a man is in earnest."

"Leave me! Leave the house!" commanded Ruth, drawing back from his approach. Any one who had seen the girl then, would have thought her a fit chatelaine for the stately Old Rest, or any other proud mansion of England.

"Not yet. Not till I have told you where you stand, and what danger lies in a storm of rage like this. It makes you beautiful enough for so queen, but you must not dare to practice your grand airs on me. I won't have them! Do you understand that, my lass? I won't have them! Come here and kiss me. That is what I mean to have."

"Wretch!"

"Go on, but don't forget that every word has got to be paid for on your knees. I can afforl to offer kisses now, because you are pretty enough to make any man stoop a bit. But wait awhile, and you shall come on all fours a begging for them, and then it'll be as I choose."



Ruth did not speak, but a look of such disgustful scorn came over her face that it abashed even his insolent severity. He made an effort to laugh off the confusion into which that look had thrown him.

"You don't believe me! You think to escape me, or put me down with these fine lady airs. Perhaps you mean to complain to the young man up yonder, and set him to worrying me again. Try that-only try it! I ask nothing better. Let him interfere with me if he dares. Have you nothing to say to that?"

"Nothing!" answered Ruth, with quiet dignity, for disgust had conquered all the terror that rude man had inspired.

"Nothing! Then I will make you speak, understand this. You cannot put me down. No one can do that. Father and son, I am the master of them all?"

"Go!" said Ruth, wearied with his bombastic threats, for such she considered them. "Go!"

"Go! Do I frighten you?"

"You weary me-that is all."

"Then you do not believe what I say?"

" No!"

"You think the young man up yonder everything that is good."

" Yes!"

"Well, I think But no matter. You will soon learn more than you want to hear. This is enough. I can tear the Hurst pride up by the roots. I can make them hide their faces in the dust, and I will, if you drive me to it."

"I?"

"Yes, you! It all depends on you. That young fellow's blood will be on your own head if I am brought to strike him down!"

"His blood on my head! His! Are you mad, or only fiendish, Richard Storms?"

"This is what I am, Ruth Jessup-the man who can prove who killed your father. The man who can hang your sweetheart on the highest gallows ever built in England. That is what I can do, and what I will do, if you ever speak to him again."

"You! You!"

It was all the poor girl could say, this awful } threat came on her so suddenly.

"You believe me. You would give the world not to believe me, but you do. Well, instead of the world you shall give me yourself. I want you enough to give up revenge for your sake. Isn't that love? I want you because of your obstinacy, which I mean to break down, day by day, till you are humble enough."

"I do not believe you," she said. " Would not believe an angel, if he dared to say so much."

"Will you believe your father's own handwriting."

Storms took from an inner pocket of his vest a paper folded in a rude fashion. Ruth knew it in It was the letter she had placed in an instant her husband's hand that day when she had seen him for one moment asleep in his chamber at The Rest.

"Ha! ha! You turn white without reading it? You guess what it is. The handwriting is large enough to read at a safe distance. Make it out for yourself."

Ruth fastened her burning eyes on the paper, which he unfolded, and held between his two hands, so near that she could make out the great crude letters; but beyond her reach had she attempted to possess herself of it, which he seemed to fear.

"Does that mean anything? Is that a confession?"

Ruth did not answer, but dropped into a chair, faint and white, still gazing on the paper.

"Do you want more proof? Well, I can give it you, for I saw the thing done. Do you want the particulars?"

"No! no! Spare me!" cried the poor girl, lifting both hands.

"Of course, I mean to spare you. One doesn't torment his wife till he gets her!"

"Spare him!" pleaded the poor girl. "Never mind me, but spare him. He has never harmed you."

"Never harmed me! Who was it that he hurled, like a dog, from that very door. Whose sweetheart was it that he stole? Never harmed me! Spare him! That is for you to do. No one else on this earth can spare him!"

"But how?"

The words trembled, coldly, from her white

" How? By marrying the man you were promised to "

A faint moan was her only answer.

"By carrying out your murdered father's hargain. That is the only way. Shudder down, twist and wind as you will, that is the only way.' Ruth shook her head. She could not speak.

"I have got some matter to settle with Sir Noel, for you are only half my price. There must be land and gold thrown in on his part, & wedding on yours, before I promise to hold my tongue, or give up this paper. Love, money, or vengeance. These are my terms. He takes it Ruth smiled scornfully. She had been so often \ hard-so do you, quaking like a wounded hare terrified by such language that it had lost its force. in its form. The sight of it does me good. Gold,

land, the prettiest wife on this side of England, who will give me a taste of vengeance, too, before I have done with her. All these things I mean to enjoy to the full."

Still Ruth did not utter a word. The terrors of her position struck the powers of speech from her.

"I see. Nothing but love for this murderer could make your face so white. Nothing but hate of me could fill your eyes with such frightened loathing. But I mean to change all that. Never fear, we shall change all that before you have been my wife a twelvemonth. Only remember this. You must never see Walton Hurst again—never. I shall keep watch. If you look at him, if you speak to him before we are wedded, I will, that hour, give him up to the law. If he ever crosses my path after that, I shall know how to make my wife suffer."

Still Ruth did not speak.

"You know my terms, now. The moment Sir Noel signs the deeds I am getting ready he seals my lips. When our marriage certificate is signed I give up this paper. Then there is nothing for us but love or hate. I have a taste for both. Kiss me now, and say which it shall be."

While he was speaking, Storms had drawn close to the chair on which Ruth sat, still and passive. With the last audacious words on his lips, he stooped down, pressed them to hers, and started back, for they had met the coldness of snow.

"Fainting again? I will soon cure her of these tricks," he muttered, looking down into the still, white face he had desecrated with a kiss. "Well, she knows what to depend on now, and can take her own time for coming to. I only hope Sir Noel will be as easily settled; but he fights hard. I half wish he would say no, that I might pull him down to his knees. It would be rare sport. Only I'd rather take revenge on the young master. That comes with the wife, with the old baronet's money thrown in."

With these thoughts weaving in and out of his brain, Storms left the house, for he had no hesitation in leaving that poor girl to recover from her dead insensibility alone. It was, perhaps, the only mercy he could have shown her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STORMS returned home, triumphing in his success over that helpless girl, and confident that Sir Noel would accept his terms at last, haughtily as he had been dismissed from the house. All the next day he remained at home, expecting

some message from the baronet, but none came. On the second day anxiety overcame his patience, and he set out for The Rest, determined to push his object to the utmost, and, instead of vague insinuations, lay his whole proof before the baronet.

With all his audacity and low cunning, this man was a dastard at heart, and was thinking how he might evade this interview, and yet obtain its anticipated results, as he came slowly through the Wilderness. All at once he stopped, and a sudden flash shot across his face.

"The Lady Rose, the woman Sir Noel has chosen for his wife, she has access to him always. Her entreaties will touch his heart, and break down his pride. There she is, among the great standard roses. Proud and dainty lady as she is, I will set her to work for me. By heavens, she comes this way!"

The young man spoke truly. Lady Rose Houston came out from among the roses, and turned toward the wilderness, in whose shadows Storms was lurking. She wanted some tender young ferns to complete a bouquet of golden and crimson roses, intended for the little sitting-room that Walton was sure to visit during the morning.

As the lady was moving down the shaded path with that slow, graceful motion which was but the air of her birth, she seemed to be whispering something to the flowers in her hand. Once she paused and kissed them, smiling softly, as their perfume floated across her face like an answering caress. She was stooping to rob a delicate species of fern of its tenderest shoots, when Storms flung his slender shadow across her path.

The lady arose, with a faint start, and looked at the man quietly as one waits for an inferior to speak. With all his audacity, the young man hesitated under that look of gentle pride.

"Did you wish to ask something?" she said, at length, remarking his hesitation.

The sound of her voice emboldened him, but he spoke respectfully, taking off his hat.

- "No, Lady Rose, I want nothing. But I can tell you that which it is perhaps best that you should know."
- "Is it of the wedding? Is it of Ruth you would speak?"
- "Of her, and of others, nearer and dearer to you than she ever was, or can be, Lady Rose."

The soft flush of color, that was natural to that lovely face, deepened to a rich carnation, and then to scarlet.

- "I do not understand!"
- "I am wanting to speak of Walton Hurst, the heir of Norston's Rest."
 - "And what of him? Nothing serious can have



happened since I saw him, surely," said Lady { Rose, at first, with a swift, anxious glance; then smiling securely; for half an hour before she had seen Hurst walking upon the terrace.

"Lady Rose, have you seen Sir Noel this morning?"

"Sir Noel! Why, no. He breakfasted earlier than the rest, or in his room."

"That is it. He is in trouble, and would not let you see it in his face."

"In trouble! Sir Noel?"

"He has heard bad news."

"Bad news! How? Wherefrom?"

"I took it to him, lady. It has been a burden on my conscience too long. The murder of a man is no light thing to bear.'

"The murder of a man!" repeated Lady Rose, horrified.

"I speak of William Jessup, whom we buried yesterday, and who was murdered in the Park, one night, by Walton Hurst," said Storms, with slow impressiveness.

"Murdered in the Park by Walton Hurst. Man, are you mad?" exclaimed the lady.

"Lady, I saw the shot fired. I saw the gun twisted from the murderer's hands, and the stock hurled at his head before the old man fell. was found lying across the path lifeless, the brain contused, while Jessup lay shot through the lungs a little way off, where he had dropped after that one spasm of strength."

"You saw all this with your own eyes?"

"I saw it all, but would never have spoken, had the old man lived. Now that he is dead-

"You would have another life-his life!"

"Do not tremble so, lady! Do not look upon me as if a wild beast were creeping toward you. I want no man's life-"

" Ah!"

"But the young master up yonder has wronged

"Wronged you? Walton Hurst wronged you? Impossible!"

"Yes, me! I was engaged to wed old Jessup's daughter. It was a settled thing. She loved me!" " Well ?"

"But the young master stepped in!"

"I do not believe it," cried the lady, with a disdainful lift of the head, though all the rich color had faded from her face. "No person on earth would make me believe it."

Storms allowed this outburst to pass by him, quietly, while he stood before the lady, hat in hand.

Then he spoke.

"Lady, it was this that caused the murder.

been many a time before that night, but this time Jessup was away in London. I was going there myself; saw him and her through the window, and went away, not caring to go in, while he was there, though I thought no great harm of it-"

"There was no harm. I will stake my word, my life, my very soul; there was no harm in it," cried Lady Rose. "If an honorable man lives, it is Walton Hurst."

"It may be, lady. I do not dispute it. But perhaps old Jessup thought otherwise. I do not know. There must have been hard words when he came in suddenly, and found those two in company, for, in a few minutes, the young gentleman came dashing through the porch with a gun in his hand. He may have been out shooting, and stopped at the cottage on his way home. I cannot tell that, but he came out with a gun in his hand; then Jessup followed, muttering to himself, and overtook the young master, just as he got under the shadow of the great cedar of Lebanon. Some hot words passed there. I could not hear them distinctly, for they were muffled with rage; but I came up just in time to see Walton Hurst level his gun and fire. Then Jessup leaped out from the shadows, wrenched the gun from the hand that had fired it, and, turning it like a club, knocked-Hurst down with it. This was done in the moonlight. I saw it all. Then Jessup dropped the gun, staggered backward into the darkness of the cedar, and fell. They were found so-one lying in the black pall cast down by the cedar branches, the other, with his face to the sky, where he had been thrown across the path where the moonlight shone."

"Ah, yes. I remember-I remember," monned Lady Rose. "He looked so white and cold; we thought he was dead."

"She was there. She went to the young man first. I marked that. Her father lay in the shadows bleeding to death, but she went to the young man first."

"She did. I remember it," flashed through the brain of Lady Rose. But she said, bravely, "It was nothing. He lay in the light, and she saw him first. It was natural."

"I thought so afterward. She was my sweetheart, lady, and I was glad to believe it," answered Storms, who had no wish to excite the lady's jealousy beyond a certain point; "but, after that, she grew cold to me. How could I help thinking it was because his kindness had turned her head a little."

"Kindness! Perhaps so. We have all been kind to Ruth. It is well you charge my guardian's son with nothing but kindness. Anything The young master was in the cottage, as he had else would have been dishonor, you know, and

it would offend me if you charged that upon him."

"Lady, I charge him with nothing, save the murder of William Jessup."

"But that is impossible. You can make no one believe it. I wonder you will insist on the wild story."

It was true, Lady Rose really could not take in this idea of murder—it was too horrible for reality. She put it aside as an incomprehensible dream.

- "I saw it," persisted Storms, staggered by her persistent unbelief.
- "Oh, I have dreamed such things, and they seemed very real," answered the lady, with a slight wave of the hand.
- "Lady, I have other proof. Read that. Perhaps you have seen William Jessup's writing. Read that."

Lady Rose took the letter, and read it. Now, indeed, her cheek did blanch, and her blue eyes widened into blackness.

- "This is strange," she said, growing whiter and whiter. "Strange, but impossible—quite impossible!"
- "Coupled with my evidence, it is enough to hang any man in England," said Storms, reaching out his hand for the paper, which she returned to him in a dazed sort of dream.
- "What do you want, young man? How do you mean to use this letter?" she questioned.
- "I have told Sir Noel what I mean, Lady Rose. I am a poor man, he is a rich one. I only asked a little of his wealth in exchange for his son's life."

" Well?"

- "He would not listen to me. He ordered me from the house, as if I had been a dog that had bit him. He tried not to believe me, so tough is his pride. It might have been disbelief, it might have been rage that made him so white; but he looked like a marble man, face, neck, and hands. That was after the first hint. He gave me no chance to tell the whole, though I had this letter in my pocket."
- "Then you gave him no proof," questioned Lady Rose, eagerly.
- "Proof? He did not want for that. No dog was ever ordered from a door as I was. But he shall have the letter; he shall hear all that I have told you. Then he will come to terms."
- "He never will!" murmured Lady Rose. "Not even to save his son's life!"

This was said under the lady's breath.

- "And if he does not?" she questioned. "If he refuses to pay your price?"
- "Then Sir Noel cannot expect me to be more merciful to his son than he is."

"What is it, tell me exactly, what is it you demand for your silence, and that paper?"

Storms took a folded sheet of foolscap from his pocket, and handed it to Lady Rose, who made an attempt to read it, but her hand shook so violently that the very lines mingled together, like sea-weed on a wave.

"I cannot read it; tell me.

Storms took the paper which he had prepared for Sir Noel, and read it aloud. His hand was firm enough; the agitation that shook the frame of that brave, beautiful girl, reassured him. He was certain of her influence with Sir Noel.

- "Land, free hunting, the house of a gentleman. I wonder he asks so little. Does he know what a life like that is worth to us?" she thought.
- "There is one thing more," said Storms. "Those things I demand for my silence. The paper I only give up when Ruth Jessup is my wife."

Lady Rose seemed to wave the subject aside as an after-consideration.

- "Land and house," she said, drawing a deep breath, as if some idea had become a resolution in her mind. "Tell me, must they be in this country?"
- "If Sir Noel had land in another part of England I should like it better. One might set up for a gentleman among strangers," answered the wretch, eagerly.
- "I can give you all these things in a part of England where you have never been heard of," said the lady. "Only remember this, there must be no more appeals to Sir Noel. He must never see that paper. You must never mention it again to any human being. That is my condition."
- "But, lady, can you make this certain? Sir Neol is your guardian."
- "Not as regards this property. Have no fear, I promise it."
- "And Ruth, Ruth Jessup. Without her all this goes for nothing."
- "Ah, if, as you say, she loves you, that is easy. To a woman who loves, all things are possible."
- "She did love me once," muttered Storms, beginning to lose heart.
- "Then she loves you yet. Ruth is a sweet, honest girl, and with such change is impossible. To love once is to love forever; knowing her, you ought to be sure of this. Besides, it is understood that she is promised to you."
- "She is promised to me," answered Storms, with some show of doubt, "and if it had not been—"



The young man broke off. The blue eyes of Lady Rose were fixed on him with such shrinking wistfulness that he changed the form of his speech.

"If it had not been for the hurt her father got, we might have been wedded before now."

A pang of conscience came over Lady Rose when she thought of pretty Ruth Jessup as the wife of this man who was even then trading on the life of a fellow-being. But a course of reasoning, perhaps unconsciously selfish, blinded her to the misery she might bring on that young creature, should it chance that the union was distateful to her. She even made the property, with which the bridgroom would be endowed, a reason for wishing the marriage. "Ruth is such a sweet little lady," she reasoned, "that the life of a man who worked on his own grounds would be coarse and rude to her. In some sort we are giving her the place of a gentlewoman. Besides, she must love the man. Everything goes to prove that, their walks in the Park, his own word. Yes, I am doing good to her. It is a gratuity, not a bribe."

All these thoughts passed through the mind of Lady Rose swiftly, and with a degree of confusion that baffled her clear judgment. Having resolved to redeem the good name of her guardian's son on any terms, she sought to reconcile them with the fine sense of honor that distinguished her above most women.

"Remember," she said, with dignity, "I will give you the property you demand, partly for the benefit of Ruth Jessup, and partly because I would save my guardian from annoyance. Not that I for one moment believe the horrid thing you have told me. That I know to be impossible."

"The courts will think their own way about that," answered Storms, doggedly. "An honest man's oath, backed with this letter, will be tough things to explain there."

"It is because they are difficult to explain that I have listened to you for a moment," said Lady Rose! "For twice the reward you claim, I would not have a suspicion thrown on my guardian's son. Of any more serious evil, I have no fear."

"Well, my lady, take it your own way. Believe what you like. So long as I get the property, and the wife I want, we won't quarrel about what they are given for. Only both those things I want, and am bound to have."

"But I cannot force Ruth Jessup to marry any man," said Lady Rose.

"All the same. It is your business now to see that she keeps her old bargain. Or all we have agreed upon goes for nothing."

The man was getting almost rudely familiar, as this conversation went on. The sensitive pride of the young lady was aroused by his growing demands, and she dismissed him, almost haughtily.

"Go, now," she said. "I will think of a safe way by which this transfer can be made. In a day or two I will see you again. Till then be silent, and prepare yourself to deliver up that paper."

"But the lass, Ruth Jessup. What of her?"
"I will see Ruth. She has a kind heart. I

"I will see Ruth."

"Then good-day, my lady. You shall see that I know how to hold my tongue, and remember kindness too! Good-day, my lady."

Lady Rose watched the young man as he glided off through the Wilderness, with flashing eyes and rising color. Up to this time she had held her feelings under firm control. Now terror, loathing, and flashes of haughty scorn, kindled up the soft beauty of her face into something grandly new.

"Slanderer! Wretch! The lands I do not care for. But that I should be compelled to urge pretty Ruth Jessup on a creature like that. Can she love him? I will go at once, or loathing of the task will keep me back forever."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

DEAD.

AY J. W. VAN NAMEB, M.D.

COLDLY she lies in the satin-lined,
And richly-mounted coffin there;
Her eyes are closed, her lips are scaled,
Her spirit hears my murmured prayer;
She cannot feel my breath upon
The flaxen ringlets of her hair.

She cannot speak to me again,
Save as the spirit after death,
For the dark angel's cruel power,
Has fanned away her gentle breath;
And now her lips are firmly scaled—
Forever scaled in icy death

I cannot weep. In vain I try,
Grief's fount is dry within my heart;
I can but groan, and moan, and pray,
I cannot force the tears to start,
I cannot bid this wild despair,
This silent, aching grief depart.

The last fond link that bound me to
This earth, is broken, broken now;
And as beside the cold, clay form
Of her I love, I meekly bow,
I plead with God, in heaven above,
To drop sweet mercy on my brow.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC. .

BY RMILY H. MAY.

'We give first, this month, a walking costume for a young lady, to be made of black or gray



alpaca, poplin, or serge; any of these materials are suitable for general fall wear. The lower-skirt is cut quite narrow, measuring only three and a quarter yards in width, and is ornamented by a kilted plaiting twelve inches deep. The trimming which heads the kilting is cut out in shape, of the material, lined with crinoline, and corded, or bound on both sides. Another way, and an easier one of getting the same effect, is to make this trimming with one and a half inch velvet ribbon, forming the design on the skirt. The front width, as may be seen, has this trimming repeated at the distance of about six inches. The Polonaise is exceedingly stylish, and quite new,

short in front, drawn very tight back on the sides, looping to form the apron. The back is untrimmed, simply hemmed, cut long, and considerably puffed just in the back. A small circular cape, with standing ruff, is added to this Polonaise, and, being made separate, can be worn at pleasure. The whole is trimmed to match the skirt. Coat-sleeves, ornamented by a double boxplait, fastened down with buttons, completes this costume. Eighteen yards of material will be required. A very good alpaca can be bought for sixty-two or seventy-five cents; poplin from seventy-five cents up; and serges the same.

Next is a morning-wrapper, for a young mar-



ried lady; and, for every-day wear, we would suggest the gray debegé, now so much in use, as

it is both serviceable and cheap; a very good one { Swiss and Valenciennes lace, with black velvet can be bought for thirty-seven and a half cents per yard. This wrapper is cut all in one, from the shoulder, forming a loose sacque, buttoned from the throat down the front. The trimming for the skirt is a deep flounce, say nine inches, put on straight at the back, and as it is continued toward the front, it is rounded up, and then forms a deep apron-trimming in front. This flounce is headed by a bias band, either of the same material or a darker shade, if economy is necessary, or if not, then let the band be of plain or watered silk. Rosettes of the same ornament the skirt in front. A circular cape, trimmed to match, rounded to the throat in front, and reaching below the waist in the back, finished with a double ruche of clear muslin at the neck.



at the sleeves, which are cut open up the back seam, being simply a coat sleeve, rounded and open. Sixteen yards of debegé would be required, and one and a half yards of silk, for trimming. The jaunty little cap is made of }

bows, and is a pretty addition to a morning toilet. Opposite we give a traveling-dress of striped poplin in gray and black, blue and black, or two



shades of brown or maroon. The under-skirt and over-jacket are of the striped material, while the vest and tunic are of plain, solid-colored material, corresponding with the striped material in shade. Be careful to select the different materials of this costume so that they may perfectly correspond, otherwise the dress will be a failure. The underskirt has one deep flounce, cut on the bias, headed by a bias band of the same, two inches wide, either corded on both sides, or stitched by the sewing-machine. The vest and tunic have no trimming, simply finished by a facing put on to look like a hem. The jacket is tight-fitting at the back, left loose from the side seams; has a turn-over collar and revers. Very close-fitting coat-sleeves. This is also untrimmed, save by a cord or facing. Twelve yards of striped poplin, and six yards of plain material will be required.

Above we give a pretty costume for a little miss

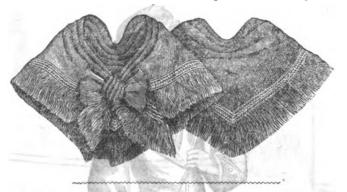


trimmed with velvet ribbon.

of twelve years, made of serviceable merino, and ; with two bias flources, put on very scant, headed by two rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon. Then three rows of mousquetaire trimming on the front breadth, finished with buttons. The jacket is cut quite long enough to form the tunic, is only open to the waist in front, and balted in at the waist. This, as may be seen, is trimmed to match the skirt. Two dozen buttons, and two pieces of velvet ribbon, will be necessary, and six to eight yards of merino.

> Opposite is a paletot for wilttle girl, to be made of cloth, and braided with worsted braid, or bound with velvet or silk. The deep collar is square in the back.

We finish with a cashmere fichu, suitable for an elderly lady. We give the back and front view. 'It is edged with silk fringe, and is plaited down at the back, and fastened with a bow in front. Or it will be pretty made of black lace, There is one skirt, and edged either with fringe or lace.



STRIPE IN CRETONNE WORK AND EMBROIDERY.



foundation for cretonne stripes is mostly of with silks of various colors in cording and emfor most patterns. The patterns are cut out tirely with silk.

The stripe is shown in reduced size. The from cretonne, and fastened upon the linen écru linen, as the color is a good groundwork broidery stitches. The sprays are worked en-

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FASHIONABLE COLLARS FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



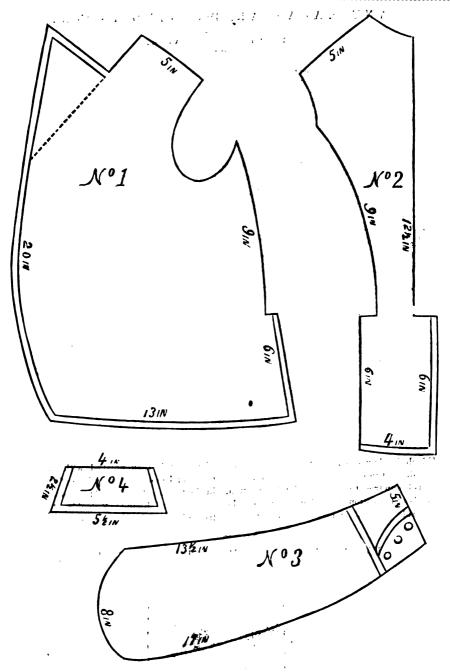


The collar is made of linen, and is stitched and edged with lace or embroidery, which adds at the edge, and a frill is sewn on. It is plaited very much to its beauty.

BOY'S JACKET.

BY BRILT H. MAY.



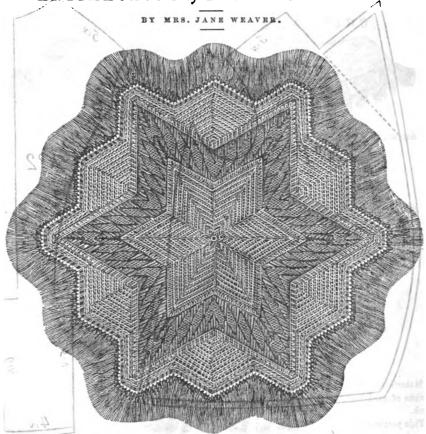


No. 1. HALF OF FRONT. No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 8. HALF OF SLEEVE. No. 4. HALF OF POCKET.

, · :.

ANTIMACASSAR, DARNING IN NET,



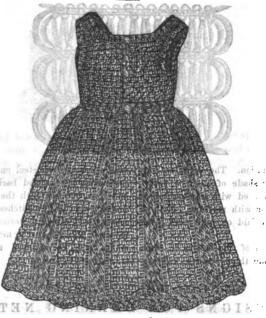
of net, divided into six sections by thread. The work is began from the centre with tatting cotton, in the thread. 2nd Round: * 2 double, 2 chain, the ends of the cotton being tied together on the miss 1. 3rd Round: 2 double, 2 chain. The wrong side when it is necessary to fasten off. fringe is of tatting cotton two inches long.

This design is worked on a twenty-inch square (The cover is then finished with three rows of crochet; 1 double in every hole of the net taking

EMBROIDERED TRIMMING FOR UNDER-LINEN.



858



ounces of pink Berlin wool, medium-sized tricot hook.

This petticoat is intended for a child just shortcoated, and is made lengthways. Begin at the back. Make a chain of sixty stitches with the white wool. Work a row up and off of tricot.

2nd. Row: Pick up the back perpendicular loop instead of the front; coming back, the same as 1st. At the lower edge, increase one in the 2nd. 3rd. and 4th rows.

In the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th rows, decrease one. This makes the scallop at the bestom. You will have now eight ribbed rows. For the thick stripe, take the pink wool, and work, alternately one double with the white, and one double with the pink wool. Continue round the scallops just finished. Fasten off. For the open stripe, made with the white wool, begin at the top of the stripe, and work three chain, pass over one, one double in the next. Repeat.

In the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows, increase one, by working three chain, one double, one double in the same stitch as the last double was worked into.

In the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th rows, decrease by passing over the first three chain; after the first row, work the one double under the three chain.

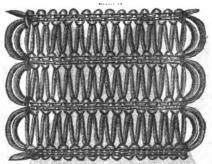
Materials: Half a pound of white and two Twhen the eight rows are finished, work with the pink wool as before, passing over the first and third of the three chains.

> Continue these two stripes until you have sixteen, eight of each; join up the back as far as the opening, leaving it sufficiently long to go over the head easily. For the trimming at the bottom with white wool, work three rows of three chain, one double, the same as for the open stripe.

> On the top of the 3rd row, work with the pink and white wool alternately double in every stich. For the waist of petticoat, work a row of double with the pink and white wool, taking up two stitches each time. Work on the top of this with a fine tricot hook four rows, the same as for the thick stripe, and on this a row of double, with the pink and white wool.

> For the bodice, cut out in paper the size required, and work to it, beginning at the back with the same stitch as for the thick stripe, and in white wool work round the arm-holes with the pink and white wool, also down the back. top is finished with a row of pink and whiteone of white the same as thick stripe, one of pink and white to finish it. The back is fastened with buttons and button-holes; the bodice is sewn on to the skirt with a wool needle.

859

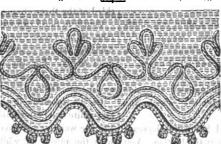


be in another color or shade of cloth or velvet. three rows are knitted backward and forward, The edge may be worked with chain-stitch in and then one row with the wooden needle; by silk either by hand or with machine. Embroi- drawing up the side stitches, the edging scallops dory or braid may be laid on, and sewn down are made, in which, if desired, a few open scallop with purse-silk.

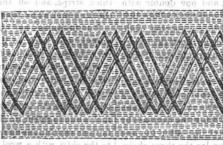
and wool requires one thick wooden knitting- stitches are to be cast on.

Cloth is the foundation. The applique may | needle and two fine steel ones. With the latter, rows can be crocheted er netted. In our pattern, The simple execution of this border in Shet- which may be widened at pleasure, sixteen

DESIGNS FOR DARNING



Use coarse bobbinet or musquito lace, and is suitable for tidies, pincushion-covers, toiletdarn with a coarse linen floss. These designs mats, etc., etc.



FANCY WORK-BASKET.



twelve inches long, and four high. The lower is worked for the lid, and both strips are edged part is ornamented with a vandyked strip of with bottonhole-stitch. A very neat and useful brown cleth, embroidered with gold-colored purse article.

The basket is of funcy straw, and measures | silk in satin and overcast stitch. A similar strip

MONOGRAM AND EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

"Peterson" for 1875! Great Improvements!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1875 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore the one, above all others, for the times. That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, the largest circulation of any lady's book in the United States, or, so far as we know, in the world.

For 1875, "Peterson" will deserve this circulation still more, for it will be greatly improved in every respect. The reform in the postage law, meanwhile, will make "Peterson" cheaper than ever. For it must be remembered that the prices to clubs, as well as to a single subscriber, now include the postage, which will be pre-paid here. Our old club prices, with the postage that the subscriber had to pay afterward, made "Peterson" cost, in all cases, more than it will for 1875. Too much attention cannot be called to this fact! Moreover, this new system of pre-paid postage will save our patrens, not only money, but much annoyance and many misunderstandings. We look, confidently, is consequence, for a great increase, in 1875, to our already unparabeticd circulation.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. Be the first in the field. A specimes will be sent, gratis, if written for. Do not lose a moment!

THE NEW STYLES OF SHOES are very beautiful, and as dresses are now worn comparatively short in front, a presty shoe is a necessity. The La Vallière is the latest novelty; the form is copied from the shoe fashionable in Louis XIV. days. It has wide and not very high heels; the kid is dead-looking, like Swedish kid, which it resembles in another way, being chamois-colored. The low on the instep flas four loops, with a long transverse in the centre. This shoe almost covers the foot entirely; it is not smart-looking, but possesses a certain style. The shoes, made with a strap and steel buckle, which can be tightened or slackened at pleasure, and which are now so much worn, are made in black satin as well as kid. Boots cut open and barred across the front are always worn with silk stockings.

ALWAYS AHEAD,—The Forreston (IIL) Journal says, in noticing this magazine, "the publisher, always shoud, has met the new post-office law, requiring postage to be paid in advance, at once. He offers to sent his magazine to subscribers at the full price of two dollars, postage free, and to clus, at rates, which, considering he pays the postage, are charger than ever." And all the newspapers acknowledge the same truth.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS more arrespond on our steel fashion-plates, every year, than if we lithographed the fashions, as other magazines do. But "Peterson" stops at no less in order to excel.

CHEAPER THAN EVER .- We call attention, again, to the great reform in the postage laws, by which subscribers to magazines and newspapers, by sending their postage to the publisher, secure, at a lower rate and with absolute certainty, the speedy and safe transmission of their periodicals through the mails. In order to meet this great reform, in the spirit with which it has been inaugurated, we have added the postage, or rather a part of it, to the club rates of "Peterson," (as will be seen in our Prospectus,) so that subscribers, when once they have remitted to us, will receive their magazines, monthly, at their respective offices, without further expense or trouble. "Peterson" will, hereafter, be cheaper than ever. The reform is one, not only in a saving of expense, but in the escape from annoyances and misunderstandings. Once having subscribed, at the new rates, for "Peterson," the subscriber need give herself, or himself, no more concern. There will be an end of disagreements with postmasters as to what is the proper postage. Every one will know, from the first, what their "Peterson" is to cost. Finally, the cost of "Peterson," under this new arrangement, will be less than ever, when it is remembered that we pre-pay the postage, ... () / J

THREE KINDS OF CLUBS.—We offer, for 1875, as will be seen, three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is out warrivafied engraving, "Washinoton's First Interview With His Weyn," For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson," for 1875. For still another kind, (generally large clubs,) there are two premiums, viz., the large-sized engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." We have been offering these three kinds of clubs for two years, and find the plan so popular—some persons wishing only an engraving, and others only a copy of "Peterson," while others wish both—that we renew it for next year.

THE NEW WINTER WEARS, especially those made of velvet are to be loose and large, or else a modified form of the dolman. Opera cloaks are to be we'rn immensely large, coming nearly to the bottom of the dress. Apron over-skirts, embroidered all over with jet, and with sleeveless jackets to match, are to be very much worn; and sleeveless jackets in velvet, embroidered with steel or with jet, or else with flowers in colored sliks, are likely to be very popular.

"I MADE A MISTARE."—A lady writes to us:—"We thought this year, we would try, in our town, some of the other magazines; and so some took one, and some another. But we made a mistake. We find that 'Peterson' is, as you claim, both; the best and cheapest, and hence I send you, early, a club of twelve"

BOTH THE MAGAZINE AND PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1875, will be sent, postage pre-paid, for two dollars and fifty cents. Where clee can as much be had for the money?

Do Not LET Your Friends Sumeribe for any other magazine, until they have seen a specimen of "Peterson," the chespest and best of the lady's books.

THE NEW STYLES Of dressing the hair, of which we have spoken layely, are suggraved, in the front of the number, this quotient.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson." It is emphatically the magazine for the times.



Our New Pressure Engravine von 1875, is the finest, as well as must cently, we have ever issued. It is none of your cheap, colored lithographs; with which the market is flooded, but a first-class line and memotint curreving, exccated in the highest style of art, after an original picture by J. W. Ehninger. It cost, in all, two thousand dellars. No premium of equal value, we boldly assert, will be offered by any magazine for 1875. The subject is "Washington's FIRST INTERVIEW WITH His Wips," The story, as is well known, is quite romantic. Washington on his way to join Gen. Braddock, in the great French and Indian war of 1755, stonned, with his orderly, at the White House, since so celebrated in the Virginia campaigns of M'Clellan, Lee and Grant. Here he met a young and beautiful widow, with whom he was so fascinated, that the orderly, instead of being summoned within balf an hour, as he had expected, led Washington's horse up and down, nearly all day, while his enamored master was listening to the gay sallies of the charming Mrs. Custis. The result is matter of history. Mrs. Custis became the wife of the great here, and was known, in after years, as Lady Washington. This is a picture that ought to be in every household. You can get it, gratis, by raising a club for "Peterson" for 1875. Begin at once !

THE BUTTERFLY SLIPPER, given in colors, in the front of the number, would make a very pretty Christmas present.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Young Magdalen, and Other Froms. By Francis S. Smith. 1 vol., 8 co. Phalada: T. B. Peterson & Bruthers.—This is a very elegantly printed volume, a credit, in every way, to the American press. The principal poem, too, is quite worthy of the setting; and we may say the same of many of the smaller ones. Mr. Smith, has the native-term poetical faculty; that is, facility in ve-se, true feeling, and graceful fancy. His little pictures of domestic life are particularly good. He seems to love children intensely. Many goets of real genius mar their efforts, in this day, by attempting philosophy in metre; they avoid the caucitopal; they will not condescend to be intelligible. The result is that they are praised, but nover read; they sleep in libraries, but do not reach the people. It was not so with the great masters of song. Mr. Smith is on the right track, and we congruents the entitle of the second state of the care in the second second control of the result is that they are praised, but now it is not to the right track, and we congruents the care in the second control of the care in the care in

Katherine Line: By Addine Trufton. 1 col., 12 who. New York: Les, Shepard & Dillingham.—This is quite a charming novel, in spite of the incidents being commonplace. It is only another illustration of the truth, which all writers of fletion should bear in mind, that it is possible to write an interesting story, nay! to write the best kind of a story; without going beyond every-day experience. In the most humble life, and, seemingly, even the most uneventful, there is always the elements of a great tragedy, often the tangedy itself; and where these size wanting, there is love or disappointment, happiness or micery; and frequently, most frequently perhaps, both alternately. What more does the author need? To give any outline of this story would be unfair to the publishers, so we can only say that the chapters on "Katy Eirle," as a child, are inimitable.

The Count of Monte Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—After all there is no writer of fiction, who, do his :paculiar line, equals Dumas; and none of Dumas novels, except perhaps, "The Three Guardsmen," equals this. It is a new edition, in double-column octavo.

Tested. By Cella E. Gardair. I vol., 12 me. New York: G. W. Carleton.—A pleasant, reashib novel, by a new writer, or at least one heretofore unknown to us. The volume is well printed and handsomely bound.

Beautiful Snow, and Other Possut: Nets Illustrated Edition. By J. W. Wotson. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—As a specimen of elegant typography this volume has few equals: The principal poem is one that has had great popularity, so great indeed that it has overshadowed the others; but this is not fair to the author; for there are several in the book of equal, if not superior merit. The great teste and decided genue, and engraved and printed quite elegantly. The paper on which the volume is printed is of the finest, and the binding is in morocco cloth, with gilt top, gilt sides and beveled boards. We know nothing more suitable than this beautiful book for a Christmas, New Year's, or Birth-Day gift.

Not In Their Sci. From the German of Marie Lennen. By M. S. the translator of "By his Onto Might." I sol., 12 mo. Boston: Les & Shepard....We believe this in the first of this lady's fictions that has been translated into English. She has attracted considerable attention, however, in Germany; of late, having achieved popularity, partly because of her literary ability, but partly also in consequence of the subjects she discusses. The present novel turns on the straggle of a young girl with her surroundings; it depicts the prejudices of different social circles, and is well described in the title, "Not In The Set." We recommend the book, not only for its intrinsic merits as a story, but also for the very graphic pictures it gives of German society.

A Fatal Passion By Charles de Bernard. Translated by O. Vibeur. I vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This is a book which seems to have had a remarkable success in France. Nor do we have to go far to seek the causes of this popularity. The style is good, the descriptions vivid, the conversations animated, and the moral of the tale, using that word in its largest sense, unexceptionable. That moral is that marriage, without love, no matter how favorable may be the other circumstances, cannot give permanent isoppiness. As with all French novels, even those of the second class, the plot is skillfully constructed. We do not remember ever to have seen any of this author's novels translated pseviously.

Love At First Sight. By Ouptoin Heavy Curibig. I vol., 8 vo. Philiads: T. B. Feterson & Brothers.—The author of this novel is favorably known as the author of "The Soldier of Fortune," "The Stolen Child," and other fictions. We think this, however, his best work. The interest in the plot is kept up with great skill; the characters are well drawn; and the story is essentially what is called romantic, ending in a happy marriage, in which the heroine wins not only a husband, but a coronet also. The edition is a cheap one.

A Rose is June. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: James B. O-good & Co.—We can echo the encomiums of a recent critic, who says that this new novel, by Mrs. Oliphant, is a "dear, tender, innocent, old-fushioned love-story;" and we do it the more readily because that, which immediately preceded it, "For Love and Life," is absolutely the worst she over wrote. The present story, in fact, removes the fears, which we had begun to entertain, that this popular author was writing herself out.

The Young Wife's Book. I rol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is exactly what its name imports, a cook-book for a young wife, who is just going to house-keeping. It contains receipts for dishes for breakfast, dinner and tea, as well as numerous miscellaneous receipts for all sorts of dishes for the table. The receipts, too, have the great merit of being generally economical.

The Story of Elizabeth. By Miss Thackeray. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—One of the most delicate, refined, and charming stories ever written. To have read it is to have been, so to speak, educated in the beautiful and good.

OUR ARM CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—This Magazine still continues to be the favorite of the newspaper press. The Cushocton (Ohio) Democrat says:-" Peterson leads all others in the power and originality of the stories. In the number before us, the steel-engravings, the colored fashion-plates, the illustrated wood-engravings, for fashions and for patterns in embroidery, crochet, etc., are worth more than twice the price of the number." The Norristown (Pa.) Defender says: "Peterson has long been, and always will remain, the favorite of the ladies." The Shelbyville (Ill.) Union says: "The last number is more beautiful than ever." The Albany (Oregon) Democrat says:--" Bright and piquant: how any lady can be without it, is a mystery to us." The Petersburg (Ind.) Democrat says:-" Brimful of the very best literature, and yet within the reach of everybody, being only two dollars a year." The Berlin (Canada) Telegraph says:-"It is the best of the lady's magazines, and no lady can consider herself posted on the fashions, who does not take it." The Dallas (Herald) Texas says:—" Ladies might as well almost be out of the world as not have the fashious as illustrated and described by 'Peterson.'" The Natchitoches (La) Republican says:-" A perfect gem of art and literature." The Owensboro' (Ky.) Shield says:-" The best and most reliable fashion-book published in the country." The St. Joseph's (Mo.) Standard says :- " The fashion-plates, woodengravings, embroidery patterns, music, and stories, are all good. Good? 'Peterson' publishes nothing that it is not good." The Harrisburg (Pa.) Church Advocate says :- " It commends itself to the refined taste of every lady." Hundreds of similar notices of the October number have been roceived

THE BOOK CATALOGUE OF T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS IS one of the largest and best, especially in the way of novels, of any publishing firm in the United States. It comprises the works of Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Marryatt, Reynolds, etc., etc., besides the best fictions of more recent English writers. The prices are remarkably low also. In novels by American authors it is exceptionally rich, containing the complete works of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hents, etc., etc. The catalogue will be sent, gratis, if written for. Address, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH VS. ARZOW-ROOT-Dr. Stevenson Macadam of Edinburgh reports: "I have made a careful chemical analyses of Kingsford's Oswego Prepared Corn [Corn Starch!] and find such to be of the finest and purest description, and when prepared according to the directions, with milk, etc., to be an excellent article of diet. It is fully equal in chemical and feeding properties to the best Artow-Root"-Edinburgh Review.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

PRACTICAL DIMNERS.—We are often asked, by fair subscribers, what things to give for dinner, when there is company. We have, accordingly, prepared the following bill of fare, with instructions how to make the dishes, all the articles being such as may be obtained anywhere, except, perhaps, the mackerel, and for this lake or river fish may be substituted.

Green-pea soup. Grilled mackerel. Roast fillet of beef. French bean salad. Parmesan omelet. Rice à l'Impératrice.

GREEN-PRA Soup.-Take one pint and a half of green peas, boil them in salt and water with a little mint; when

piece of butter into a stew-pan; when melted put in an onion and a carrot, cut in this slices, fry until they begin to color; add a quart of steck; a little salt, pepper, and a pinch of white sugar. Leave it to boil for a quarter of an hour, stir in the purse of peas, let it come to the boil, strain it. and serve with small dice of bread, fried in butter.

GRILLED MACKEREL -Split a couple of mackerel down the back, and remove the bone. Mix some clive oil in a dish, with pepper and sait, by the mackerel in this, and turn them over so that they are well oiled on both sides. Place them in a double gridiron, and grill them for about ten minutes in front of a clear, but not too flerce, fire, turning them frequently during the process. Serve back downwards, with a large piece of matter d'hôtel butter on each

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER .- Put a couple of ounces of fresh butter into a basin, with the juice of a lemon, pepper and sait to-taste, and a small quantity of parsley freed from moisture and finely minced. Incorporate the whole well together, and keep it in a cool place till wanted.

ROAST FILLET OF BEEF .- Take a piece of the undercut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat neatly, and the thin skin next to it; sard, not too finely; that skle of it with fat bacon, and lay it for a whole day in a pie-dish, with plenty of olive oil, pepper, sait, parsley, slices of onion, and laurel leaves. Tie it on the spit, cover the larded side with a piece of buttered paper, roast it at a brisk fire, and do not let it be overdone. Baste it frequently with its own gravy, and a short time before serving remove the piece of paper to let the larding take color. Serve with its own gravy, and round it small potatoes, tossed in butter until done.

FRENCH BEANS SALAD .- String some French beans, and boil them whole in plenty of salted water; when cold, dress them with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, some tarragon and capers, finely minced, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs, anchovies, and best-root. The dish must be well rubbed with a shallot.

PARMESAN OMELET.—Beat up three eggs, with pepper and salt to taste, and a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the omelet-pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the eggs, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a flat spoon. The moment the omelet begins to set cease stirring, but keep shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the spoon double up the omelet, and keep on shaking the pan until the underside is of a good color. Turn it out on a hot dish, colored side uppermost, and serve ouickly.

REZ A LA L'IMPERATRICE.-Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice, picked and washed clean, in a pint of milk, with sugar to taste, and a piece of vanilla; when quite done, put it into a beain to get cold. Make a custard with a gill of milk and the yolks of four eggs; when cold mix it with the rice. Beat up to a froth a gill of cream, with some sugar and a pinch of isinglass dissolved in a little water; mix this very lightly with the rice and custard; fill a mould with the mixture, and set it on ice. When moderately iced, turn it out on a dish over a purse of plums, and serve.

PURER OF PLUMS.—Stew a quantity of plums, with sugar to taste, and not too much water. When quite done, pass through a hair-sieve, stir well, and when cold it is ready.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

DE ABRAM. LIVEREY, M. D.

No. X .- CUTAKEOUS DISEASES CONTINUED.

LICHER.—This is an emption of small pimples, of a scarlet color, elevated above the adjoining skin, and is generally atthoroughly cooked pass them through a hair sieve. Put a tended with a little itching. We find licken manifest itself among children in three forms: 1st. Simplex, or simple, is of frequent occurrence, and generally arises from sudden exposure to cold after the surface of the child's body has been over-heated by too active exercise or play. It is common among boys at school, and resembles measles, though readily distinguished from that disease by being more elevated, of much brighter color, and in more distinct patches.

The eruption is also accompanied with inflammation of the eyes, and some cough. Hence it is sometimes called false, or French, messles, etc. It runs its course commonly in ten days, consequently but little treatment is required, and no uneasiness need be manifested by the mother. However, unloading the alimentary canal by means of infusion of senna, or some mild aperient, and the avoidance of salt meats, mackerel, pastry, cheese, and confinement to a simple diet, with tepid spongings, are measures always advisable in affections of children. 2nd. Lividus; is recognized by its livid appearance with small, dark pimples intermingled, and is usually found confined to the feet and legs of children, whose constitutions are in a depraved condition, and whose blood is deficient in fibrine. Torrice, as aromatic sulphwrit acid, and quinia, with fresh beef, mutton, and wholesome vegetables should be advised for older children, and a good milk and farinaceous diet for the younger. Here also the bowels, in the first place, should be emptied of their depraved secretions and foul contents, and the tepid bath be renorted to.

3rd. Urticates, or nettle-rash variety, appears more frequently on children of fair complexions, and who have red hair. It manifests itself in the form of wheals, recembling the bites of gnats or mosquitoes, which subside in a few days and again appear in other places. These wheals appear most frequently on the fore-arms, but may appear in all parts of the body. The cause of their occurrence is generally owing to imprudence in diet, causing acidity of the stomach, locking up the bile in the system, and depraving the system generally.

Magnesia, with or without rhubarb, with proper diet, ablutions, etc., are advisable, unless the mother be of homeopathic faith and practice, when she may safely resort to mercurius, hepar, pulsatilla, rhus, or urtica, and conjoin a rigid diet with spongings, and doubtless these eruptions will soon vanish.

But where there is a decided derangement of the stomach with acidity and bitter eructations; when the bowels are overloaded with coarse and indigestible food, or disordered by unripe fruit, or dried nuts, as is apt to be the case, it seems to me to be folly to depend upon any course of treatment but that which will remove the case, and we know that alkalies will correct acidity, that rhubarb and magnesia will gently and safely carry out of the system all foreign indigestible matter that may have clogged up the bowels, and given rise to these troublesome skin dis-

FLORICULTURE.

FERNS.—To raise ferns from seed, shake the seed into a bottle filled with earth, and when the young plants become too big for their house, break the bottle and plant them out.

Snow-drop and Croous.—These are best left in the earth to die a natural death, and come up again next spring, as snow-drops especially do not like their roots to be divided. Hyacinths, which have flowered in glasses or pots the first year, may, when turned yellow and faded, be taken out, shaken free of earth at the roots, and placed in a dry greenhouse or cupboard, and the following year planted in the garden; but hyacinths never bear such fine flowers again after the first time.

FERNERY.—The glass shade of a fernery need not be taken off, except when it is too dense with vapor, when it must be removed, wiped out, and all those fern leaves that have touched it, be wiped also with a soft cloth. If the leaves are allowed to touch the wot glass, they will decay; otherwise the fernery must be kept air-tight. Ferns prefer the shade, as the leaves flag in the sun, unless the plants are in open pots, with plenty of water, when they do not mind a sunny window.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Fire Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

POULTRY AND MEATS.

Brown.—Take a pig's head and feet, and about one and a half pounds of shin of beef; boil together for about two hours and a half. Take out of the water, and remove all bones, chop fine, mix about a teaspoonful of white pepper, a handful of sait, a little Cayenne, and a teaspoonful of mixed spice; mix all thoroughly together, and put into a mould, that has been previously wetted with cold water; place something heavy on the top to press it. This is a very economical dish, as the liquor in which it is boiled makes excellent pearsoup.

Hodge-Podge.—(An excellent way of warming cold mutton.)—Mince your mutton, (it is better rather underdone,) and cut up one or two lettuces and two or three onions into slices. Put these into a stew-pan, with about two ounces of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and half a cup of water; simmer for three-quarters of an hour, keeping it well stirred; boll some peas separately, mix them with the mutton, and serve very hot.

Checkes Pufs.—Mince up together the breast of a chicken, some Iran ham, a little paraler, some shallot, and lemoneel, and season these with papper, salt, Cayenne, and beaten mace. Let this be on the fire for a few minutes in a little good white sauce. Cut some thinly rolled-out puff-paste into squares, putting on each some of the mince; turn the paste over, fry them in boiling lard, and serve them on a serviette. These pufs are very good cold, and they form a convenient supper-dish.

Calf's Liver and Basen.—This is commonly tossed in butter. The liver, sliced moderately thin, is first dressed, and the rashers of bacon afterward; serve garnished with the latter. Culf's liver may also be fried; dip the slices into sensoned beaten eggs and olive oil, and fry quickly. In France, similarly shaped pieces of liver and bacon are skewered together, then dipped into oil, and subsequently sprinkled with bread-trumbs, and boiled; scason and serve. When tossed without the bacon, a glass of wine may be poured into the pan, and served in the dish, with the liver arranged around.

Calves' Fest Fricassed.—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water, until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones, in good-sized pieces. Dip them to yolk of egg, cover with fine bread-crumbs; pepper and sait them; fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

To "Deril" Turbay.—Mix a little salt, black pepper, and Cayenne, and sprinkle the mixture over the gizzard, rump, and drumstick of a dressed turkey; boil them, and serve very hot with this sauce; mix with some of the gravy out of the disb, a little made mustard, some butter and flour, a spoonful of lemon-juice, and the same of soy; boil up the whole.



DESSERTS

Various Puddinga.-Sponge-Cales Pudding.-butter a mould well, and ornament it with dried cherries or sultanss, then three-parts fill it with sponge-cake, and fill up with custard. Four sponge-cakes, baif a pint of milk, and two or three eggs, sweetened with loaf-sugar, make a nice small pudding. Boil or steam it for half an hour, and serve with sweet sauce or wine sauce. Australian Pulding .- One pound of flour, half a pound of suct, quarter of a pound of currants. quarter of a pound of raisins, nearly half a pound of sugar, salt, spice, and lemon-peel to taste, and a little candied peel, Put a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into half a pint of milk and water, and mix this with the above. It should be as soft as possible without the fruit sinking. Butter the mould well; the pudding must not fill it, as it rises, and it must be put into boiling water the instant it is made. Boil it four hours, and serve with wine or brandy sauce. It is equally good if baked. Baked Apple Pudding -Butter a beain well, and line it with a thin suct crust; fill it as closely as possible with apples cut rather small; add sugar, a little lemon-peel, and a wineglassful of water. Put on the cover. Bake it in a steady oven for two or three hours. When half done, put a plate under the basin, in case the juice should boil out. Sift sugar over.

Charlotte de Pommes.—Cut from a household loaf a number of slices of uniform thickness (one quarter to three-eighths of an inch thick;) butter a plain mould and all the slices of bread; shape one of them round to fit the bottom of the mould, and another one for the top; cut the rest in pieces an inch wide, and the height of the mould in length; lay one of the round pieces at the bottom of the mould, and line the sides with the small pieces, carefully smearing the edges with white of egg, so as to make them hold well together. Stew a quantity of apples with plenty of brown sugar, a little water, the julee and the thin rind of a lemon, and a piece of cinnamon; when thoroughly done, pass them through a hair-sieve; fill the mould with this purée, put on the round slice of bread for the cover, and set on a quick oven for allout an hour and a half.

Matriniony Tart.—Pare and core about a dozen nice-eized applies; put them into a sauce-pan with a little water to keep them from burning; boil them until you can pulp them, (but do not forget to frequently stir them.) then aid a quarter of a pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel, and enough sugar to sweeten it nicely; if liked, also a little grated nutra g. Pour this mixture into a large turt-tin or dish that has previously been lined with a thin paste. Then roll out another pince the same size and thickness, which place over the top; press the edges together all round, make a hole in the centre, the same as for mince-pies, and bake.

Lemon Cherscooks.—Pare two lemons very thin, put the rind in soak in half a pint of cold water. Put into a nicely-tinned sauce-pan one pound of loaf-sugar, six ounces of fresh butter, six eggs, the yolks and whites a little beaten, and the water in which the rind has been soaked. Keep this mixture well stirred until it becomes about us thick as ordinary honey. Pour it into a jar, and it will keep good for several weeks. Line dishes or patty-pans with nice puffpaste, and put in the cheesecake. It should not be browned in the oven, but should be made a wice, bright-yellow color.

A Sussement Pudding.—Cover a dish with a thin pull-paste, and by in it freshly candied owange, benon, and witron, one ounce each, sliced thu; beat the yelks of eight and the whites of two eggs, and mix with eight ownces of initer, warmed, but not olded, and eight essaces of white singar; pour the mixture on the sweatments, and bake an hour in a moderate over.

CARM

Breakfast Cale.-1. Take two pounds of flour, quarter of a pound each of butter, pounded sugar, and currants, a pinch of spice and sait, three or four drops of essence of lemon. Put all into a basin, with three tablespoonfuls of brewers' or patent yeast, previously mixed with a quarter of a pint of warm milk or water. Mix into a light dough, taking care to use the hand as lightly as possible. When this is done put the dough in a warm place to prove, for half an hour; then mould it into what shape you please, such as small buns, etc., or, if made the size of a small tea-plate, it may be cut and buttered the same as muffins, or if baked in a mould it can be served at breakfast or at luncheon. When cold, in all cases it must be put back into a warm place for ten minutes after being made up or moulded, then baked in a moderate oven. If yeart is not at hand, a tablespoonful of baking powder or a tempoonful of carbonate of sods can be used. These will take much less time than yeast, as they must be mixed, and the calce put to bake at once; they will also make the cakes more crisp than yeast. 2. Egg Loaf.-One pound of dough, two ounces of butter, two ounces pounded-sugar, two eggs. Beat all well together in a basin in the same manner as eggs are beaten, only using the hand instead of the whisk; set in a plain monld to rise for three-quarters of an hour, then bake in a quick oven. When cut it should have the appearance of horseycomb. This is a very nice breakfast-cake, and will make delicious toest when stale.

French Cabe. Out of two pounds of flour take half a pound, make a hole in the centre, and put in half an ounce of yeast, mixed up with a little warm but not hot water. make it into a sponge, and place it, well wrapped up, in a warm place. When this leaven has risen sufficiently, which will be known by its having increased in bulk by half, make a hole in the centre of the remaining flour, and put in one pound of butter, and six eggs; work it well together, so as to make a soft sponge, which must be kneaded up twice with the hands; if too stiff, another egg must be added. Cut up and stone a quarter of a pound of Malaga raisins, add the same quantity of dried currents, and some sugar, and a glass of water, in which some saffron has been infused; mix all the ingredients well together with the sponge; add the leaven; put it into a well-buttered tin mould, and let the whole stand for an hour or two to rise. When well risen, bake in a moderate oven for an hour or an hour and duartet.

Pancakes.-1. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with half a pint of cream; add two eggs, and beat the whole till quite smooth; put in a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a little powdered cinnamon, and a little grated nutmeg. 2. Mix half a pint of cream with three tablespoonfuls of flour, and half a pint of white wine; add the yolks of ten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and some powdered cinnamon. If too thick, dilute the batter with milk. 3. Make a thin batter with a pint of cream and some flour; put in half a pound of fresh butter, melted, eight eggs, well beaten, half a nutmeg, grated, and a little salt. 4. Beat six new-laid eggs with half a pint of cream, half a nutmeg, grated, and as much flour as will make the batter of the proper thickness. 5. Mix a pint of milk with as much flour as will make a thin batter; add a glass of pale brandy, a little grated nutmeg, a little nowdered ginger, and a pinch of sait; then add four eggs; eat all well together.

Dough-Nut.—Take two peunds of flour, half a pound of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; mix with buttermlik. Have a pan (a three-legged pot, if you can get it) of boiling lard, into which drop pieces of the dough, being rolled out and cut with a coffee-cup. They will rise like a nut, then turn, and take them out when they are brown.

Occount Cakes .- Take the meat of the nut, and grate it as fine as you can. Weigh it, and add the same weight of fine sifted sugar, and wet with egg to the proportion of one egg to one pound of the mixture. Bake them in small pattytins in a slow oven, and let them remain in the tins till sold. Keep the cakes in a dry place. Some prefer the addition of a little flour, and generally put half as much flour as cocoanut meat and of sifted sugar-the united weight of both flour and cocosnut.

Soda Loaf.—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, three eggs, one teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar, whick the eggs well, stir them into the flour, etc., with the milk; dissolve the sods in the milk, and best the whole up together with a wooden spoon for some time; it should not be allowed to stand, but be placed in the oven immediately in a small loaf-in with paper round it, well buttered. Bake in a moderate even.

Macaroni.-Put a piece of butter, half a pound of macaroni, an onion stuck with two cloves, and a little salt, into hot water; boil them for three-quarters of an hour, and then, if the macaroni is flexible, take it out and drain it well. Put it into another sauce-pan, with two ounces butter, three ounces grated Parmesan cheese, four ounces Gruyere, also grated, a little pepper and nutmeg; toss up the whole together, adding two or three spoonfuls of cream, and when done, put it into a dish, and serve it very hot.

Sugar Cale.-Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three eggs, milk enough to form a dough. Beat the butter and sugar together, whisk the eggs light, and add them, then stir in the milk and flour alternately, so as to form a dough. Roll itout, cut it in cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.

Plain Cake.-Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, and nearly half a pint of milk. The powder to be mixed with the flour, and the milk when going into the oven.

Rice Cheese-Cakes .- Half a pound of butter beaten to a cream, baif a pound of crushed loaf sugar, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of currants, four yolks of eggs. The mixture does not require any further cooking than what it undergoes in the pastry.

Buss.—Mix one pound and a half of dried flour, one quarter of a pound of sugar, melt six ounces of butter in a little warm milk, a spoonful of yeast, half a pound of currents, washed and dried; mix the whole in a light dough, keep it warm till it rises.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. 1.—House-Dame or Black Velver.—Skirt long and perfectly plain. Waist plain, with a basque in front, and finished at the back by a wide each of black velvet, made to form puffs; the long ends are edged with black lace. The neck and sleeves are also trimmed with black lace.

FIG. 11.-WALEING-DRESS OF AMETETST-COLORED CASH-HERE.—The skirt is trimmed with a deer plaining of the cashmere, fastened at the top and bottom by a much darker shade of volvet, put on low and caught up at equal distances. The over-skirt is only an apren in front, trimmed with a row of the dark velvet, and guipure of the same color. The wrap is of the Dolman shape, wadded and trimmed with a band of far. Black velves has.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIE.—The skirt is made with one deep flounce, beneath which falls another flounce of black velvet. The poplin flounce is also headed by a puffing of black velvet; and the large puff at the together at the left side with a large jet buckle. The waist is made with basques deep and plain in front, but not so deep, and fuller at the back. The nack and sleeves are trimmed with ruffles of the poplin and black velvet. Bonnet of black velvet with full gray plumes.

FIG. IV .- CARMIAGE DRESS OF DARK-GREEK SILK .- The skirt is long and plain. The body is made with a continuation like a short apron in front, falling close and reaching to the waist at the back, from which comes a deep puff; bows and ends of the silk form the trimming, with a deep band of fur on the front. The sleeves are also ornamented with fur, and a small bow of silk. Standing ruff of silk at the neck. Green velvet bonnet, with pink roses.

FIG. V .- WALKING-DEESS, THE UNDER-SKIRT OF WHICH IS OF BROWN VELVET .- Made quite plain. Over-dress of light fawn-colored camel's-hair, trimmed with fur. Jacket of striped brown and stone-colored cloth, trimmed with fue. Stone-colored felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet.

Fig. vi.-Walking-Dries.-The petticout is of black velvet, with two flounces, headed by narrow puffings. The sleeves are also of black velvet. The over-dress is of gray cashmere, made rather long, and fastened down the front with many bows of black velvet ribbon. The skirt is opened at the sides up to the waist, and turned back with revers of black velvet, fastened with a button at the bottom. Standing ruff of black velvet at the neck. Gray felt hat, with fee thers.

FIG. VII.-CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GREEN SILE.-The back is made in longitudinal puffs, separated by bands of cypressgreen velvet; the lower part of the skirt in front is also of groen velvet; and the same material is used for the west, the rolling collar, and the cuffs. The front of the skirt is of green silk, also puffed lengthwise, but in much longer puffs than the back; it and the basque at the back are trimmed with cypress-green chenille fringe. Cypress-green velvet hat, trimmed with a lighter green feather and pink rose.

GENERAL REMARES.—We also give two patterns for children's dresses; the first is of blue foulard, trimmed with one ruffle around the lower-skirt and one around the upper. On the front of this akirt, which is looped up behind, three bands are placed, fastened with a button on each end. Vest of the blue foulard. The sacque is of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet.

The other dress is for a child three or four years of age, made of white pique. A row of buttons is placed between two rows of white braid; a broad hand of embreidery is placed on the right side of these buttons, and narrow embroidery trims the neck and sleeves. Simple braiding pattern around the skirt.

We give all the newest fancies for dressing the bair; the style with the ribbon tied rather low down is called the "comte d'Artoise." This is a much more becoming fashion than having the hair drawn up on the top of the head, leaving all the nape of the neck exposed, especially for all persons with long necks. For a simpler coiffure, the hair can be simply combed back over a cushion in front, plaited simply, and tied with a ribbon. The flowers are only added for full evening dress. The net is worn principally by young girls or young married ladies.

We also given black felt hat, trimmed with a black and white striped handkerchief, and black aigrette and poppies; and a gray velvet bonnet, trimmed with brown velvet and brown feathers, and bunches of butter-cups.

The colors for winter wear are almost as faded-looking as those so long popular; but they are very dark and indescribable, the various shades of red, blue, green, gray, and purple; but all of which look very well when combined with any other color that is not too deep in tone. In flict the great advantage of these faded tints is that they can be so well worn with any color with which they may be placed, if it is equally faded looking. The deep, full tints look raw back is also of the same material, the ends being caught and vulgar when put with even a complementary color, One of the newest colors is a shade of prune, not so rich as the shade hitherto known by that name, but of a sickly hue, which nevertheless combines well with most other colors, especially with a very pale blue.

In spite of all efforts to the contrary the draped skirt will be very much worn in some shape, the apron-front being, perhaps, the most popular; but as long as the drapery is drawn close around the person, any way of looping the upper skirt is fashionable, and gives great scope to individual taste. Short skirts, just clearing the ground, are again introduced in Paris for walking, for which fashion we are devoutly thankful, for if it's less elegant than the longer petticoats, it is much more cleanly and convenient. But this fashion we regret to say, is by no means universal.

One of the most elegant French dresses which we have en was of mole-colored silk, with an apron-front trimmed with small estrich feathers of the natural color, and the back was laid in deep plaits from the waist down to within half a yard of the bottom of the skirt, where they were allowed to fail loose, and thus form a kind of flounce. The plaits were kept in place by sewing tapes on the under side, and tacking the plaits to the tapes.

THE LAVEUSE TUNIO.—Among the very newest things is a tunic by this name. It is gathered up at the sides and tied under the pouf exactly as peasant girls tuck up their skirts when they are going to work, or as washerwomen before a tub. In order to make it, you must cut the front breadths as for an ordinary skirt, and almost as long as the petticoat. The front and side breadths are joined, gathered up, and secured at the back, where it is ornamented with a very large bow. The top of the tunic, at the back, is a pouf cut in the form of a hood, and gathered; the bow that fastens or draws the sides of the tunic together is placed under this pouf. This "laveuse" tunic is usually trimmed with a velvet band, and then the bow, as a matter of course, is velvet. When made of silk it is trimmed with guipure, with English embroidery, with gimp, and with jetted lace; but in every case the heading of the trimming is arranged to face upward. The effect of this "laveuse" tunic is graceful and original, but always neglige. It could not be worn with an evening toilet except by quite a young girl, and in very light materials, such as white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, crepe de Chine, or foulard.

WINTER DRESSES will be magnificent in embroidery, and our elegantes will scintiliate from head to foot with jet and colored beads. All over France embroiderers are bent over their frames working wool and velvet, cloth and silk, and embellishing the designs with beads of blue or gray, and black or white jet. Tabliers, skirts, cuirass bodices, dolmans, jackets, and opera cleaks, will be covered with embroidery. Black materials will sparkle with black jet beads, gray ones with steel beads, bluish-gray with blue steel beads, and white with white jet. Each part of the costume is worked with a special design composed to suit its form, although uniform on the whole. The fronts of the bodice have their design, the back has its own, and it is the same with the busque, revers, and pockets. The embroidery is worked with either wool or silk of the same color as the material.

JACKETS, SACQUES, and all other wraps, by whatever name they are called, are as varied in their make as dresses are; some are quite loose, others tight-fitting, though those that are neither tight or loose are the most popular. Some have hoods, others standing collars or ruffs, with the trimming running in straight lines down the back. Feather trimming and fur will be very much used, as well as quantities of jet; also the blue steel so elegant and so expensive. Many of the new winter wraps are covered with embroidery, and before the season is over, it will probably be considered the hight of elegance to have a perfectly plain over garment. An effort has been made to revive the long, round cloak, but though it is perhaps the most comfortable garment that can be worn in cold weather, when it has sleeves, it falls of the principal agents, or of the publisher.

too ungracefully over the present style of dress ever to become fishionable, except as a carriage-wrap.

Bonnare are larger and still worn far back on the head. The brim is nearly always turned up in front, and no long ends or tabs will be worn. Feathers will be more employed than flowers, in the trimming, though in very many cases the two will be combined, the flower being employed especially for the turned-up brim. The darkest shades of wine, mauve-color, nut-brown, olive, invisible-green, steel-blue, marine-blue, will be the popular colors, but these will be combined with the lightest and palest shades of some color that will combine well with them; in many cases two or three shades of one color are employed. The favorite flower used is a deep carmine or poncoau rose, or a greenish sulphur rose. Birds are again used for bonnets, and especially for hats, though there is scarce a perceptible difference between the two, except when the bat is felt, and has a high crown.

It is now the fashion to wear butists collar and sleeves to match the rest of the toilet. The batiste is white, but the border is the color of the costume worn at the time, and there is a row of narrow Valenciennes lace beyond the border. Black batiste, trimmed with Valenciennes, and ornamented with medallions of the same lace, is another original style of lingerie.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Boy's Suit of Dark-Gray Kerseymere.—The trousers reach the knee, and are fastened at the side with buttons. The jacket has a black velvet collar and cuffs, and is trimmed with black braid and buttons. Gray felt hat, with black velvet band, and gray 'cock's feather. Black and gray stockings.

Fig. IL-GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.-The lower-skirt is trimmed with a puffing of velvet, of a darker shade of blue; the upper-skirt, which is only an apron, is trimmed with two ruffles of velvet, one of which falls down, and the other stands up. The sleeves and basque are trimmed with blue velvet. Charlotte Corday bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with ribbon of a lighter shade of blue.

FIG. 111.—Boy's Suit of DARK-BROWN CLOTH .-- The trouers are made rather tight at the knee. The jacket is cut away at the front, but is made quite plain. Black velvet cap. Brown and white stockings.

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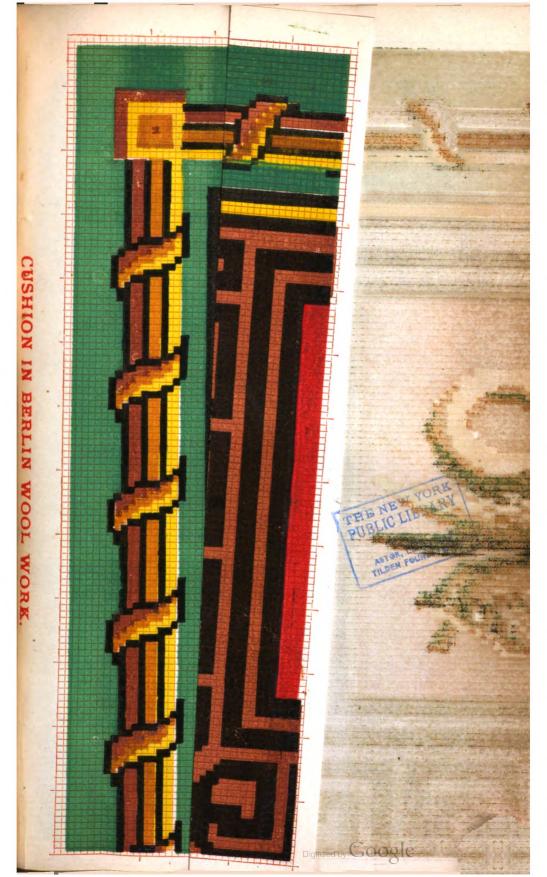


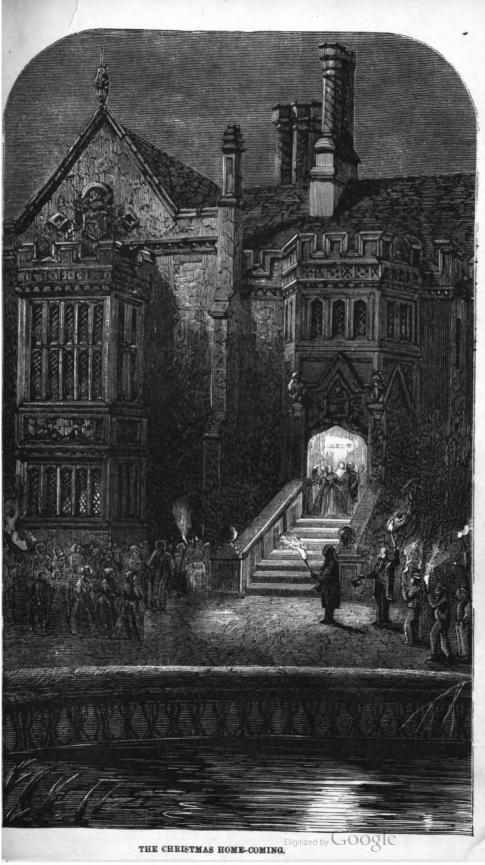
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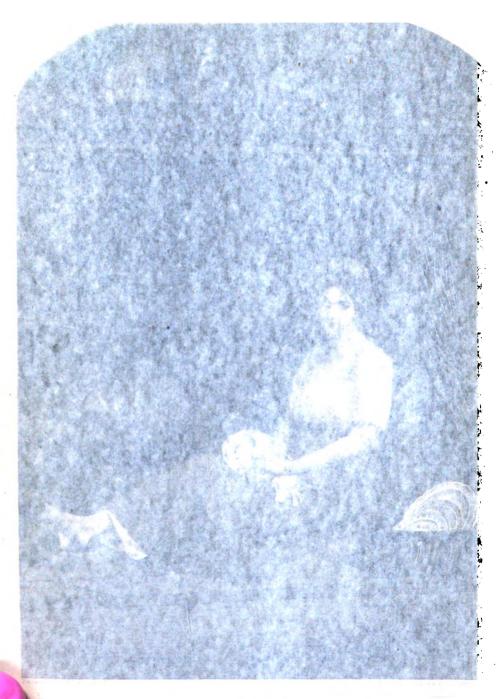




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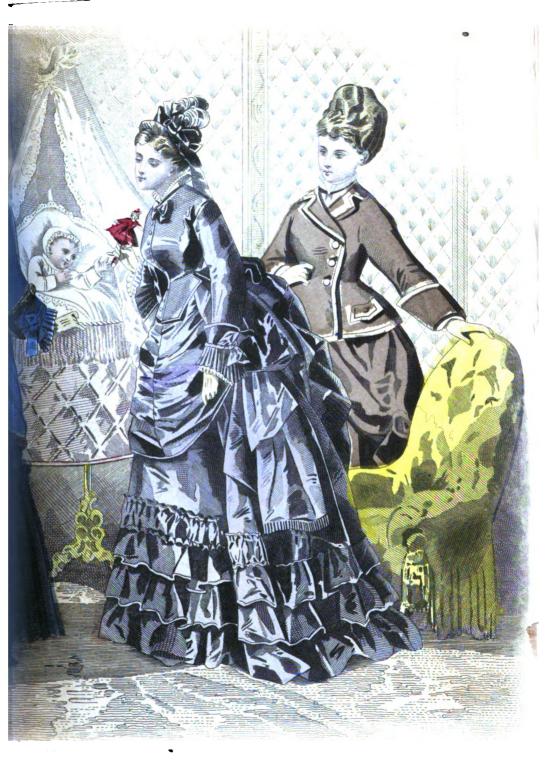
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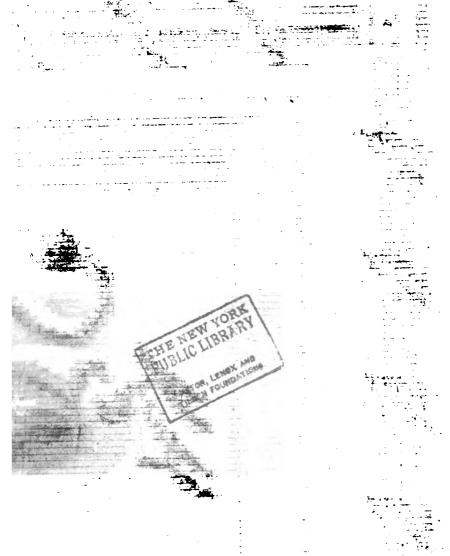
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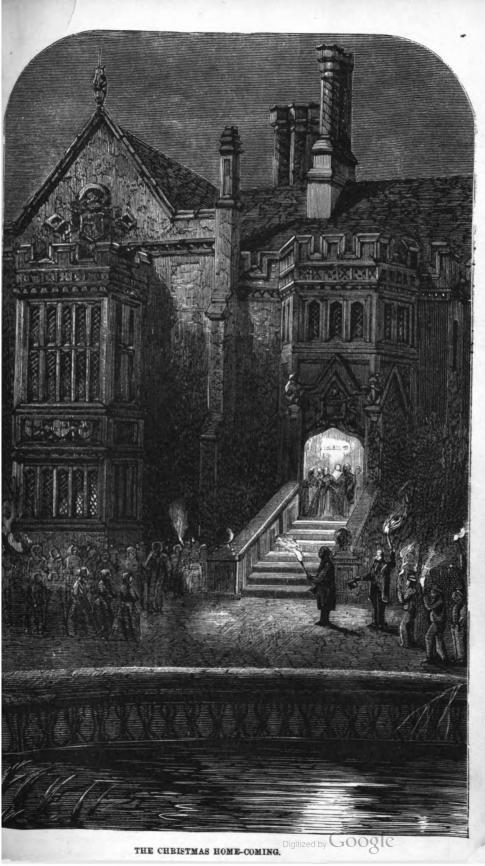


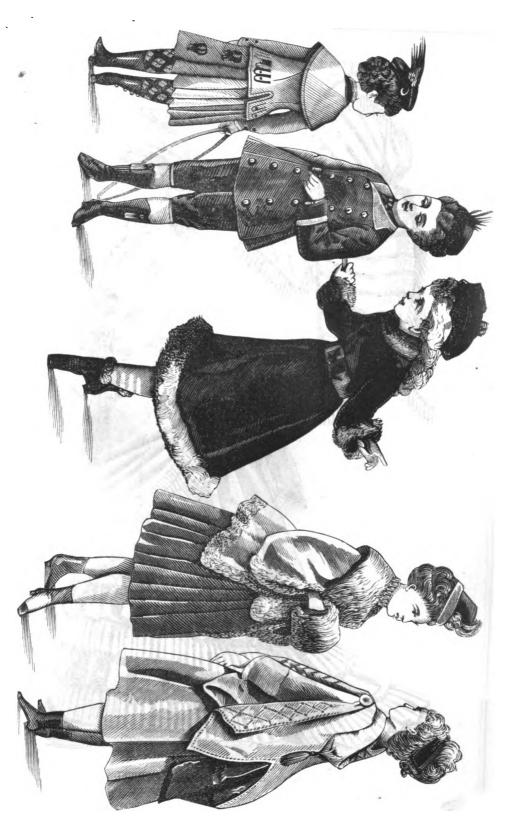
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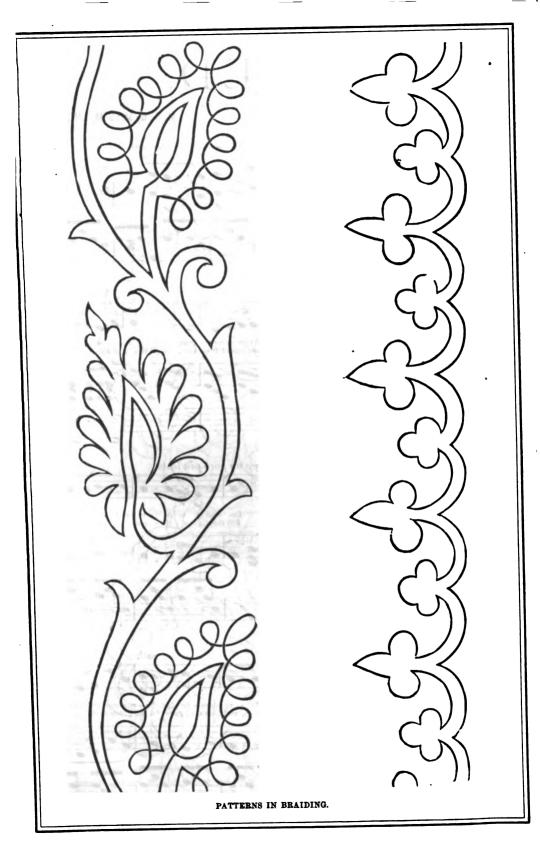
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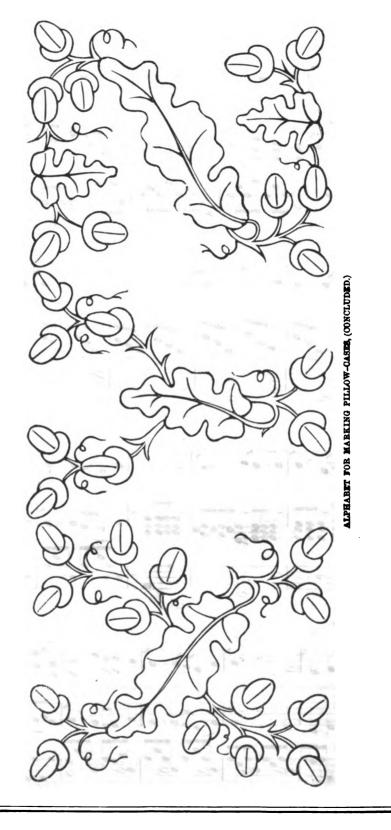
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVI. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 6.

THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was late in the afternoon before Christmas, a bright, frosty day, and Lucy Grafton, taking her usual brisk walk, was attracted by a little girl, who stood wistfully regarding some hothouse flowers in a florist's window. The child was neatly, but poorly clad. Her hands were clasped, her lips half parted in admiration, her eyes riveted on a superb cloth-of gold rose.

"Was anything ever so beautiful?" Lucy heard her say, under her breath.

"Would you like it, my dear?" asked Lucy; for though rich, beautiful, and flattered, prosperity had not spoiled our heroine: she still had a heart.

"Oh, so much!" replied the child, looking round to the speaker, and finding assurance in the soft, kind eyes. "But, it was not of myself I was thinking." she added, with a blush, "It was of my brother. He is hump-backed, you know, and sick in bed, and, oh! he loves flowers so."

The earnestness of the girl brought the moisture to Lucy's eyes. "Wait, my dear," she cried; and going in, she bought the rose. "Give that to your brother as a Christmas-gift," she said; "and now tell me where you live; to-morrow I'll come and see you; and perhaps," with a smile, "I'll bring more flowers."

"Oh! thank you so much." And then she told Lucy where to come; and as our heroine, with a nod and another of her sweet smiles, passed on, the child looked after her as if she had seen an angel.

Hugh Willoughby had been, unnoticed, a spectator of this scene.

"Who can she be?" he said to himself, watching the graceful figure going down the street. "I've been in Europe so long that I know nobody. But I'll follow the child, and ask her where she and her brother lives. I may be able to help them."

He sincerely meant to help them, but in his secret heart there lurked a hope that he might,

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sometime, meet this sweet almoner at the bedside of the deformed boy.

Meantime the girl hurried homeward, and bursting into the attic, where the poor invalid lay, held up her rose in exultation.

"Oh, May!" cried her brother, feebly, "where did you get it? Such a beauty. Do let me touch it."

"It is yours, all yours, Harry. And a beautiful lady gave it to me, and said she would come to see you, to-morrow." And then she told the whole story, breathless with enthusiasm.

Harry took the rose in his thin, wasted hands. "I thought it was only in heaven that such flowers could grow," he said. "Oh! maybe the beautiful lady was one of God's angels. They used to come or earth, in the Bible times; and why not now? Perhaps He sent her to let me know how bright it was up there, with trees, and grass, and living waters, and no night, no pain, no hunger. Often, when my back hurts me, I wonder if God thinks it wicked, that I want to go to Him? I'll not be hump-backed in heaven—will I, mother?"

Christmas morning broke bright and beautiful. The church bells rang out their glad chimes. Happy people, in hundreds, went trooping up the street. But Harry, in his narrow attic, was racked with pain. A great change had come over his face: it had a pinched, gray look; and his sister glanced anxiously, first at it, and then at her mother. The poor little fellow asked to have the rose, which had been put in a broken tumbler, with some water, placed beside him. "It is beginning to fade, but I don't seem to suffer so much, when I can see it," he said. And he murmured, as if to himself, "We all do fade as the leaf."

His mother was vainly struggling to keep back her tears, when there was a knock at the door, and Lucy appeared, bringing a whole handful of the loveliest hot-house flowers.



"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" cried the little sufferer, stretching out his wan, wasted hands. "And you say they are all for me," for Lucy, having first spoken to his mother, and then to his sister, had come up to his bedside. "I never saw anything, I never believed there could be anything as pretty as these white flowers: they are so pure they make me think of the angels, the angels in their shining robes."

"They are lilies, dear." She could hardly speak steadily. "I thought you would like them."

He took them in his hands and smelt of their fragrance. "Oh! so much. I know now; angels always carried them. You are an angel, and God has sent you to bring me home to Him," he said, looking up at her, earnestly.

"Oh! my child, my child," cried the distracted mother, "don't talk so. You can't mean it. You will outlive us all." Trying to keep down her fears.

He smiled faintly, and put out his other hand. "Kiss me, mother," he said, faintly, "Don't cry."

Just then the chimes of a neighboring church began to ring. The silver sounds rose and died, and died and rose again, till the whole air quivered, as if with celestial music.

"I hear them singing—the harps of gold," his face glowed, his eyes were fixed above. "Oh! the walls, the walls all shining—"

His weak voice stopped. There was a sob. The flowers fell from his hand. The frail form sank back.

"Oh! my God, he is dying," shrieked the mother, clasping him, in wild despair, in her arms. "Will no one run for a doctor?"

Lucy was turning to go, though she saw it was hopeless, and knew not where to seek for a physician, when the door opened, and two strangers entered. One was Hugh Willoughby, who came forward, eagerly, saying,

"I heard you ask for a doctor. My friend not always a cup of cold where is one. I told you," nodding to the little simple flower will do as well."

girl, "I was coming to see you, and we are just in time."

But his companion, who had already advanced to the bed, shook his head, as he gazed on the calm, still face. "He is where no earthly physician can avail him; but happier, happier, far," he said, addressing the mother, tears in his voice, "than he was here, or any of us can be till we follow him. The Lord hath given," for this great practitioner was a devout Christian, "and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

As he spoke, the neighboring chimes, as if to confirm his words, rose in a triumphant burst, and then were hushed.

The meeting, at that bed of death, was not the last one between Hugh Willoughby and Lucy Grafton. They attended together the simple funeral, assisted afterward to advance the fortunes of the bereaved mother, and joined in sending the sister to school. They met, too, at other similar scenes, and in time contracted a mutual affection, which ended in the happiest of marriages. Theirs was that rare thing, "a union of true souls."

One day, years after, Lucy heard, for the first time, the true explanation of her husband's visit to the dying cripple, which, up to that moment, she had always thought a chance one.

"I went there hoping to meet you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you give the rose to little May," he said, in concluding. "I thought of the holy words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

"But it was such a trifle," whispered Lucy, brokenly, with her head on his shoulder, and the tears rising to her eyes, "such a trifle."

"The Kingdom of Heaven is made up of trifles," was the low, reverent answer. "It is not always a cup of cold water, my dear: a simple flower will do as well."

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY BLLA WHEELER.

Though you should come, and kneel low at my feet, And weep in blood and tears of agony, It would not bring one single pang to me, Nor stir my heart out of its quiet beat.

There was a time, when any word you spoke,
When but the sound of your melodious voice
Would thrill me through, and make my heart rejoice:
Your with was law, but now the spell is broke.

And though an angel, with a shining brow, Should come from Heaven, and speak to me, and say, "Go with this man, and be his own alway," I would refuse. I would not trust you now.

Though you should pray me, writhing in white pain, For just one last carees, and I should know That you were draining out the drags of wee, I would not let you hold my hand again.

This is a woman's love—a woman's pride.
There is a stream that never can be crossed.
It rolls between us: and the trust I lost,
Has sunk forever in the rushing tide.



DUCK AND I.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

months older than I, and we loved each other devotedly. I have not the slightest idea that Romeo and Juliet, or any of the ill-behaved young people, whom romancers are so fond of writing about, came anywhere near us in the matter of devotion.

We made no secret whatever of our intense affection, though I think we had not seriously contemplated a speedy marriage; but we were forced into it by the interference of our respective relations; the race will always be troubling "the course of true love," in one way or another!

Duck had a sister Mary, and I had a sister Janet, and we were afraid of both of them: and no wonder, for they were giantesses! They were so strong that they could lift us off the ground and shake us soundly, as we knew by frequent and unpleasant experience. Besides, they had lived such a length of time in the world-oh, ages and ages, for they were at least thirteen, and had been in long dresses ever since we could remember-that we naturally felt a certain respect for their opinions. Then, too, they were invested with authority by the heads of the families, or pretended they were, which amounted to the same thing; and whenever we disobeyed, they threatened "to tell." There is always something awful in the vague! I grieve to say also that the giantess, Mary, was more than once guilty of slightly twisting the Scriptures, in order to impress us with the terrible fate, which was sure to befall children who did not obey their elder sisters. She related to us that very unpleasant story of Elisha and the little ones, and the forty-two she-bears, only she transformed the bald prophet into a female of power, who was elder sister to the children, however much she may have resembled the bears in disposition.

So it was the work of the giantesses that hurried us into matrimony. They caught me one day in the Blossom's garden, giving Duck an innocent kiss, made us both prisoners, and decided to put us to instant death. We disliked the idea of dying very much (though we never doubted that they would hesitate to fulfill the threat,) as was natural enough, and the dismal necessity had overtaken us too at the most unfortunate time. It was big Mary Blossom's birth-day, and she was to have a garden party of giants and a tale was, the more easily I credited it in those

I was just five years old, and Duck was six { giantesses; but her mother, softened by Duck's prayers, had declared that the small maid and myself should receive invitations, else there should be no garden party whatever. So it is possible, that, even before we had committed any crime which called for punishment, those two females were inclined to regard us with an evil eye, or at least to be unusually clear-sighted where our errors and short-comings were concerned.

> But we were to have a part in the festivities. Mrs. Blossom had decided that. Therefore, when big Janet went down early to the house of her friend, to consult about divers matters, before the arrival of the other guests, she was obliged to take me with her. Very gorgeous I was, in little white breeches, and a sort of funciful blouse, fastened by a red belt and a broad collar, with a ruffle of huge dimensions. (Oh, those ruffles, they were always getting me into trouble! It was so delicious to make my teeth meet in the crimped. stiff edges, and punishment was so certain to follow!)

> Well, on the way, I stepped upon the tail of Janet's new frock, and she ran a pin into me. I said that my treading on her tail was accidental, and she said that running the pin in me was accidental; and I think we both equivocated-to put it mildly-but never mind! I may as well state, however, that I got the better of the giantess before the little difficulty was amicably adjusted. I stood still in the village street, and yelled at the top of my voice. As there was nothing the matter with my lungs, I was able to make music so loud, that Janet found herself obliged to descend from her dignity as giantess, and coax me into quiet.

> I am happy to record, that, before I condescended to be appeased, I made her give me an apple and three sugar-plums, (which I knew, in advance, were secreted in her pocket,) and the promise of a china dog, that lived in her bedroom, which dog she never did give me, nor did I ever set eyes on his shiny coat and gracefullydrooped ears after that day. The giants were always a faithless race! She said the dog jumped out of the window, and ran away rather than become the property of such a little monster as I was. I have no doubt I should have believed the story implicitely. Somehow, the more marvelous

days; but when Duck heard it related by Janet. and sworn to by Mary, (the latter adding that she saw him with her own eyes rush round the corner of the house,) Duck, with the natural quickness of her sex, declared that there was not a word of truth in the account-the dog was a china dog, and could not jump so far without being broken! Then we both flew into a rage, and bit the giantesses.

But I am wandering from the garden party, and the history of my first day of married life.

After many prayers, the giantesses decided to remit the sentence of capital punishment, upon condition that we should be wedded on the spot. They were already wise in novels, those two, and had probably caught the idea that in the way of retribution, there is no comparison between death and marriage!

The other giants and giantesses arrived, and I recollect distinctly that Janet and Mary were especially sweet to Ellen Hartmon, and immediately after exchanged a confidence, to the purport that Ellen's festive gown was made out of an old silk of her mother's, for all she pretended it had just come from New York. Then they were sweeter to her than ever, and very much enraged with me, because I, with a laudable spirit of inquiry, asked the unfortunate Ellen if she did not know she would go straight to hell if she told lies about her frock? Then she flew into a violent passion, and vowed that the company was not good enough for her, and started home; but, meeting the refreshment-trays, decided to postpone her righteous wrath and contempt; for there was ice-cream, and in those days that was not a delicacy to be rashly forfeited.

When the guests assembled, Duck and I were fastened in the arbor, and the whole circle came about us, and entered with alacrity into the plan formed by our sisters. Duck and I quite forgot that the wedding was a punishment, and fe't like a small king and queen in the midst of the general excitement. They draped the arbor with curtains, they formed a throne for us of gorgeous shawls, they put a long train on Duck, they decorated me with scarfs and other vanities. I was troubled about the appropriateness of my attire, which looked more like Duck's than I could have wished, especially in the matter of artificial flowers; but big Mary said that when my father was married he wore a gold sun in the middle of his forehead. After that, I could not object to the blossoms. It was impossible to doubt the story, because she said she and Janet went to the wedding, and wore gold stars on their brows; and my father had ordered a set of glass window-

bright and wonderful, that they ruined the eyes of whoseever looked at them. The fairy Morgiana's house of burnished gold was the merest trifle in comparison. I thought a great deal about those marvelous window-blinds, and not many nights after, woke up, and talked about them in the middle of the night, and caused Milly Bump, the nurse, to think me in a brain-fever, so that she roused the whole house. I distinctly remember the yellow-flannel bed-gown in which my old-maid cousin appeared. From fright, everybody went into a rage, after the fashion of humanity; and because I did not need a doctor. Milly and I both got a rare scolding from the elders, my mother happening to be absent. When they were all gone, Milly and I cried together, and she gave me chocolate-drops to comfort me, and, perhaps, to put me in a state, by morning, which should show that she had had reason for her terror of the night. But I was proof against the chocolate-drops, and weak-minded Milly received a fresh lecture before breakfast, because, of course, I betrayed her to the first person I met on descending from the nursery.

The lengthy preparations for the wedding were complete at last. I recollect that Allan Parrish performed the ceremony in pure Greek, and the ring was a large, brass ring taken out of one of the window-curtains, and being too large for the bride conveniently to wear on her finger, I was instructed to fasten it about her neck by a blue ribbon, which some giantess furnished from her personal decorations. Later, Duck spilled lemonade on the cerulean band, and this mishap was the cause of a fierce quarrel between big Mary and the girl to whom the adornment belonged, one Rachael Jackson, and as the giants took sides in the disturbance, it was weeks before anything approaching peace was brought about between the adverse factions. I should say that since the days of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, there had been no enmity so fierce and unscrupulous. Those were the days when people read Miss Edgeworth, and our Janet, with her head full of Belinda, finally proposed that a duel should be fought between her friend, Mary, and this Rachel, after the example of Lady Delacour and Mrs. Luthredge. But Duck and I spoiled the affair, at the last moment. We got frightened, and ran off in search of little Miss Wilcox, Janet's governess, and she came out in haste into the orchard, back of our garden, where the combatants had met, and there was a terrible scene. Big Mary decided to enter a convent at once, and our Janet was going to commit suicide. But they both postponed the execution of their blinds in England, which Queen Victoria state, so schemes indefinitely, though I have forgotten

now for what reason, perhaps because there was no convent near except one in a story of Mrs. Sherwood's, and no dagger for Janet, (I recollect her insisting on a dagger,) only that which Juliet used in the picture in our big Shakspeare. which Duck and I used to sit on whenever we played in the room where the book resided. There was a representation of a ghost in the volume, which I was fond of frightening myself by studying, and when I got so terrified that tears were imminent. Duck, who was a creature of wonderful resources, always proposed our sitting on the book, so that the ghost could not get out, and her plan succeeded perfectly.

So we were married, and the whole party left us, at last, to spend our honeymoon in the arbor. It is just possible that this was a convenient pretext for getting rid of us for awhile; and Duck was inclined to follow them; but I had taken the whole matter in a very serious spirit, and quite believed myself not only her husband, but the king of Tamaranda, which title the generous Allan had bestowed upon me, and the arbor was our kingdom.

Before we had lived there long, we were a good deal annoyed by an invasion of red ants, who fiercely attacked our plate of cake and sugared oranges; and, after we had subjugated them. we had to undertake a savage conflict with a hairy caterpillar, and then for a time peace ensued.

Then an immense length of time passed, -a hundred years or so, I mean a whole hour; but if you cannot remember the old childish feeling in regard to time, however it was counted, I pity you!

There is nothing new in the record of husbands and wives' disagreements, any more than there is in the fact of their getting a little tired of each other's constant society, so I suppose nobody will be surprised at hearing that Duck suddenly, and as I firmly believe, without just cause or provocation on my part, developed a captious, quarrelsome disposition, which no efforts could appease. I feel confident it was marriage, not she, that was to blame. We had played together often and often, day after day, without her ever manifesting any such tendency; indeed, except on that occasion, I distinctly recollect her amiable and yielding enough to have caused the sternest misogynist to prophesy that there were the makings of a Griselda in her. But on this day, just when we had entered into our kingdom, she waxed first argumentative, then dictatorial, contemptuous, and even violent. So I think marriage had a depressing effect upon her spirits.

bound and tied fast, though maybe she could not have explained her feelings as eloquently as certain other wives of an older age, who are fond of airing their vocabularies and their wrongs in the public prints.

But why search for causes, or attempt to he metaphysical? The horrible fact remained. Duck had wearied of our "gilded estate," and at last told me, in good round terms, that she wished I had stayed at home, for I was a little nuisance, and she didn't like me a bit.

I was a feeble-minded child; I think there can be no doubt of that. I could show fire enough, sometimes, but somehow injustice seemed to attack my feelings, rather than my temper. So, now, when Duck pronounced those terrible words, I sat down in the midst of our household gods, and wept in bitterness of spirit. She was the kindest-hearted little creature imaginable, and would not have hurt a fly ordinarily; but now, possessed by her demon, and rebelling against the yoke of matrimony, she betrayed a callous disregard of my sufferings, which a wife, twenty years her senior, could hardly have surpassed.

She sat on a little stool, and made a piano of the arbor-bench, and brilliantly she played thereon with all her ten fingers; and sang "Little Bo-peep" at the top of her voice, now and then turning her head to see how I bore it; and I bore it very ill, indeed.

Then, into the midst of our troubled kingdom, with a great noise and outcry, rushed a boy, big enough to have eaten me like a gooseberry. This was Duck's cousin, Henry Blossom, who was somewhere near eight. He had been away from home, for a week or so, and having just returned, came over to see his relative, though, as a rule, he and Duck were by no means friends. I dare say he smelt the cake and ice-cream the whole length of the street, he was such a greedy beast! I could swear it was the hope of tasting these dainties, which brought him, though he pretended that he had come to play with Duck. another time, she would scarcely have noticed him, but now she hailed his arrival enthusiastically; and he showed her a watch-chain that had been one among numerous presents he professed to have received during his absence. I sat in the corner, and listened to his discourse, too broken in spirit to resent Duck's conduct. Miserable as I was, I could not help wondering if he had been in fairy land, so wonderful seemed the place to which he had journeyed. Subsequent reflection inclined me think that he had only been as far as Rochester; but never mind that. Finally, he asked my queen what was the matter She could not bear the idea, probably, of being with Top, meaning me, though I have quite

forgotten why, at home and abroad, this was the clared. name by which I was usually addressed. He did not condescend to ask the question of me. He only gave me a contemptuous glance, and I think the humiliating words were,

- "What's Top snivelling about?"
- "Oh, 'cause I don't like him any more," replied Duck, and with the sweet frankness which so many spouses display, she began to pour out the tale of her wrongs, and her weariness, and I recollect feeling very wicked as I listened.
- "Oh, my gosh, I wouldn't be married to him! He's only a baby!" cried Henry.

Horror filled my soul.

- "Oh, you sworded a swear!" I exclaimed.
- "Well, so would you, if you was as big as me," he retorted. "All the men swear; but you aint out of petticoats yet."

I had thought my fanciful blouse a most perfect garment; but now I felt humiliated and abased in wearing it. This big boy had traveled, and he pronounced it like a petticoat. Duck laughed aloud, in fiendish mockery. Suddenly, I grew as hot as if a fire had been lighted inside me. I couldn't have cried any more, if I had been fifty instead of five.

"You'd better go home," said I. "This is my house, and I don't wan't you here."

The big boy looked astounded at my impudence. But Duck hastened metaphorically to jump upon me.

"It's my house," cried she, "and you've no business in it, and I wish you'd go home."

Then I learned what a bitter thing it is to live on your wife's possessions! Young as she was, Duck had a truly feminine perception of the "rights," which, bringing the property into a matrimonial alliance affords the women. I have lived long enough to hear more than one quarrel in regard to such matters; but I don't recollect ever hearing any wife put the case more clearly and decisively than Duck did.

I am inclined to think I must have exhausted my spirit of forgiveness on that day, for I am sure, from that time to this, I never bave shown such capabilities in that line.

I went over to Duck, regardless of her cruel taunt, and whispered that if she would send the big boy away, I'd tell her a fairy-story. Usually, Duck would have almost gone without her dinner, to obtain the fulfillment of that promise on my part. The other children, we knew, could lie fast enough, but they couldn't tell fairy tales. But now she was inexorable.

"What's he saying?" asked the big boy. Duck repeated my confidence, unhesitatingly.

"Don't you mind him, Duck; it's tomfoolery."

I have heard people deny all sorts of truths since that period: but I doubt if I was ever so much horrified as at this heresy. Milly Bump and I knew there were fairies, and as for Pussin-Boots--- Oh, well! a boy who would bite his mother couldn't be worse than the wretch who refused to believe in that history!

"No more I don't believe there are!" cried Duck. "But there's witches, Hen, 'cause I heard black Sally tell our cook about one, that lived up on the road to Darien."

"I don't know about that," returned her "But there's no fairies, and nobody but a baby would believe there was."

Now no human being will permit an article of his religion to be disputed without fighting for it, and never an ancient Greek had more profound faith in Apollo and Diana than I had in my fairies. The polemical discussion waxed hot and furious, mixed with personalities of the most aggravating description.

"Your papa is going to lose all his money." cried the big boy. "I heard 'em say so; you won't be anybody."

"He ain't; he's got a gold mine in the cellar," I averred, unhesitatingly. "And Duck and I heard Aunt Flossy Blossom say your papa and mamma quarreled awfully."

"She never did!" cried Duck. "He's my relation, and you're tribe, and your pa's tribe, and you're all tribe-"

"And your sister paints her cheeks," added Henry.

I am sure I was not a courageous child, nor have I ever developed any considerable share of bravery since; but in that moment wrath and desperation supplied the place of that noble quality. I flew at Master Henry, tooth and nail, and, big as he was, my onslaught was so unexpected, that I tore his jacket, and should have pulled his trousers off before he knew where he was, if my faithless wife had not rushed to his rescue, and given me a box on the ear, which sent me sprawling. In his efforts to recover his equilibrium, (for I had knocked him over the bench,) Henry kicked bout right and left, and accidentally hit Duck. She blindly caught at his hair, in sudden retaliation, and the next thing any of us knew, we were all sitting on the ground; and for my own part, I felt sick and giddy; and I fancy the others did, too, for we had all three gone down with an awful

Events follow in rapid succession, when the great crises of life arrive. In a few moments "There's no such thing as fairies," he de-{after, Duck and I were divorced. The matter

Indiana. Duck threw the curtain ring at me, and said she was going to have Henry for her husband, and followed him out of the arbor, for he had no mind to try another battle, big as he was, and had begun to retreat. I sat on the ground, like a small Marius, and saw them go; and a despair so black and poignant welled up in my broken heart, that there was no room for anger.

Another eternity elapsed, at least a quarter of an hour, before I was capable of any kind of thought or action. I wish, for the sake of pride and dignity, that I could record the fact of my having gone straight home, without so much as casting a glance behind me, or, at least, that I had made a martyr of the big boy, under a shower of the pebbles, which lay along the garden-path. But, from the first man down, my wretched sex has been given to sacrificing honor, and pride, and all that sort of thing, to false feminines-and I proved no exception to the rule.

I went in pursuit of the fugitives, not to upbraid or assault, only to try and persuade my wife to come back to me. I behaved as foolishly as did Phaltiel, the son of Laish, when he followed behind Michal to Bahurim, "weeping all the way."

The purloiner of my household treasure imitated Abner, for he bade mc cease from following them; but I didn't; and Duck was deaf to all my entreaties and proffers, though I promised to give her even my pair of sugar doves, with a pink ribbon round their necks, and my beautiful Maltese cat, which was the envy of the whole neighborhood, big and little.

Human nature is so changeable, however, that no one will be astonished to hear, that before very long we were all playing amicably enough. Henry yielded to the attraction of the apple and sugar-plums I had extracted from the giantess. But I had little heart in the matter. Duck was not kind to me, and still at intervals more than hinted a wish for me to go home. She would touch neither the fruit nor the sweets, and again declared that "I was tribe," and those belonging to me no better.

The boy Henry was of an adventurous spirit, and beguiled us away lown through the grove to the bank of a little river, a deep, rapid stream, where Duck and I were forbidden to go; indeed, a place we were somewhat afraid of, for not far below was a great dam, over which the waters rushed with an appalling tumult, much louder in our ears then than Niagara would be to-day.

And then Duck got into a fierce quarrel with her cousin. I have always believed that her faithlessness to me lay heavy on her soul, and \(\) character, Master Henry suddenly developed an

could not have been managed more speedily in { that she blamed him as the cause, oblivious of the fact, that, when he appeared upon the scene, she was already estranged, and only waiting an opportunity to break her bonds.

> But they quarreled fiercely, and Duck pulled his hair, and broke his new watch-chain.

> "Now, my pa'll have you hung!" yelled Henry, and no five-year old one ever blubbered more loudly.

"Oh, I didn't mean to," sobbed Duck. "Anyway, I guess we can mend it. Nobody would ever notice, if I tied it together."

But that proposal filled the big boy with fresh rage, and he poured out such dreadful denunciations, and threatened her with so many awful punishments from his father, from the law, and from every other imaginable source, that Duck's spirit quailed, and her ordinary courage utterly deserted her. I suppose some wild idea of running off to hide from justice seized her. With what the novels call a "despairing wail," she dashed away through the wood, which spread back from the bank of the stream, and I was too much impressed by the solemnity of her decision even to expostulate, if there had been time. I had a rapid vision of her becoming a sort of female Robinson Crusoe, on a desert island, which she would find somewhere in the depths of the forest; but when I recalled the troubles of our brief married life, I had no wish to share its seclusion with

When Henry had sufficiently bewailed the ruin of his chain, we decided to go in pursuit of her. It was not long before we got upon ground that was new to both of us. We thought we must have run a great many leagues. I remember Henry used that very word, which, to our minds, implied a horrible sense of distance.

But no Duck was to be found! Then my imagination conceived an idea that was full of misery to us both. Duck had undoubtedly been overtaken and caten by a lion. We mouned loudly, as this conviction fastened itself upon our minds, but on we ran.

Presently, we were down by the river again, though we had believed ourselves going exactly in the opposite direction. But there was the river, or an unknown one, for the place looked quite strange to us both.

Back from the bank rose a steep cliff, a small matter of a hill, no doubt: but it loomed an inaccessible mountain to our tired eyes. I can see the whole scene at this moment, just as one recalls some painful dream!

It seemed very dark. We thought it must be night. For the first time in my experience of his



imaginative tendency in his turn. He declared that we must have reached that country, where it stayed night for six months at a stretch. At all events, we were lost, and poor Duck had been eaten by a lion. Then we heard a roaring, the voice of the waterfall brought by the wind, but we did not think it was that.

I recollected a dragon, who lived in one of Milly Bump's stories, a real, true dragon, who spit fire every time he opened his mouth. I introduced this formidable creature to Henry, in frenzied language, and his terror surpassed my own, in spite of the courage about which he boasted so much on ordinary occasions. We were confident that the noise we heard was the dragon warning us of his approach. Milly had long before assured me, that, if I was naughty, I should inevitably become his prey. He could scent bad boys at no end of distance. He had seven legs, and six pairs of wings. There was no acquiret a dragon could possess, wanting in Milly's description, though I think I gave him an extra leg in my fright. Certainly, we could not hope to escape, even if we had been able to run any further, but we were past taking a single step.

Then Henry, as a last resource, proposed that we should have a prayer-meeting; but in his terror could think of nothing to repeat except the opening lines of Old Mother Hubbard; and this alarmed him worse than ever.

Suddenly, we heard a shrick, and looked up at the rock, above our heads. Duck appeared upon the edge of the cliff, and after her ran a black and white monster (it was discovered later to be a stray, half-starved cat.) We saw the hapless child standing on the brink of the bluff. She caught eight of us, and screamed more loudly still, and we screamed, and went quite mad.

Then I remember seeing her fall. Oh, what an sawful height it seemed! Down she went—down more.

down! Then her clothes caught in some thorn bushes: her little hands clutched wildly about; her beautiful yellow hair streamed out in the wind

Round the foot of the cliff came the giants and giantesses, roused by the tumult we made. Allan Parrish climbed the cliff, which to us had looked so inaccessible, and brought poor Duck down, more dead than alive.

Then we were all in the Blossom house, though I have no idea how we ever got there. The elders were in a great state of excitement, and old Dr. Butler was sent for. But it was soon discovered that Duck had suffered no material injuries, beyond a torn dress and scratched legs, though for a time she was quite sick and faint. So Mrs. Blossom began to cry a little, as was natural enough, though I can recollect how white and calm she was, when they carried my poor Duck in.

Then, without any warning, Mrs. Flossy Blossom, Duck's aunt, (I don't know how or when she came on the scene,) proceeded to make herself chief performer, for a few moments. She flewat my big sister Janet, and shook her soundly. After that, she treated the giantess Mary in the same fashion, and boxed her ears into the bargain. Then she took a pinch of snuff, and looked very virtuous and self-satisfied. In those ancient days, people did not believe much in the doctrine of moral suasion, where children were concerned.

Soon Duck and I embraced one another heartily, and vowed never to be naughty again; and Mrs. Blossom cried and laughed both at once.

Master Henry was sent home in disgrace. But I stayed to supper with my little wife, and they gave us cream and maple sugar on our bread; and I told Duck a new fairy story, which she declared beautiful, and we were very happy once more.

A DREAM THAT IS DREAMED.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

"Now put the dream of love and trust,"
You said, "for aye, away,
There is for it, low in the dust,
No resurrection day!"

The dream is dreamed." However sweet
It to us both has been,
We would not love's fond words repeat,
Or dream it o'er again.

It is enough to ease my wo,
To know it once was mine;
It is enough for me to know,
I once knelt at its shrine.

Had we so journeyed to the end, Had it been best, I say, I only know—no less your friend I am, beloved, to day.

I know not if we two shall meet
This side the brighter shore;
I know not, dear friend, if your feet
Shall come to me once more;

But for the sake of the dead past,
And what you've been to me,
I'll hold of all my treasures, fast
To your dear memory.

CINDERELLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MODERN RUTH," ETC., ETC.

in what had once been the stately dining-room of the old Maryland Mansion, where her ancestors had lived. Her hands were clasped on her knees, and she was building castles in the air. Nellie's only fortune was her beauty and virtue, and this tumble-down old house. She lived with an aunt, who made a household drudge of her, in spite of its being Nellie's own roof: it was "Nellie" here, and "Nellie" there, all day long.

There was a dance at a neighbor's, that night, and all the young people had been asked; but Nellie had not been allowed to go. "Pretty doings, indeed," said her Cousin Jane, "your proper place is at home, scouring pots and kettles."

So Nellie, after a hearty cry, up in her bare garret, had given up the dancing, and with more amiability than most of us would have shown, had even assisted her cousin to dress. But this had not conciliated Jane in the least. " You think it won't matter, I suppose," she said, illnaturedly. "You believe you're such a beauty that a Prince will come along, some day, and marry you. I wish you joy of him," snappishly, "Miss Cinderella!" Cinderella was what Jane mockingly called Nellie, whenever she wished to be especially spiteful; for Nellie had a way of sitting abstractedly, like Cinderella, in the fairytale, and indulging in day-dreams.

She was indulging in a day-dream now. It is a great blessing, after all, this being able to build castles in the air: it gilds, with a sunshine all its own, the dreary wastes of life. Nellie, for the moment, as she leaned back, forgot her coarse surroundings, and lived in a fairy-land of possibilities to come. "It can't be always like it is now," she thought. "If it wasn't for the Sunday School, I never would see anybody; and but for Miss Sibyl," Miss Sibyl Grosvenor, was her teacher, "I'd get out of heart, sometimes."

Nellie's reverie was cut short by a loud knock at the door. "A note from Miss Sibyl," said Col. Grosvenor's footman. The note was an invitation to a little evening party. "I have asked all my grown-up scholars," Miss Sibyl said, "and a few others; but it is you that I particularly wish to come, for you know, dear Nellie, how much I love you."

NELLIE NUGERT sat listlessly by the fire-place, & But her heart sank when she thought of her aunt. "Aunt will never, never let me go," said the poor orphan, despondingly.

> But for once her aunt was propitious. The truth was the Grosvenors were not people to be denied. They were the great persons of the neighborhood, enormously rich, accustomed to going to Europe, looked up to by everybody. "The child will have to go," said the aunt, apologetically, to Jane, "but what Miss Sibyl sees in her, I can't tell." Jane could have struck Nellie, she was so angry. She had never been asked to the Grosvenors, herself. business has the chit there?" she said. "It's positively and absolutely ridiculous."

> The next day, when this decision was announced, for Nellie's aunt could not help torturing the poor child, by pretending to take a night to think of it, Nellie flew up stairs to an old trunk, in which the wedding dresses of her mother and grandmother, her only inheritance, were packed away. She was skillful with her needle, and had a natural taste in dress; so, in a few days, she had made for herself quite a pretty costume: an old India muslin worn over a blue brocaded silk petticoat, that had been her grandmother's. For shoes, she had a pair of blue satin slippers, high-heeled, that were in fashion again, by good luck, after more than sixty years.

> When the Grosvenor carriage, which had been thoughtfully sent for her, drew up before the lighted mansion, Nellie was in such a flutter that she hardly knew how she got into the rooms. She had a vague sense of being kissed by Miss Sibyl, and welcomed by stately Mrs. Grosvenor; and then she heard Miss Sibyl say,

> "Let me introduce you to two of my most particular friends. Mr. Effingham, Miss Nugent. Mr. Arundel, Miss Nugent. Now, gentlemen, do your devoirs, like true knights."

It was all like a bit out of a story-book. two young gentlemen danced with her in turn, explaining to her the figures, when she artlessly confessed her ignorance. After that they saw that she had other partners; but they were continually coming back to dance with her them-Mr. Effingham was the more assiduous. But somehow the chivalrous, deferential manner Here was comfort for Nellie's disappointment! of Mr. Arundel impressed Nellie the most. Suddenly, while dancing with the latter, her ankle { turned, and she would have fallen, if he had not caught her. She was supported to a seat, and Miss Sibvl flew to her side.

"It is a sprain, I fear," said Nellie, as her friend knelt, and took off one of the shoes. "Oh," she said, "how it hurts, when you touch it."

"We will have you to bed, this instant, then," said Miss Sibyl, "and the poor, dear, little foot bathed and bandaged."

Mrs. Grosvenor had, by this time, come up. "I am so sorry for your pain, dear child," she said, courteously; "but glad for our sake, since it will give us the pleasure of your society till you recover. James," and she called a venerable white-haired butler, "carry Miss Nugent, carefully, up to the blue, spare room."

Nellie, in spite of her suffering, felt a wild thrill of joy. To be a favored guest in such a household was beyond her wildest dreams. Then, too, there was a look in Mr. Arundel's eyes, as she was borne away, partly concern, partly tenderness, that set her heart strangely beating.

The next day Miss Sibyl came into Nellie's " My dear," room, with annoyance on her face. she said, "your pretty shoe is lost. I have looked for it everywhere: I'm afraid one of the servants has stolen it. I am so sorry."

"Never mind," said Nellie, speaking more cheerfully than she felt. "They were only valuable because they belonged to grandma; and I have one left still, you know."

"You have the dearest, sweetest temper in the world," said Miss Sibyl, kissing her. "That reminds me that pa says he has often heard his father speak of your grandfather, Gen. Nugent, under whom my grandfather served in the Revolution. Isn't it a dainty little affair?" she said, holding up the remaining shoe. "Why, my dear, you are a veritable Cinderella."

Nellie blushed with pleasure. She had often been called Cinderella derisively before, but never in carnest.

On the second day, Nellie was able to appear in the drawing-room, lying on a couch. She looked lovely, in a white morning-dress, trimme:l with blue, which Miss Sibyl had insisted on lending her. "With her sweet expression, and golden hair," said Miss Sibyl to her mother, enthusiastically; "she reminds me of one of Fra Angelica's How different she is from her aunt and angels. cousin. They are earthenware, and she is por-But then they have none of the Nugent celain. blood." For Sibyl was an aristocrat at heart.

Life at the Grosvenor's was a revelation to Nellie: it was so cultured and refined; so different from anything she had ever seen. But she allowed her own vanity to mislead her. Miss

had often dreamed, in her day-dreams, of such a household. There were no loud voices in conversation. No one ever contradicted another. No one interrupted. No one talked of himself or herself. The meals were served noiselessly, by attentive men-servants, who seemed to anticipate one's every want. Flowers, and engravings, and books, and pictures, and bronzes, were all about; and even one or two pieces of choice statuary, fullsized, in marble. The whole atmosphere breathed of beauty and repose.

Mr. Effingham and Mr. Arundel, both of whom were staying at Col. Grosvenor's, hovered about Nellie's couch most of the time. Sibyl was there, too, and the gentlemen often read, while the ladies sewed or netted. It was difficult to tell which was the most attentive, Mr. Effingham, or his friend. Perhaps, on the whole, it was the former. But it was of the latter that Nellie began. insensibly, to think, more frequently, than she should. His eyes looked, so often, a language, that thrilled the poor child's heart; he was so deferential, so tender; altogether, Nellie, little suspecting it, began to be in love. Recollect, she had no mother to warn her.

In those few weeks she lived in a dream of perfect happiness. It was Miss Sibyl's maid. who first revealed to Nellie the true state of her heart. Nellie was now able to walk, and the day had been fixed for her return home. the same day, the whole party was to break up, for the Grosvenors were to go to the White Sulphur Springs, and the two young gentlemen had promised to accompany them. Miss Sibyl's maid was combing out Nellie's hair.

"I s'pose, by the time we comes back," said the maid, "there'll be a wedding. I hab my eyes open as well as white folks." Nellie colored. She thought the speaker meant Arundel and herself. But she was soon undeceived. A fine match, too; both mighty rich, though Mr. Arundel is the richest: and such a plantation he owns on the James River! An old family, too. You doesn't hab to go round asking who dey is."

Nellie grew dizzy. She thought she was about The maid went on,

"I gib Miss Sibyl, my good wishes to-day; and she blushed as red as a rose; just like one of us, you know."

Nellie could hear no more. She gave a little shriek, as if the girl had hurt her, and then dismissed her, saying she would finish her toilet herself.

Left alone, she was a prey to the most violent self-reproach. She realized it all now. What a silly fool she had been! Others could see plainly whom it was that Mr. Arundel loved: she had

nied it, but had blushed with pleasure. She threw herself on her bed, and burst into tears.

When the servant knocked at her door, as was the custom, to announce dinner, she was still weeping. But she smoothed her hair, bathed her eyes, shook out her skirts, and went down; and no one of those there, hearing her gay laugh, and listening to her light sallies, knew that her heart was breaking.

After tea, she was to go home. The Grosvenor carriage came around, and both the gentlemen, as well as Miss Sibyl, insisted on accompanying her. The conversation, of course, was general. Once or twice, as she looked shyly up, Nellie saw Mr Arundel eagerly watching her. Could it be that Sibyl's maid was mistaken? No, no! For if he loved me, thought Nellie, he would have found some opportunity to speak out. It was all true, of which she had read so much-men did trifle with innocent girls' hearts.

Sibyl kissed her, again and again, at parting. She had come to love Nellie as a sister. "I shall only be gone a month," she said, "and when I return, I shall count on having you with me all the time." But Nellie shook her head. "Oh! we shall see about it," replied Sibyl, gayly. "Shan't we, Arundel?" and she looked smilingly at him.

This was the last and most stinging blow. Yes! it was really true, for Sibyl would not have appealed to Mr. Arundel, in that way, unless he was going to be part and parcel of her life. Nellie hardly knew whom she shook hands with, or whether she shook hands with either of the gentle-She thought, afterward, that, perhaps, she had been rude to them. When the carriage drove off, and she stood there alone, the sky suddenly became dark, and a blinding mist rushed over her eyes.

She was roused by the satirical tones of Jane.

"Oh! we're here, at last, are we?" said the high, shrill, nasal voice. "The coach-and-four has disappeared, and Cinderella has come back to her pots and kettles. I wish you joy, Miss, of the change." And she dropped a mock curtsy.

What a month it was that followed! It was August, and piteously hot. There had been no rain for weeks, and everything was parched up. Nellie went about her work, listlessly, with aching Lead often, as well as aching heart.

One day, Jane came in with a newspaper, that pretended to give fashionable gossip.

"See here," she said, "I know you've been fool enough to think Mr. Arundel cared for you, and I'd have told you how ridiculous the idea was, if it would have done any good. But now read this. Or I'll read it to you," she said, ma- annihilate him.

Sibyl had been congratulated, and had not de-} liciously, "and then give you the paper to keep. ' On dit, at the White Sulphur, the engagement is announced of Miss Sibyl Grosvenor to Mr. Fortescue Arundle, both well known in fashionable circles, and the latter the great parti of the season. The marriage is to come off on the first of October.' There, Miss Cinderella," spitefully, "you'll not believe in the Prince after this, I guess."

> Poor Nellie! Poor little disenchanted Cinderella! For the glamour now, at last, fell wholly from her eyes. Holding this indisputable evidence in her hands, she realized that she had been secretlyhoping against hope, all along. Oh! if she could only die.

> That night, until the gray morning began to dawn, Nellie lay with her face buried in her pillow, fighting down her trouble. She was proud, and after the first hour or two, her pride came to her aid. "He shall never, never suspect it." cried Nellie, clenching her hands, till the nails cut into the flesh. "No, nor she either. I will smile, and congratulate. I'll be her bridemaid, even, if she asks me." And at this climax, she broke down again, in an agony of sobs, that shook the frail bed.

> She rose wearied, and with a headache. She went through her household duties listlessly, and was glad to escape, when the work of the day was over, to a rude, rustic arbor, which she had herself made, at the bottom of the garden. She sat there, her hands clasped across her lap, in her favorite attitude, looking vacantly across to the distant hills, over which the cold, gray evening was stealing. The summer had broken within a day or two, and autumn was now fairly setting in. The sky was bleak; clouds were rising; the brown grape-leaves overhead rattled in the wind. Nellie shivered. Winter was coming. In her heart it was already winter.

> Suddenly, a quick, eager step was heard, a step she thought she knew, a step that made her bosom flutter wildly under its modest, white covering. She started to her feet.

> It was Arundel. His look was so glad, so like that of the old times, that, for a moment, Nellie forgot everything but the joy of his presence, and half took a step forward to meet him.

He grasped her little hand between both of his. "Darling, darling!" he cried.

But at these words, so exultant, so eager, she remembered all. The hot blood surged over her face. What! Sibyl's lover, and dare to address her, with that word, and those tones!

She drew back, haughtily.

"Sir!" she said, and looked as if she would



Arundel staggered, as if he had been struck. Even through his bronzed face the deathly pallor could be seen. All at once, however, he cried,

"Ah! I know. You have seen that lying paper? You believe the absurd story? You think me a scoundrel? I am not engaged to Sibyl: it is Effingham: I never loved her: I never loved anybody but you; and I have loved you from the first moment I saw you." All this hurriedly.

"But, but," stammered Nellie, overpowered with his rush of words, looking down, and plucking at her gown, trembling all over, eager to believe him, yet remembering the girl's story. "Miss Sibyl's maid said----"

"I heard of that, too. It came out, the evening before I left. She mentioned no names, the gossipping wretch, when she congratulated her mistress; and Sibyl thought she was of course alluding to Effingham, while the girl had me in her mind. Her having told this is what has brought me here; for you treated me so coldly, the night I left, that I was afraid to come before."

Nellie looked up suddenly. What was it, reproach or tenderness, that, shining in her eyes, made Arundel exclaim, rapturously?

"Yes, I loved you from that first evening. No one has ever seemed to me so beautiful, so good. Oh! Miss Nugent—Nellie, give me a little hope. See, I will prove how long, how dearly I loved you. Do you remember a shoe, a dear, little shoe, that you wore, on that first night?"

"Oh! you wicked, wicked man," cried Nellie, a sudden light breaking on her. "It wasn't lost, after all. You stole it! Give it to me, at once, sir, if you ever expect to be forgiven."

Nellie had no idea that the shoe was lying next to Arundel's heart. She made her demand, on the impulse of the moment, to escape from the embarrassment of his eager avowal.

To her confusion, Arundel put his hand into the breast of his waistcoat, and produced the identical slipper.

Nellie reached forth her hand for it, trying to brave the situation out; but blushing furiously.

"Not yet," said Arundel. "I have carried this dear little souvenier so long; I have so cherished it, because once worn by you; that, I have acquired, I think, a sort of possessory right to it; and I cannot part from it without conditions."

Nellie was now blushing redder than ever. "What conditions?" she stammered, patting the ground, nervously, with her tiny foot, and looking down at it.

The sight seemed to inspire Arundel. He also looked down at the pretty foot.

"The first condition," he said, gathering boldness, as he saw her embarrassment, "is that I try the slipper on"—Nellie jerked her foot in—"or else I shall never be able, you see," jesuitically, "to tell if you are the right owner." He knelt, as he spoke, shoe in hand.

"May I?" he said, in a low whisper, looking up, after a moment's waiting.

She hesitated for an instant longer, and then suddenly put out her foot, blushing to the very tips of her small, shell-like ears.

Reverently, as if serving a princess, he took off her other slipper, and tried on this. Then, bending low, he kissed the dear little foot.

"Oh! but that's not in the bond!" she cried, jerking back the foot. "That's sheer robbery, Sir Thief!"

She looked at him so saucily, as she spoke, that he did what you, or I, reader, in his place, if a man, would have done: he sprang up, caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"My other condition is," he said, as she struggled fainter and fainter, "that you marry me, on the first of October, on the same day that Sibyl marries Effingham."

She gave him a quick, imploring glance. But he was inexorable.

"It shall be whenever you wish," she whispered, softly, at last, hiding her face on his shoulder.

And so, as the old fairy tale has it, the Prince was married, and lived happily, forever after, with CINDERELLA.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I've learnt that life depends on little things
That turn our fate and change the course we go;
From smallest things our joys or sorrows flow,
And make us beggars poor, or crown us kings.
The little wasp and asp have sharpest stings,
And from such foes we often suiden know,
The little things of life will haunt us so,

And lame our feet, or give our spirit wings!
But we the while they come and go are blind,
And will not see their meaning clear as day,
We only see when they are far behind,
And they as forest leaves on greensward lay:
Oh! save us God, from folly such as this,
And teach us little things have bane or bliss!



"PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 332.

CHAPTER XI.

A SURPRISE TO CICELY.

Or course Polly heard all about this, and of course, Polly both condoled and rejoiced with her friend; and Cicely was delighted to observe that she looked as much relieved, as she herself had felt.

"It is news worth hearing, that you will not have to go away," was her comment. "I should have missed you, every hour of the day. You think there is no danger of your mother sending for you, Cicely?"

"Oh, no," said Cicely, quickly. "There is no danger of that, I am sure. You see, both mamma and Hilda arc—are different. They would not live in London in the plain way I do, and so, of course, they do not care to come at all; and so long as I am safe with Gaston, I don't complain. I—well, I almost think they feel relieved."

"Oh!" said Polly, and then began to wonder, with some shrewdness, whether the august twain would be as much at ease if they knew that this fair young scion of their house was consorting with such dangerous companions, as play-acting young women and their amiable duennas. It seemed as if wonders were not to cease.

The first surprise had not died out of Cicely's mind before another presented itself; and a surprise, too, of so startling a nature that it was an absolute shock of bewilderment.

Just six weeks after the date of Framleigh's relief, Polly walked in upon Cicely, with a marvelous piece of news to relate. She came in between twilight and dark, and almost as soon as her first greetings were over, delivered her announcement as suddenly as if she had shot it out of a cannon.

"Cicely," she said, "something delightful has happened to me."

Cicely looked at her brilliant color in surprise.

"It must be something very nice, indeed,"
she said. "Your cheeks look like carnations.
What is it?"

"It is something very nice, indeed," said Polly.
"I have had five thousand pounds a year left to

Cicely sprang up with a cry.
"Five thousand pounds——"

"A year," said Polly, nodding her handsome head, "per annum, you know. So, I think I shall give old Buxton notice. Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, Polly," cried Cicely, quite stunned, and at the same time not a little puzzled by her friend's coolness of demeanor. "This is like a chapter out of a novel! Are you sure it is true? Where did it come from? Oh, how glad you must be!"

"It came from Scotland, from Ayreshire, where my great aunt, Mrs. Alison Rossitur, lived and died. My mother was an Alison Rossitur, but after she ran away with my father, her friends would not see her again, and she was quite cut off from them. As to this money—the fact is, Mrs. Alison Rossitur was a whimsical old body, and rather quarrelsome, and I fancy she left her money to me, because she had quarrels with every one else."

She spoke quite coolly about it, almost indifferently, Cicely thought. It might have been one of her most frequent experiences to find herself the possessor of a goodly fortune. It quite bewildered Cicely to see her sit down, as she did afterward, and begin to discuss prospects, and form plans with all the nonchalant composure in the world. Of course, there would have to be some change in her mode of life, and this must be talked about. Where was the new house to be, and how was it to be furnished? These were the questions to be settled now, and she wanted Cicely to help her to settle them.

"She talked about it, as if she had been expecting such a thing for years, and had thought about it often enough not to care much," said Cicely to Gaston, in their after-conversation upon the subject. "I am sure I should have been quite excited."

It was somewhat unaccountable, she thought, that the news should seem to disturb Gaston so; for she was quite sure that it did disturb him. When first she revealed to him Polly's good fortune, he became quite pale, and all her enthusiasm did not rouse him to anything like brightness. It could not be that he was not glad; of course he was glad; and yet it seemed as if a shadow fell upon him at once.

"She will not act any more now," Cicely said.

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"And I cannot help feeling a little sorry for her friends at the Prince's. They will miss her so."

- "And we shall miss her, too," added Framleigh, almost involuntarily.
- "We?" said Cicely. "She is not going away from us altogether, Gaston."
- "I think we shall find that she will, in the end," he answered. "Other people will fill up her time, and she will have so many new responsibilities."

Which observation caused Cicely to burst forth, the next time she saw Polly, in a pathetic la-

- "Gaston thinks we shall lose you, now you are rich," she said. "Oh, Polly, please don't let it be true in the end. He said 'in the end.'"
- "Capt. Framleigh holds as high an opinion of me as ever, I see," said Polly, caustically. am much obliged to him. You know it won't be true, Cicely. I care for you more than I care for any one else in the world-even more than I care for Uncle Jack, and that is saying a great deal." And when she met Framleigh, she disposed of the matter in rather a high-handed way.
- "Thank you for trying to persuade Cicely that a paltry fortune would make me less fond of her," she said. "It was kind of you to try to make her distrust me. If we have never been friends, Capt. Framleigh, I thought we had not been exactly enemies. If you distrust me yourself---''
- "I not trust you!" he interposed, looking so pale that he made her feel uncomfortable and half-vexed at her own injustice. "I your enemy! Nay, you know, as well as I do, that is not true.
- "I thank you, again," said Polly, with haughty perversity.

Her trouble with this man was her recognition of his proud humility. Sting, or stab him, as she might, he never retorted. He bore his burden in silence, and with a patience which had disturbed her more than once. He had altered strangely, since the time when he had so roused her pride and resentment. Misfortune and humiliation had changed him. Cicely's influence had subdued him, as it were, and something, more subtly powerful still had done the rest. He was as proud as ever, it is true, but his pride was of a different order.

"I suppose I deserve this." he said to his persecutor, with a certain dignity now. "But it is not easy to bear." And noting the pain in his face, Polly was guilty of relenting, reluctantly, even once again.

novelty to this young lady, in her new position. There must have seemed a sort of unreality in her sudden change of fortune, in the sudden finding berself a person of importance. Composed as she looked, she must have felt some slight excitement, during the following weeks of preparation, it must have been a trifle startling to find herself, her simple self, Pretty Polly P., of the Prince's, transacting business with lawyers, receiving visits from landlords and upholsterers, giving orders, entering into agreements, superintending arrangements, and paying bills, for the furnishing and fitting up of the new house in Blank Square, necessitated the paying of bills, whose sum total, a few months before, would have represented to her inexperienced eves quite a little fortune.

- "I want everything to be pretty," she said to Cicely, with an inconsistent sigh. "Money will buy me pretty things, if it will buy nothing else one wants."
- "Nothing else one wants!" echoed Cicely. "I thought money would buy everything."
- "It won't buy happiness," murmured Polly, as if half unconscious that she was speaking.
- "I should think," said Cicely, "that you would have no need to buy happiness."
- "Happiness, indeed?" cried Miss Polly, waking suddenly from her reverie. "Is there such a thing in the world?"

But the new establishment was very pretty. Everything it contained was pretty and tasteful, Cicely thought; and as to Teddy Popham-when Teddy made his first visit to Blank Square, and found Polly in her own artistic, grand-looking parlor, in company with Montmorenci, in a new gown of the thickest and softest black satin, and a chaste head-dress of lace, he was so completely charmed that he could scarcely contain his feelings, and so, knowing himself a privileged person, he gave vent to them.

"It is just the exact style of thing to suit you, Polly," he cried, enthusiastically. always tell you that swelldom was your element? It suits you, you know. You always seem too tall for little rooms, and too-too-well, statuesque. and all that sort of thing, for ordinary surroundings."

The young lady had not been enjoying her new state and pomp for many days, before she found her way back to Cicely's parlor, and having spent an evening with her friend, ended her visit with stirring up Capt. Gaston again.

"I hope, whenever Cicely comes to see meand that must be often-you will come with her," she said, just before she went away. "I shall Certainly, there must have been a wonderful always like to see you." And then, coloring warmly, and looking a little awkward as she met his eyes, she gave him her hand, for the first time since the night upon which she had so cavalierly told him that he had better remain at home.

CHAPTER XII.

"GOADED TO CONFESSION."

It really was surprising to see how Polly adapted herself to circumstances, and how impossible it was to disturb her grave self-possession. As Teddy had admiringly remarked, "swelldom" seemed to be her element, and became her. And what a success she was at Blank Square, to be sure! What an admirable mistress she made for the handsome house, and what a talent she developed for rendering all things well-ordered. She could manage even Uncle Jack, who was disposed to be a trifle more blatant and consequential than usual in his ecstasy, and even Montmorenci, who was apt to feel herself overwhelmed. And how they missed her at the Prince's, some of them even shedding tears over her, when she bade them farewell. Old Buxton himself was reported to have wept, but how far that legend is true, it would be difficult to assume. Her first entertainment at Blank Square was given to her old friends and fellow-actors, and not one of them was left out, from old Buxton to the call-boy, who adored her, and sniffed audibly when Blathers, (that celebrated tragedian) made a speech during supper, and proposed her health as "Pretty Polly P."

"For," said Blathers, with feeling, "though oceans wide should between us roll, even though she should become the per-roud ber-ride of a deucal ke-oronet, and a de-iadem should rest upon her be-row, Pretty Polly P. would be Pretty Polly P. to our fe-aithful hearts to the last." which touching sentiment, he sat down in triumph, and wiped his eyes with a white handkerchief of appalling size, scorning to conceal his emotion.

Cicely was present at this entertainment, and so, of course, was Teddy Popham, who, I will remark, made himself immensely popular, as he always did; and Framleigh was there also. Polly, as hostess, was quite entrancing. She had never looked handsomer, or more statuesque in her life, than she did this night, in the simple, white muslin, with its elegant, yet unassuming trimmings of soft, web-like lace. She vied with her own carnations-the carnations she wore in her hair and at her belt-in color, her eyes shone, and every vestige of that severe air melted away. She danced with her admirers, one after the other; she found partners for all the young ladies, and whisttables for all the older ones; and showed herself { to Cicely, who was standing talking and listening

was easy to comprehend why she had always been such a favorite. And among the rest she danced with Framleigh. During one of the waltzes, he caught sight of her standing a little apart from the rest, twisting a red carnation in her fingers, and looking quite as if she had forgotten herself and her guests for a moment; so he succumbed to a sudden impulse, and went to her, and wakened her from her reverie, by addressing her in the very words he had used on that eventful "evening" of Mrs. Pomphrey's.

"Will you waltz with me?" he said.

She started a little as she raised her eyes.

"Waltz?" she said, a trifle abstractedly. "Oh, I beg pardon! I forgot. Yes, I will waltz?" He led her out among the dancers, and placed

his arm around her waist. "It is a long time since that first waltz of

ours," he said, as they whirled off.

"Not so long, really," she answered. "But so many things seem to have happened since then. It was at Mrs. Pomphrey's, where I went That was the first time, too, that I had to act. the pleasure of meeting Miss Dalrymple. Bythe-by, Miss Dalrymple called upon me, this morning."

She was very fond of trying to convince herself that he was to marry Miss Dalrymple. He would be sure to do so, eventually, she always insisted mentally. He was not the sort of man to throw away fortune and position for the sake of a scruple. And yet, in spite of her inward determination, he had not yet made the slightest move toward marrying Miss Dalrymple; in fact, he was even so indiscreet, as to avoid her a little, and receive fewer cups of tea from her fair hands. So, on this occasion, he did not pursue the subject of Miss Dalrymple, but began again,

"I have never before had the opportunity to congratulate you," he said. "You must let me do so now.'

"Wait until I have tried being rich for a year, and then congratulate me, if I am not tired of it," she said. "Perhaps, I shall be like the hatter I once read of, who made a fortune; and then made himself ill with wishing for his work again; and at last was obliged to make hats to save his life. Perhaps I shall find I cannot live without the Prince's and the foot-lights. But," with a slight shrug of her shoulders, "with me it will be different. I shall be acting still, but on a new stage. Playing the part of first walking lady—a part l was not born to. I wonder it I shall not often find that I don't even know my cues."

Then she looked across the room, and nodded withal so tactful and bewitching a hostess, that it { sweetly to the tragic Blathers, upon every lineament of whose expressive countenance the most intense admiration and reverence was written.

"Look at Cicely now," she said. "The part would come to her by nature—she would never forget her cues. Five thousand a year is what one would naturally expect Fortune to bestow upon Cicely. Why has it been given to me? Why——?" And then she stopped herself abruptly, and the fine, severe air of gravity fell upon her, all at once, like a mask. "I beg pardon," she said. "What nonsense I am talking. Is not the time of that waltz a little slow?"

Framleigh really felt that he never was seen to so poor advantage as when he was in this young lady's presence. She was fond of making difficult speeches to him, when she addressed him at all, and of making sarcastic assertions concerning herself, which common politeness commanded him to contradict, without giving him the ghost of a chance to contradict them, since she gave him the impression that she was so completely indifferent, that gallant speeches would be at once absurd and officious. It was much to be regretted that the amiability of so charming a young creature was not more above reproach.

But as I have before said, he bore it patiently, even while he felt himself at a disadvantage. Perhaps it was Cicely who led him so often to the Blank Square establishment that winter, or, perhaps, he found it hard to resist temptation. He always accompanied Cicely in his visits, however, and, accordingly, was placed in a somewhat dangerous position. Is it not a dangerous position for a man, who loves a delectable young creature, to be frequently in that delectable young creature's presence? To see her in her own household, to behold her charms, to thrill at the sound of her voice, to long to touch her hand, and praise her fresh, sweet beauty, without being permitted to do either? And this position was Gaston Framleigh's during these months. bitter-sweet portion it was to stand and look on. while Miss Polly enacted her new role in so apt and fascinating a manner. Of course, she became popular. Of course, society confessed her power at once. The heiress to five thousand a year was not to be ignored. Besides this, did not Mrs. Grundy speedily learn that this handsome young person was really a member of a most excellent family, a Scotch Rossitur, one of the Rossiturs of Ayrshire? Indeed, the story of her life made her all the more interesting. Her mother, Miss Alison Rossitur, had been disinherited in consequence of her sad mesalliance; and this, her daughter, had actually supported herself, and that delig'atful. hospitable, old gentleman, her uncle, by her exertions upon the stage, which had, indeed, }

been most highly commendable. It was quite a pretty romance. And we must all know her! "Charles, you must dance with Miss Pemberton, dear! Edgar, is it possible you have not been introduced yet? My dear Mrs. De Browne, you really must present me to the heroine of this touching little history."

It was thus society talked. And Polly was in great request consequently. She received callers; she received invitations; her programme, when she attended evening parties, was full, and pressed down, and running over.

The youngest, and most imposing Miss Fitz Robynsonne, Beatrix, the blonde, who was just "out," and had created no inconsiderable sensation before her advent, sank immediately after it into comparative insignificance. Young ladies, who had the reputation of being wits, found their stars paling before her greater brilliance. said wittier things than any of them, and, withal, could be more severe. Her taste was unexceptionable, and alas! for them, inimitable. Some of them had secretly hoped that she would be a trifle "loud," and theatrical, but she was not. Her dress was simple elegance itself, and so were her surroundings, though she was daring enough to hold to Montmorenci and Uncle Jack more firmly than ever. And as for those who attempted to satirize the peculiarities of that excellent couple, woe betide them! Miss Polly's fine eyes flashed lightenings upon them; her fine air overawed them; her sharp, scathing wit beat them back into oblivion, and frightened them into ignominious silence. She herself was afraid of nothing, and was equal to any emergency.

"A fellow cannot help admiring her," cried Teddy Popham, enthusiastically. "She takes a man by storm. There is something in her to admire. See how she holds those young muffs at arm's length, and forces them to respect her. She did just the same thing, when she was only Pretty Polly P., at the Prince's. They dare advance no farther then than they dare now. There are not many women, who can control them, in such a way.

How could it be expected otherwise than that Framleigh should admire her with the rest, should find his hidden passion growing stronger day by day, and rendering him at times very hopeless, and desperate, and discontented indeed? Even if she had looked upon him with favor—and he was sure that she did not—pride itself would have forbidden him to make advances toward her. The tables were turned in these days, and it was Pretty Polly P. whom he had once patronized with frigid condescension, who held the reins of power in her own hands. How could he dare to

sue for the favor of this handsome, high-spirited creature, upon whom he had once quite looked down? A penniless Captain of the Guards, who lived upon his pay, would be a nice match for her, forsooth! It was rather galling, too, to see these young whippersnappers dancing attendance upon her, filling up her programme, carrying her bouquet, picking up her fan, while he felt forced to stand aloof.

"Good evening, Capt. Framleigh," she would say, when he came to her to ask for a dance, (for he found himself obliged to drift back again into society, to some extent, after his friends found Cicely out.) "Good evening." And she would hold out her fair hand, with the most graceful air imaginable. "Cicely has been carried away, as usual, I see, before she has had the chance to speak to any of us. A dance? Certainly, if I have one to spare. Waltz third? Let me see—that belongs to Mr. Trelawney. And the fourth to Sir John, here. And the fifth. Ah, so sorry, but I have not a waltz left. But there is a quadrille here, towards the last, if we both remain so long. You may have that."

And he was fain to content himself, and appear grateful. But really, since the change of her fortune, Polly treated him better than she had been wont to do. His reception at Blank Square was always a kindly one, and now and then she even condescended to check herself, when she was on the point of making one of her most severe speeches. But disappointment and restless self-contempt made such a change in him, in spite of all ameliorating circumstances, that, at last, even Teddy Popham found him out.

"You are not happy, old fellow," he said to Gaston, one day. "You don't look like yourself. You are getting old before your time, and you are losing your beauty. You ought to marry, and settle down."

"Who shall I marry?" demanded the Captain, coolly.

"Why," said Teddy, cheerfully, and with amiable discretion, "there are lots of nice girls, you know. There's the Dalrymple, for instance. Why don't you take her? The old boy would come to his senses then—"

"Popham," interposed his friend, "do you think the Dalrymple would take me, if I were to offer myself?"

Teddy stared at him. He did not quite understand something in his tone.

"Well, she seems to like you," he answered.

"And there is nothing like trying, you know.

And it certainly would be a good thing if you could regain your old prospects."

"Even if I didn't care a copper farthing for Vot. LXVI.—28

the Dalrymple?" commented Framleigh. "So it would."

"Well—no," hesitated Teddy. "I didn't mean that, of course. I was taking it for granted that you would learn to care for her. She—she's confounded handsome, you see!" in an embarrassed burst.

"I should not care the copper farthing for her if she was ten times as handsome as she is," said Framleigh, and then, all at once, the truth blurted out in spite of him. "There is only one woman on earth to me," he said, bitterly.

Teddy could hardly believe his ears. What! had it come to that?

"Only one woman on earth!" he said. "I don't understand. I hadn't thought of that." And then, a sudden thought startling him, he began to falter, and stare at his friend, more amazed than ever.

"There—there's only one woman it could be, if it is not Diana Dalrymple," he said. "And yet I cannot believe——"

"You may go on," said Framleigh, flinging out his words quite irritably. "You are going to guess aright, but I should have thought you might have seen. I thought I had been fool enough to betray it, long ago."

"It isn't—no, it isn't," said Teddy. "Look here, Framleigh, it can't be Polly P."

"Isn't, and can't be," repeated Framleigh.
"But it is, I tell you, and it is no other; and
you may write me down an ass, for my pains."

CHAPTER XIII.

"A PIECE OF ADVICE."

WHEN Teddy heard these words, he shook his head dubiously.

"Well," he said, "I must confess, it looks pretty bad. She has always been so down on you, somehow or other, you see."

"Down on me!" cried his friend, laughing outright. "Down on me? I should think she was. And 'down on me' is the only happy expression which seems to convey the idea. Thank you, my boy." And he dragged at his mustache with quite a ferocious air.

He looked so savagely wretched over it, that Teddy felt impelled to offer an attempt at comfort. "But then you know," he suggested, rather feebly, "that is not such a bad sign, in some women. I have heard fellows say that it wasn't a bad sign at all; and perhaps it isn't; but—but," with reluctance, "it is rather awkward that—well, that you didn't seem to like her more—at first——"

"Rather," returned Framleigh, laconically.



and then his savage air came back upon him, and ; he turned upon his friend abruptly. "You don't suppose I am such a fool as to think of ever asking her to marry me now, do you?" he demanded.

"It will be rather hard on you, if you don't!" said Teddy.

Framleigh quite glared. Hard on him! thought of it almost drove him mad. Just to think of standing by, and watching some rascal carry her off. Every man, who might chance to rival him, was a "rascal," in his present frame of mind.

"And," added Teddy, "whatever you may think now about not asking her to marry you, I am afraid you will find it harder to face than you fancy. It will get the better of you, some day, fight against it as you may; it will, I tell you. I have been through all that myself, you see; so I know. The fact is, there is only one thing could save you from it."

"And that?" said Framleigh.

"Oh, that is not to be thought of. It is going away somewhere-somewhere far enough off to make sudden coming back the next thing to impossible—exchanging to India, or something of that kind."

Framleigh rose, and began to pace the floor, restlessly.

"And why is such a thing not to be thought of?" he demanded. "It is the best thing, after all, and, to tell the truth, I have thought of it often enough before in secret. I cannot stand this. And what you say is true. If I try to stand it, I shall make an idiot of myself before I know what I am doing. Why isn't it to be thought of? It is to be thought of. It-

"It will be rather hard on Cicely," put in Teddy, gravely.

Framleigh paused. Twelve months ago, he would soon have disposed of Cicely; but now he did not find it so easy. It would be rather hard upon her, to be sure, to be sent back to the barrenness of "Bareacres," without so much as "by your leave." So, thinking of Cicely, he turned round to Teddy, his fire toned down into haggard weariness.

"No." he said. "It would not do, I see. forgot about Cicely." And there, for the time being, the matter ended.

Among the many excellent and discerning people, who had begun to take a polite interest in Miss Polly, Diana Dalrymple ranked foremost. The romantic little history had quite touched her heart, it seemed. She told it to her friends, and was reached. Diana was not there, but Polly related it to her masculine admirers, with quite a was alone, and in a strange mood. She was cold grace, when she sat at the marble-topped table, and warm by turns, for an hour, and talked

ordinary mortals, Miss Dalrymple could never be. but certainly she was very polite to Polly, in a ceremonious style. She had called upon her, at an early day, carrying her mamma with her, and touching graciously upon their former acquaintance, and after the first call, she had managed the rest with her usual admirable tact. Indeed, her coolly-satisfied suavity inspired Framleigh to indulge in a sarcasm more than once.

"You find Miss Pemberton a very charming friend?" he said to her one evening.

She went on with her tatting, serenely, as she answered him, with the manner of the stateliest of misconstrued goddesses.

"If you intend to be sarcastic, Gaston," she said, "I must submit of course. Pardon me for saving that I do find Miss Pemberton more agreeable than I anticipated."

"It is astonishing how many people have made the same discovery of late," said Framleigh.

"One may be deceived," returned Miss Dalrymple, with fine self-satisfaction. "If one has made a mistake, it is but just to acknowledge it." And she went on with her work composedly.

"My dear Diana," said Framleigh. "You will never make a mistake."

After awhile, however, he began to see that Polly rather encouraged the intimacy, and he was anything but comfortable. He never accepted an invitation to Blank Square without being sure of encountering Diana, and he never encountered her without being mystified by Polly's manner.

Polly managed, in her character as hostess, to throw them together, and leave them together. She managed to place Framleigh at his cousin's side, whenever there was an opportunity, and sometimes she even made opportunities. could not understand it at all, at first; but when the truth did begin to dawn upon him, he was stung to the core. She was playing the part of a graciously indifferent friend to him. She took just enough cool interest in his fortunes to take an outsider's plan to retrieve them. She knew that if he married Diana, the pomps and luxuries of Gaston Court would be his again; and so she thought he had better marry Diana, and she threw her into his path accordingly. Pleasant this, truly-pleasant, indeed! He almost made up his mind to remain at home; but, after raging inwardly for a week or so in solitude, he found he could not, and so gave way.

And when he made his next visit, the climax dispensing nectar. Effusive, after the manner of much feverish nonsense, and, indeed, was so evidently uncertain of herself, that he felt something was going to happen. And something did. She led him into an artful conversation, talked to him about Cicely, and about "Bareacres," and, at last, led him to Gaston Court, and, having betrayed him into displaying something of warmth in describing its venerable beauties, fell upon him suddenly.

"It is a great pity that you should lose it," she said.

She was sitting upon an ottoman, holding a pretty screen of flamingo feathers between herself and the fire; and when he turned to see what the unexpected ring of suggestion in her voice meant, he saw that her color was brighter than the blaze need have made it.

"You said once," he answered her, "that in my place you would accept almost any alternative----"

"I said 'any, not 'almost any,' " commented Polly, coolly.

"And you know," he persisted, "what alternative it has been left me to accept. Yes, I know you do."

"I suppose I may as well admit that I do," answered Polly.

"Thank you," he said, his blood rising to a white heat.

Polly began to wave her flamingo feathers, with a very unreadable expression in her eyes. She even frowned a little, and looked slightly severe.

"Why should it be so hard?" she said. "Why should it seem so dreadful an alternative, to marry a beautiful woman whom everybody admires? I do not see why, I must confess."

He was so heated and unsteady, and in so desperate a frame of mind, that he was actually imprudent enough to rise from his chair, and go toward her.

"Shall I tell you why?" he demanded. "Shall I tell you why?"

She was obliged to drop her screen, and pick it up, and look at him with as cold and politelyinterested a face as she could summon up. It would have been stupidity itself to try to avoid his glance.

"Yes," she said. "N-no. Yes—No." And then, all at once, at the sound of the door-handle turning, she rose to her feet. "Good evening, Mr. Trelawny," she said, with extreme graciousness. And, to add to the pleasantness of his position, Framleigh found himself glaring at that most innocent young swell, with whom he stood almost face to face.

Awkward as it was, at the time, he was not moment's unnecessary delay. But when she sorry afterward that fate had so interposed, had came out of the bed-room, she was looking more

interposed to save him from betraying himself, as he had certainly been on the point of doing.

The incident had proved that Teddy was right. It would be the next thing to impossible to keep within bounds. And was it not imperative that he should control himself? What an indifference was this, which could give him such advice as she had given him? She had never been kind to him, since their misunderstanding; she had often been haughty and severe; but this was oruel. Yes, cruelty itself, since she could not have been so blind as not to see the truth. The fact was, Capt. Gaston knew less of Miss Polly than her most distant acquaintance did, or, at least, he knew as little. He knew only that he had learned to love her, and that he was sure she regarded him with contempt, and both pride and love suffered so keenly through this knowledge, that even his worst enemy might have pitied him. How tired he was of those informal winter-evening visits, before the spring came; and yet how impossible he found it to forego them altogether. He was more pallid and worn, by the end of the winter, than the most dissipated belle of the season. Cicely began to be quite anxious about him, and Teddy Popham, when spoken to upon the subject, shook his head gravely and mysteriously; and even Polly at last condescended to observe to her friend, that Capt. Framleigh looked ill, and surely needed change of air.

And at last, though quite through a trick of chance, he got change of air. There came to him one morning, at breakfast, a letter from Gaston Court, containing unexpected and exciting news. Mr. Gaston was ill—an apoplectic attack—and wished to see him at once. His lawyer wrote the letter, and intimated that there was a probability of a fatal termination to the illness. Certainly Framleigh's heart beat rather spasmodically, as he read this epistle. It might mean a great deal, and it must mean something, though he was by no means so sanguine as Cicely, who believed that it meant nothing else than that her idol was to be taken wholly into favor again.

"You must go at once," cried this mercenary young creature. "I will run and pack your valise, while you finish your breakfast. I can stay at Blank Square, Gaston, while you are away. Polly has often asked me, and I always refused, because I could not bear to leave you alone." And she positively did run away, after pouring him out a second cup of coffee, leaving her own untouched, that there might not be a moment's unnecessary delay. But when she came out of the bed-room, she was looking more

sober, and, indeed, was quite in a repentant mood.

"I'm afraid I—I am rather wicked and selfish," she said, naively. "I am afraid I was not sorry for Mr. Gaston at all. I could not help feeling so glad that he was going to do you justice. He must be very lonely, poor old man, dying all alone. How cruel I was to be so mercenary, and think only of his money." And she looked quite tearful over her own innocent iniquity.

One can readily imagine how she confided in her friend, when she reached Blank Square, and how the two sat together, before the drawingroom fire, with their worsted work, and discussed the matter, though, taking all things into consideration, Miss Polly said very little, though she listened very well.

"I thought, when he paid the debts, that he must be softening a little," said Cicely, "for, of course, it was he who paid them, though he did act so strangely afterward, and refuse to acknowledge doing it, even when Gaston wrote to thank him. You know no one else could have paid them, Polly. There was no one else, in fact."

"Of course there was no one else," commented Miss Polly. "No one else who could have taken sufficient interest in him."

"No one in the world," agreed Cicely, spreading her work out on her knee, and regarding it critically. And then she went on to enlarge on the various incidents which proved the person who paid the debts to have been Mr. Gaston, and no one else, and also to descant on the many perfections of the beloved one, and his many generosities to her unworthy self, and was so prettily grateful, and innocently in earnest, that Polly looked at her askant, from under her long, black lashes, and asked herself sternly how it happened that she herself was not so tender and loving.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HE IS A GENTLEMAN."

ALL that week, Cicely remained at Blank Square, and part of the next, receiving, in the meantime, only one brief, hurried note from her brother. Mr. Gaston was in great danger, and the end might come at any moment. He was very irritable, Framleigh wrote, very exacting, and not much altered. He had learned something, very singular, which he would tell Cicely on his return; and as for the rest, he did not appear at all sanguine as to the result of his visit. But his note was very affectionate, and so very satisfactory to the recipient, who, of course, showed it to Polly.

On the following Thursday, however, the absentee returned, and coming to Blank Square, was enthusiastically received by Cicely, who was sitting alone in the drawing-room, waiting for Polly and Montmorenci, who had gone out.

"At last!" she cried, when he came in. "How glad I am, dear. But you are paler than ever, Gaston, and look quite worn out. Sit down and rest, and tell me about it when you feel less tired. Ah! Gaston—" faltering suddenly, as she met his haggard eyes. "You have bad news."

He made a very poor attempt to smile.

"It is not good news," he said. "You know I was hardly sanguine about it. It is all over, Cicely, as far as my hopes are concerned. We need cling to shadows no longer."

The tears rushed to Cicely's eyes, in spite of her efforts.

"Is-is he dead?" she ventured.

"No," was the answer "Not yet. That is the worst. We have quarreled again, Cicely; or, rather, I think I may say, I have displeased Mr. Gaston again, since the anger was on his side, and not on mine."

"How did it happen?" she asked, in a dropped voice, the tears falling over her cheeks, as she looked at the fire, and thought how dull the future appeared, and how hard it would be for her hero to bear it Ah, how cruel fate had been to him!

He hesitated a moment, before he answered her. It was, upon the whole, rather a delicate and difficult query to reply to.

"It was the old condition we disagreed about," he said, somewhat awkwardly. "I could not accept the alternative he offered."

"The alternative!" exclaimed Cicely. "Gaston!"

"The alternative was Diana Dalrymple," he returned, quite flushing.

"He wanted you to marry her!"

Gaston bent his head.

She put out her loving hand, and caught his, in a tender pressure.

"And you did not think you could care enough," she cried. "And were too generous to ask her to be your wife, unless you could—even for the sake of gaining Gaston Court, and all that money. Oh, Gaston! how proud I am of you! What other man would have been so honorable and generous?"

She spoke in innocent, admiring ecstasy. And, indeed, she believed, quite sincerely, that no other man could have been; and that this faulty brother of hers had no peer on earth.

Perhaps it was this very naiveté of hers which

won from Framleigh the confession which he had so unexpectedly made to Teddy Popham. She was so fond of him, and always so grateful for his confidences, and again he felt so worn out with his conflict. "Why should he not tell her his secret?" he said to himself. So, in a moment more, it was revealed.

"If I had married Diana Dalrymple," he said, wondering if she would understand him. "If I had married Diana Dalrymple, I should have lost more than Gaston Court—I should have lost the right to love the woman, who is more to me than a score of such fortunes could be."

She understood him in an instant, though, since that night when he had first mentioned Polly, she had been often baffled and mystified.

"And that woman is Polly!" she cried out, piteously, because she felt his case to be so hopeless a one. "It is Polly, for whom you have sacrificed all your hopes; and Polly is the only person who is severe and unjust toward you!"

"Which proves me to have been disinterested," he answered, with a still weaker attempt at a smile! "Yes, Cicely, it is Polly, and I have thrown away the substance for her shadow's sake."

There was a silence then, in which Cicely cried softly over him, holding his hand, and admiring him, and wondering in secret how it was possible that Polly could be so blind and stony of heart; so blind as not to see; so stony-hearted as to be able to resist so many perfections and glorious attributes. It was Framleigh who ended the pause.

"But the strangest part of the story is yet to come," he said. "I had almost forgotten to te'l you. Mr. Gaston denies all knowledge of the debts having been paid. He declared, almost indignantly, that he had had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and had returned my letter unopened, because he did not choose to engage in a correspondence."

Cicely regarded him in utter amazement.

"But who could have done it, if he did not?" she exclaimed. "There is no one else. Polly and I only said so the other day. Are you sure that he meant what he said?"

"I am quite sure," was the answer. "He was sufficiently in earnest to be quite irritable at the idea of my fancying that he had been guilty of such a weakness, as he evidently considered it. It was not Mr. Gaston, whoever else it may have been."

There was the end of Cicely's building of fair castles. They fell into the dust now in good sooth; and they buried all her high hopes with them.

When her brother left her, as he did before Polly returned, she went back to her place by the fire, and cried over the fading of her dreams, most piteously. Oh, how dreadful it all was, indeed! And "poor Gaston—poor fellow!" The tears running over her pretty cheeks, at such a rate, that her nice, little handkerchief was quite damn.

Everybody was cruel and unjust to him; even Polly, who was so kind to other people, and for whom he had so nobly sacrificed all. She almost felt as if she had no right to love Polly so much herself, though how she was to help it she could not tell. Was it possible that Polly could let things go on in this way still, and in the end could be so adamantine of soul as to marry somebody else? Oh, it must not be! It could not be! Could she not say something to Polly, which, without actually betraying Gaston, would make her friend see the truth-just guess at it? Poor Gaston indeed! Ah, she knew very well how it was. If Polly had been poor, it would have been different; but he was too proud to speak now, when this horrible money stood between them.

And she wept afresh, and even worked herself into an inconsistent little fever of half conscience-stricken anger against Polly; and when that young lady came in from her shopping tour, Cicely rather surprised her with her dampuess of appearance, and the tearful flush on her soft cheeks.

"It is all at an end," she said, the minute Polly sat down. "He has come back."

Polly started, but managed to recover herself. "He?" she said. "Oh, you mean your brother. Has he, indeed? And Mr. Gaston? He is dead, I suppose."

Cicely shook her head.

"No," she answered. "He was not when Gaston left him, though the doctors said he could not recover. He quarreled with Gaston again, and would not even let him stay, he was so angry."

"He must be an amiable old gentleman," commented Polly, irreverently. "What was it all about, Cicely?"

Cicely's eyes fixed themselves on the grate, and she began to play with her handkerchief, nervously. She did not look at Polly.

"He wanted him to—to marry—Diana Dalrymple," she said, with a tremor in her grave voice.

Polly started, that time, and did not recover herself, though she made a creditable effort, as soon as the traitorous start was over.

"Well," she said, "that was easy enough, wasn't it? Why didn't he promise to do it?"



The tears were so near the surface, that Cicely's eyes began to fill, and her lip commenced to quiver.

"Because he-is too-too honorable," she faltered.

Polly glanced at her, uneasily.

"Why should he be?" she asked. "Diana would accept him, at any minute. And whatever I may have said about it, of course, I know that she would," with some fine disdain.

Perhaps it was this fine disclain which made Cicely's emotion get the better of her. She raised her head, and looked her friend full in the face, curving her slender neck prettily.

"He is a gentleman," she said. "And," but here her momentary courage failed her. "And he cares for some one else," she added, a pathetic little sob catching her up, and quite altering her tone.

Polly turned absolutely pale. She was in as excitable a frame of mind as Cicely, with her starts, and flushes, and pallor.

"Then," she demanded, loftily, "why doesn't he marry the somebody else?"

Why she should have been so lofty, it would have been hard to say, unless for the rather foolish reason that she always was lofty, when she spoke of Capt. Frauleigh.

"It is because he is a gentleman that he cannot," cried Cicely, in a little burst of feeling and anger against Polly's coldness, commingled. "It is because he is poor, and because he is honorable. He has not even asked her, and he never will, for she is more fortunate than he is. And—and there are circumstances under which a gentleman cannot speak with honor, and so he must suffer in silence, as my poor darling will." And she laid her sweet face down, and sobbed aloud.

But, strange to say, Polly was not outwardly moved, even by this, which would have touched her inexpressibly, under some circumstances. She seemed to have turned quite cold and still, and her great, dark, gray eyes were lighted with a curious, steady fire.

"Ah," she said, "I see now. He is too proud to speak. He is more proud than loving. He must save his pride if he loses his love. And this woman whom he pretends to love—why, he has no thought for her. He does not care for her enough to see that she might suffer too. All the pain must be on his side, forsooth; all the sacrifice—everything. He does not see that she may bear her part, and if she does—what of that? The Framleigh pride is safe, and what does it matter for the rest? "A gentleman!" 'too honorable!" 'too poor! It is too proud, I tell you,

too selfish, and too cold." And before her bewildered young friend had time to reply to her in a word of defence, indeed could do more than gasp for breath, and stare at her lovely, haughty, impassioned face, this disdainful and extraordinary young woman turned about, and walked grandly out of the room with the air and demeanor of a tragedy-queen in a play.

CHAPTER XV.

"IT WAS PRETTY POLLY."

AND while all this was going on, the subject under discussion was paying a visit to Teddy Popham.

Teddy greeted his friend with effusion. It was a good-natured habit of his to greet all his friends with effusion; but Framleigh, being his Damon, received a warmer welcome than all the rest. He met that gentleman with open arms, so to speak; sprang out of his arm-chair, when his name was announced; tossed his book across the room, and advanced to receive him, amid a cloud of cigar-smoke.

"No end of glad to see you, old fellow," he cried, shaking his hand stormily. "I am, really. Come in, have a seat, and a weed. Some first-class weeds here. Now tell us the news. You know whether it has all come right or not, and whether the old boy has done the straightforward thing. But of course he has—of course: he could do nothing else."

Framleigh threw himself into a chair, and took a cigar.

"Thanks," he interposed. "Much obliged. But don't congratulate yet, young man. Control your transports. Here's the news. You can have it in three words—I'm a beggar."

And then, as soon as Teddy's excitement had abated, he told his story, just as he had told it to Cicely.

There was no denying that Teddy looked uneasy under it. He fidgeted, and puffed, and listened, and listened, and fidgeted, and puffed, and when it was all over, he broke out, looking positively guilty.

"Well," he said, "it's a bad look-out, and no mistake. But—but, when I come to think of the matter coolly, I never quite saw his drift in paying these bills in that queer way."

"My dear fellow," said Framleigh, "he never paid them."

Teddy almost jumped out of his seat, and then he flushed nervously.

"Never paid them?" he repeated. "He didn't? Never paid them? Then—then, who did?"

"That is what I want to know," remarked

Framleigh, looking at him, questioningly. "That is what I came here to ask."

He saw then that the idea which had taken root in his mind, within the last few hours, was not without foundation; for Teddy flinched so visibly at this, that his ignorance showed itself the poorest pretence in the world.

- "But why-" he began.
- "Because," interrupted Framleigh, "you can tell me. You know—no one better. Come, own up, my generous old fellow." And he rose, and came to the easy-chair, with outstretched hand. "It is useless to try to hide it. You did it yourself."

But this was worse than ever. Teddy jumped up, this time excitedly, in most emphatic dissent.

"No, no," he cried, "I didn't, on honor, Framleigh—I didn't. You never made a greater blunder in your life; though I was willing enough, the Lord knows. I hadn't the money, you know. I wouldn't take the credit of it, for all I own."

Framleigh stared at him, surprised.

- "Then who did?" he burst forth, a trifle irritably. "For pity's sake tell me. You know, I see."
- "I daren't tell you," protested Teddy. "It's a secret, and I only found it out by the merest accident, and I oughtn't to say a word about it. If I did," despairingly, "she would never forgive me. You know, yourself, she has got the deuce of a temper, when she's soured."
- "She?" exclaimed Framleigh, turning pale, and falling back apace. "She! Who is she?"
- "She?" stammered the badgered Teddy, wildly.
 "Did I say she? Oh, the deuce! It's all out, then. But, it's too bad, Framleigh; it is, I declare!"

Framleigh was as pale as his friend was flushed.

"Popham," he said, "you must tell me, I insist."

So Teddy gave it up.

"I suppose I must," he answered, driven into a most desperate corner. "I as good as told you, when I said 'she,' like a fool. I couldn't take that back, you know. It was Pretty Polly P."

That was enough. Framleigh fairly staggered. He had fancied that he had become almost hardened to the blows Fortune had aimed at his pride with such pertinacity of late. But here was a blow he had not looked for. He was so strongly agitated, that Teddy's pity began to be touched with alarm.

"Sit down, Framleigh," he said. "You look quite queer, old fellow. I did not think you wour! be so badly hit as this."

But he was more "badly hit" than even Teddy thought. When he sat down, he uttered something like a groan.

"And so I owe all this to her!" he said.
"Though why I should, what impulse prompted her, I cannot understand. There are few women who would have been generous enough to do such a thing, so delicately, God knows; but then there are few women like her!" And then he broke out almost fiercely. "What does it mean?" he demanded. "Why did she do it?"

Teddy shook his head gravely.

- "Women are hard to understand, and it is harder to keep up with Polly than with the rest of them," he said.
- "There is only one motive she could have had," said Framleigh. "She did it for Cicely's sake. She is very fond of Cicely."

But Teddy did not receive this view of the case as unreservedly as might have been expected of him. He knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar, with a reflective air, and shook his head again.

"Yes," he admitted. "It's true she's fond of Cicely; but—— Well, as I said before, Polly's hard to understand."

He was very reluctant to explain how he had gained his information; but Framleigh gathered something of the truth by degrees.

"You see," he said, "I found out, by chance, that this money of hers came into her possession, some weeks before we heard anything about it, and I could not help wondering why she had kept it so quiet. I was sure she must have had a motive, and then several things I had noticed at the time flashed across my mind, and I began to compare dates, and then one day, when I called, I found her lawyer with her, and as I entered the room I caught a few hurried last words. Your name, and then something about Burroughs, and then Polly saying, in her most authoritative style, 'He must think it was Mr. Gaston.' And so I was sure, and naturally couldn't keep my face straight, when you said you had discovered that he had nothing to do with it."

There was a silence of a few minutes, in which Framleigh's face set itself into new lines of haggardness; but at length he rose from his chair, almost mechanically.

"It was for Cicely's sake she did it," he said. And then he turned to Ieddy, anxiously. "You will let me thank her?" he added. "I can do so without betraying you. You must let me speak, Popham. It would be cruel to demand utter silence of me now," flushing violently. "I could not bear it."

"Well," said Teddy, driven to his wits end,



but ready to sacrifice himself, with his usual have not been betrayed by any one in whom you generosity, rather than sacrifice his friend, "if there is no other way out of it, I suppose I must submit; but try and spare me as much as possible."

"She shall never hear your name in connection with the subject," was the answer. "Thanks!"

"What!" exclaimed Teddy. "You are not going to her now." For Framleigh had taken his hat.

"Yes, now. I am not in the mood to wait."

So he went, and though, in his miserable excitement, he was almost unconscious of existence, he found his way back to Blank Square, startling the footman with his haggard face, and, asking for Miss Pemberton, was shown up stairs into the drawing-room, where Polly was standing by the mantel-piece, looking down at Cicely, who was seated upon her ottoman, on the hearth.

Both turned round, when his name was announced, and Cicely got up, looking at him, wonderingly. Really, there was something to wonder at, both in his face and in his manner. Polly would have given him a most stately greeting, but he would have none of it. He passed the stateliness by, and spoke out upon the subject of his errand at once.

"I have come," he said, "to thank you for your generosity."

It was useless to adopt an air of proud surprise. She saw that she had been betrayed, but though she became first red, and then white, she would not acknowledge that she understood, at first.

"My generosity!" she exclaimed. not aware----'

"Gaston!" cried Cicely. "What has she done?"

"She has made me her debtor," he answered. "And, as it was done for your sake, Cicely; you must thank her too. It was she who paid the money we fancied had come from Mr. Gaston."

"Oh, Polly!" said Cicely. 'Oh, Polly, dear!" She flew to her, and hung round her neck, with one slender arm caressing her, with tears of ecstasy and gratitude.

So Polly was fain to submit. The tears started to her eyes, too, as they would have started to the eyes of any affectionate young person, whose fate it was to be cried over sweetly by the friend she loved. And yet she endeavored to sustain her character as a stony-hearted young woman.

"I do not know where you can have learned this," she said to Framleigh. "You will, at least, give me credit," grandly, "for having intended it to be a secret."

"I learned it, by chance," he answered. "You

have placed confidence. I only made the discovery a few minutes ago."

"And we never thought of you," said Cicely. "You always seemed to dislike Gaston so much. you know, dear."

Framleigh's eyes met the handsome, dark, gray ones, and Polly flushed to her forchead. Then, overcome by some generous impulse, she held out her hand, and let him take it.

"Perhaps I was not exactly just," she admitted, with the manner of the most charming of queens, deigning to make terms. "I thought I had cause to dislike him, and it is not easy for me to forgive; but-but I do not think I disliked him as much as I seemed to."

Cicely could bear it no longer. She lifted her face from her friend's shoulder, and looked at her brother.

"Gaston," she said, trembling all over, "if you would only tell her the truth. She will listen, I am sure. Oh, she must have seen-she must know. I should have known, long ago, if I had been in her place; and I am not nearly so clever as she is. Polly, you will listen, won't you. Oh, Polly!" The words bursting from her in an uncontrollable little passion of sympathy and love for them both. "It was for you he gave up Gaston Court-it is you he loves!" And the moment the words had left her lips, she flew out of the room like a frightened fawn.

Truly it was a difficult position. Polly had never confronted so difficult a one, even upon the stage, in the old theatrical days. For one silent moment each looked at the other, and then Framleigh spoke, tremulously, but with proud humility.

"You must forgive her," he said. "You must forgive me!"

But the climax was reached, and even Miss Polly must be carried away by the prevailing excitement. Her scornful eyes forgot to be scornful, her slight figure forgot its disdain, her eyes sparkled with a strange touch of emotion.

"Then it is true?" she demanded. "You gave up Gaston Court and all your hopes for me?"

He bowed his head; and oh me! how she was cut to the heart, all at once, by the grave, yet hopeless dignity of his gesture! Was this the tranquil, languid, frigid "swell," whose air of the grande seigneur had so angered her long ago?

"And yet," she faltered, trying to hold her own, and front him bravely, and yet feeling that she quivered in every nerve, "and yet, while you could give up all this for me, you are tootoo proud. Yes, too proud to-to be open with



- "What?" he cried. "Nay, be just to me. } Have I the right to speak? Have I---"
- "You have not spoken yet," she said, forgetting herself.
- "I knew that I had incurred your displeasure," he said. "I thought that I had won your dislike and distrust. I have nothing to offer you but my love, though God knows that is strong enough to have almost driven me mad with despair! I am not worthy of you---!"
- "You have given up all the world offered you, for my sake," she interposed. "I have been hard and unjust toward you; I would not own to myself that I had forgiven you; but I-but

And just as suddenly as she had done everything else, she turned round, and laying her face upon the hand, with which she had held to the mantel-piece, she ended in impetuous tears.

It was not for Cicely's sake that she had paid the money, she acknowledged afterward. was because she had cared more for him than she would have confessed to herself, and in her secret heart she dreaded that he would go away and be quite lost to her. She had cared for him even while she had been most severe and contempt-She (but it was long before she confessed this,) had even cared for him, a little, when she had prohibited his visits at the little house; and it was because she had found herself beginning to care for him a little that she had done so. All her satirical speeches and scornful stings had been nothing but the result of her own anger at her own weakness. And really this must have { been true, because, immediately after that inter- dancer, or something. The men actually used to view, in which she had so seriously betrayed { call her "PRETTY POLLY P."

herself, it was observed by Teddy Popham that she was as sweet-tempered and serenely-natured as she had ever been, even in the days of Pretty Polly P. and the Prince's.

But the oddest part of the denouement was that connected with the Gaston property. Perhaps Mr. Gaston releuted, or perhaps he had been careless, and had neglected arranging his affairs until it was too late; but, however that might have been, by some trick of fortune, our hero's sacrifice turned out to have been superfluous, for, in less than a week after his engagement, he received a legal letter, which stated that as Mr. Gaston, of Gaston Court, had died without a will, the property would of course fall to the next male heir, Gaston Framleigh himself.

Immediately after her cousin's marriage, Diana Dalrymple's engagement was announced. She made a good match, and is the handsomest of matrons. But she was not fond of the Framleighs, and found herself obliged to refuse the invitation to Cicely's marriage with the honorable Teddy, which occurred a few months after the Captain's.

"They are distant relations," she was wont to say, composedly, to her friends, "but we don't know much of each other. Gaston was very wild-got into debt, you know, and all that sort of thing; and was even disinherited by old Mr. Gaston of the Court, though he managed to get the property afterward, through his uncle's dying without a will. He knew a great many disreputable people, too, and made a shockingly low marriage a girl off the boards, you know, a

PLAYING AT CROQUET

BY MRS. G. W. WHITE.

WE had an introduction, I scarce remember how; She swept a graceful curtsy, I made my lowest bow; 'Twas on the lawn it happened, We stood, a party gay, With mallets duly waiting, All ready for "Croquet."

A shower of silken ringlets, Like golden sunbeams fell, Around her form of beauty. And wove a magic spell. Her eyes were of the azure, That marks a summer day, My heart she quickly captured, While playing at "Croquet."

At picnics, hops, and parties, As oft it chanced we met, I still got more entangled, In love's bewildering net; For hearts, like balls, are sometimes Hit, when they're not "in play;" And many a hope has vanished. When beaten at "Croquet."

At last I dared to ask her. If she would change her name, The witch, she flashed for answer. " If you can win the game!" And when my pet was vanquished, I kissed a tear away; And that was how I won her, While playing at "Croquet."

"PENELOPE'S SUITORS."

BY JEANIE T. GOULD. - (DAISY VENTNOR.)

"A SCORE of them?" said Mrs. Fitzhugh Des- { diately seized with unreasoning jealousy of the mond, the scarlet feather in her turban vibrating indignantly, as she spoke. "A score of them, indeed! I can count the girl's lovers by dozens. Yes, at five-and-twenty, she is Veronica Desmond still. I got into a famous rage with her, this morning. Senator Huntley, (the man who owns a silver mine out in Nevada, you know,) followed us on from Washington for the express purpose of proposing to her; and I know what young Van Horn's intentions are, provided she gives him half a chance; beside which there is Lyle Stanhope. Now, will you believe it, when I asked her which of the three she meant to accept, she quietly informed me that she had not the smallest intention of marrying any of them!"

Mr. Hardenburg, a handsome, well-preserved bachelor of sixty, leaned back in his chair, and indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Veronica is charming," he said. "I always study her as a curious psychologial problem."

"A problem!" echoed Mrs. Desmond. "She's no business to be anything but a woman."

"Then you do not allow that the two are identical?'

"Nonsense," quoth Mrs. Desmond. "Go, and talk all that stuff to Veronica; my day for it is over. But I wish you would give her a hint about Lyle Stanhope. Think what a match that would be. Why, he's the eldest son of Sir Chandos Stanhope, and the baronetcy is more than two hundred years old."

"Where is Veronica, by the way?" said Mr. Hardenburg.

"Down in the library, refusing somebody, no doubt," said Mrs. Desmond, grimly.

"Well, suppose I go down, and stop that," said Mr. Hardenburg.

He smiled to himself, as he went down the stair-case, at the novel idea of his preventing anything Veronica wished to do. Veronica, who had been his pet and darling ever since she was ten years old.

Mrs. Desmond was right in her surmise, for one of the two inmates of the library looked flushed and annoyed, as Mr. Hardenburg opened the door. But Veronica rose with both hands extended, and was so warm in her greeting that

new comer.

She was more beautiful than ever, Mr. Hardenburg thought, as he looked at her. When you paused to criticise Veronica's beauty, the first idea which occurred to the observer was its entire harmony. The proudly-poised head, with its soft, light-brown hair; the delicate, creamy complexion, with its faintest tinge of color; the rounded, dimpled chin; the firm mouth; the deep, violet eyes, shaded by dark lashes: all these left nothing to be desired. It was a charming face, and yet a tantalizing one; certainly not cold; but still a face that baffled you, from the high-bred reticence in every line of it.

Veronica presented the gentlemen to each other, wheeled up a chair for her old friend, and, scating herself, playfully demanded what he had been about all winter. "For you can't think how much we wanted you in Washington," said she. "Account for yourself, pray."

And while Mr. Hardenburg did as he was bid, Veronica pulled out of her dainty work-table a mass of gold and blue silks, and began to weave them deftly into some sort of feminine fancywork.

"We used to wonder, in Washington," said the Senator, directly, "why Miss Desmond was always knitting something marvelously prettylike this," and he touched the blue mass cautiously. "Capt. Vaughan, of the Engineers, got off a remark about it, one day. He said it always put him in mind of Penelope's web-because it was never finished."

Mr. Hardenburg happened to be looking at Veronica, and, to his surprise, the delicate color flushed up over the girl's cheeks and brow; the Senator's random shaft had evidently struck some chord which vibrated.

"I am like the old woman who had a prejudice against seeing anything wasted, even time." said Veronica. "And this piece of work certainly needs Penelope's patience," and she held the cobweb-like mass up to the light, for their inspection. But Mr. Hardenburg fell to pondering what the blush could possibly mean, and decided that he must inquire about this Capt. Vaughan.

After a few moments, the Senator took his de-Senator Huntley, the other occupant, was imme- { parture with an air o' dejection, (which, con-



sidering his ordinary pompousness, was rather comical to witness,) and then Mr. Hardenburg thought that his hour for catechising Veronica had come.

"Veronica," he began, somewhat gravely. But she slipped a slender hand in his, with a

"Don't," she said. "I know what grandmamcaressing look which quite disarmed him. ma has been saying. Are you deserting me,

Cousin Everard? Do you want me to go away and leave you?"

"You're a witch," said Mr. Hardenburg. confess I came down primed with all sorts of excellent arguments in favor of-"

"The silver mine, or the baronetcy?" interrupted she. "Make your mind easy about the first. I do not admire Nevada."

"And the Englishman?" questioned Mr. Hardenburg.

"Cousin Everard," said the girl, quietly, "I am just the least bit of an enthusiast in my own fashion; I do not love him, and I will not marry any one for the mere sake of getting married."

And to Mr. Hardenburg's infinite amazement, a tear splashed down upon his hand, as she laid her soft cheek against his.

When Mr. Hardenburg, soon after, rose to leave, he said,

"I want your permission, by-the-by, to present a friend of mine to you, this evening, at the opera."

"Old, or young?" she questioned, gayly.

"Younger than I am, at any rate. I want you to like him, Veronica. He has been living in China, for the last four or five years; he's the finest fellow I know."

For the second time, that morning, the pink flush glowed all over Veronica's face; and Mr. Hardenburg went away puzzled at such an unusual circumstance.

As for Veronica, she stood, for a moment, precisely where he left her, rolling and unrolling the bright-hued silks, with a curious smile. Then she walked across the room, and surveyed herself in the mirror with the utmost gravity.

"I wonder if 'Penelope' kept her beauty all those years?" said she, softly. "Five years are but a fraction of twenty, yet such looks as Heaven gave me, I have still. Five years! Am I sacrificing my youth to an idea? How grandmamma would sneer at me, if she knew, and yet, and

But here the violet eves overflowed, and Veronica had to master herself, before she ventured up stairs to meet Mrs. Desmond.

panied by another gentleman, entered Mrs. Desmond's box, that evening. Under cover of the "bravas," Mr. Hardenburg introduced his companion to the old lady, and then, turning suddenly, Kenneth Mackensie saw the charming face he had been dreaming about for years.

"I think that Mr. Mackensie and I hardly need to be presented to each other," said Veronica, bending forward, graciously, as she spoke.

For once, Mr. Hardenburg was baffled. could he tell that every nerve in the girl's body was tingling with her violent effort for self-control, or that the slender hand she placed in Kenneth's was trembling so much that she made her salutation of the shortest possible duration. Could it be that five long years had passed since she had looked up into those earnest eyes, or heard the quiet voice say, in precisely the same tones as now, and with a little lingering on the pronoun that, made the word almost a caress, "Are you que well, to-night?"

Veronica drew her chair a little into the shadow as she answered him.

"Did you finish your picture last evening?" she said.

Kenneth Mackensie smiled. "How deftly you take up the thread of old times," he said. "I should think we were sitting on the beach at Quogne again: the shouting of the excited public down stairs hardly conveys an idea of the sea, however. The picture? I have painted several since then, Miss Desmond; but that one"-he hesitated-"circumstances have prevented my ever completing."

"You will tell me the 'circumstances,' some day, perhaps," she said, gently, with a soft, sweet smile. "In the meantime, is not the Academy a happy change from the Celestials?"

"In point of music, and other charming things, yes," he said, watching the delicate profile. "But my ear needs cultivating; you don't know how uncivilized I am grown. I use my pen more than my brush now, and, I am sorry to add, neither very successfully, in a material point of view."

How often, sitting on the veranda of his house, in Hong Kong, Kenneth had rehearsed to himself the way in which he would tell this girl (if girl she was still on his return) that his long exile had not been in vain. And now, in his uncompromising honesty, he was making the sweetness of the evening very bitter to himself. Better that, however, than to appear under false pretences!

"Yes," he went on. "About a year ago, I saw my way clearly to what might have been a Campanini had just finished singing one of his handsome fortune; but two months since, the sweetest solos, when Mr. Hardenburg, accom- whole thing vanished, like the baseless fabric of a dream.' And so I came back to America, with my pallette and brushes, my honest name, and nothing more!"

He had said it now; he had no idea that the dull pain in his heart was tugging away at her heart-strings as well. The same old barrier! Veronica's lips quivered, even as she smiled; she had never admired him so much.

"'An honest man's the noblest work of God,"" she said, under her breath, and there was a passionate thrill in her voice which no one but Kenneth ever heard, which she was but half-conscious of. She saw his dark eyes kindle and glow; but whatever answer he might have made was checked by Mrs. Desmond, who leaned forward and touched Veronica's shoulder.

"Mr. Stanhope is trying to speak to you," she said. "Mr. Mackensie, suppose you come and talk to an old woman."

Of course, Kenneth complied with the request, and submitted to have the chair at Veronica's side taken by a handsome, blonde Englishman. And grandmamma, having accomplished her object, was as agreeable as she could be, (which was very agreeable indeed,) to Kenneth, and even added an invitation of her own to Veronica's, when that young lady asked him to accompany them home to supper, after the opera. But Kenneth declined both invitations.

He happened, however, to be standing next Veronica, at the moment, and she quietly slipped her hand through his arm.

"At least, take me to my carriage," she said. Then, as they went down stairs, "Do you mean to quite forswear society? Because, if so, I have some idea of asking you to resume the drawing lesson, which were interrupted at Quogne. It would be absolute kindness on your part to take me in hand, for I am ashamed of the magnificent failures that are the latest results of my labors."

"Indeed, I will be very glad to do so," he answered. "I was meaning to ask your assistance in obtaining a few pupils, for I need not disguise from you that, under present circumstances, giving lessons has become a necessity. I hope you will not think the terms too high," and he named a sum.

Again, the sensation that she was entirely understood left Veronica divided between pleasure and pain. He had read her desire to help him, and frankly accepted it at her hands. But the gulf only looked wider and darker; she could not bear to have it so. And as Kenneth waited with her in the lobby, while Stanhope called the carriage, Veronica extracted one drop of sweetness from the evening's pain.

new role of my drawing-master," she said. Kenneth, feeling the light clasp of her hand tighten on his arm, promised to call the next day, with a lingering glance at her face which almost betrayed what he had been at such pains to con-

A busy month rolled away. There was a brief return of gayety after Easter, and Mrs. Desmond contrived to have Veronica pledged for half a dozen balls, with dinners and lunches, ad infinitum. The old lady's anxieties were increased ten-fold, for another suitor had appeared, a persistent millionaire, whom Veronica had already twice refused. The girl was more admired than ever, but Dame Rumor coupled her name with Stanhope's, and Mrs. Desmond drew faint encouragement from the fact that, as yet, no decisive words had passed between the pair. The drawing-lessons went on, quietly enough, and grandmamma was generally present.

But Kenneth, as the days passed, was inclined to doubt his own wisdom in having allowed himself the dangerous pleasure of Veronica's society. Mr. Hardenburg, who spent much time at Veronica's, would indulge in reflections, with Kenneth, over their post-prandial cigars, upon the probability of Veronica marrying this or that man, until Kenneth gained, as he thought, a pretty clear inkling of the position of affairs. He rather liked Stanhope; he knew how fair a queen Veronica would make for the lordly house in England; and he reasoned the matter over with himself until he became quite convinced that he had reached that philosophical state of mind where he could resign her to his rival.

And so matters stood, when, one day, there was a sudden inroad of visitors at the studio. Owing to Mr. Hardenburg's entreaties, Kenneth had finally consented to use the upper floor of his house, and the kindly old bachelor had taken the utmost pleasure in arranging sky-lights, sidelights, all the lights imaginable, and was very proud of his success in having achieved a studio at once useful and artistic. He considered that Kenneth was by no means justified in hiding his light under a bushel, (as he wished to do, until the opening of the Academy of Design,) and, therefore, announced his intention of bringing half a dozen people to inspect such of Kenneth's drawings and paintings, as he was willing to display to the few privileged eyes. After some groans and protests, Kenneth submitted, only stipulating that he should be allowed to invite Veronica, and another of his pupils, Helen Gray.

Now, Helen Gray's mother was an old friend of the Mackensie family, and in consideration of "You will come and see me soon; not in your that fact, probably, Helen (herself a remarkably piquant, lively girl,) had shown every possible attention to Kenneth. She raved about him, publicly and privately, all in her pretty, kitten-like way, but never infringing on good taste; and she mused Kenneth extremely.

Veronica, coming into the studio, with Mrs. Desmond and Lyle Stanhope in attendance, was surprised, and far from pleased, to see half a dozen of her fashionable acquaintances, and, in the center of the group, Kenneth, bending over Helen's golden braids, while he showed her the contents of a portfolio. To be sure, Kenneth disengaged himself directly on Veronica's entrance, and came to meet her at the door; but the tableau had its chilling effect upon her; she felt that she wss constrained, and the feeling did not wear off.

Stanhope had, for some days, experienced a growing jealousy of Kenneth, and after chatting for ten minutes with the other ladies of the party, thought it high time to put a stop to the conversation between Veronica and Kenneth. The latter rose politely, as Stanhope came toward them, and then Helen Gray's voice was heard across the room.

"Oh, Mr. Mackensie, pray tell us, what is this lovely sketch.

Kenneth left Veronica with a hasty apology. What was worse, he did not come back, and Stanhope, seeing Veronica's occasional glance at the distant group, was annoyed.

"Let us go into the other room," said he. "There are other pictures there, and, beside, Miss Desmond," very pleadingly, "I have not had a chance for a word with you in three days."

Veronica knew what was coming. She saw it in the fair, flushed face, and the half-nervous trembling of his blonde mustache. Another time she might have postponed the evil day, by one of the excuses which women always have at their tongue's end, but to-day she felt so weary, so hopeless, and yet there was no desperation about her. It was the peculiarity of her character, that, having elected to spend her life in waiting, (perhaps in vain,) she would wait on until the end of it, with the same steady, uncomplaining patience.

The other room was cool, and the few pictures there were in admirable light; but Veronica looked vaguely at them, as Stanhope poured out his tale in a voice which, despite his efforts, would tremble. The sudden pallor of his face touched her, as she gave him, distinctly, her answer.

"I am so very sorry," she said, and with a woman's pitying impulse, she laid her hand in to leave, Veronica said "good-by" to Ken-

his. He bent down to kiss the dainty palm, and as he did so, Veronica became aware that, from the door, Kenneth saw the tableau.

He was turning away, when her voice arrested him.

"Mr. Mackenise, one moment!" she said, and crimsoned, as she met his eye. "Will you not show us the picture which you are to exhibit?"

But for that "us" Stanhope would have left them. Kenneth heard it, and his heart gave a dull throb of pain. "Yes," he said, "she is forever lost to me, now."

"My painting? Certainly," he answered, however, calmly. "But you must come into my inner sanctum;" and lifting up a curtain, he ushered them into another and smaller room. He threw back the drapery which covered a picture on an easel.

"It is called Penelope," he said, quietly.

Veronica gave one look at the canvas. Then she clasped her hands mutely, and her rare blush dyed her face. Not Ithaca's queen herself could have been more lovely than the face she gazed at; the graceful, slender figure, with its air of anxious waiting in every line, the delicate hands, from which the distaff seemed ready to fall, because of their weariness; the eager, wistful eyes, which almost spoke in their heart-breaking painall these made up a painting whose fascination was indescribable. And yet, idealized though it was, Veronica saw that it was herself.

She remembered the tiny sketch Kenneth had made at Quogne, one day, when he jestingly called her knitting "a perfect Penelope's web;" remembered, too, that he had told her that night, at the opera, that the picture was unfinished. Why had he completed it, now?

She heard Stanhope praising the painting eagerly and enthusiastically. Then she caught hold of a chair, steadied herself, and met Kenneth's eyes. To his intense surprise, her's were full of tears.

But the rest of the party came in.

There was no opportunity for Veronica to exchange a word with Kenneth, and she would not insult him with ordinary platitudes. She heard Stanhope begging for the refusal of the picture, and Kenneth's reply that he "could not desire it in better hands." She answered Mr. Hardenburg's enthusiastic praise almost coldly; she was thinking out an enigma in her own mind.

She looked again at Kenneth's face as he stood by the easel; she saw the drawn lines of pain around his mouth.

Her resolve was taken.

Half an hour later, as the party were about



neth, stepping back behind the others for an instant.

"I have to thank you for a very delightful morning," she said. 'Will you grant me a favor? Do not conclude any negotiations with Mr. Stanhope, for your painting, before you see me again; and—will you come and see me to-morrow, at two o'clock?"

He looked surprised; it was not his day for a lesson. Could she wish to tell him of her engagement? But, after a moment's hesitation, he promised to call at the appointed time, and then handed Veronica to her carriage.

Mrs. Desmond had a battle-royal with Veronica the next day. There was a reception at the De Peyster's that afternoon, and grandmamma had set her heart upon showing Veronica off there; and when that young lady calmly announced her intention of remaining at home, Mrs. Desmond flew into a rage. She knew that it was a useless expenditure of strength, for when Veronica grew cool and quiet, it was a sign that she would not yield; so the old lady swept away, in great wrath, and relieved her feelings by abusing her maid roundly, all the way up Madison Avenue.

Veronica was sitting in the library, when Kenneth came in—sitting where a gleam of sunlight fell down over her white dress, and played in her brown hair. She did not flush under his steadfast gaze, but grew a little pale, as she touched his hand. Then she motioned him to a seat beside her, and took out of her work-table the mass of blue and gold silks, which she was so fond of knitting, and which he instantly remembered as having been the first suggestion of his painting, in those summer days at Quogne.

He did not help her at all. He was girding up all his strength for the anticipated avowal of her engagement. She was too deeply in earnest for ordinary topics. She went straight to her subject, with the simple directness, which was one of her greatest charms.

"I had no chance, yesterday, to tell you how much I like your painting," she said. "Like! It was much more than that. I was delighted. It is exquisite, both in conception and execution; it leaves nothing to be desired." "I painted it for your approval," he said, quietly. "The critics may say what they choose, now."

The last word made her quiver. She went on, with a slight falter in her voice,

"I said I had a favor to ask: do not sell it to Mr. Stanhope. Of all others"—her emphasis was unmistakable—"I do not wish him to be the purchaser. I want your painting myself."

Bewildered, he looked at her. The violet eyes met his frankly.

"Have we been playing at cross-purposes?" he said, at last, a light begining to break on him. "I may be impertinent to ask; but this is no time for trifles. I—pardon me—I supposed that Mr. Stanhope had the right to own that picture. Has he?"

"No!"

The word left her lips, full and clear.

Kenneth walked slowly down the room, once, twice, three times. Then he came back to her side.

"I never thought I should be so mad as to say this," he spoke, scarcely above a whisper. "You have seen my painting; do you know all it means to me? I have loved you ever since that happy summer at Quogne. I went away to China to make a fortune for your sake, because I would not ask you to link your fate with a penniless artist. I came back, as I went, poor. I finished my pioture; but it was, I thought, the work of renunciation. I thought you would marry Stanhope, and—— Veronica, dare I believe all that your eyes are saying? For God's sake, do not trifle with me, darling!"

"Why did you not trust me, long ago?" she murmured, her eyes falling before his.

"Trust you! You do not mean that you have loved me since then, Veronica? I dare not believe it! Others have wooed you—men far, far my superior. Penelope, you remember, had many suitors."

The golden web slipped from her trembling fingers. With dewy eyes, and tender, archlysmiling lips, she laid her hand in his.

"Yes, Kenneth; but Penelope WAITED FOR ULYSSES!"

ROSES.

On! Queen of Flowers, and Flower of Love!
How beauteous thou art.
And yet you cast a mournful spell
Around my lonely heart.
The bliss of hours, lost in death,
Comes tack to me in thy sweet breath!

Oh, Marguerite! dear Marguerite!
Roses you loved to wear;
You were as fair, and pure, and sweet,
When in your golden hair
I twined them; little then, thought I,
How soon you, too, would droop and die!

LEDOUX CREVASSE.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS

CHAPTER I.

"You say that you have made choice of a wife, Andrew?

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Maull threaded her needle, and, finding it rusty, ran it once or twice through the emerybag; then she looked up at her son.

He was standing in the low window that opened on the lawn. The frame of it held, like a picture, the slope of emerald grass, hedged and dotted with roses; the swinging cages of birds hung from wire tripods; while beyond, a newly-built embankment, with its bare mud-wall, rose between this tiny paradise and the narrow, dark river, which rushed fiercely past, the sunset, that burned softly upon birds and roses, broken into uneasy red lights upon its turbid surface.

Mrs. Maull had ordered the planting of the roses and the building of the levee, since she had married this boy's father, thirty-six years ago. She had ordered absolutely house, plantation, and the lives of everybody about her. As a matter of course, her rule would continue absolute to the end. But she reminded herself, as she drew her needle deliberately out of the emery, that young men, and especially weak men, suc's as she considered Andrew, would have similar fancies about marriage, with every pretty woman that they saw. It might require a little skillful management on her part to prevent his faucy taking root, and become annoy-It was the first time that she had ever detected such symptoms in Andrew, and therefore it would be easier to contend with them.

"Very well, my son," she said, calmly. "When am I to see, and decide upon, your choice?"

He did not shuffle from one foot to the other, as usual, in her presence, when he was agitated: but stood quite still.

"It is too late for any decision, mother," he said. "I am married."

Mrs. Maull pinned her seam, to keep it even. When she was a girl, in her native State, teaching school, and forming herself, she used, whenever she was moved, to repeat certain lines of Plato, before she would allow herself to speak. She did not need any such factitious aids now. Eye and tongue controlled themselve from the usage of long habit.

tone, "that there was so little chance that we should agree in this matter, mother, that I would take a short cut, as I might say, and so avoid all discussion."

"You acted wisely, no doubt, Andrew."

The gentle, pained tone struck Andrew like the cut of a whip. He looked at the head stiffly downcast, the back of which was turned toward him. The very folds of crape in her cap, and the puffs of her glossy black "front," bore a look of injured resignation. He had been quite sure. a minute ago, that he was acting wisely; now he felt, as he was made to do two-thirds of the time, that his mother was the most unappreciated of exalted characters, and that he was brutal and selfish.

" Mother-

She shook her head deprecatingly. Mrs. Maull never "talked things over." Her emotion was too profound, her range of thought too high, she told herself, to dribble out into words. Andrew began to remember how she had spoken, with marriage as her theme, time and again: he recalled, too, the philosophy, the imagination she brought to bear upon it. Doubtless it had been his marriage she had planned in this beautiful ideal union. And, now, what would she think of Betty? Certainly he had not brought philosophy or imagination into the matter. From that day, when he saw Betty cutting out bibs for the twins at her home, in Kentucky, he felt he could not do without her; that was all there was of it.

"I will bring my wife here, this evening, mother, if you are willing," he said, with a blank, disappointed feeling, for which he could not account. "I brought her back with me."

"Whenever you choose, Andrew. I shall receive her as a daughter."

There was no more to be said. Mrs. Maull, in that forming of herself long ago, had ceased to ask questions, or to show interest in any trivial concern whatever. "The Red Man," she was wont to say to her neighbors, "should not surpass us in self-control."

Andrew, very likely, would have been glad to talk for an hour, like a boy, of Betty's brown eyes, and voice, and other pretty little gifts. But it was high time, as Mrs. Maull properly judged, that he was taught that he was no longer "I thought," Andrew began again, in a lower a boy. Nor did she think it worth while to

ask who the woman was that he had married. Whether he had chosen a girl from New Orleans, or gone out among the planter's daughters, he was equally sure to have brought home a creature without ideas. A Doll! Mrs. Maull thought in words beginning with capitals, and emphasized them to herself. Having thus labeled Betty, and given her her place in the universe, Mrs. Maull felt more comfortable.

Andrew disappeared, and then Mrs. Maull went into a chair. Ever since she had come to live here, on the lower Mississippi, it had been her ceaseless endeavor to convince her neighbors that the art of housekeeping was known only to herself, and to women who had been born where she had been. She went up and down snapping and scolding, but viewing the rigid order of the house with grim delight. Andrew's wife would be stunned into subordination at the sight of it, she said to herself.

From the upper window she saw visitors coming, and went down to the drawing-room to meet them. "Silly Madame Le Brun!" she muttered inwardly, "driving the best-blooded ponies in the State, and living in a house not fit to be their stable. Children swarming inside, and pigs and negroes without; diamonds from knuckle to knuckle, and not ten books in her house!"

Mme. Le Brun brought with her a Mrs. Whyte, whom Mrs. Maull found even less tolerable than the other; for nobody pleased Mrs. Maull, who did not think on all things exactly as she did, or do as she did. There are such people, you know, and they, generally, like Mrs. Maull, regard themselves as the wisest of their kind. Mrs. Whyte, a blacksmith's daughter, had lately married a wealthy planter, in whose house she was governess, and had clung thereafter to traditions of birth and position as to her sheet-anchor. Mrs. Maull mentioned her son Andrew's marriage as she might have done the purchase of a new horse. Both ladies were silent with astonishment, a moment; then Mrs. Whyte asked a dozen questions, Mme. Le Brun none.

"How strange!" cried Mrs. Whyte. " Not even to have heard her name! You do not know what her family is then, or her social status? really should be very uneasy in your place, Mrs. Maull, very anxious.'

"My son is going to bring a woman home," replied her hostess, severely. "The woman whose fate runs parallel with his is all that concerns me. It does not matter whether her father was a millionaire or a day-laborer."

"Oh, dear, no! Your ideas are so expanded, so-so lofty," glancing across the widths of carpet to guess at the number of yards. "Real Axmins- \ volve people are full of whims!"

ter, too!" she reflected, her eyes half-shut, speculatively, while Mme. Le Brun's drawling, gentle voice took up the conversation. "Much better idea of style the old griffin has than the Le Bruns! To think of racing-cups and plate worth a fortune, heaped on the beaufets, and the floors beneath bare, and dirty at that !"

"I am so glad for you," the little woman, whose floors were bare and dirty, was saying, energetically. "The house will be so different, with a dear daughter in it! It must have been lonely often and often!"

The limpid eyes grew wet, as she spoke, and she put out her delicate, ringed hands, and touched Mrs. Maull's softly.

"Oh, no," sitting more stiffly erect. never lonely. I have resources."

"Ah, yes, your son. But I often plan my Dick's marriage; and he is only ten! I re-ally do," laughing. "Come, Mrs. Whyte, we must go. Yes, indeed. But we will be impatient to Mrs. Maull, we will be sure see the sweet bride. to love her! Good-by," and she kissed the thin cheeks with as much effusion as though they had been her lover's.

"Bah!" said Mrs. Maull. "Sure to love her!" as she watched them drive away.

"The bride is coming into a warm nest," said Mrs. Whyte, when they were out of sight.

Mme. Le Brun did not answer. It seemed a chilly nest enough to her. She did not know that Mrs. Whyte only thought of the Axminster carpets and enormous sugar crops of the Maull's.

"Ah, there! there she is!" she cried, a moment afterward, as Andrew Maull came through the live oaks, a young girl leaning on his arm. She was dressed in brown, with a bit of red in her hat. The sun shone full on her one minute: the next she was in shadow. They loved.

"Poor thing!" said Madame Le Brun, when they had passed. "Poor child! She is but a child, after all."

"She is a child that will have her own way," said Mrs. Whyte, "or she belies her looks. Take my word for that."

"I hope she will, with all my heart," said Mme. Le Brun.

Her heart was sore for the little girl, who, no doubt, had just left her mother. She began to plan picnics, and dinner-parties for her, and a thousand other kindnesses, scarcely hearing her companion's wonderings at the oddity of their coming home on foot.

"So funny a thing for the heir of a stylish family like the Maull's to do! But these haute

CHAPTER II.

It was Betty who had chosen to walk the last two miles of the way. She was impatient to feel Andrew's own ground under her feet. That was the oak, wasn't it, in which he had built the bouse when he was a boy? And there was the wall from which he had fallen and broke his leg? And was that his dog Hero running down the path? Here, Hero, Hero! Good dog! And she kneeled down to pat and hug him, laughing, and blushing, and ready to cry with excitement, giving the dog the caresses she was too shy as yet to give to his master. When they went on together her eager little feet drew Andrew here and there in the grass; she clung tight to his arm. She was alone with him at last. The wooing and wedding had been done in the midst of the busy, large family, in Kentucky; he had brought her home immediately, arriving that day at noon at the village, a few miles up the river, where he had left her for an hour, to hurry down and break the news to his mother. If Andrew had taken her to a tent, in a sandy desert, she would hardly have known it. She was content with a delight, worthy of heaven, merely to look into his face, which represented to her all that was manly and noble. But, instead, he had brought her into Paradise itself, with its rustling trees, and brilliant birds, and countless roses. The reddest of rose-tints burned on her rounded cheeks, and her eyes were wet every now and then. Surely nobody in the world ever knew what happiness such as this was before!

"But we must go on to the house," she said, at last. "Mother will be impatient for us to come. I am to call her 'mother,' am I not, Andrew?" in a shy whisper.

"Certainly, my darling." She had not noticed before how grave and matter-of-fact a man Andrew had become, since he had put foot on the plantation. Up in eastern Kentucky, he was a genial, one might say, a rollicking, jovial fellow.

"There she is," he added, a moment after, as a thin figure, in black, was seen pacing up and down the pebble walk, never by any chance setting foot on the grass.

"She is coming to meet us. Come, come!"
Betty cried, all in a heat and tremble.

She ran forward, holding out her hands, Andrew slowly following. When she came to Mrs. Maull, she could hardly speak.

"Mother!" she whispered, "I am Betty."

Mrs. Maull waited without moving, until Andrew reached them. "This is my wife, mother," he said.

Ordinary women, Mrs. Maull was sure, would the matter through. "It is a large estate; it have shown disappointment or anger, when this was left to Andrew. His mother has but an an-Vol. LXVI.—29

usurper was brought in. But she, she told herself, was above any such lack of self-control. Her daughter-in-law would be paid her due to the last

"I hardly expected you so soon," she said, coldly, holding out her hand. "You will find your rooms ready, however." She cleared her throat, and went on after a moment's pause. "Andrew's wife is, as he has doubtless told you, entitled to a home in my house. The control of the plantation has always been in my hands. Andrew's share of his father's estate he holds in bonds; but I have advised him to invest it in enlarging this estate. I state this to you, because I hold that a wife should be a partner, to a proper extent, in her husband's business. We will go to the house now," smiling formally.

Andrew's wife stood in the path before her. She had looked, when Mrs. Maull began to speak, as though she had been struck a blow, pale and breathless. That, however, the old lady bore with equanimity; but Betty's blue eyes were fixed on her now with a gentle steadiness, which made the mother-in-law uncomfortable.

"We will go the house, Elizabeth," Mrs. Maull repeated. "Your name is Elizabeth, I suppose? I hope that a more intimate knowledge of each other will, in due time, make us friends. I never take friends on trust.

"It is better to be prudent," said Betty, quietly. She walked silently beside Mrs. Maull, to the house. She did not touch her arm again, or offer a remark, except in answer to a question. Betty never made a mistake the second time.

CHAPTER III.

MADANE LE BRUN, a couple of years later, was standing on the veranda of the Whyte's new paste-board villa, waiting to take her leave. Her basket phæton was drawn up in front of the steps, and Mrs. Whyte, between the wheels, was eagerly questioning a little, bright-eyed woman, who was seated in it, with a baby in her lap.

"I am sure, my dear Mrs. Maull," cried Mrs. Whyte, "you must acknowledge that you would prefer to live in a home of your own. The whole neighborhood sympathizes with you, occupying the subordinate position you do, in your mother-in-law's house."

Betty turned on her with a deliberate smile.

"A young woman must necessarily be subordinate to an older one," she said.

"But the property is your husband's," urged Mrs. Whyte, resolved, as she had begun, to push the matter through. "It is a large estate; it was left to Andrew. His mother has but an an-



nuity. She has no right to take it in her own hands, and make ducks and drakes of it—none, whatever! I hope you have interfered on your baby's behalf. Poor little tot, here, must not be cheated out of his birthright. You really must excuse me," hurrying on, breathlessly, when Betty would have spoken, "but I felt it to be my duty."

Betty, at last, found space to snswer.

"I cannot tell you," she said, dryly. "I never question my husband on his business affairs. Shall we go, malame?"

Madame le Brun vowed wrathfully to herself that she never would cross the threshold of the ill-bred Whyte's again. "Though the vulgar creature," she said to herself, "was quite right in her opinion of old Mrs. Maull—quite right!"

They were both silent until they drove into the Mauli grounds. It was in the quiet pause of evening, while the light still lingered, after the sun has gene. Climbing vines and moss had covered the clay bank, by the river side. The low, light-colored wide house, with its delicate tracery of versadas, sunk in shadow and roses, was like a dream of peace.

Mrs. Maull, in her arm-chair at the top of the steps, was no reality of peace, however. She had grown more erect, bony, and rigid, to meet age as it crept upon her. When the gay, little equipage stopped, with a rumble and flash, she looked up scowling from her newspaper; then there was a change in her eye.

Madame le Brun hesitated, as she lifted the baby out to its mother's arms, trying to decipher it. Could it be Betty who had thus softened the stern visage, or the child?

Now, Betty was but human. She knew quite well that the iron-faced woman who took little John out of her arms on the porch, was wasting his birthright, out of sheer self-conceit; and she had her fancies, like any other foolish young mother, in which her boy was always a brilliant, rich young fellow. Betty had no lofty, stoical philosophy to make her way smooth. She had learned, in her old home, which was that of a decaying family, the value of money too well. But she did not interpose a word to stop the waste of his inheritance.

She said nothing, now, when Mrs. Mault took the child, and pushing her aside, as she did every night, undressed him, and rocked him to sleep. "She is an old woman," Betty said to herself. "It makes her happy to feel his cheek against her withered neck."

There was something else than money, you see, of which she had learned the value, in that topsy-turvy, extravagant home-life.

"Andrew is late," Betty said, presently.

"I had a dispatch, on urgent business, from New Orleans, while you were gone. I sent him down at once," answered the old lady. She saw Betty's start, and the change of color in her little face. She added, "He went up to the Point to beard the steamer Arrow. It will pass down, this evening."

"I should like to have said good-by," said Betty.

Old Mrs. Mauli vouchssfed no answer. How could she answer, rationally, a full-grown woman, who sulked, with a puerile sob in her voice?

Poor Betty sat down on her sewing-chair, but she did not work; her eyes were fixed on the dark, rapid river, behind the bank. It had always seemed a treacherous stream to her childish fancy. The River of Death might have been such a one, with its deep, sitent torrent, its wide morasses filled with every unclean reptile, its unfathomable depth of shadow, the ghostly fringe of live-oaks draped in slow, waving moss upon its banks. The moon, just risen, glittered whitely upon its surface.

Betty got up, at last, with a nervous laugh.

"The river has such a strange effect on me, to-night!" she said. "It seems to me that I cannot trust Andrew on it. Is there time to bring him back?"

Old Mrs. Maull turned her gray eyes full on her. "You did not understand that the business was important?"

"Yes, I did; but——" She looked out at the threatening shadows, up into Mrs. Maull's face. Her chin began to quiver, the nostrils of the upturned little nose to whiten and contract.

"Elizabeth, you are hysterical?" cried old Mrs. Maull, severely. She had always known her daughter-in-law to be a doll; but, like other dolls, her folly was passive. "You had better," she continued, in her coldest, but most positive tones, "retire at once to your own room. You will be sorry presently for having lost your self-control. I will keep John, to-night."

Betty turned, and went out hastily. Old Mrs. Maull took the child into her own room, and laid him on the bed. An hour later, she heard a step, and, turning, saw Andrew's wife, with a curious set look of resolution on her face.

"I cannot bear this," the latter said.

"Do you want John? You can take him. There is no need of a scene, Elizabeth."

"It is not the baby. It is Andrew," cried Betty, passionately. "You have stood between us once too often. He never left me before without a kiss for me and the boy. I don't want to be childish, or unreasonable," striving to control her unsteady lips; "but I feel that he will never come back to either of us! Never!"

Old Mrs. Maull gathered up the baby and his blanket, and hurried him into his mother's arms. "If there is anything which I dread beyond expression," she said, severely, "it is a woman's sentimental folly, and her prophetic presentiments. I shall send you a draught to bring your digestion into order. That is all that ails you!"

CHAPTER IV.

At ten o'clock the Arrow was due at Brier Cove, the landing opposite the plantation. Betty, when the time approached, took John up, and went down to the edge of the levee. She was not an hysterical or superstitious woman; usually, she laughed at presentiments; but it was not so to-night.

Old Kendrick, whose business it was to oversee the sugar-houses, was seated on the bank, smoking his good-night pipe. He climbed down hastily, his hat in his hand.

"Mr. Andrew intends to land, madam. The Arrow puts into Brier Cove, just opposite, and he told me he would cross to here, in a bateau, in the hope of seeing you."

"I am very glad, Mr. Kendrick. No, John is not heavy. I will hold him until his papa comes, thank you," with a rush of water to her eyes, and heat to her face, which made the old man wonder "what the old woman had been nagging the girl about to-night."

"Yes, he'll be here in a few minutes now," looking up and down the narrow river, black and glancing as jet. "Yon's the lights of the Arrow now, I reckon. Red and green. She's coming down to Brier Cove, just as I said. Lord! what a vollem of water there is ther, ma'am. Forty-five feet of a rise below Bayou Ladoux. All the planters have been strengthenin' their banks, except the old—except Mrs. Maull. I've talked till I'm tired talkin'. I wish you'd mention it to Mr. Andrew."

"Mention? I don't quite understand," she answered, half absently, her eyes fixed on a small, black shadow, that darted out from the side of the steamer, and made toward them. "There is the bateau, I think. Is not that a bateau?"

"I believe it is, madam. Mention this levy to him. It's—it's damp on this side. I might almost say it's leaky." Finding that she did not take any heed to him, he stooped to look closer among the roses and moss. "It really seems wetter to me than ordinary. It—— Good God! this is water about my hand!"

He seized her and the child both, in his arms, as he spoke, and carried or dragged them to a

high point of land, the only point for miles, in fact, above the river's level at high water.

Betty's first thought was amazement; then a sharp disappointment, that she would be a few minutes later in meeting Andrew; then the truth dawned on her, the horror of a great death was upon her.

It had been lying in wait, for half a century, behind the bank of roses, until Mrs. Maull's feeble old hand had let it loose. But there was no storm, nor outery; only the black surface of the water, creeping inland.

At the foot of the live-oaks there was a faint sparkle in the grass; then the white pebble walks began to glitter; then the house, with its airy verandas, stood in the midst of a dark pool.

"It—it is not a crevasse?" Betty cried in horror. She held the baby so tightly that he shricked.

"That's about the name for it, ma am. It's the savings of twenty years gone under in five minutes, in that field yonder. That's what it is to me! And all for a cursed old woman!"

"You forget yourself, Mr. Kendrick," said Betty, with dignity. "Don't cry, John, dear," and she fondled the frightened child.

"It's enough to make a man forget himself." He gave a quick inarticulate cry.

Betty turned. He sprang between her and the

"Don't look that way," he cried. "Not that way!"

But she pushed him aside. The black flood rose higher and higher before them, and on its current was the skiff. She could see Andrew standing. He had thrown down the oars, and held his arms out to her.

She would have rushed down into the water, but Kendrick held her like a vice.

"It is my husband. You have no right to keep me from my husband!" she cried, struggling.

Kendrick made no reply. He did not hinder her from looking at the boat now. It was tossed to and fro like a chip, and then was suddenly sucked under the mighty current, and disappeared.

Kendrick caught Andrew's wife, as, after a moment, she tottered and fell, and tried to signal the Arrow.

"There's a chance for life. Though it's not worth much," he thought, turning to look at his field, shining in the moonlight. The great flood stretched already across miles of the background. The Maull house was utterly gone.

"The old woman has met with her reward," he muttered, with a grim satisfaction.

But later, when they drew him and his com-



panions into the Arrow, there, lo! was old Mrs. { Maull, stiff, rigid, but alive.

She got up to meet her daughter-in-law.

"Elizabeth," she said. "I drove up to the Point, when you left me, to urge Andrew to go. I have been on the steamer. I saw my son die, and all my property swept away before my eyes. God has punished me for opposing you."

"That sounds very like nonsense," growled Kendrick. His grudge against the woman, for being alive, would not permit him to be just to her, even in her repentance.

CHAPTER V.

Old Mrs. Maull, during that voyage up the river, talked incessantly-vaguely, weakly. Her self-conceit destroyed, she was utterly prostrated.

Betty, "the silly little widow," as Kendrick called her, was absolutely silent. She busied herself about her child, pale, watchful, but wideawake and resolute. The captain urged her to remain on board. But she thanked him quietly.

"I had no money, and, unfortunately, no jewelry on my person, the night of-of-. I cannot recompense you in any way for my mother's passage, or mine," she said.

When the boat stopped at Cairo, she went ashore, and returning, after an hour, sought him out again. "I find it would be useless to return to Bayou Ladoux," she said. "The plantation can never be recovered."

"No," sympathizingly. "But-Mr. Maull had other property, hadn't he?"

"He had some bonds. But he sold them, and invested them in the sugar plantation. It is all gone. I," she hesitated a moment, "I shall take my mother and child home to Kentucky. I shall be able to support myself there."

"I will make arrangements for your transfer to an Ohio steamer," said the captain, with eager generosity. "Leave it all to me."

"You are very kind. But the arrangements are made. We sail, this afternoon."

The captain bowed, a little offended. But Betty did not, or would not, see that. She led Mrs. Maull to the steamboat, that, gay in white paint and gilding, lay rocking and glittering at the wharf; and then brought her the boy.

- "You will take care of John for me. mother? I have something to do, new," she said.
 - "What can you have to do, Elizabeth?"

the boat. I can pay our way home in that way. Better to do so than to beg. It was very fortunate."

Old Mrs. Maull was enraged, haughty, and wounded by turn; but, before the voyage was over, was thoroughly submissive to Betty, who, meantime, kept her grief locked in her own bosom, and went steadily about her work.

When they reached Louisville, Betty led her ashore. "We take the cars here," she said.

"Don't speak, as if there were nothing left to live for in life," cried old Mrs. Maull, hotly.

But Betty did not even look at her baby. She had loved her husband better than do most women, and even her child was, for the time, scarcely in her thoughts.

As they stepped on the wharf, a lady near them gave a shrill exclamation. "It is Betty!" cried Mme. le Brun. "Betty, my child! You here? Oh, that dreadful crevasse! Don't talk of it? We lost everything. Quite pennilessquite! Unless Col. le Brun should be successful at the New York heats for two-year olds. The stud was at Vicksburgh, and it was saved, you know. It is all we have. But where are you going, child?"

Betty's lips trembled for the first time. my mother," she said.

The little lady's big, dark, affectionate eyes rested on her. They seemed to fold her into pity and love. "I understand. You are alone?"

"Quite alone. He is gone."

Mme. le Brun took her by the hands, and drew her into the hotel. She was trembling with sympathy, and sobbing as Betty never had done. "There is a friend of mine going your way, who will be your escort," she said. "We met him last night." She pushed Betty gently in at the door of her parlor, stopping outside, her finger to her lips, to hear the wild cry of "Andrew! Andrew!"

It all ended happily, of course. Ordinary lives do end happily, in the long run. Time covers over and makes firm again gashes and ruins as ghastly as the Ledoux crevasse. It never covered that crevasse, however. The Maull estate still lies under the Mississippi. Andrew, with the bonds, which he had not sold, bought a farm in Kentucky, near the old homestead, where he and his wife, at the present time, live easy, cheerful lives, and where Mrs. Maull survived until about three years ago, softened. be-"I have secured a place as chambermaid on fore her death, into a moderately human being.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair! When the stars from the sky Fade and go out, then the daybreak is nigh.

The thunder seems dread; but it freshens the air; And after-such sunshine! No, never despair!



THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 352.

CHAPTER XXX.

SIR NOEL HURST had been left standing in his library, white and stately, like a man turned into marble. That one hideous word had struck him with the force of a blow. In the swift rage of the moment he had ordered Storms from his presence, scarcely comprehending the charge he had made, or the price, for secrecy, that he demanded. Still, audacious and unbelievable as the man's charge was, it aroused vague feelings in the father's heart that had hardly taken form before. For months and months he had been vaguely uneasy about his son. With the keen perceptions of a man of the world, he had, without spying upon Walton, observed him anxiously. He knew that more of his time was spent about the gardener's cottage than seemed consistent with any interest he could have felt in William Jessup. He saw that the young daughter, whom he could with difficulty look upon as more than a child, was, in fact, a wonderfully beautiful girl. Beyond all this, he perceived that, day by day, the young man drifted from his home, that the society of Lady Rose was almost abandoned, and that this fair, young patrician drooped under the change.

On the night when the young man was found lying so deathly and still across the forest-path, these observations had deepened into grave anxiety. He became certain that some more dangerous feeling than he had dreamed of must have drawn his son into the peril of his life. The anguish in Ruth's face; the piteous humility with which she had shrunk from observation, alarmed him; for the girl had been, from her very infancy, a pet at the great house, and underneath all other anxiety, was a feeling of paternal interest in her welfare.

That some dispute had arisen in which Ruth was the object he had never doubted, and that both men had been injured in a rash contest, seemed natural. All this was hard enough for a proud, sensitive man to bear in patience; but these lesser feelings had been held in abeyance, during his son's illness, by deeper anxiety for his life, and now from sorrow over the death of a faithful

old servant, to whom every member of the family was attached.

All these perplexities and suspicions had been fearfully aroused by the charge and proposal of young Storms. Not that the baronet gave anything but a scornful dismissal of either from his mind, but his old anxieties were kindled anew, and he resolved to break at once the tie that had drawn his son so often to the cottage, or, at least, make himself master of its nature. Had young Hurst been within sight at the moment, perhaps Sir Noel would have broken the subject to him; though he had carefully avoided it, fearing some ill effect during his illness. But Walton was not to be found. So, with the sting of a rude insult urging him on, he went directly from his library to Jessnp's cottage.

Ruth was lying in the little parlor, weak and helpless as a crushed flower, all her rich color gone, all the velvety softness of her eyes clouded. A man's step on the porch made her start, and listen. She had cause to dread such steps, and they terrified her. A knock, measured and gentle—what if it was her husband's? What if Storms was on the watch? He must not come in. It was her hard task to say this. Ruth started up, crept to the door, and opened it, with trembling hands.

"Sir Noel!"

The name scarcely formed itself on her lips, and she shrunk back from the baronet's stern countenance, wondering what new sorrow was coming upon her.

Sir Noel had always liked the girl, and her desolate look awoke his compassion. Almost before she had spoken he felt the cruelty of his errand. It was impossible to look into those eyes, and think ill of the girl. But the very loveliness that disarmed him, had brought death to her own father, and threatened disgrace to his son. The plans he had formed for that son—the future advancement of his house—all were in peril, unless she could be removed from the young man's path. This must be done. Still he would deal gently with her.

Sir Noel had sought the cottage with a swiftly-

formed resolution to urge on the marriage of its inmate with the man who had exhibited some right to claim her; but as he stood on the treshold, with that young creature trembling before him, this thought took a form so hideeus, that he almost hated himself for having formed it.

Ruth went into the little parlor, trembling with apprehension. Sir Noel followed her. Here his heart nearly failed daim. He felt the cruelty of harassing a young creature with new troubles, when sorrow lay so heavily upon her; but anxiety urged him on against his better nature.

"Poor child!" he said, gently. "I see that you have suffered; so young, too. It is hard!"

Ruth lifted her eyes to his face, as if wondering that any one came to pity her. Then she said, sadly,

- "It is hard, and I am so tired."
- "I too have had trouble," said the baronet.
 "For many days we feared that Walton----"
- "I know! I know! He came near dying, like my father—the best father that ever lived."

Ruth spoke low and nervously. The presence of Walton's father filled her with apprehension. Yet she longed to fall at his feet, and implore him to forgive her.

"Ruth," said Sir Noel, seating the poor girl on the sofa, and taking both her hands in his. "Ruth, try and think that it is your father who asks you, and answer me from your soul. Does my son love you?"

A flash of hot scarlet swept that desolate face. The eyelids drooped over those startled eyes. Ruth tried to draw her hands away.

"Answer me, child."

He spoke very gently, so gently that she could not help answering.

"Yes," she said, in a soft whisper. "He loves me."

"And you?"

Buth lifted her pleading eyes to his-those great, innocent eyes, and answered, humbly,

- "How could I help it?"
- "How long is this since, Ruth?"
- "I don't know. It seems to me always; but he knows best."
- "But, my poor child, how do you expect this to end?"
- "It is ended! oh, it is ended! I wish you would tell him so, Sir Noel. I must never, never see him again."

Ruth threw both arms over the end of the sofa, and, burying her face upon them, broke into a wild passion of sobs.

Sir Noel was touched by this helpless acquiescence. He bent over her sadly enough.

"No, Ruth, you never must see him again."

- "I know it-I know it!"
- "There is another who loves you," he said, shrinking himself from the idea of giving that girl to the crafty ruffian who had dared to threaten him. It seemed like an insult to his son thus to dispose of the creature that son had loved, and evidently respected; but he was not prepared for the wild outburst of anguish that followed his words. Ruth sprang to her feet, her eyes widening, her wet face contracted.
- "You will not—you must not ask that of me. I will die first."
- "Be it so. I will not urge you," answered the barenet, soothingly. "Only promise me never to see Walton again!"
 - "I must! I do! Oh, believe me!"
 - "You must go away!"
 - "Oh, if I could-if I only could!"
- "It must be, my poor child. Some place of refuge must be found."

Ruth lifted her face with sudden interest.

- "I will see that you are cared for. Only he, my son, must never know."
- "He must never know," repeated the poor girl. "Only, if I should be dying, would there be danger then?"
 - "We will not think of that, Ruth."
- "No. I dare not. It tempts one so; but the good God will not be so cruel as to let me live."

Sir Noel was surprised by this broken-hearted submission. He had come to the cottage prepared for resistance, perhaps rebellion, but not for this. No doubt of the girl's innocence, or of his son's honor, disturbed him now. But this only made his task the more difficult. She must be removed from the neighborhood. The honor of his house—the future of his son demanded it.

"I will go now, Ruth," he said, with great kindness; "but, remember, you will never want a comfort or a friend while I live. In a few days I will settle on some safe home for you."

Ruth did not seem to hear him, though she was looking steadily in his face; but when he dropped her hand, she said suddenly,

- "You will tell him-you will let him know that it was for his sake."
- "After you are gone, he shall know everything, except where to find you."

Ruth sunk back on her seat, bowed her face drearily, and thus Sir Noel left her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"APPER she was gone." But where could Ruth go. She had never been from home more than once or twice in her life. Her world was there lying about the Rest—her home in that cottage,



where she was born, and her mother had died. She must leave it now; of course, she must leave it, but where? To what place would Sir Noel send her. With that awful secret lying between her and Richard Storms, would she dare to go? He would avenge her absence on Hurst. She, no doubt, stood between him and the thing she shuddered to think of. What could she do?

All night long the poor shild lay asking herself these questions. She had locked herself in with the darkness as the dusk came on, feering that her husband might come—dreading to hear another step that filled her, soul and body, with loathing. She did hear a light tread on the turf, a gentle knock on the door, and fell to weeping on her pillow, with sobs that filled the whole desolate house. After these exhausting tears, she slept a little, and when the daylight stole through the crevices of the shutters, she turned from it, and lay with her face to the wall, wondering if she would live the day out.

There was no fire in the cottage that day—no food cooked or eaten. Ruth erept out from her room, and lay down on the little sofa, faint and miserably helpless. The apathy of great suffering was upon her. She was hemmed in by darkness, and saw no way out.

Sometime in the day, she heard a voice at the casement. A white hand was thrust through the ivy, and beat lightly on the glass.

"Let me in, Ruth! Oh, let me in. I must speak to you!"

It was Lady Rose Houston, who had just come from her interview with Storms in the Wilderness. A ring of excitement was in her voice. The face which looked in through the ivy was wildly white.

Ruth arose and unlecked the door. She would rather have been alone in her misery; but what did it matter? If she had any hope, it was that Lady Rose would not speak of him. She could bear anything but that.

"Poor Ruth! How ill—how miserably ill you look," said the lady, taking the hot hands, that seemed to avoid her with a sudden clasp. "Death, even a father's death, cannot have done all this."

Ruth shook her head sorrowfully.

"My father. I have almost forgotten him."

Lady Rose scarcely heeded this mournful answer; but drew the girl down upon the sofa, unconsciously grasping her hands till they would have made her cry out with pain at another time.

"Ruth, I have seen Storms, a man you know of, in the Wilderness just now. He told me---"

"He told you that!" exclaimed Ruth, aroused to new pangs of distress. "And you believed him?"

"Oh, Ruth, he has your father's letter. We could laugh his proof to soorn, but for that."

"Still, I do not believe it," said Ruth, kindling into vitality again. "It was my father's letter. I carried it, not knowing what was written. My poor father believed it, no doubt; but I do not."

"Nor do I," said Lady Rose, flushing red.
"Nothing can make me believe it!"

Ruth threw herself at the young lady's feet, and chung to her in passionate gratitude.

"Get up Ruth!" said Lady Rose. "Be strong, be magnanimous, for you alone can save Walton Hurst's life."

The girl get up, obediently, but seemed turning to marble, as she did so; for she guessed at the impossibility that would be demanded of her.

"I? How?' she questioned, in a hoarse whisper. "How?'

"You and I. It rests with us."

Ruth breathed heavily.

"You and I."

"This wretch. Forgive me! This man Storms wants two things, land and gold. These I can give him, and will."

" Yes, yes."

"But he wants another thing, which I cannot give, and on that all the rest depends."

Ruth did not speak. She grow cold again.

"He wants you, Ruth."

No word, not even a movement of the lip, answered this.

"He says," continued Lady Rose, "that you love him; that you are, of your own free will, pledged to him."

"It is false!"

The words startled Lady Rose.

"Oh, Ruth, do not say that. We have no other tope."

'But he, Walton Hurst I mean, is innocent. You know it—I know it."

"But this man holds the proof that would cost his life, false or true. It is in his hands, and we cannot wrest it from them."

"Is this thing true, Lady Rose?"

"Fatally, fearfully true, God help us. Oh, Ruth, why do you hesitate to save him?"

"I do not hesitate!"

"You will save him then? You will complete the engagement, and get that awful letter. To think that he is in this great danger, and does not know it! To think that his salvation lies in our hands. What I can do is nothing. It will be you that saves him."

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Ruth Jessup! You refuse! You can save him, and will not."



"God help me! God help me, I cannot do it."

Lady Rose turned away from the girl haughtily, angrily.

"And I could think that she loved Walton Hurst," she said, bitterly.

"Oh, do not, do not condemn me. If you only knew—if you only knew," cried Ruth, wringing her hands despairingly.

"I do know that you could save him from death, and his whole family from dishonor, and will not. That is enough. I will importune you no longer. Had it been me, I, Lady Rose Houston, would have wedded that man, though he had been a fiend, rather than have let this thunderbolt fall on a noble house, on as brave and true a man as ever lived."

"He is brave, he is true, and you are his peer. You are worthy of him, heart and soul, and I am not. But you might pity me a little, because I cannot do what would save him."

"Because you are incapable of a great sacrifice. Well, I do pity you. As for me, I would die rather than he should even know of the peril that threatens him."

" Die ? Dio ?"

A sudden illumination swept the white face of Ruth Jessup. Her eyes took fire, her breath rose in quick gasps, out of which came those two words. Then another question—would a death save him?

"If my death could do it, I need not have come to you," answered Lady Rose, proudly.

"True, true, I can see that. Do not think so hardly of me. I am not born to bravery, as you are. My father was only a poor gardener. When great sacrifices are asked of me, I may want a little time, You should not be angry with me for that."

Lady Rose turned eagerly.

"You relent. You have a heart, then?"

"Yes, yes, I will save him. In another week his path and yours shall be clear and bright."

"Mine? Mine? No, no! Can you think I do not understand all that you meditate, all that you may suffer? I spoke of dying. This thing that you promise is a thousand times worse than death. Ruth Jessup, I envy you the power of so grand a sacrifice, for I could make it as you will; and you could give up everything, taking no share in the future as I will. When this cloud is swept from Norston's Rest, I will leave it forever."

Excitement had kept Lady Rose proud and strong till now; but in place of this a great swell of pity, and self-pity, swelled her heart. Reaching out her arms, she drew Ruth into them, and wept passionately on her shoulder, murmuring

thanks, endearments, and tender pity in wild and broken snatches.

As for Ruth, she had become the strongest of the two, and, in her gentle way, strove to comfort the lady, who stood upright after awhile, and, pushing Ruth from her, searched her face, as if to make sure of her firmness.

"How calm, how still you look, girl. Tell me again that you will not fail."

" I will not fail."

"But you will let me do something. We shall both go away from here, you to a new home, far from this; a pretty heme, Ruth, and I to an estate very near, where we will be such friends as the world never saw. This heur has made us so. That which you are doing for him I will help you to endure."

Ruth smiled very sadly. Lady Rose kissed her, preparing to go.

"How cold your lips are; how I have made you suffer," she said, drawing back, chilled.

"It will not last," answered Ruth, quietly. "Take no further trouble about me. I have not felt so much at rest since my father died."

"If I only knew how to thank you."

"I should thank you for pointing out the way; but for that I might never have known," answered Ruth, gently.

"You will have saved him, and he will never know. That seems hard; still, there may come a time——. But, you are growing pale, again; I only pain you. Good-by, for awhite."

"Good-by," said Ruth, faintly.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUTH stood perfectly motionless, until the light tread of Lady Rose died out on the turf. Then she sat down and fell into thought, so deep and dreary, that it seemed like waking from a trance, when she looked up, and saw that the west was all aflame with scarlet, and drenched in great seas of gold. Then she arose, and went into her little chamber. Up to this time her eyes had been dry; but some tender recollection seemed to strike her, as she looked around, and instantly they were flooded with a mist of tears. She busied herself about the old-fashioned bureau awhile, apparently selecting such little objects as her husband had, from time to time, given her. Then she took the Prayer-Book from her toilet. without searching for the Marriage Certificate, which had been placed between its leaves.

"They must not find this here," she thought.
"Nothing shall be left to show he ever loved me."

Then she took the ring from her bosom, and, folding it up in a bit of silk paper with patheth

care, laid that, too, within the leaves of the book, and made a package of the whole.

It was dark now, and, for a little time, she lay down upon her white bed, and there, with folded hands, strove to reason with herself. "When the man who hates him so hears all, and knews that the poor girl he is huating to death is far, far beyond the reach of love or hate, he will content himself with the lady's land and gold," she thought. "She, too, will go away.

"Then, in a little time, I shall be forgetten—forgotten! Oh, me! why was I born to bring such trouble on everyone that loved me. He will mourn. Oh, yes, he will mourn! He never can forget, for he loved me—he loved me!"

She thought this all over and over, with mournful persistency. The spirit of self-sacrifice was strong upon her; but not the less did all the sweet tenderness of her woman's nature dwell upon the objects of affection she was giving up.

The night darkened. She heard the old clock down stairs tolling out the hours that were numbered to her now. Then she got up, struck a light, and opened her desk. There was something to be written—a painful thing to be done.

The paper was before her, the pen in her hand. What could she say, how begin a letter which was to rend the heart that loved her, without seeming cruel? How could she make that young husband comprehend the anguish with which she cast herself on the earth to save him, when he was conscious of no danger! She began to write, swiftly, paused, and fell into thought; began again, and went on, sobbing piteously, and forming her words as much from tears as ink.

When her letter was finished, she folded it, cast her arms across the desk, and filled the room with low, faint means, that are the most painful expression of hopeless anguish.

Again the clock struck, and every brazen timecall fell on her heart like a bullet. She got up, as if in obedience to some cruel command, took her scarlet jacket, with the hat, whose little cluster of red roses gleamed in the candle-light, and put them on, looking with strange, weird interest on her face in the glass. Then she placed the letter she had written on the Prayer-Book. Something else she took from the old-fashioned bureau, and, after this, went slowly down stairs, carrying the candle and package in one hand.

A gust of wind from the door, as she opened it, put out the light. Thus she left nothing but darkness in her old home.

Ruth looked around wearily, for even in that fearful hour she remembered the threat of her tormentor, and dreaded some harm to the beloved object she was determined to save.

The moon was buried in clouds, storm-clouds, that made the whole landscape funereal, like the heart of that poor girl. She went through shrubberies and flower-beds, straight toward the window of Walton Hurst's room. Pulling aside the ivy, she mounted the half-concealed step, not cautiously, as she had done on another occasion, but with a concentration of feeling which left fear behind.

It was a warm, close night, and a leaf of the casement was partly open. She thrust it back, with a swiftness that gave no sound, and stepped into the room. Hurst was lying on the bed asleep. Illness had left its traces upon his features, and the hands, lay clasped, loosely, on the counterpane. Something more sombre than the shadows thrown by a dim lamp, lay upon his fine face. Anxiety had done its work, as well as sickness.

Ruth stood by the bed, motionless, holding her breath. The supreme misery of her life had come. She had no sobs to keep back, no tears to hide—despair had locked up all the tenderness of grief with an iron hand. She was about to part with that sleeping man forever and ever. He was her bridegroom, and she must give him up.

The Prayer-Book that she carried in her hand contained, she believed, all the proofs of a marriage that had been more unfortunate than death. No one must ever see them. They were a fatal secret, which she gave up to his keeping alone. She laid the book upon the counterpane, close to his folded hands, not daring to touch them, lest the misery within her might break up in cries of anguish. Then she stood mute and still, gazing down upon him, minute after minute, while the muffled light shone dimly on the dumb agony of her face. At last, she bent down slowly, touched his forehead with her lips, and fied.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"So I have found you at last. You thought to wear me out, did you? But I was here since noon watching for you."

Dick Storms was coming down the path which led from his father's farm through the Wilderness to the Black Lake. It was near dusk now, and, being anxious for news from the cottage or The Rest, he had stolen forth, if possible, to see Ruth, or, failing in that, to gather what information he might from the servants, or gamekeepers that he might chance to meet; for the restlessness of crime was strong upon him. On the verge of the Wilderness he met Martha Hart, who saluted him with these harsh words, to which a fierce flash of the eyes, and a scornful curve of the red lips, lent irritating force.

"A pretty sweetheart you are, to get me out of { the way, with your twistings and windings! I must give up my place, must I? The great man who is to have land of his own to till, and his hunters to ride, must never be known to have married the bar-maid of an inn. I must go up to London, must I, telling no one where to find me, and wait for you to come and wed me? Well, I have left my place. I have waited day after day, and not a word-not a sight of your face. Dick Storms, what does this mean? I want to know, and I will know!"

"I have been busy, Martha-busy arranging things, that you and I may go off from this into a new place, where no one will ever find out that we have not always been gentle folks," said Storms, looking around apprehensively, for the girl's voice rang fiercely through the wood.

"Then why didn't you send me word?"

"I had no time, Martha. Come, come! walk this way, and I will tell you all about it."

Martha hesitated an instant, then followed him, still defiant and angry.

"Come in here; we shall be safer to talk;" he said, leading the way to the dilapidated old summer-house, where so many of his interviews with that girl had taken place. "The gamekeepers never pass here after dark."

There was something secretly sinister in the man's voice that might have warned Martha of danger, but for her own vehement rage. As it was, she hurried past him, and rushed into the little building first; then flinging off her scarlet jacket, she tossed her pretty hat, with its cluster of red roses, upon the floor, and pushed the black masses of hair away from her temples, with the dash of a prize-fighter going into action.

"Now, Dick Storms, I want to know the meaning of all this shilly-shallying?"

Storms paused at the door, and looked back along the path he had trod, and around the Lake, cautiously.

"You needn't trouble yourself. If a gamekeeper should see us, they'll take me for that Jessup girl. I haven't seen one of them by daylight.

"But you came from the station?" questioned Storms, in a whisper. "The people there saw you."

"No, they didn't. I came by the other road, and walked across, fifteen miles at the least. Now, once for all, tell me why you coaxed me to go up to London, and then never came near me, after promising on the Bible?"

"Yes, I will tell you. Don't be violent, Martha, and I will tell you the reason."

"Well, what is it? I'm waiting."

gentleman. In a week from now, I shall be a landholder, with plenty of measey in my pocket."

"Well, I expected that. The paper I gave you did it. I knew it would."

"And a married man."

"Of course, I expected that too. Nothing can stop that, though you have been trying to skulk."

"But you need not expect me to marry you!"

"What-what is that you say!"

"I say, Martha Hart, you are a fool to think I ever meant to take you from among the beer-cans."

"Indeed! No wonder your throat is so husky that the words stick in it; for you never told a bigger lie. You have taken me from among the beer-cans, and you shall wed me in the very taproom, if I say so."

Storms attempted to laugh, but he was, indeed, too hourse for that. Still, he threw a sneer into his voice which intensified the girl's rage into absolute stillness.

"It was I who helped you to all you will get," she said, so quietly, that he began to think her subdued. "I-I gave you the paper."

"Well, what of that? I, alone, knew how to use it."

"I kept still as the grave about what I saw that night."

"You had better keep still. You shall! Still as the grave."

" " But if I speak-"

" No one will believe you, against my oath and that paper, signed by Jessup, himself."

"Ah, I see. Yes, you are right; I have been & fool."

"Exactly-a silly, love-sick fool."

The man was looking out on the lake as he spoke, and did not see the flash of those black eyes, or the rage that curved those lips, till the teeth gleamed savagely through.

"A miserable fool," he went on, "or you would have known that a man who had the chance of a girl, like Ruth Jessup, would never think of you."

A' Ah, it is Ruth Jessup, then?"

"Yes, it is Ruth Jessup-the only girl I ever cared a straw for. The letter you gave me gets her with the rest. That is the grandest part of my bargain. She cannot help herself."

Martha Hart drew toward the dilapidated window that opened upon that balcony which overhung the deepest portion of the lake. wanted more light by which to search for something in a pocket-book that she drew from her bosom. She made a singularly wild figure, standing there, with her bloodless face, and all the thick masses of her hair thrust back, while the "This is what it means, Martha Hart. I am a last rays of a red sunset streamed over her.

"That may be a little in your way," she said, handing him the marriage certificate she had stolen from Ruth Jessup's little Prayer-Book. "Just a little-don't you see?"

Storms read the paper over twice, then cast it from him, with an oath.

"You will marry her now, not a doubt of it," sneered Martha Hart.

" Marry her? Yes, if a thousand husbands stood in the way. To-morrow he shall be arrested. I will hang him, and marry his widow."

Martha Hart picked up the marriage certificate, folded it carefully, and put it in the pocketbook again. Then, clinching the book in her right hand, she lifted it aloft, and, with her back to the window, from which all the light had fled, turned her face upon him, a face so full of triumphant wrath that the craven drew back a step, absolutely afraid.

"Hang him, hang the young master of Norston's Rest. Murderer! Fool! Did you think I gave you everything, or would have given that, if I had not kept back enough to hang you? Not my evidence, though I saw you shoot the old man, and dash the other down. I do not mean my own evidence alone, but here, in this pocketbook, I have William Jessup's last letter, written when his head was clear and his memory good, taking back the lines written in his fever; a letter charging you with the murder I saw done with my own eyes. This letter, and all that I know, shall be in Sir Noel's hands before he goes to bed this night."

The girl made a movement, as if to depart at once; but Storms leaped upon her like a wild beast, made a savage effort to snatch the book from her hand, and when she struggled fiercely against it, hurled her against-the window.

A loud crash, a storm of shattered glass, and splintered wood, and, through the great ragged opening, Martha Hart reeled into the balcony, hurling the pocket-book over her murderer's shoulder, as he struck her in the chest with his clenched hand. She was falling backward, his white face was close to hers, his hoarse curse hissed in her ear. With a terrible effort to save herself, she threw her arms around him, dragging him down to the rickety railing, over which he was straining all his powers to hurl her.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! Don't kill me. Do-Another crash. The railing gave way. strove madly to free his neck from her clinging arms, but they clasped him like iron. The struggle was terrible. Under it the whole balcony began to quiver and break. Their two faces were close together, their eyes, burning with hateful { fear, met. One desperate effort the man put to it, wretch that I am! It was my suggestion,"

forth to free himself; but the grip on his neck grew closer, and choked him. . With the might of despair be dragged her half way up from the reeling timbers; but her weight basiled his strength, and brought him down with an awful thud. Down, down, they plunged, through the rotten timbers, into the black depths of the lake.

After this the stillness was appalling. the place where those two had gone down, linked together in that death clasp, bits of broken wood floated, drearily, like reptiles driven from their holes. Then the night came down, black and gloomy. If anything, living or dead, appeared on the surface of those inky waters, after this, God alone saw it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Two persons met in the breakfast-room at Norston's Rest, on the morning after Ruth's disappearance-Sir Noel and Lady Rose. Both were anxious, and one very unhappy; but habits of decorous self-control checked all expression of these feelings.

It was a beautiful room, and a beautiful morn-The fragrance of many flowers came floating through the windows, where it met flowers again of still more exquisite odors.

At another time Sir Noel might have noticed that the cheeks of his ward were pale, and her eyes heavy; but he saw nothing just then, for the language that Dick Storms had used harassed his pride, and he could not throw off the memory of that girl's sorrow.

They had not expected young Hurst to breakfast with them. Since his illness he had taken this meal in his own room; but now he came in hurriedly, and with an open letter in his hand. Hurriedly, and with a look of distress in his face that carried dismay in it.

"Sir Noel! Father! I have deceived you, and am punished. I have married a woman, who has chosen to leave me, and die, rather than brave your displeasure. Ruth Jessup was my wife, and she has destroyed herself."

For one whole minute there was dead silence in the room. Then Sir Noel reached out his hand for the letter which his son gave up, and, the latter, falling on his seat by the table, buried his face in his folded arms.

"It may be as you fear," said Sir Noel, again reading the letter, in a low voice, which was not unkind; "but the language admits of a doubt."

"Of a doubt-a doubt!" he cried, eagerly. "Oh, father, can you see that?"

Lady Rose had started from her seat, white and wild. "It is I have done it. I drove her she said, while both father and son looked on her in pale amazement.

Lady Rose had been out in the garden that morning, and the lace shawl she had thrown over her dress lay across a chair. Before a word could be spoken, she snatched it up, drew it over her head, and went out through a glass door, leading to the garden. Young Hurst followed her, and, in a few minutes after, Sir Noel took the same direction; but neither of these men could keep up with the swift walk of the girl. One was shocked to the heart, and still feeble from illness; the other, paralyzed by suppressed agitation.

Lady Rose went first to the cottage. It was locked, and the shutters closed tightly, as she had never seen them before. The sight of all this loneliness chilled her. She turned away from the cottage, and walked on toward the Lake. "If I have driven her to death, it was there she found it," was her thought.

The door of the Lake-house was open. Through it she saw a gleam of scarlet, on which the morning sunshine was pouring.

"It is there. She has gone. Oh, God, forgive me, she has gone," oried the poor lady, dragging her reluctant limbs through the opening. "Her own jacket and the pretty hat. God help me! I have killed her. I, who meant to go away happy that I had redeemed him, now take with me the mark of Cain, the curse of a great crime."

As Lady Rose stood looking at the scarlet garment with bitter self-reproach in her heart, Sir Noel and his son came in. Walton saw the scarlet jacket, the broken window, and the jagged timbers left of the balcony, and, without a word, left the building. Sir Noel looked around, taking in the scene with more coolness. Upon the jacket, as if it had been thrown there, he saw a pocket-book, or large portmonaie, which might contain evidence.

Lady Rose watched him as he opened it. Surely there was something there which might tell them of the girl's fate. Yes, a letter, folded twice, and thus made small enough to thrust into a pocket of the book; a letter, directed to Walton Hurst, which had been opened.

Lady Rose knew the writing, drew close to Sir Noel, and read the letter over his shoulder.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God, I have not murdered them both," she cried, snatching the letter between her shaking hands, and kissing it wildly. "At least we have this,"

"There is something else," said Sir Noel, unfolding a slip of paper. Lady Rose drew close to him.

"Ah, it is the marriage certificate," she said, in a whisper. "She is dead! She is dead, or that never would have been left behind."

"Yes," answered Sir Noel, "she is dead."

CHAPTER XXXV.

But she was not dead. A telegram for Mrs Mason came on, the morning after that pocket-book had been found in the Lake-house. The telegram was from London, where the housekeeper had a sister living, who kept a lodging-house; and in this lodging-house William Jessup had always stayed when he went up to town.

This was what the telegram said:

"Your goddaughter, William Jessup's child, is here. My husband found her at the office of an American steamer, taking a passage for New York. Strange enough, she had given another name. She fainted dead away when my husband spoke to her, and he brought her here quite out of her mind, I'm sure, for she is constantly trying to steal away from us. What shall we do?"

That night a carriage drove up to Sir Noel Hurst's town-house, in Grosvenor Square, and but of it came the baronet, his son, and Ruth; the baronet, who walked slowly up the steps, ready to offer support to his son's wife, should that of her husband fail from the effects of his illness, or the agitation of a great joy. With him came Lady Rose Houston, who was there to receive them, deeply grateful and gently sad, a lovely contrast to the bride, whose rich coloring had come back with a new rush of life and happiness.

The next day, the announcement of Walton Hurst's marriage with Ruth Jessup appeared in all the principal papers; and then the bride and bridegroom left London for the Continent, where they remained till the latter's health was perfectly restored.

Some weeks after, the joy-bells were ringing out, loud and clear, from the old church near the great mansion. It was Christmas Eve. What better time could there be for the young couple to come home? Night fell before the carriages reached Norston's Rest; but the servants were all out with torches. The villagers had gathered, and the house was a blaze of light. In this way Ruth came home. "She shall be welcome," Sir Noel had written, "as if she was a princess born."

Another carriage came soon after, in which Sir Noel sat alone. Lady Rose might never make that grand old house her home again. On the day that Walton Hurst left London with his bride, she had departed for her estate in the north of England, carrying the shadow of a broken hope with her.

And yet she deserved better of life than to die of a broken heart.

THE END.



EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS,

BNILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, first, a house, or walking- ; yards long, and half a yard wide, edged all round costume, composed of plain and striped reps, or



mohair. The skirt, which is made of the plain material, is kilted all the way from the waist with a large box-plait down the front. The basque is pointed from the waist, in front, to the sides. forming a diamond shape on the sides, and at the back the postillion is simply open up the middle seam to the waist. The whole is trimmed with a side-plaiting of the striped material cut on the bias, headed by a broad band, one and a half inches wide, of black velvet rib-This same trimming forms the collaret around the neck, and the cuff and frills for the sleeves. The scarf trimming the skirt is of the striped materials, cut on the bias and join, three different in design. The front breadth of the

with a narrow plaiting, same as the bodice. Twelve yards of double-fold material in the solid color, and six to eight, according to the width, of the striped. These striped materials come in all colors, with black, or two shades of one colorand the combination makes a very stylish costume. It also suggests the possibility of making a new costume out of two half-worn dresses. Fringes of worsted may be used for trimming the scarf, if preferred-either ball or bullion fringe. These fringes can be bought from fifty cents up to one dollar twenty-five cents per yard.

We also give another walking-dress of the same combination plain and striped material, but quite



skirt is composed of alternate bias plaits of the two materials, forming a kilt, and the back breadths are trimmed with a bias flounce, twelve inches deep, including the heading, of the striped material. The skirt is fastened just to escape the ground, and only three and a quarter yards in width. The tunic and basque are of the plain material, trimmed with a biss band of the stripe, as are the cuffs, the sleeves, and the revers for the bodice. The trimming of the basque is made by lining the under part of the skirt of the basque with the striped, and then turning it up on the outside, as may be seen. The tunic is only raised on the left side. The double cuff is exceedingly stylish, should be lined with stiff crinoline, and the edges corded. Twelve yards of plain and six yards of striped will be required.



Above we have a plaid serge or flannel, blue and green, for a little miss of twelve or fourteen years. There is but one skirt, and it is laid in deep plaits at the waist to form kilts. The waist is cut round, with tight coat-sleeves. There is a deep sailor collar. The basque is separate, and of black saddler silk.

in five sections, and fastened to the belt of the same. All the trimmings used for this dress are black worsted braid and buttons. Two dozen buttons, six yards of braid, and twelve yards of serge or flannel.

We give another dress for a little girl of eight



to ten years. It is of mauve blue cashmere, or merino, edged with pale-blue. The skirt is ornamented with four ruffles, six inches deep, including the heading, cut bias, and bound top and bottom with the pale-blue. These are put on quite full, as may be seen. The basque is finished with a thick cord, covered with the pale-blue to match. The buttons may be moulds covered or oxydized metal, or large smoke-pearl ones will look well. Merino is rather more desirable for winter wear, and is always much cheaper than cashmere. Six yards of mauve blue, one and a half of the light color, for trimming, fifteen buttons, and four yards of thick cord, will be required.

We add a water-proof cloak for a little miss, with cape and sleeves, and trimmed with several rows of black worsted braid, sewed on flat. The



back of the cape is ornamented with a bow of black gros grain ribbon, one and a half inch wide, pointed at the ends, and finished with a tassel of black saddler silk.

The hats and bonnets are of all styles of trim- ? mings. One of the prettiest hats we have seen, we engrave here: it is exceedingly stylish. Others we give in the front of the number.



We also give an illustration of one of the most ? fashionable styles for wearing the hair. The bow, which ties up the queue, is made of two however, are very pretty plain, or without the

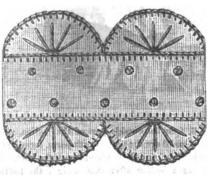
is extremely thick ribbon of coarse rib. The bow is often studded over with loops of either jet, steel, or silver beads; and at the back there is an elastic band, large enough to secure the hair.



Pale-blue, worked with steel beads, has an extremely stylish effect, and black, with jet beads, can be worn with any costume. The bows, loops with a traverse and two ends; the material beads; and are most generally worn in this way.

CASE FOR KNITTING-NEEDLES.





The foundation may be of cashmere or holland. The embroidery may be worked in silk or Andalusian wool. A piece of the centre stripe is given in the annexed engraving, and two-thirds of it must be repeated on each side. The case must measure twenty-two inches in length. It is intended for steel knitting-needles, and is lined with flannel. The sides, about half an inch in breadth, without turning, are let in, and the flap at the top turns over four and a quarter inches, and is fastened by a strap and bow of ribbon. The case is shown made up in the engraving, given at the top of this article.

THE "VIOLIN BODICE."

BY BMILT H. MAY.

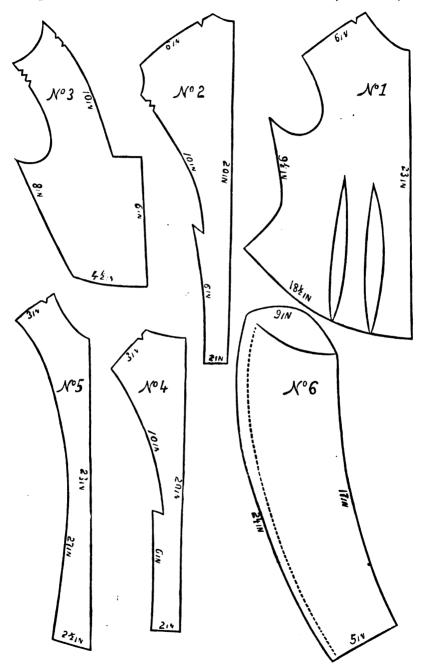


As bodices of either two shades of the same color, or two contrasting colors, are now fashionable, we give the latest style, namely, the "Violin Bodice," so called, because the back assumes the shape: and on the next page we give a diagram by which to cut it out. The parts marked No. 1, 2, solid part of the dress, while Nos. 2 and 8 should

and 8, form the outside part of the bodice, while Nos. 4 and 5 are the underneath parts, forming the vest in front, and the centre-piece of the back. In making a bodice after this design, the parts 4 and 5 should be the same color or shade of the

be of the lighter or contrasting shade, as are also the trimmings of the tunic and under-skirt.

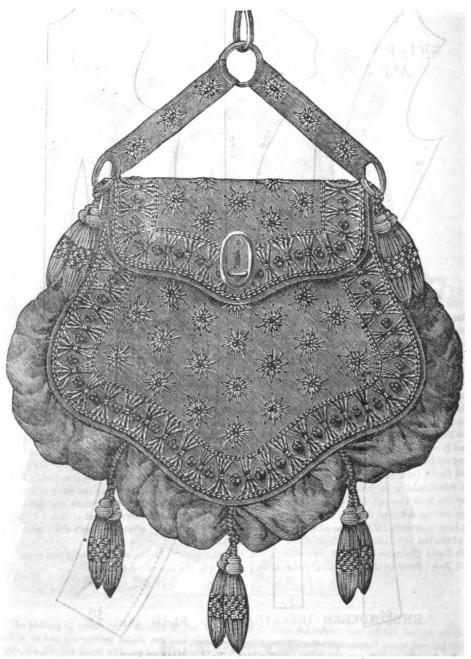
- No. 8. HALF OF SIDE-BODY.
- No. 4. HALF OF BACK (INSIDE PART.)



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT. No. 2. HALF OF BACK. Vol. LXVI.—80

No. 5. HALF OF VEST. No. 6. HALF OF SLEEVE.

EMBROIDERED POCKET, TO BE SUSPENDED FROM BELT. BY MRS. JANK WEAVER.



We give, here, one of those embroidered pock- This pocket is made of brown cloth, lined with ets, now so fashionable, to be worn at the waist. Suttestring and embroidered with two shades of 432

which are attached strips of embroidery; these ornamented with brown silk pendants.

brown purse-silk and steel beads. The front and strips are joined to another ring, as shown in back are joined together by puffings of brown the illustration, and fastened to the waistband silk. At the top of the pocket are metal rings ,to by means of a metal hook. The pocket is also

CHILD'S JACKET, CROCHET AND TRICOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Three-quarters of a pound of white Berlin wool, two ounces mauve Berlin wool, one skein of maize filoselle, bone tricot-hook.

Get a good paper pattern of the shape and size you require, and work to it. The back and fronts are worked separately, and afterward sewn to-

The foundation is begun at the lower edge. Make a chain the length required.

1st Row: Double crochet into every stitch.

2nd Row: Double crochet into every stitch, taking up both horizontal threads.

3rd Row: One chain, * one double into the next stitch, taking up both horizontal threads; insert the hook through the perpendicular loops of the nearest stitch in the first row. Pull up a long loop, and work off with one single pass over one of the last row, and repeat from *.

4th Row: The same as second.

5th Row: Same as third, with this exception: fof tricot in the mauve wool.

in pulling up the long loop, always work it through the long loop of previous row.

Repeat these five rows until the foundation and sleeves are finished.

The front and bottom of sleeves are trimmed with a border made in the mauve and white wool.

For the border, which is sewn on to the front of jacket, make a chain the length required.

Work in mauve wool two rows of tricot; then with white, five rows like the foundation; and on the top of these, two rows of tricot with the mauve wool. Cross-stitches in filoselle are worked on each square of the tricot rows (see design.)

For the border of sleeve, work the same as for the front, with this exception: there are three rows of tricot at the bottom instead of two.

For the bottom of jacket, trim with the border and ball fringe.

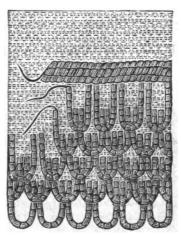
The neck of the jacket is finished with two rows

EMBROIDERED INSERTION AND BEAD BORDER.





TRIMMING AND EDGINGS, OF NET AND BEADS. BY MBS. JANE WEAVER.

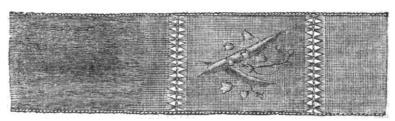


The foundation is made of double net of good } are sewn on very firmly according to design



quality. The beads, either black or white bugles, { Black net, ornamented with jet beads and bugles.

EMBROIDERED RIBBON, FOR NECK-TYE OR SASH. BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



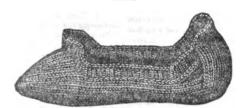
Some of the threads are pulled out to form the caught and knitted according to design. The fringe, and also for the insertion. They are lily of the valley is worked in the natural colors.

BEAD BORDER.



OVERSHOE, IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Two ounces of claret-colored Berlin wool, eight skeins of black wool, four knitting-needles, No. 14, bell gauge.

Begin at the top part of the back of heel. Cast on twenty-six stitches. Work with two needles, knitting and purling alternately for thirty-two rows.

33rd Row. Knit eight. Take a third needle, and knit ten (leave the eight stitches on the other needle for the present,) purl and knit the ten stitches alternately for ten rows.

After these rows (which must be finished as begun by a knitted row,) knit off the eight stitches that were left before working the heel.

44th Row. Purl eight, pick up the ten side stitches of the heel, purl ten, pick up the ten stitches on the other side of the heel, purl eight.

You will now have forty-six stitches.

In the next four rows decrease one in every knitted row by knitting two together after the first stitch. Continue for fifty rows without increase or decrease, alternately knitting and purling.

In the 97th row cast on twenty-four more stitches, knit six rows plain in the round. You will need four pins for this.

In the 104th row, * knit six, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from * all round.

Work six rows without decrease in plain knit ting.

111th Row. * Knit five, siip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from all round.

Work four rows plain knitting without decrease.

116th Row. * Knit four, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from *.

Work three rows plain knitting.

120th Row. Knit three, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat from *.

Work two rows plain knitting.

123rd Row. Knit two, slip one, knit one, pass the sliped stitch over. Repeat.

124th Row. Plain knitting.

125th Row. Knit one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat.

In the next rows knit two together until reduced to one stitch; fasten off on the wrong side.

With the four needles pick up all the stitches on the top of the shoe with black wool. Knit as follows:

1st Row. Knit two, purl two. Repeat all round.

2nd, 8rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Rows. The same as 1st.

7th and 8th Rows. Plain knitting. Cast off.

This shoe is intended to be worn over the boot in cold and frosty weather. It is fastened round the ankle with a bow of ribbon.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

"PETERSON" FOR 1875! GREAT IMPROVEMENTS!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1875 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore the one, above all others, for the times. That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, the largest circulation of any lady's book in the United States, or, so far as we know, in the world.

For 1875, "Peterson" will deserve this circulation still more, for it will be greatly improved in every respect. The reform in the postage law, meanwhile, will make "Peterson" chaper than ever. For it must be remembered that the prices to clubs, as well as to a single subscriber, now include the postage, which we will pre-pay here. Our old club prices, with the postage that the subscriber had to pay afterward, made "Peterson" cost, in all cases, more than it will for 1875. Too much attention cannot be called to this fact! Moreover, this new system of pre-paid postage will save our patrons, not only money, but much annoyance and many misunderstandings. We look, confidently, in consequence, for a great increase, in \$875, to our already unparalolled circulation.

We continue to offer, as will be seen, three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving, "Washington's First Interview With His Wife." For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1875. For still another kind, there are two premiums, viz., the large-sized engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." We have been offering these three kinds of clubs for two years, and find the plan so popular—some persons wishing only an engraving, and others only a copy of "Peterson," while others wish both—that we renew the offer for next year.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. Be the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. Do not loss a moment?

"THE BEST OF EVERYTHING" is the motto of "Peterson's Magazine." The best kinds of engravings are engravings on steel; one good steel plate is worth dozens of wood-cuts: hence "Peterson" gives steel engravings, and always from the pictures of celebrated artists, such as Knaus, Bouguereau, Comte Calix, Haylear, etc., etc. Then the colored fashions, in "Peterson," are printed from steel-plates, while other magazines lithograph them, a much cheaper, but coarser process: if the fashions in "Peterson" were lithographed, we could save on that item alone, with our enormous edition, ten thousand dollars a year. The stories in "Peterson" are by the very best writers, such as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Frances Burnett Hodgson, Jeanie T. Gould, Marietta Holley, etc., etc. All these things cost us vastly more than if we used second-rate illustrations, second-rate fashions, or second-rate writers. But our motto is, "the best of everything," and to this "Peterson" owes its unparalelled

CUSHION IN BERLIN WOOL-WORK.—In the front of the number we give a pattern for a cushion, printed in colors. The designs are to be done in cross-stich on Penelope canvas. The lightest shade of maize is put in with fileselle, the remaining colors with single Berlin wool. A quarter only of the cushion is given, but the whole can be done from this,

· OUR New PREMIUM MEZZOTINT FOR 1875, is a picture that ought to be in every house in America. In point of artistic merit it is, perhaps, the finest, as it is the most costly, ever issued. Most of the premiums given away by newspapers and magazines are either cheap, colored lithographs, called "Chromos," which are, artistically, unfit to put on the walls, or else photograph copies of steel engravings, also lithographed. The latter are often passed off as impressions from steel plates, but it is only necessary to compare them with one of our premiums to see how coarse they are, and not the real thing at all .. Now our premium for 1875 is a first-class line and mezzotint engraving, executed in the highest style of art, after an original picture by J. W. Ehninger. The plate cost, in all, two thousand dollars. No premium of equal value, we boldly assert, will be offered by any magazine for 1875. The subject is "Washington's First INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE." The story, as is well known, is quite romantic. Washington, on his way to join Gen. Braddock, in the great French and Indian war of 1755, stopped, with his orderly, at the White House, since so celebrated in the Virginia campaigns of M'Clellan, Lee and Grant. Here he met a young and beautiful widow, with whom he was so fascinated, that the orderly, instead of being summoned within half an hour, as he had expected, led Washington's horse up and down, nearly all day, while his enamored master was listening to the gay sallies of the charming Mrs. Custis. The result is matter of history. Mrs. Custis became the wife of the great hero, and was known, in after years, as Lady Washington. You can get this picture, gratis, by raising a club for "Peterson" for 1875. Begin at once !

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR is the title of a new collection of engravings, twenty-five in number, which we ofter, for 1875, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, instead of the "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," if they prefer it. "The Pictorial Souvenir" is a companion to "The Gems of Art," which has been so popular. This is a rare chance to obtain twenty-five first-class steel plates, like those published in "Peterson." Elsewhere, a similar number of plates, equally good, would cost five or six dollars.

"Instructive Also."—The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says of this magazine:—"This excellent book for October is upon our table, and is interesting, not only as a literary and fashion periodical, but instructive to the young mother in the raising of a family, or the preparation of a meal, two important duties involved on the young and inexperienced mother. The perusal of 'Peterson' will obviate all this trouble and enlighten the young mother in her duties."

THE CHINESE STYLE is very much affected at present. Dresses are worn more and more close to the figure, and are short in front, showing the shoes, which, by the way, are pointed rather than square at the toes. Both Chinese and Japanese materials are largely used for in-door robes.

Missing Numbers.—In reply to N. C., we would say that we always replace numbers lost in the mail, if notified. It is not often that a number miscarries, but when one does, we always send a duplicate, if written to.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the 25th of November, and will be the most beautiful we have ever issued. Those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.



CHEAPER THAN EVER.—We call attention, again, to the great reform in the postage laws, by which subscribers to magazines and newspapers, by sending their postage to the publisher, secure, at a lower rate and with absolute certainty, the speedy and safe transmission of their periodicals through the mails. In order to meet this great reform, in the spirit with which it has been inaugurated, we have added the postage, or rather a part of it, to the club rates of "Peterson," (as will be seen in our Prospectus,) so that subscribers, when once they have remitted to us, will receive their magazines, monthly, at their respective offices, without further expense or trouble. "Peterson" will, hereafter, be, cheaper thus sever.

THE NEW STYLES OF HEAD-DRESSES, of which we have given so many illustrations lately, culminate in the one called the Codogan, which is a queue, such as gentlemen wore in olden times, of a single brand tied up in a long loop with a bow of black ribbon. The braid is to be the wide basket braid instead of that of three tresses. A high comb, with finger puffs in front of it, crimps, and side locks complete the front of the coiffure. Still, the variety of coiffures is very great, and the older fashion holds its own with many. The true way is to select that which is most becoming to you.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE MIND is what thousands of women are in need of. After the plotding routine required for material necessities has been gone through with for the day, and the tired body requires and enjoys rest, the minds of all bright women reach out hungering and thirsting after intellectual food. Not having that craving satisfied is what causes unhappiness for many. To subscribe for a good periodical is, therefore, a real economy. Food for the mind is as absolute a necessity as food for the body.

"NEVER AGAIN."—A lady writes, "Send me a specimen to raise a club with. I did not take 'Peterson' last year, but I will never do without it again. Club or no club, I will take it myself. I was not here, last winter, and neglected to renew my subscription: the first time in twelve years; and you cannot tell how I missed it."

THE PREMIUM ENGRAVING of "Peterson's Magazine" for 1875 has quite taken the newspaper press by storm. The Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican, echoes the voice of hundreds, when it says, "It is gotten up in Peterson's usual style, which is simply the best that money, talent and time can accomplish!"

"ALONE WORTH THE PRICE."—The Goderich (Canada) Star says, of one of our recent Berlin patterns, "it alone is well worth the price of the magazine;" and adds, "every lady should possess a copy of 'Peterson." Remember, this is the only magazine that gives those patterns.

"A FRIEND IN THE HOUSE."—A lady writes:—" Your invaluable magazine has been, really and truly, a friend in the house, this past year. Many a time, when wearied with family cares, I have, after reading one or two of its bright stories, felt like a new being."

OUR TITLE PAGE, this year, is from one of Landseer's most famous pitcures, and represents the shepherd, after a snow-storm, digging out his lost sheep. As a painter of animals Landseer has never been rivalled.

NEVER AGAIN.—"Circumstances would not permit me to take your magazine this year," writes a lady, "but I hope never to be without it again." We have scores of such.

"IN EVERT HOUSEHOLD."—The Skowhegan (Me.) Reporter says of our premium plate for 1875, "it is a picture that ought to be in every American household."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Prosper Merimee's Letters To An Incognita. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.-The extraordinary sensation which the publication of these letters created in Paris, and even in England, has not even yet died out, and Mr. Stoddard has acted wisely, in the interest of his "Bric-a-Brac Series," in giving them to the American public. The letters cover a period of more than thirty years, and are addressed to a lady, with whom this celebrated Frenchman appears to have been in love at first, but whom he afterward came to regard, after his rejection, with a platonic friendship that lasted all his life. Who the lady is, or was, has not been discovered. "The mystery which surrounds the letters," says Mr. 8toddard, "their freshness, their epigrammatic brilliancy, their keen and flashing wit," to say nothing of other merits, will long continue to draw attetnion to them. Some recollections of Lamartine and George Sand close the volume: but its principal interest is in these remarkable letters.

Francatell's Modern Cook-Book. With Sixty-Two Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—While young housekeepers, who wish to be economical, should provide themselves with "The Young Wife's Cook-Book," or "Miss Leslie's Cook-Book," or some others of the cook-books of this enterprising firm, every hotel-keeper, confectioner, first-class boarding-house owner, or family of means, should have "Francatelli." There is no book of its kind extant, in any language, that can be said to excel it. It gives the very best receipts, in the Cullnary art, in use in France, Italy, Germany and England. With it as a guide, a competent cook can get up an entertainment for any number of persons, at a ball, or elsewhere, or can provide a select diner for a few, such as royalty might be proud to partake of.

West Lauen. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton & Co.—Mrs. Holmes has published many popular novels, notably, "Lena Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," and "Cousin Maud," but no one, we think, quite comes up to this in merit. It was written, we understand, during her sojourn in Switzerland, last summer, and shows the marks of more than ordinary care.

The Lily and The Cross. By Professor James de Mille. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The scane of this story, like that of the first part of "Evangeline," is laid in Acadia. Professor Mille always writes well; his "Dodge Club" was inimitable; and this tale, though in a different vein. is quite as good, perhaps better.

Running To Waste. By George M. Baker. 1 vol., 16 mo, Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is one of the popular "Maidenhood Series," and, like all the others, has an excellent moral. "Running to Waste," is the story of a Tom-Boy, and will be read with interest by both girls and lads. Illustrated.

Martyn Ware's Temptation. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Wood is one of the best writers of the sensational school, and the present little novelet is one of her most effective.

Risen From The Ranks; or Harry Walton's Success. By Horatio Alper, Jr. 1 vol.. 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—A book that will be very popular, we predict, with young people. It forms one of the series, the "Luck and Pluck Books."

Fire Thousand A Year. By Mrs. Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another powerfully written story, by the author of "East Lynn." The large type of this edition recommends it particularly.

Take A Peep. By Paul Cobden. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A collection of fugitive stories, all good, published originally in a family newspaper. The volume is illustrated.



OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST."-The newspaper press, without exception, pronounce "Peterson's Magazine" to be the cheapest and best. Says the Brownstown (Ind.) Banner :-"The ladies say it is by far the best." Says the Milford (Mass.) Journal:—" The cheapest and best ladies' magazine." Says the Albany (Oregon) Democrat .- "The best lady's magazine published." Says the Gerardtown (West Va.) Times:—"The cheapest of the reliable fashion magazines of the day." The Darlington (S. C.) Southerner says:-"The cheapest lady's magazine in America." The Woburn (Mass.) Journal says :- "The cheapest fashion book published." Says the Salem (Mass.) Post :- "No lady can afford to be without it: it should be in every family." Says the St. Sophia (La.) Sentinel :- "It is without doubt the best and cheapest publication of its character in the country." Says the Skowhegan(Me.) Reporter:-" It grows better with age." The Washington (N. J.) Chronicle says:-- "The best periodical of its class in the country." The New Holland Pa.) Clarion says:-"This magazine is the ladies' favorite." Says the Mansfield (O.) Herald :- " Peterson's Magazine is the best and chargest in the world!" We quote these, out of scores of similar notices, in order that persons getting up clubs may show them around. No other magazine can exhibit so many testimonials as "Peterson." There is no deception about it.

A BEAUTIFUL FIEND; and Victor's TRIUMPH, are the names of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's two new books, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadolphia. Each one is complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, full guilt back, price \$1.75 each.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have also just issued a new, complete, and uniform edition of all of the popular works written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. This edition is complete in thirty-soven volumes, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back, price \$1.75 each, or \$64.75 for a complete set, put up in a neat box; and a set should be found in every library, and in every family in the land.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Poterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any mouthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CATALOGUE of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is, perhaps, the largest and best of any catalogue of good novels to be found in the United States. The prices of the books, too, are very reasonable. Catalogues are sent, gratis, if written for.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI .- INTESTRIGO,

Chafings of the groins and necks of fat infants especially, as well as others, where attention to cleanliness is not observed, frequently become troublesome affections. Excoriations behind the ears are still more likely to become sources of much solicitude to mothers.

The origin of the mischlef of the groin arise most commonly from neglect, the babe is permitted to lie too long in wet napkins by the over-busy or neglectful mother, busy with her many household duties; for often she is alone or without "help," and if the babe inclines to sleep, she feels it to be a necessity not to disturb it until her work is done up for the morning; and thus the little unconscious sufferer lies in wet, swaddling clothes, stoaming with heat from the

moisture of the same, while the salts natural to the urinary discharge are irritating and excoriating to a delicate skin, and thus a peculiar inflammation, attended with heat, redness, minute vesicles, and subsequent discharge, is established, and the groins become suddenly involved in an unhealthy condition.

Perspiration alone is sufficient to produce it sometimes, as is the case in the folds of the neck of fleshy babes; the skin overlying other portions, attended with constant friction from the restless movements of the head, and assisted with saliva flowing from its mouth antecedent to cutting its first teeth, render it quite difficult, with all the prudence and care that can be exercised on the part of the mother, to prevent it.

But neither can these extenuating remarks, or apology of any kind, be applied to her in cases of excertations behind the ear. Here all, or most of the causes, perhaps, that give rise to such difficulties, can be avoided, if sufficient care be exercised. There is no undue moisture here; no friction of any moment to produce it. It can only be charged to a want of cleanliness and inattention to the condition of the child's stomach and bowels.

From a very slight inflammation at first, those cases soon become developed into deep and troublesome ulcers, pouring out a copious and most offensive discharge, which irritates and excoriates the surrounding healthy skin. The whole ear finally becomes swollen, inflammed, and very painful to the child. All this mischief to the babe, and anxiety to the mother, often result through the advice of officious women, or "old nurses" who declare that it is perilous to the child to dry up these sores. It may be dangerous to dry them up, but it is perfectly safe and most advisable to heal them by rational treatment at the early stage, when simple means will accomplish the end in view.

Cleanliness, keeping the parts dry, dusting them with flowers of zinc, correcting the stomach and secretions generally with a few small doses of Husbaud's magnesia, will generally suffice. Less frequent nursing, less feeding, avoidance of overloading the stomach, correcting the secretions, and keeping the parts dry with some mild powder, are essentials in the treatment.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

GAMES AND FORFEITS.—As this is the season of the year when long evenings begin, and people make merry around the fireside, we resume our notices of games, which we intermitted during the summer months.

"Neighbor, Neighbor, I Come to Torment You," is an amusing game, played as follows:—The players sit in a circle, and one begins by saying, "Neighbor, neighbor, I come to torment you." "What with?" is the question of the next player. "To do as I do," whereupon one hand is moved. This is passed round the circle, until all the players are moving their one hand. Then the same formula is repeated, save that the answer is "To do with two as I do," when both hands are moved; and the thing continues until both hands, legs, head, and body of each player are in motion, which presents a comical effect.

"Jingles" is also amusing. One of the players leaves the room, and the rest determine on a word. When he reenters he is told a noun that rhymes with the one chosen, which he must find out by their dumb movements. Say "bat" is the word selected, he is told that it rhymes with "rat," and the players either try to imitate flying or hitting a ball with a bat.

We have known much fun caused by keeping four or five children in the room while the others are sent out, and placing them behind the drawn window-curtains; then let one just show the eye through the opening, and when the rest are admitted they have to decide to whom it belongs—by no means as easy a task as it seems.

WINDOW GARDENING.

House Plants.—Perhaps every one is not aware that the coldest place in a room on a cloudy day or at night, is within a foot or so of the window, just where the plant-stand is stationed. All dwellings cannot be new, and new ones are not always proof against the insidious attacks of cold. In the old ones the windows become loose with the wear and tear of years; there are cracks and crevices where a small current of cold air penetrates, and where the frost creeps in stealthily, and seizes on the green leaves. To guard against this, we paste a narrow slip of paper (of a color corresponding with the paint in the room) over every aperture that admits a passage from the air without. The unsoiled margin of newspapers is very good for this purpose, as the texture is light and thin, and adheres readily to the wood. Give it a trial, and prove the fact, only do not select a cold freezing day for the business. It saves the trouble of moving the plants at night, and assures their safety when the mercury drops low in the thermometer. Our climate is subject to sudden and unlooked for changes, and often one night will destroy a whole winter's care, and ruin hopeful prospects, even as late as March, when we deem our security good. It is well to be prepared for these emergencies or caprices of our latitude. Some complain of their plants growing spindling and weak, and yielding no bloom. One fault is too high a temperature, with too much water a portion of the time during the day, and too low a one at night. When this is the case they grow sickly, and we hear the oftenrepeated complaint, "I can't keep plants, they don't do well; what do you do to yours?" You want strong but growthy plants to secure bloom and beauty. Every day, when we water, we turn our plants, and thus keep them even and shapely, by allowing every side the advantage of the sun. A slip will grow during the winter, and become a large flowering plant in a four-inch pot, if judiciously watered and cared for. Earthen pots without glaze are best, as they are porous, and absorb superfluous moisture.

ART STUDIES.

To DRAW ON SMOKED CHINA .- One of the most elegant and useful accomplishments, now that a display of China has come into fashiou again, is druwing on smoked china. We give, as seasonable, therefore, instructions for representing dark objects on a light ground, such as trees for moonlight views, clouds in stormy skies, shadows, etc. A seapiece would be very successful on china, as dark masses of rock, ships in a storm, sea gulls, all help to produce a good effect. We would suggest another good subject for this process-a forest of pine-trees, with the dark trees in the background, broken up here and there by light touches from a moonlight sky, the dark shadows of the same reflected on a piece of water skirted with ferns, would be a pleasing study. And now the process. Smoke your china as dark as possible. Take for your subject a dark mass of fir-trees, forming a background to a rustic cottage; a cloudy sky. For tools, a small piece of wool about the size of a nut, a darning needle, a round piece of wood cut to a point, with a little wool twisted lightly round it. Draw the outline with the darning needle, getting the form of the trees; make out the branches of the same; then with the piece of wool stamp out light clouds, passing the wool rapidly to and fro. As you approach the trees, use the piece of wood covered with wool, working in and out to retain their form. Your clouds now are almost white; smoke it again lightly over the sky only, and go over the parts you wish to keep white. Lighten the sky round the trees, and near the horizon with the wool using both tools alternately for the larger and smaller touches; stamp with the large piece of wool when your trees are too dark. Then finish up with light touches with the darning needle, and a few broad lights in the foreground. Edges can be easily softened off with the wool.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

** Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

To Boil a Turkey .- The turkey should be well washed in topid water, then rubbed all over with lemon-juice, and placed in a sauce-pan, with just enough water boiling hot to cover him well. A large piece of butter, a couple of onions, a head of celery, some carrots, sliced, whole pepper, mace, cloves, a bundle of sweet herbs and parsley, with salt to taste, should be added. The boiling should be carried on slowly, the pot should be carefully skimmed, and in a couple of hours or less, according to the size of the victim, the sacrifice will be accomplished. Some people stuff a boiled turkey with oysters, and serve oyster-sauce with it. That is a matter of taste. A purée of celery, or of chestnuts, or of onions, even oyster sauce (not oysters floating in paste) properly made, will go very well with boiled turkey. But the best of all sauces is tomato sauce, or a puree of endives, or of any other green meat, if the proper degree of piquancy were given to it by the admixture of lemon-juice.

To Boast Partridges.—To look well there should be three birds in the dish. Pluck, singe, draw, and truss them; roast them for about twenty minutes, baste them with butter, and when the gravy begins to run from them, you may safely assume that the partridges are done. Place them in a dish together with bread-crumbs, fried nicely brown, and arranged in small heaps. Gravy should be served in a tureen apart.

To Fry Partridges.—Take a brace of cold partridges, that have been either roasted or braised, cut them into quarters, and dip them into beaton and seasoned yolk of eggs. Make some butter perfectly hot in a frying-pan, put into it the birds, and do them over a moderately hot fire until they are brown.

VEGETABLES

Mashed Potatoes.-Take a quart or more of good potatoes, peel, and cut them in two or four pieces, which keep in cold water until the whole are ready; then wash them, and put them in a pan, cover with cold water and a little salt; set the pan on the fire, and cook them. When done, put the pan on the back of the range or stove, take a potato-masher and mash them well, then add butter, and mash well again to mix the butter thoroughly among the whole. When this is done, add about half a pint of milk, little by little, mashing at the same time; then add salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of sugar. The better and more they are mashed, the whiter and better the potatoes are. Be prodigal of elbowgrease for mashed potatoes. An improvement is to mash them through a colander before adding the butter, thus preventing any lump that might escape the masher. The quantity of butter and milk should be according to taste, and, if liked, two or more yolks of eggs beaten with a little milk may be added after the butter.

Cabbage.—Boil it very well, then chop it up with a little butter, add a small quantity of vinegar and pepper, and then fry it for two minutes; grate a little Parmesan cheese, and, when ready to serve, pour some melted butter over the cabbage, and sprinkle the grated cheese over it.

Bestroot.—The bestroot is boiled, and shortly before it is wanted, so as to retain its color; it is sliced, and over it is poured a sauce of one teaspoonful of vinegar mixed with sweet cream, to which are added a pinch of salt and a little sugar.

DESSERTS.

Sauce for Plum-Pudding.—Fresh butter and powered lumpsugar beaten together until the mixture becomes of the consistency of cream. Boil the pudding six or seven hours.



Plum-Puddings .- 1. Take two pounds of beef-suct, one pound of bread-crumbs, one and a half pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, half a pound of mixed peel, one and a half pounds of foot sugar, fourteen fresh eggs, half a pint of milk. Grated nutmeg, powdered allspice, ginger and salt to taste. 2. Take one pound of beefsuct, raisins, currants, and sugar, half a pound each of bread-crumbs and flour, four new-laid eggs, one ounce of candied peel, sufficient milk, and spices to taste. 3. Take half a pound each of beef-suet, currants, and raisins, two raw carrots, and two raw potatoes, grated, two heaped tablespoonfuls of flour, two heaped tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two large tablespoonfuls of molasses and moist sugar, two ounces of candied peel, one large pinch of salt, and two of baking-powder; powdered ginger, nutmeg, and spices to taste, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon

College Puddings.—Grate two pounds of crumbs of bread, shred half a pound of suet, and mix with half a pound of currants, one ounce of citron, and the same of orange-pecl, one quarter of a pound of sugar, half a nutmeg, three eggs beaten, whites and yolks separately. Mix these all together, and make up the puddings to the size and shape of geose eggs. Having melted half a pound of butter in a frying-pan, when quite hot, stew the puddings in it over a stove, turning them two or three times till they are of a fine light brown. Serve with pudding sauce.

Pumpkin-Pic.—Peel and prepare the pumpkin as you would a vegetable marrow, boil enough of it, with a little salt in water, to make a quart of pulp; mash and put it through a sieve, and to a quart of pumkin add a quart of milk, two cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of rose-water, one of ginger, half a nutmeg, the grated rind of one lemon, and four eggs. The ginger may be omitted if not liked. To be baked in deep pie-plattes, lined with puff paste.

CARES.

Pound-Cakes .- 1. Take the weight of eight eggs in flour, in butter, and in pounded loaf-sugar, and one pound of currants; work the butter to a cream, dredge in the flour, add the sugar, currants, and some slices of candied peel; mix all well together, then whisk the eggs, and blend all thoroughly; beat the cake well for some time, and put it into a round tin lined at the bottom and sides with buttered white paper. Bake from one and a half to two hours. Half the quantity of the above ingredients will make a moderate-sized cake. 2. Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; then, by degrees, work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten add a glass of wine or brandy, and some caraway seeds. It must be beaten a full hour. Put it in a buttered pan, and bake it a full hour in a quick oven. The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of butter, and the same of sugar, make a less luscious, and. to most tastes, pleasanter cake.

Gingerbread Nuts.—1. Six ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, molases and ginger "by rule of thumb," to make a stiff paste; or two and a quarter pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of molasees, ten ounces of butter, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of lemon-peel, and one ounce of ginger. Bakein a quick oven. 2. One pound of golden syrup, one and a half pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of sugar, and one ounce of ground ginger. Half the butter and sugar to be melted together: mix well, and roll out very thin; cut to size required with a pastry cutter, and lake in a quick oven.

Scotch Shorthread.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter; the butter and sugar to be melted together, and then the flour dredged in.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Carriage-Dress of Dark-Violet Velvet.— Under-skirt made rather long and plain. Polomise trimmed with the fur of the gray fox, and bows of ribbon down the front. The Polomise is looped up quite far back, and long ends hang from the back of the neck from beneath a large bow. Violet velvet bonnet, with yellow rose and wing.

Fig. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN SILK.—The skirt is laid in straight plaits down the front, and the back is slightly puffed. Dolman of light-green cashmere embroidered in darker green. Hat of dark-green velvet and silk, with a light-green plume.

Fig. 111.—House or Walking-Dress.—The petticent is of black silk, trimmed with four narrow-plaited ruffles, put on far apart. The over-skirt and basque are of light gray-blue cashmere, trimmed with scal-skin fur.

Fig. IV.—Carriage or House-Dress of Pinkish Violet Silk.—The under-skirt is trimmed with three flounces, with a puffing heading them. The upper-skirt is rather short, and wrinkled in front, and is most intricately looped-up at the side with sashes made of the silk. The basque-body at cut off square in front, but has rather a full postilion at the back. Bonnet of velvet and silk of the color of the dress.

Fig. v.—Walking-Dress, of Fawn-Colored "Drugger."—The under-skirt is of silk of the same color, trimmed with one deep ruffle. The upper-skirt is made quite plain, and but slightly loofed. The basque has a rolling collar, and is buttoned at the side with large pearl buttons, and it is trimmed with a narrow band of corded silk of a shade lighter than the drugget.

Fig. VI.—Walking-Dress of Nut-Brown Cashmere.— The under-skirt is trimmed with four ruffles, two of which are plaited and two gathered. The upper-skirt falls to the top ruffle of the lower skirt, in front, and is drawn back and fastened under a large bow of brown ribbon of a shade much darker than the dress. The basque is small, and pointed in front.

Fig. VII.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of black velveteen, made quite plain. The upper-dress is of very dark-blue poplin, bordered with a wide band of blue velvet, lighter than the dress. The deep basques, sleeves, and waist are also trimmed with the velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give also the back and front of the newest mantelet out this season. It is round at the back, and falls with square ends in front. It fastens at the throat with a large gimp agrafe, and the edge is enriched with a feather fringe. Large faille pockets are placed at each side, and fastened down with a large pocket, the lower portions being decorated ribbon lows and ends; similar ornaments in front of the arm. The mantelet is beaded both at the back and front.

THE HATS AND BONNETS in our wood-cuts are of the very newest style, and all different to suit varied tastes, and suitable for the new styles of wearing the hair.

We also give a half-fitting Dolma of striped drugget, the half-woolen fabric which is the newest and coarsest-booking material worn this winter. It has the advantage of being very warm, and is very stylish looking. Of course, this material must be made up quite plainly, with but little drapery and puffing. It is sometimes quite plain, and sometimes striped, or in check, as a darker shade of brown on brown, or darker gray on gray.

A great effort is being made to introduce figured materials, and in woolen fabrics. There are all sorts of fanciful designs, such as diagonal stripes dotted with pin-head figures, clusters of triple cross-lines, plain vertical lines with basket woren ones between, and broad oblique lines, etc. Then there are mottled camel's-hair and inch-wide stripes of two shades of the same color, signag and herring-bone twills; in

act, the designer's ingenuity has been taxed to coax Fashion into something that is not a uniform self-color. In silks the effort has not been quite so successful, the matches & being the most popular; but this material is too expensive to be much used, as it sells from five to seven dollars a yard. It looks like a wadded and quilted satin of rather poor quality. It is only suitable for apron-fronts that are not too much looped-up, for cuirass waists, sleveless jackets, or something that does not require to be much draped. It is silk with a satin face, and as thick as though it were wadded. It is woven to look like fanciful quilting in small diamonds, arabesques, and floriated designs. It is made in black, olivegreen, navy-blue, chestnut-brown, and in various other colors. In pale-pink, blue, and white, the material will be largely used for skirts for wearing under trained evening or dinner dresses

Worth, as a rule, makes his new black silk dresses with large revers on the skirt; they cross in front, and then separate as they descend to the feet. The train at the back is either plaited or draped, it rarely falls in long, unbroken folds. The revers are ornamented in different ways, sometimes with wide insertion embroidered with jet, sometimes with loops of faille, mixed with laces arranged en cascale, etc. A very elegant black dress has bands of jet arranged diagonally on the front breadth, and at the sides black faille loops lined with pale pink faille; these loops descend en cascade, and are accompanied by coquilles of black grenadine. The bodice is made with a waistcoat, striped on the cross with jet bands. Another black faille dress has bands of black velvet upon the revers, and loops of very narrow black ribbon velvet following the line of these bands; the loops are lined with violet. The train is entirely velvet; the bodice is faille, with velvet sleeves.

The bodices are almost all made in the same style. The basque is sometimes continued all round the waist; sometimes it stops in front, when it is replaced by a waistband. The Joan of Arc bodice has been very popular, but it is a mistake to adopt it absolutely. To look well it requires magnificent materials, and a very pretty figure—neither too stout nor too thin—otherwise it has a ridiculous and an ungraceful effect. Ostrich feathers, made into a trimming and put on with bands of fur, are very elegant.

Pours are gradually disappearing from the back breadths of skirts. Sometimes the top of the breadths are gathered, and look like drawn silk, so close is the stitching; but the most general style is to plait the back breadths in wide folds, extending the entire length of the skirt. It is difficult to keep these plaits in place, so either cords or tapes are sewn on the wrong side of the skirt, at intervals of about four inches apart, and each plait is fastened to these cords at the intersecting points.

With the disappearance of puffs and drapery, cloth dresses for the street will gradually creep in; though we do not think them very warm, they will be very stylish.

MANTLES are becoming cloaks again, being made longer than heretofore. Some of the new French ones form an over-skirt, but are much too complicated to describe.

THE NEW BONNETS are all made to be worn with the Artois or Codogan style of hair-dressing. The brims in front turn upward and outward, and there are both stiff and soft crowns. Felt and a combination of slik and velvet are the most popular. Birds of every description are used on stylish hat-bonnets, whole birds, with even the feet perfect, are so fastened on the brim that they seem to be flying down on the face. Small black birds, with red-tipped wings and red breasts, are very popular. Flowers are usually massed in front of the brim, the branches passing down the middle of the crown. Roses of all shades are more worn than any other flowers.

BLACK CHATELAIN BAGS, made of silk or velvet, and heavily embrod-lered in jet, are still worn suspended from the side. One of the greatest novelties is a light wrap, to wear

over the shoulders of a cool day. It is called the Mignon Cape, it is circular, made of white cashmere, and lined with silk, and has a collar held in an upright position with whalebone.

Many of the out-door costumes are double-breasted, consequently have two rows of buttons on the bodice. Pearl buttons, encircled with silver are considered in good taste, and the plain white pearl are more in favor than the bright iridescent pearl.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Scotch Suit of Dark-Slate Gray Merino for a Boy.—The skirt is made quite plain in front, and laid in full plaits at the back; bows of velvet trim the sides of the front and part of the skirt; the Jacket is trimmed with black braid, and has a small cape added for cold weather. Stockings of gray and black plaid. Black velvet cap with eagle's feather.

Fig., II.—Boy's Hungarian Suit of Dark-Brown Cletif.
—The trousers are close-fitting, and reach to the knee, where they are nearly met by the high boots. The coat, which is made with plaits in the skirt at the back, is trimmed with two rows of buttons in front, and the collar and trimming of the cuffs is of a velvet lighter shade of brown. Brown velvet cap, trimmed with a border of gray Astraken.

Fig. 111.—Girl's Out-of-Door Dress of Black Velvet.— Made very plain in front, and laid only in a few deep plaits behind; the bottom of the skirt, the neck and sleeves are trimmed with chinchilla fur; the black-velvet cap is also trimmed with the same fur. Broad leather belt at the waist. Gray and white striped strings, and boots edged with fur.

Fig. 1v.—Girl's Out-or-Door Dress.—The skirt is of black velvet, laid in kilt plaits; the sacque is of rather light blue cashmere, made rather close-fitting at the back, and with wide sleeves, and edged with white fur. Victorine and muff of the same fur. Black velvet bat, turned up with blue velvet, and trimmed with a white feather.

Fig. v.—Girl's Dress of Olive-Green Cashmere.—Mantle of rich light-brown cashmere, opening at the back over the black velvet bow and ends, which finishes the waist of the dress; it also opens over the arms, and is lined with paleyellow silk and quilted; the hood is also lined with paleyellow silk. Olive-green hat, with brown plumes.

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